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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. VII.

JANUARY—JUNE 1880

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. XXXV.—JANUARY 1880.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

RATIONALISM and radicalism exist to a certain extent in every country of Europe. But the Social Democrats of Germany and Austria and the Communists of France and Spain turn with horror from Russian revolutionists, who consider the programme of the Paris Commune of 1871 condemnably weak, and Felix Pyat, Cluseret, and their companions as little better than Conservatives.

The Social Democrats and even the Communists of the rest of Europe have in view aims which, no matter how fantastic, are always of a sufficiently defined nature. They look forward to an entirely democratic form of government, and hope for a reorganisation of the social world, under which all capital and property would be held either by the State or Commune for the equal benefit of everybody. They are levellers, but they are not destroyers.

The revolutionary party in Russia, on the other hand, has no definite aims of reorganisation or improvement in view. In its sight, everything as it now exists is rotten, and before anything new and good can be created, all existing institutions must be utterly destroyed. Religion, the State, the family, laws, property, morality—all are equally odious and must be rooted out and abolished.

It is because 'nothing' as it exists at present finds favour in their eyes that they have been called 'Nihilists.' They desire to break up the actual social organisation into mere individualism, with

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entire independence for each separate person. They maintain that no one should be bound by laws or even moral obligations of any kind, but that everybody should be allowed to do exactly as he pleases. Their object is anarchy in the very truest sense of the word. They are only modest enough to decline the attempt to create a new order of things in the place of what they propose to destroy. That they intend to leave for a better and more enlightened generation.

Nihilism cannot be better described than by the Nihilists themselves in their speeches, proclamations, and writings. Here is a speech made in 1868, at Geneva, by the father of Nihilism, the arch-conspirator, Michael Bakunin, to whose history we shall have occasion to refer later on.

Brethren, I come to announce unto you a new gospel, which must penetrate to the very ends of the world. This gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed, and replaced by a new one. The *Lie* must be stamped out and give way to Truth.

It is our mission to destroy the *Lie*; and, to effect this, we must begin at the very commencement. Now the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery, is God. For many hundred years monarchs and priests have inoculated the hearts and minds of mankind with this notion of a God ruling over the world. They have also invented for the people the notion of another world, in which their God is to punish with eternal torture those who have refused to obey their degrading laws here on earth. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of either frightening or alluring nine-tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand, to destroy those thrones, to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would assuredly use it to overthrow those altars, where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for, as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is.

When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence, and that of the surrounding world, is due to the conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then, and then only, you will have accomplished the first step towards liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented.

The first lie is *God*. The second lie is *Right*. *Might* invented the fiction of Right in order to insure and strengthen her reign; that Right which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind.

Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that might should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the possession of those nine-tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of *Right* before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own *might*, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of *Right*.

And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of *Right*, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilisation, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads.

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Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognised, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of State or social organisation. So educate yourselves and your children that, when the great moment for constituting the new world arrives, your eyes may not be blinded and deceived by the falsehoods of the tyrants of throne and altar.

Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created.

According to the priests' fables, in days of old a deluge destroyed all mankind, but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses of the people rise and engulf temples and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction.

In another of his speeches delivered at Berne in December 1868 he says:—

Your beautiful civilisation, ye gentlemen of the West, which you flout in the faces of us barbarians of the East, is based on the compulsory servitude of the immense majority of the human race, which is condemned to a slavish and almost bestial existence, in order that a very small minority may be able to live in luxury. This monstrous inequality in the conditions of life is due to your West-European system. It is incapable of improvement, for it is the necessary consequence of your civilisation, which is grounded on the sharply-defined separation existing between mental and manual labour. This degrading state of things cannot last much longer, for the manual labourers are determined to look after their own interests in future. They have decided that in future there shall be only one great class instead of two; that everybody shall have equal advantages for starting in life; that all shall enjoy the same privileges and support, the same means of education and bringing up; finally, that every one shall have the same advantages from his labour, not in consequence of any law, but by the mere nature of the work which will permit everybody to labour with his brain as well as with his hands.

I detest Communism; it is the denial of freedom, and I do not like to picture to myself any human being without freedom. I oppose it because it concentrates and absorbs all the forces of society, and because it places all property and capital in the hands of the Commune or of the State. In demanding the abolition of Commune and State, I also wish for the annulment of the law of inheritance, which is nothing but an institution brought into life by the State, and a consequence of its principles. Give all children, from their very birth, the same means of support and education. Then grant to all grown-up people the same social standing and the same means of supplying their wants by their own labour, and you will see that the inequalities, which are now looked upon as being quite normal, will disappear, for they are merely the result of the difference made in the conditions of development. You can even improve nature by destroying the present social organisation. For, when you have succeeded in making everything and everybody equal, when you have equalised all the conditions of development and labour, then many crimes, miseries, and evils will disappear.

After proceeding to advocate the abolition of marriage, which he condemns as a mere political and religious institution, he concludes by saying:—

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It is impossible to destroy the superstition of religion by means of arguments or education. Religion is not only an aberration of the brain, but also a protest of human nature and human hearts against the misery and narrowness of the reality by which we are surrounded. As man finds nothing in this world but injustice, stupidity, and misery, he allows his fantasies to beget a new and a better one. When, however, the earth again receives her due, namely, happiness and fraternity, then religion will have lost its *raison d'être*. We need but a social revolution to bring about its disappearance.

And again:—

Conscience is a mere matter of education. A Christian living in Europe, who has murdered anybody with cunning and premeditation, usually experiences a certain kind of remorse. But a Red Indian, who is every bit as much a man of flesh and blood, rejoices when he is able to surprise and slay a defenceless enemy. His conscience in no wise suffers from the act, for he has been taught from earliest youth that the more scalps he possesses, the better he will be received in the happy hunting-grounds of the great Manitou.

The speech of another Nihilist is as follows:—

Nothing, in the present state of social organisation, can be worth much, for the simple reason that our ancestors instituted it. If we are still obliged to confess ourselves ignorant of the exact medium between good and evil, how could our ancestors, less enlightened than we, know it? A German philosopher has said: 'Every law is of use. It rules the conduct of individuals who feel for one another and appreciate their respective wants. Every religion, on the other hand, is useless; for, ruling, as it does, our relations with an incommensurable and indefinite Being, it can only be the result of a great terror, or else of a fantastic imagination.' Now we Nihilists say, No law, no religion—*Nihil!* The very men who instituted these laws ruling their fellow-creatures have lived and died in complete ignorance of the value of their own acts, and without knowing in the least how they had accomplished the mission traced for them by destiny at the moment of their birth. Even taking it for granted that our ancestors were competent to order the acts of their fellow-creatures, does it necessarily follow that the requirements of their time are similar to those of to-day? Evidently not. Let us, then, cast off this garment of law, for it has not been made according to our measure, and it impedes our free movements. Hither with the axe, and let us demolish everything. Those who come after us will know how to rebuild an edifice quite as solid as that which we now feel trembling over our heads.

In another speech it is asserted that the deeds of political assassins and incendiaries are not the offspring of any sentiment of personal hatred or vengeance. They know full well that one emperor killed will merely be succeeded by another, who in his turn will again nominate the chiefs of police and of the Third Section. Such deeds are justified by the necessity of rooting out from men's minds the habitual respect for the powers that be. The more the attacks on the Czar and his officials increase, the more will the people get to understand the absurdity of the veneration with which they have been regarded for centuries.

When it becomes evident that a person cannot be more severely punished for the assassination of his sovereign than for the murder of a mere comrade, then the

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people will comprehend that it is quite as just to kill a man guilty of the abuse of power, as to execute a poor beggar who has been tempted by hunger to commit murder. Society of to-day, gangrened though it be, has, to a certain extent, understood this, for Damiens-executions are things of the past, and in all legislations regicide is now assimilated to mere homicide. And how many are the murders and incendiarisms now-a-days which remain unpunished! Soon we shall see the authors of these so-called crimes enjoying the greatest consideration amongst us. The old world will have had its time. On its ruins the poor and oppressed will take each other by the hand, and the true disciples of Christ, that grand Nihilist, will smile when they remember the parable of the poor man in Abraham's bosom refusing a drop of water to the rich man in hell, and saying, 'Thou hast had thy time, now it is mine!'

Then there will arise a new generation, generous-hearted and independent, and all mankind will be happy; until the time when, like the fabulous phœnix, the spirit of evil will arise again from the ashes of the old world. The children of our children will be forced to begin our work anew; but the evils of the future will be of a less monstrous nature than those which we now deplore, just as these in their turn are less crying and odious than those to which our ancestors were subjected. And thus, from struggle to struggle, and after centuries of combat, mankind will finally attain perfection, and become what is called God. To arms, then, brethren, and follow me to the conquest of the Godhead.

In March 1876 several Nihilist proclamations on their way to Russia were seized by the Prussian authorities at Königsberg. Paragraph XVI. of one of the documents in question ran thus:—

You should only allow yourselves to be influenced (in the selection of your victims) by the relative use which the Revolution would derive from the death of any particular person. In the foremost rank of such cases stand those people who are most dangerous and injurious to our organisation, and whose sudden and violent death would have the effect of terrifying the Government, and shaking its power by robbing it of energetic and intelligent servants.

§ XXIII. The only revolution which can remedy the ills of the people is that which will tear up every notion of government by its very roots, and which will upset all ranks of the Russian Empire with all their traditions.

§ XXIV. Having this object in view, the Revolutionary Committee does not propose to subject the people to any directing organisation. The future order of things will doubtless originate with the people themselves; but we must leave that to future generations. Our mission is only one of universal, relentless, and terror-striking destruction.

§ XXVI. The object of our organisation and of our conspiracy is to concentrate all the forces of this world into an invincible and all-destroying power.

Amongst the papers found on the Nihilist Lieutenant Dubrowin, who was hanged at St. Petersburg in May last for his association with the regicide Solowjew, were two letters of some importance. The first, addressed to Nihilist officers in the Russian army, contains the following passage:—'Our battalions are numerically so weak, and our enemies, on the other hand, are so mighty, that we are morally justified in making use of all attainable methods of proceeding which may enable us to carry on successfully active hostilities wheresoever it may become expedient.'

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The second letter, dated December 1878, is addressed to Russian revolutionists, and is as follows:—'The object of our letter is to communicate to Russian revolutionists certain experiences which, according to our ideas, are necessary for the organisation of armed resistance to the Bashi-Bazouks of the police, and which, moreover, are indispensable to all those measures which social revolutionists must adopt in order to realise the ideas of the revolution. Unfortunately, the Russian Nihilists have not the revolutionary experience which the Overthrow party of other more favoured countries possess,' &c.

We have spoken of Bakunin as the founder of this doctrine of Universal Chaos; we must not omit to speak also of M. Tschernyschewsky, who has done more than any one else to propagate it in Russia. Formerly editor of a monthly review called the *Sowremennik*, which was suppressed in 1862 on account of its radicalism, he was sentenced in 1864 to sixteen years' penal servitude in Siberia for having propagated revolutionary doctrines. This he had chiefly effected by means of a novel which he had written, entitled '*What is to be done?*' and which, although strictly forbidden in Russia, has been printed both at Berlin and in Switzerland. This book has been described as being not only the Encyclopædia, the dictionary of Nihilism, but also as a guide to the practical application of the new doctrine. In its characters Nihilist principles are personified, and examples given as to the means to be employed for their realisation. We are shown the ideal of a future state of society, absolutely free from all law and control.

The aim of the author, as stated in the preface, is to increase the type of people which he describes, and it must be acknowledged that his teaching seems too well calculated to effect his object among those prepared to receive it. Twenty or even sixteen years ago Nihilism was comparatively rare in Russia, whereas to-day it has spread throughout the empire. Notwithstanding that the book is strictly forbidden in Russia, we are confidently assured that there is hardly a student of either sex at the universities and colleges, who has not read, and almost learnt by heart, this most baneful piece of literature.

The first Nihilist with whom we have to deal in the novel is a poor medical student of the name of Alexander who 'finds it cheaper to get drunk than to eat or dress himself decently.' In illustration of his faithfulness to Nihilistic principles we are favoured with the particulars of an intrigue with a rich *danseuse*, which lasted a fortnight, at the end of which she becomes tired of him and turns him out of the house.

We next find him giving lessons to the son of a Government clerk, who manages to combine the business of a pawnbroker with his official functions. Finding that the pawnbroker has a pretty daughter of rather an independent character, named Vera, he first of

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all converts her to Nihilism by means of conversations and books, and then persuades her to make a runaway match with him 'in order to escape from the authority of her parents.' The success of their plans of elopement was partly due to the friendly services of a Madame Julie Letellier, one of the most notorious *lionnes* of St. Petersburg, 'whose language was such that it caused even the greatest *polissons* of the upper classes to blush.' At a breakfast given by this lady to the newly married couple, both the hostess and her two guests drink so much champagne that they all become quite tipsy. Julie, remembering that Vera was now a married woman, judged that it was no longer necessary to be guarded in her conversation, and ended by enthusiastically describing orgies in the most licentious of colours. 'Suddenly Julie arose from the table and pinched Vera, who quickly rose in her turn and pursued her friend all through the rooms, jumping over chairs and tables.' Having finally succeeded in catching Julie, a struggle ensues, which ends by the two women falling down together in a drunken sleep on the sofa, whilst Alexander also falls asleep in another corner of the room.

A month or two later Vera takes it into her head to earn her own living; accordingly she sets up a dressmaking business under the immediate patronage of Julie and her friends. Twenty young needlewomen belong to this establishment, which is conducted according to Nihilist notions. At the end of every month the net profits are equally divided amongst all the members, Vera merely taking her share with the rest. The young women all live in the same house and take their meals together; in this manner they are able to economise a great deal by buying all their provisions and necessaries at wholesale prices. They appear to have possessed everything in common and to have contented themselves with little, for M. Tschernyschewsky expressly informs us that the twenty young ladies only had five umbrellas amongst them. The financial success of the undertaking is so great that we actually find the girls at a loss how to invest their earnings profitably. Taking advantage, however, of Vera's experience in the matter, they use their money to set up a pawnbroker's business in connection with the dressmaking establishment. The author does not inform us whether the pawnbroking is also conducted according to Nihilistic principles.

About a year after their marriage a third Nihilist makes his appearance on the scene. He is a medical student named Kirsanoff. We are informed that he is exceedingly clever, that he had thoroughly mastered the French language by reading through eight times a French version of the New Testament, 'a well-known book;' and finally that he had written a treatise on physiology which 'even the great Claude Bernard of Paris had alluded to in terms of respect.' In the same manner as Alexander is distinguished for perseverance, so is Kirsanoff remarkable for his kindness of heart, of which the

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following instance is given:—Having fallen in love with a *grisette* of notoriously drunken habits, he allowed her to come and live with him as soon as she had earned a sufficient sum of money by her vile trade to pay for a proper outfit. However, drunkenness and debauchery bring on consumption, and she dies shortly after the marriage of Alexander and Vera.

Before proceeding any further the author takes great pains to assure us that Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff are persons of the most irreproachable and elevated character, and that their hearts only beat with generous impulses. To illustrate this he goes on to cause Kirsanoff to fall in love with Vera, who, 'having now developed into a full-grown woman,' returns Kirsanoff's affection, and has no hesitation in telling her husband all about it. The latter is not in the least offended by the news. Far from it! No, after devoting half an hour to considering the matter, he goes to see his friend Kirsanoff, informs him of what Vera had told him, and ends by inviting him to come and live with them, so as to make matters quite nice and comfortable. We are not to feel surprised at this proposal, for Alexander is one of those people who consider 'that a man of intellect should not allow himself to be subject to jealousy. It is a false, unnatural, and altogether abominable sentiment, a mere phenomenon of the present order of things, according to which I ought to allow nobody to wear my linen or to smoke my pipe. It is the unfortunate result of a person's considering his helpmate in the light of private ownership.' And again, apropos of the same subject, 'Can contraband be considered as a good thing? Isn't it much better to do things openly and aboveboard? In trying to hide matters we are forced to make use of falsehoods and all kinds of deceptions, and then, and then only, we become bad.'

However, Kirsanoff declines Alexander's invitation on the ground that, although a *ménage à trois* would be quite in accordance with Nihilist notions, yet that people in general were still too old-fashioned and conservative in their prejudices to approve of such a proceeding. Vera also declines the proposed arrangement. But we must not do her the injustice of attributing her refusal to any false feelings of womanly shame. She distinctly states that 'if a husband continues to live with his wife, there can be no cause for scandal, no matter what her relations with any other man may be.' She merely refuses because, being under obligations to Alexander for having rendered her independent of the authority of her parents, his continued presence would become irksome to her. Accordingly Alexander disappears, and is reported to have committed suicide by drowning. On the following day, however, Vera and Kirsanoff receive a letter from him, informing them that under cover of this report he had secretly embarked for the United States. Kirsanoff, having obtained the necessary papers certifying his friend's death, marries Vera a fortnight

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later. They live happily, and carry on a most friendly correspondence with Alexander.

Some time after her second marriage Vera discards dressmaking, and begins to study medicine under the auspices of Kirsanoff, who has now become a professor of it. We are told that she showed a special predilection for the study of anatomy, and the author warmly recommends this kind of occupation to his lady readers.

Two years later Alexander returns from the United States and settles down at St. Petersburg under the assumed name of Charles Belmont. He is now a naturalised American subject, and the agent of a great New York tallow company. Making the acquaintance of a friend of Vera, named Katia, he converts her to Nihilism, and confides to her his true history, which, however, in no wise shocks her, for she readily consents to become his wife. A few days before their marriage they go together to see Kirsanoff and Vera, and the meeting is described as being of a most affectionate nature. Soon afterwards the *soi-disant* Charles Belmont takes his wife to live in the same house with the Kirsanoffs, with whom they continue on terms of the warmest friendship. According to the author they now become the centre of a choice and intellectual circle of friends. The entertainments which take place at their house are minutely described.

Having frequently commended the elevated characters of Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff, M. Tschernyschewsky towards the end of his book becomes afraid that we should despair of ever attaining a similar degree of excellence. Accordingly he assures us that his three friends are the most ordinary Nihilists in the world, and that with very little trouble we may become like them. In order to prove the truth of his assertion he is good enough to introduce us, before leaving him, to a most superior kind of Nihilist, the quintessence of the new doctrine personified, whose name is Rakhmetoff.

Rakhmetoff, we are told, belongs to an old Boyard family, and is very wealthy. At the age of sixteen he is obliged to leave home because he has fallen in love with a woman to whom his father was attached, so he comes to St. Petersburg to study at the University. He soon makes the acquaintance of some students, who provide him with Nihilist literature. Thanks partly to the books and chiefly to his friendship and intimate communion with M. Tschernyschewsky himself, Rakhmetoff rapidly attains a degree of Nihilistic excellence which it is useless for us to strive to equal. He now reads but very few books, and only deigns to associate with men who are known to exercise influence on their fellow-creatures. After the perusal of three or four pages of Macaulay's works he throws them down in disgust, calling them a mere bundle of old rags. Nor are Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, and other writers on political economy better treated by this extraordinary youth. We are somewhat relieved,

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however, to learn that Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* finds favour in his sight.

At the age of eighteen he deems that it is 'necessary' that he should cultivate his physical strength; for what reason we are not informed. Accordingly he declines all food excepting raw beef-steaks and apples; 'though he eats oranges when at St. Petersburg because the lower classes of that city also eat them.'

Leaving the University before he had completed his studies, he travels through the country as a common labourer, working at the anvil, at road-making, wood-cutting, and all other work calculated to develope the muscles; his favourite occupation being to tow barges up the river. His strength soon becomes so great that he is able to stop a runaway horse and carriage by merely seizing hold of the axletree of the latter. His amusements are of an eccentric nature. One morning he is found lying on a bed composed of inch-long nails pointed upwards, and covered with blood. In reply to inquiries he only vouchsafes to state that it is necessary that he should know whether he could support pain. A little later he leaves Russia, telling his friends that he had done all he can to propagate the new doctrines there, and that now it is necessary that he should make himself acquainted with the various customs and social organisations of other countries. After this we hear no more of him.

M. Tschernyschewsky concludes by regretting that there are but very few people as high-minded as Rakhmetoff, and says that he has known but eight persons who could be compared to him, and that two of these were women.

II.

To Western Europeans it is almost utterly incomprehensible how thousands of human beings can entertain such notions as have now been quoted; and above all, how they can have been adopted to such an extent as to form a menace to the Government.

In order to understand, in any measure, their ready acceptance in Russia, we must take the character of the people into consideration.

Their most prominent features are superficiality and sensuality. The Russian is the obedient servant of his senses, and is entirely governed by the impressions which his eyes and ears convey to him. He does everything on the impulse of the moment; he laughs with the merry, weeps with the sad, becomes as kindly and generous to misfortune and misery when they are brought before his eyes, as he is cold and indifferent to them at a distance. He is honest with

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the honest, but readily falls into the ways of thieves when he finds himself in their company. Credulous and full of fantasies which rapidly flame up and are just as quickly extinguished, all the qualities necessary for steadfastness of purpose are entirely wanting in him. The abstract principles of right and wrong but feebly influence his actions. On the other hand he is all the more ready to pursue the shadows of principles, and to cling to any theories which the wind of the day may have blown across his path. The more glittering, the more plausible, the more unsubstantial they are, the more likely are they to carry him away. Without philosophical profundity, he nevertheless possesses considerable ingenuity; hence he is too ready to be seduced by specious arguments, and to accept the logical conclusions of premisses which he has never duly examined.

Another fact must also be remarked. The Russians have no political history. Until quite recently they were subject to an autocracy which repressed any expression whatever of opinion concerning the Government. All power was concentrated in the hands of the Czar, and administered by an immense bureaucracy. The public discussion of political and administrative questions was forbidden or jealously restricted. Political education under such a condition of things was impossible. Political character is the outcome of political strife in the forum and in the press. It is the political life of a nation which alone can furnish the individual with political character; and there is no such life in Russia. Until the present generation there was no regular organisation of classes in Russia; everybody was equally subject to the will and pleasure of the Czar.

Having therefore no political experience, the Russian people were ill prepared for the reforms which ushered in the comparatively liberal era of the present Emperor's reign. In quick succession serfdom was abolished, trial by jury and the English system of judicial proceedings introduced, provincial, district, and municipal assemblies instituted, and liberty of the press granted in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

In addition to all these things the construction of an immense network of railways opened up communication with foreign countries, and admitted the influx of the political ideas of Western Europe. The abolition of serfdom introduced the principles of liberty and legal equality; the new provincial, district, and municipal assemblies introduced those of self-government; whilst the liberty of the press carried with it the novel right of protest, in the name of the nation, against the evils and oppressions of the Government. The more enlightened classes suddenly became aware of the immense power of the people, which had hitherto lain dormant. But unfortunately, in consequence of political inexperience, they were unable to give it a proper direction.

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Again, the ill-considered educational changes recently introduced by the Government have had portentous effects. A Russian youth, more than any other, requires to have his studies regulated for him. Although remarkable for intelligence and quickness of perception, he is unfitted for serious work by want of perseverance and by his proneness to exaggeration. Thus, for instance, a Russian boy, on having the astronomical chart explained to him, will perhaps ask why such and such animals had been selected for the definition of the various constellations. Unless an energetic hand brings him back to his studies, the precocious youth, who is scarcely able to describe three constellations correctly, will surprise his parents and teachers with a new astronomical chart of his own making, entirely different in its arrangement from that in his atlas. Instead of repressing this conceit, he is praised for his cleverness, and the teachers who venture to doubt his genius are accused of being crotchety and narrow-minded. Naturally the lad who imagines that he has commenced by bettering the existing astronomical chart is disinclined to apply himself to the dull routine of mathematical study; conscious of his own genius, he considers that intuition will enable him to dispense with further investigation. And so it is with other departments of study. At the age of thirteen he will have already worked out a constitution for Russia; at fourteen he will have written an essay on the physiological and anatomical failings of the human body, whilst at fifteen he will have invented a new religion. What we should punish as conceit in England is praised as genius in Russia.

The knowledge of Latin and Greek which formerly constituted a *sine quâ non* of all university and Government-service examinations, had served to a certain extent to compel proper application on the part of the Russian youth; for their study demands downright hard work and perseverance. In 1862, however, Alexander the Second, desirous of maintaining the reputation of liberal-mindedness which the abolition of serfdom had earned for him, caused great reforms to be made in the Department of Public Instruction. The law limiting to three hundred the number of students at each of the seven universities was repealed, and the colleges and gymnasiums thrown open to all classes. The numbers at the St. Petersburg University rose almost immediately to twelve hundred, and at Moscow to fifteen hundred.

M. Golownine, known for his liberal opinions, succeeded the obnoxious Admiral Poutjatine as Minister of Education, and at once relaxed all the severe regulations and discipline by which the students had previously been controlled. Latin and Greek were declared to be no longer necessary for University and Government examinations; and in their stead the study of realism and abstract science was introduced. Professorships of Natural History and Philosophy, which

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until then had been badly taught by insufficiently instructed priests, were instituted. In imitation of the German universities, student associations and clubs, reading-rooms, and even debating unions, were not only allowed, but even encouraged by the Government. The discussion of politics, until then strictly forbidden, was now openly carried on, and the consequence was that the students began to devote much more of their time to the events of the day, and to criticism of the acts of the Government, than to their studies. They gradually became accustomed to consider themselves as 'the coming race' destined to regenerate Russia, and entitled to treat with contempt the conservative notions of their parents and superiors.

The Government, however, soon began to open its eyes to the fact that all these favours and privileges had been dispensed both too suddenly and too lavishly, and that the young men were making a bad use of the independence which they had obtained. Some very serious disturbances in which students were implicated, and Karasoff's attempt on the Czar's life, brought matters to a climax; and in 1866 M. Golownine was obliged to resign.

Count Tolstoy, by whom he was succeeded, and who still remains in office, has the reputation of being the best-hated man in Russia. We are assured that he has done more to render the Government unpopular than any official now living; and the following letter which he received last year from the Central Committee of the Nihilists goes far to prove the truth of the assertion. 'Your excellency has nothing to fear from us. We fully acknowledge the value of the services which you have rendered and still continue to render to our cause. We promise that your life shall always be very precious to us.'

His first act on entering office was to rule that Latin and Greek should again take an indispensable place in the university and civil service examinations. The effect of this order can hardly be imagined. Most of the students at Russian colleges and universities are the sons of small Government officials, of priests, and of tradespeople; and it may safely be asserted that at least four out of five of them are so poor that they are allowed to pursue their studies free of cost. Their only prospect in life was, and still is, to pass the necessary examinations, and then to be admitted to the lower grades of the Civil Service. For it must be borne in mind, that in Russia the Government service is the only career which allows any scope for ambition. In other countries, commerce and industries of all kinds offer a vast field of enterprise to young men. But in Russia, trade and manufacture are but little developed, and agriculture, which remains in the hands of the liberated serfs, constitutes almost the sole industry of the country at large. Nor do the learned professions offer any great advantages, for the white clergy (as the priests are called, to distinguish them from the black clergy, or monks) are utterly

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despised in Russia, and in fact only treated a little better than the common peasant; the army is almost entirely reserved to the nobility, and trial by jury and freedom of discussion in courts of justice are of too recent introduction and too little appreciated, to afford much scope to the advocate; whilst a literary career is even less remunerative in Russia than elsewhere.

Despairing of being able to pass the necessary examinations in consequence of their ignorance of classics, many of the students thought it best to leave the universities and colleges at once. Without means of existence, without position, and without any prospect in life, they became ready converts to Nihilism, the ranks of which were constantly augmented, not only by students who had failed to pass, but also by those who, having succeeded, were nevertheless unable to obtain admittance to the Civil Service. For since the number of the students at the various universities had so largely increased, the Government was no longer able to provide situations for all the young men who had creditably passed their examinations.

Count Tolstoy rendered himself further unpopular to the students by repealing and abolishing many of the privileges which had been granted by his predecessor in office. Most of the former obnoxious regulations were restored. Professors and students were again forced to wear uniforms and subjected to military discipline, and the hated curators were reappointed. These curators are officials who represent the Imperial Government at every university, and are for the most part retired generals and colonels. Students, professors, and even the senate and the rector, are all alike subject to their orders and frequently to their eccentricities.

Herzen tells us of a Prince Galyzin, who, when curator of the Moscow University, issued an order that whenever any one of the professors should be prevented by sickness from teaching, his colleagues should all take it in turn to lecture in his stead, no matter what their speciality might be. The result was, that on one occasion a priest who taught logic was called upon to lecture on obstetrics, whilst at another time the celebrated accoucheur Richter was obliged to hold forth on theology. Another pious old gentleman, curator of the Kazan University, ordered that detached portions of human bodies, which had been used for the study of anatomy, should be afterwards solemnly interred with funeral rites. The curators strongly disapprove of all intimacy between the students and their professors, and attach much more importance to the political ideas of the latter than to their capacities for teaching. An excellent regulation ordains that professors of universities and Government colleges should be called upon to retire after twenty-five years' service on a full-pay pension. They may, however, be re-elected for a further term of ten years, in which case they draw both their salary and their pension. This regulation has always

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been held out as a great inducement to men of talent and learning; and formerly the various 'chairs' were creditably filled. Now, however, the curator has the power of vetoing their re-election; and this, together with the strict supervision to which they are subjected, has latterly caused a scarcity of competent professors.

The administration of the educational department has been accused, with some justice, of being more anxious to propitiate the Government of the time being, than for the welfare of the youth committed to its charge. And this may in a certain measure account for the otherwise inexplicable changes which are of so frequent occurrence.

On one day privileges are withdrawn, on the next others are granted; now certain studies are specially favoured, a few months subsequently entirely different ones will have the preponderance. This continual uncertainty and change has a most discouraging and irritating effect on the students. Naturally disinclined to serious study, these interruptions both confirm and excuse their natural indisposition to serious work, and it is not to be wondered at if they discuss among themselves the injustice with which they are treated. Subjected to a system of espionage, there is a risk that any unfavourable expression of opinion concerning Count Tolstoy's administration may reach his ears, in which case it will probably be looked upon as treason; and, indeed, apart from any evidence of disaffection, students are frequently expelled and even exiled, on the merest suspicion and without any hearing. Thus, for instance, a student at the St. Petersburg University, named Organoff, was suddenly seized by night in 1876, and detained for over two years in a distant town by the police, merely because he had had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his superiors, nor was he ever able to obtain any hearing, or even explanation of the severe treatment to which he had been subjected.

The Government, on the other hand, consider themselves justified in adopting very severe and even harsh measures in dealing with these institutions, which they regard as the very hotbed of discontent. This has especially been the case since the trial of Netchaïeff and Solowjew brought to light the fact, that at least three-quarters of the Nihilist party are composed of graduates, students, and young men and women who, for one reason or another, have been unable to complete their academical career. The history of the ex-student Solowjew, who attempted to assassinate the Czar on the 2nd of April last, is merely that of most Nihilists. He was the son of a poor village apothecary on one of the estates of the late Grand Duchess Helena. After spending several years at the St. Petersburg gymnasium, he matriculated at the university, the Grand Duchess very kindly defraying all the expenses of his education; but, for some reason or other, he was obliged to leave without having completed

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his studies, and consequently experienced great difficulties and delays in obtaining a situation as village schoolmaster at Toropez. Whilst there he became a convert to Nihilism, and was dismissed in 1875 for having been in communication with suspected persons. In imitation of M. Tschernyschewsky's Rakhmetoff he now devoted his time to wandering about the country disguised as a common labourer, occasionally working at the anvil and propagating revolutionary doctrines among the people. In 1876 he married a young woman of the name of Catherine Tschelichteff merely in order to render her independent of her parents' authority. They separated soon after the marriage, and Solowjew continued his wanderings under an assumed name till 1878, when he came to St. Petersburg and took up his abode there. He remained busily occupied in distributing Nihilist proclamations, pamphlets, and books, until April, when he made his attempt to assassinate the Czar. It may be added as characteristic of this Nihilist, who was hanged a few weeks later, that he spent the night preceding his crime in a house of ill fame.

Before proceeding further we would now draw the reader's attention to the history of Michael Bakunin, the founder of the doctrines of Nihilism, some of whose speeches we have quoted in the early part of this article.

He belonged to a rich Boyard family, favourably known both at Court and in the army. One of his nearest relations is at the present moment an aide-de-camp General of the Czar, whilst another cousin occupied until quite recently the post of Governor-General of Eastern Siberia.

Born in 1814, Michael Bakunin, in accordance with the traditions of his family, was destined for a military career in the Imperial Guard. At the age of twenty he entered the School of Gunnery at St. Petersburg, where, however, he already began to show signs of discontent and insubordination. The consequence was, that although he passed an excellent examination, he was refused admittance into the Guards, and appointed to a line regiment quartered in some out-of-the-way part of the country. In order to fully appreciate the hardship which this treatment entailed, we must explain that whilst the Guards are stationed at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the officers of line regiments have the prospect of spending their whole lives in some small Russian village or provincial town. Thoroughly disgusted, Bakunin now became a complete misanthrope, and neglected his military duties to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the army.

Thus he found himself at the age of twenty-two without any occupation or prospect in life. Taking up his abode in Moscow, he joined Alexander Herzen and several other well-known Russians in forming a club for the discussion and study of Hegel's social philosophy, which was then in vogue. He soon became the acknowledged

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chief of his circle, and surpassed all his friends in enthusiasm for this new German philosophy; in fact he began to consider that it was his special mission to propagate its teaching in Russia. In 1841 he went to Berlin in order to pursue his philosophical studies at their very source. Hegel himself was already dead, but his tenets still enjoyed the utmost consideration.

Bakunin lived here for a time with the celebrated novelist Ivan Tourgeneff; but he soon frightened all his Russian friends by the wild fanaticism with which he sought to adapt Hegel's theories to everyday life. In 1843 we find him at Dresden writing the most rabid articles for a Socialistic review, under the pseudonym of Jules Elizard. A year later he went to Paris, informing his friends that there was nothing more to learn in Germany.

Paris was then regarded as the spot whence the social reorganisation of the world would originate; and Proudhon and Louis Blanc were then at their height of influence. The Russian Government, however, which had begun to look upon Bakunin with suspicion, now thought fit to request his return to Russia, and refused to renew his passports. Disregarding his recall, he spent the next five years of his life partly in France and partly in Switzerland, dependent to a certain extent on the good-will and pleasure of the police, owing to his being without papers. In 1847, however, he was formally expelled from French territory at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in consequence of his having made a speech at a banquet on the anniversary of the Warsaw insurrection, urging the overthrow of the Czar's Government, and the establishment of a confederate republic in its place. Tracked everywhere and constantly watched by the police agents of the Russian Government, which had offered a reward of 10,000 roubles for his capture, he was forced to wander about from one place to another, until the Revolution of 1848 rendered his return to Paris possible. But he was greatly disappointed when the Provisional Government turned a deaf ear to his tempting proposals that France should take the lead in revolutionising all Europe; and he soon received significant hints which caused him to leave France again towards the end of the year.

Proceeding to Prague he made an abortive attempt to incite the youth of that city to revolt against the Government. Pursued by the Austrian police, he escaped to Dresden, where he arrived just in time to take a very prominent part in the serious disturbances of 1849. The insurgents were in possession of the city, and only surrendered after a three days' siege to the Prussian and Saxon regular troops. Bakunin, whose proposal to set fire to the city when its defence was no longer possible, had exasperated even the insurgents against him, was captured on the 10th of May 1849, at a short distance from Chemnitz. After a year's imprisonment he was condemned to death by the Saxon court-martial. However, before

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the sentence could be carried into effect, the Austrian Government demanded, and obtained, his extradition. Sentenced to death a second time by the Austrian judges for his doings at Prague, he again escaped the penalty, in consequence of a request made by the Emperor Nicholas that he should be transferred to the Russian Government for punishment. From 1851 to 1856 he remained a close prisoner in the dungeons of the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress at St. Petersburg.

Owing to powerful intercession made in his behalf, Alexander, on the occasion of his coronation, commuted his punishment to banishment for life to the eastern part of Siberia. Being nearly related to Count Mouravieff, the Governor-General of the province, he was treated with comparative leniency, and even allowed a certain amount of liberty on parole. In 1861, he managed to escape in an American trading schooner to Yokohama, whence he travelled through the United States to England. Here he was received with open arms by his former friends, Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, and the little Russian colony of political refugees established in London.

Herzen was at that time engaged in editing a Russian newspaper called the *Kolokol* (the Bell) directed against the despotism of the Government. The illegitimate son of a Prince Jakowleff and possessing a large fortune, he was at all times much more moderate in his political views than Bakunin, whose twelve years of prison had only had the effect of developing more thoroughly his doctrine of universal chaos. Herzen, although what we should call an ultra-radical, was never at any time of his life an adherent to Nihilism. Notwithstanding the fact that his paper was strictly forbidden in Russia, it was extensively read and appreciated throughout the Empire until the time of Bakunin's arrival in London. The co-operation of the latter in the editorship had a most injurious effect upon it. The comparatively moderate views which it had until then professed were discarded, and Nihilism and universal anarchy preached in every number. In consequence it speedily lost the consideration and influence which it had enjoyed. After taking a prominent part in the organisation of the Polish insurrection of 1863, Herzen and Bakunin transferred their quarters to Geneva, where the *Kolokol* shortly afterwards died a natural death. Soon after their arrival in Switzerland, Bakunin separated from his friend Herzen (who died in 1870, leaving behind him several works of much interest, which are being published by his son), and lost no time in actively interesting himself in the various European revolutionary organisations. In 1867 we find him not only a prominent member of the 'Internationale,' but also on the permanent committee of the 'League of Universal Peace' in Switzerland. The attempts which he made to convert these two organisations to his views met with but little success, and in 1868 he was formally expelled from both associations. Thereupon he founded the 'Alliance Internationale

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de la Révolution européenne' in connection with the Nihilist party in Russia, of which he now became the acknowledged chief. A year later we find him in personal communication with the notorious Netchaïeff, whom he ended by sending back to Russia accredited as the emissary of the chief committee of the Nihilists.

In 1870, after the fall of the empire in France, he published a pamphlet entitled *L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la révolution sociale*, in which he summons the proletarian classes of all Europe to assist France in bringing about a social revolution, and to free her from the Government which German bayonets had imposed on her. It also advocates the dismissal of all officials, the imprisonment of all landed proprietors, capitalists, and priests, the distribution of government and private property, and concludes by recommending that all Bonapartists should be transported for life. After the publication of this piece of literature, he betook himself to Lyons, hearing that the Commune had been proclaimed in that city. He arrived there on the morning of the 20th of September, and after having been most warmly received by Cluseret, Richard and other Communists, assisted at the storming of the Hôtel de Ville by the insurgents.

Twenty-four hours later the National Guards had recaptured the Hôtel de Ville and dispersed the provisional Government established there. Bakunin himself was conducted to the railway station and seated in a train which brought him back direct to Geneva. The remaining years of his life were spent between Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, and actively employed in directing the revolutionary work in Russia. He died a few months ago at Geneva, and has been succeeded, as leader of the Nihilist party, by a M. Drogomonow, who resides in the same city.

Netchaïeff, whom we have referred to in connection with Bakunin, was a *déclassé* student of the St. Petersburg University. In 1869 he came to Geneva, saw Bakunin, and obtained from him a card bearing the following mystic words:—'Alliance révolutionnaire européenne; le Comité Général, 12 mai, 1869.' Armed with this document, he returned to St. Petersburg and spent the next four years in comparative ease, living at the expense of others. Russians still retain much of the Asiatic weakness for conspiracies, and Netchaïeff had only to show the card in order to be received with the utmost enthusiasm by students and the discontented youth of both sexes, who regarded him almost in the light of a supernatural being, and were ready to obey his slightest behest.

He greatly impressed them by frequently talking about his 'secret chief,' and succeeded in swindling many people out of large sums of money, which he demanded in the name of the revolutionary committee. Whenever there was the slightest hesitation about complying with any of his demands, he dropped hints about the deadly vengeance of the committee. In 1873 a young man of the

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name of Ivanoff, having declined to submit any longer to his extortions, and threatened to betray him to the police, Netchaïeff stabbed him in the back, wounding him mortally. Although he managed to escape to Zurich, the Swiss Government made no difficulty about surrendering him to the Russian authorities as a common murderer, and in 1874 he was tried with closed doors at Moscow. In consideration of the important revelations which he was good enough to make, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia.

According to a preconcerted arrangement the 183 persons implicated by his confessions were all seized on the same day, the 20th of May, 1875. They consisted chiefly of the sons and daughters of priests, tradespeople, Jews, and small officials, and were accused of having sought to propagate Nihilism amongst the lower classes of the people. Some very curious facts came to light during the trial. One of the accused, a girl named Idalia Polheim, acknowledged that she had received orders from the central committee to become the paramour of a wealthy old landed proprietor, and then to poison and rob him of his riches in favour of the cause. On another occasion the same girl had been instructed by the committee to become the mistress of a certain Larinoff, who had threatened to desert the revolutionary party. A student of the name of Ituschin also confessed that a boy at Moscow had been persuaded to murder and rob his own father, and to hand over the plunder to the committee. Some astonishment has been expressed at the large number of young girls implicated in all these Nihilist conspiracies, who seek to emulate the conduct of M. Tschernyschewsky's Vera. We would, however, remark that in Russia, as elsewhere, women are apt to rush to extremes in politics as well as in religion; with them the heart is stronger than the head.

It is greatly to be regretted that this monster trial, which lasted over eighteen months, should have taken place with open doors, for the conduct of the judges who presided was so weak, and even unseemly, that the dignity of the court must have suffered in the eyes of the auditors.

The most extraordinary scenes were of daily occurrence. The accused were not only allowed to address the court, but even to preach the most rampant Nihilism from the prisoners' dock. The lawyers for the defence not only seized every opportunity to vituperate the Government, and to hold up the accused as martyrs to its despotism, but also to excite the popular feeling against the gendarmerie and police, who after all had only obeyed orders in arresting the prisoners. On one occasion some of the counsel were even allowed to go so far as to insist on the withdrawal of an officer of the gendarmerie from the court, on the ground that the sight 'of his hated uniform excited the public.' The proceedings were not

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terminated until the month of December 1877, when ninety-nine of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, thirty-six subjected to police supervision for a certain number of years, and the remainder acquitted.

This great trial was scarcely over, when the Government was dismayed by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff, the chief of that Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie which has the control of the Gendarmerie of the Empire. On the 5th of Febuary 1878 he was shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young woman, formerly a medical student, and named Vera Sassoulitch. In consequence of her acquaintance with Netchaïeff she had been subjected to a constant supervision by the police, and goaded almost to desperation by their persecutions. The 'Committee' had, therefore, but little difficulty in persuading her to avenge a flogging which Bogobjuloff, a Nihilist, had been subjected to for some infraction of prison discipline. It should be added that Bogobjuloff was a perfect stranger to her, and that she had never even seen him. The Government was advised not to treat her as a political offender, but rather as an ordinary criminal, and to have her case decided by a jury. Her trial, which took place at St. Petersburg, caused an immense sensation throughout Russia. Here again the presiding judges behaved in a most unaccountable manner, and allowed the proceedings to be carried on as if General Trepoff were the accused and Vera Sassoulitch the injured party. The consequence was that the jury brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner of a crime to which she herself had pleaded guilty, and the judges directed that she should be set at liberty. The verdict was received with the most frantic applause, not only by the persons present in the court, but also by a large crowd of students and others who filled the street. One young student present appears to have completely lost his head on receiving the news. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he suddenly fired a first shot at a policeman, with a second he seriously wounded a poor woman who was standing next to him, whilst with a third he blew his own brains out. Vera Sassoulitch managed to escape from the supervision of the police officials of the Third Section, and is at the present moment living near Geneva.

The baneful effects of her trial soon became perceptible—political assassinations grew to be quite the fashion. On the 17th of August of the same year General Menzentsoff, who had succeeded General Trepoff as chief of the Third Section, was shot in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young man who managed to effect his escape. Baron Heyking, commanding the gendarmerie at Kieff, and Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Charkoff, were also murdered in the course of the summer. General Drenteln, who had undertaken the direction of the Third Section after the assassination of General Menzentsoff, was shot in the early part of the present year, and matters have cul-

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minated in the recent attempt to murder the Czar with which the world is even now ringing. Of late, however, the Nihilists appear to have changed their tactics to some extent, and to have adopted the famous prescription of Hippocrates, according to which, when medicines and the knife are powerless to heal, fire should be tried ('Quod medicamina et ferrum non sanant, ignis sanat'). Arson has become the order of the day, and conflagrations have increased to an enormous extent. During the month of last June alone 3,500 fires broke out in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Koslow, Irkutsk, and Uralsk, destroying property to the amount of 12,000,000 roubles; only 900 of these fires could be properly accounted for, the remaining 2,600 being attributed to Nihilistic incendiaries. There is no doubt but that the committee has considerable funds at its disposal. Agencies are maintained at Berlin, Paris, and London, where travelling Nihilists are fraternally received and provided with money and the necessaries of life. However, when their resources are too heavily taxed, they have no hesitation about levying blackmail. Thus, for instance, during the past summer, two wealthy St. Petersburg merchants received anonymous letters from the committee requesting sums of 20,000 and 30,000 roubles respectively, and threatening them with a violent death in case of refusal. The merchants in question lost no time in complying with the demands made upon their purses, and when blamed for not having sought the protection of the Government, replied with some justice, 'If the chief of the police is unable to protect his own person from attacks, how can we possibly expect efficient protection?'

The attempt on the Emperor's life in April last caused such consternation that the Government thought it necessary to proclaim martial law in the greater part of European Russia. Six military Governor-Generals have been appointed with the fullest powers to suspend, when they think it expedient, any of the ordinary police and judicial proceedings. Nihilists are now tried by courts-martial, which are conducted in a more dignified and expeditious manner than the civil tribunals.

Whilst referring to the latter, we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a word of explanation concerning the astonishing conduct of the judges, to which we have referred above. When trial by jury and the West-European mode of judicial proceedings were first adopted in Russia in the year 1865, great fear was expressed as to the difficulty which there would be in obtaining judges sufficiently independent of any influence on the part of the Government and the aristocracy to administer justice equitably. The new judges, who were not chosen from the highest social grades, accordingly imagined that it was their duty to give both to the Government and to the aristocracy every proof of their independence, and, in fact, rather overdid the matter. Whenever the lower classes

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came into conflict with either the aristocracy or the Government, the judges invariably decided in favour of the former, no matter how unjustly. Little by little they grew accustomed to look upon themselves as the representatives of the people, and as their protectors against the oppressions of the Government. It is, indeed, difficult to understand how the Russian Government can ever have hoped that men of real talent and conscience would consent to take any part in so half-hearted a concern as the new judicial system in Russia. On the one hand we have the open Courts of Justice with their juries and freedom of discussion, whilst on the other we find the notorious Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie with its army of gendarmes, and with its power without trial to imprison, and to punish with penal servitude or exile to Siberia, at its pleasure. The newly-instituted judicial system is comparatively useless, since even when the judge and jury acquit an offender, he is liable to be immediately seized and punished by the Section for *state reasons*.

With the exception of the emancipation of the serfs, almost all of the well-intentioned reforms of Alexander the Second have been nullified by the action of this Third Section, the chief of which has often been nicknamed the 'Vice-Emperor.' For instance, the municipal district and provincial assemblies are powerless to adopt any measure until they have obtained not only the approval of the Minister of the Interior and of the Governor of the province, but also the consent of the commandant of the gendarmerie of the place who represents the Third Section. It is deeply to be regretted that when the Czar determined to institute these municipal district and provincial assemblies, he did not go one step farther and institute a national assembly; a House of Representatives chosen by the nation is the only possible remedy in the present state of things. By his somewhat too hasty reforms in the early part of his reign, the Emperor gave his people a taste of liberty, and allowed them to acquire a taste for self-government, until then unknown in Russia. They now demand that this concession should be more fully developed. There are at the present moment many loyal and devoted subjects of the Czar, who would be horrified at the bare idea of becoming Nihilists themselves, and who yet regard the proceedings of these destructives with a certain degree of complacency, hoping that it will force the Government to concede that which even the Mikado of Japan has granted to his people—namely, a Constitution. A parliament controlling the national expenditure, protecting individual liberty, and demanding of the Third Section an account of its actions, would not only have the effect of restoring the financial credit of Russia, but would, by admitting the people to a share of the sovereignty, rally to the side of the Government—many excellent and liberal-minded men who are increasingly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

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Nihilism deprived of the larger portion of its *raison d'être*—namely, stifled discontent—would quickly lose the most capable of its adherents, and would probably prove as fleeting and unstable as are most of the impulses and ideas of the Russian mind.

FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

POSTSCRIPT.

It may be of some interest to subjoin a literal translation from the principal article in the last number of a Nihilist paper (*Narodnia Volya*, the *Will of the People*), which is published in Russian at St. Petersburg by means of secret presses.

ON WHICH SIDE IS MORALITY?

The Russian Press is bent almost double by the Imperial Government. Notwithstanding its disagreeable position, it does its utmost to curry favour of its oppressors. Whenever thefts, murders, or incendiarisms take place in Russia, the Press invariably attributes them to the Nihilists. There is an old proverb which says: 'Slander, slander; some result will always be obtained.' Judging from the tone of the Press, some result has been obtained. According to its statements, the Nihilists are little better than wild beasts. We do not venture to assert that there are no bad men in our ranks; but are yours entirely free from them? The number of bad persons amongst the Nihilists is so very small that we need hardly enumerate them.

Since 1862, over 17,000 persons have been exiled to Siberia for political offences.

You accuse us of adopting means of action which are unjustifiable in every way. But what can we do? We are reduced to silence. We only adopt questionable means of action very rarely, and then only in self-defence; whereas you use them daily.

The money obtained from private individuals by means of theft and blackmail, has not been levied by order of the 'Committee,' but by certain unscrupulous Nihilists acting on their own behalf. However, we are all the more ready to admit that such things have been done, when we remember that only five such cases are known to have taken place.

Do you accuse us of being murderers, because of our attempts to take the life of His Most Sacred Majesty? Why, we would most gladly accomplish his destruction, and he has only escaped until now in consequence of the many cowards in our ranks! It has been stated that Solowjew's attempt in April last has disturbed the rest and peace of mind of many harmless and respectable citizens. Some of the Liberal papers even go so far as to say that it will have the effect of producing a reaction in favour of the Government. Why, what idle and stupid talk! These good newspaper proprietors, who love their ease and their books, must have been asleep not to have perceived that the reaction began sixteen years ago, not in favour of the Government, but against it.

We are quite persuaded that if Solowjew's attempt had succeeded, everybody would talk in a very different manner; even the slaves and asses who surround the throne would have rejoiced.

It is very clear that Russia can't remain in her present state much longer. The people become daily more impoverished, and are sinking into a very abyss of proletarism, whence they will never be able to rise again. The avaricious and hard-hearted 'bourgeoisie' daily increases in numbers, and begins to raise its cruel

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head. The standard of public morality in Russia has already sunk so low that we tremble for the future of our country. Bribery is common throughout the Government service, and has even found its way into the Senate. The National Treasury is robbed, and national property is distributed right and left to the unworthy favourites of the Government. Embezzlement is the order of the day, both in the Government banks and in the army commissariat department, and the poor soldiers are robbed in the most shameful manner. We would remind our readers of the case of Mother Mitrofania, formerly a lady of honour of the Empress, and latterly the superior of a convent, who was convicted of wholesale forgery in 1877 (she was exiled to Siberia, and now lives in a pretty villa on the western frontier of Siberia). Also of that of Ovsianikow, who was convicted of embezzling over 2,000,000 roubles of Government money in 1876, and who now lives in ease and luxury near Irkutsk. Of Tuchenzow, a chamberlain of the Czar, who was convicted of robbing the Credit Foncier of Moscow of over 1,000,000 roubles, and who, when exiled to the Ural Mountains, travelled thither with his mistress in a carriage and four, &c.

And how many others are there who have not figured in the prisoners' dock? Such as ——, who has made a fortune of over 1,000,000 roubles in the construction of fortifications; as ——, who, during the three years of his directorship of ——, at a salary of 30,000 roubles, managed to amass a fortune of 3,000,000 roubles; as Prince ——, who stole 600,000 roubles of public money; Count ——, who has spent millions in debauchery; ——, who uses the State Bank as a kind of private gambling establishment for himself and friends.

It is well known the Ministry of Marine is constantly robbed in the most shameless manner by ——. Unfortunately thieves such as these will never figure in the prisoners' dock. Once a Count Bokinsky, Minister of Roads and Public Works, ventured to report to the Czar a peculiarly shameless theft. The answer, however, was not encouraging. 'How dare you, varlet, mix yourself in the affairs of the Imperial family?' Thereupon Alexander dismissed him from his post of minister, and kept him under arrest for several months. This happened but three years ago.

It is very difficult to do the Imperial family more harm than they do themselves.

. . . . . .

If we were to relate all, it would disgust and tire our readers. We repeat, that such a state of things cannot exist much longer. The immorality of the Imperial family is gradually demoralising Russian society, and is gangrening it throughout. The political persecutions and espionage of the haute police renders the life of respectable people insupportable. Sons denounce their fathers, wives their husbands, mothers their children. The ubiquity of the espionage frightens even the very gendarmes themselves; every denunciation is rewarded by the police; it has become a means of vengeance and an important factor in private quarrels.

What is the use of complaining that people are hanged for the mere expression of political opinions differing from those of the Government? What is the use of crying out for help in the streets, when we are attacked and ill-treated by the police? Nobody stirs, nobody protests. The citizens seem incapable of acting in self-defence. No: it is very wrong to call Solowjew's attempt on the Czar's life immoral; on the contrary, it was an act of the highest courage and abnegation! And, as for you moralists, why be so frightened at the sight of the blood of a few miserable gendarmes and mouchards?

Do not forget that besides being our cowardly enemies, who will never venture to a hand-to-hand fight with us, they are also the enemies of the people. Do you wish to use kindness and gentle persuasion with such brutes, and are you waiting for a change of government? They assume disguises, they make themselves acquainted with your private life, they obtain your friendship, and then they denounce you. These kind of people have nothing human about them, and are a

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standing disgrace to society. You either remain silent, or you even applaud, when these savages hang our friends who are an honour to Russia; who love liberty and who devote their lives to the propagation of humanitarian and fraternal ideas.

You blame us and get frightened when we happen to kill one of these rascals. Why, then, do you remain silent when we are kept for years in prison without trial, separated from our parents, our wives, and our children, whom we have to abandon to their fate, and often without means of subsistence? We are goaded to madness, and entombed alive in the mines of Siberia, and yet you all cry out when you see Menzenstoff[1] fall dead in the streets.

In answer to your inquiries as to who gave us the right to sit in judgment on you, we can only ask in our turn, who appointed you our judges. If you refer us to Russian history, and to the annals of your monarchy, we would beg to remind you that the history, such as it is, is written by you and taught by you, and is consequently false as far as we are concerned.

Do not be surprised at these political assassinations—but rather be astonished that they are not more frequent. Unfortunately for our cause, the majority of Nihilists are too humanitarian, and hence are incapable of carrying out many necessary measures. Perhaps in time they will acquire the 'aptitude' necessary in critical moments; perhaps it will be your conduct which will effect this change in them. Then in that case the responsibility of terrorism and assassination will rest with you, and not with us.

[1] Menzenstoff, Chief of the Section, successor of Trepoff, was murdered last year in St. Petersburg; the assassin has never been discovered.

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GEORGE CANNING: HIS CHARACTER AND MOTIVES.

THE character of any remarkable statesman, whether living or dead, is nearly, if not quite, as much an object of national concern as the policy or the effect of his more prominent measures. A knowledge of circumstances apart from those which come within view of the public, and are calculated to influence the conduct or to exhibit the disposition of a Wolsey, a Burghley, or a Walpole, may assist contemporaries or historians in forming a correct judgment of the motives which suggested their measures, and perhaps contributed to the glory or dishonour of their country. Disclosures of the nature in question have also the national advantage of operating as monitors on later candidates for the favour of a sovereign or the confidence of a people. The generous institutions of our country have opened the paths of honourable ambition to candidates of every class, and the whole community has a deep interest in learning from examples by what means, whether natural or acquired, success may be achieved in its civil service by individuals who, like the first Lord Chatham, have risen from the ranks, and kept their country's welfare constantly in view. Considerations of this kind have led me to entertain a hope of rendering some little service to many of my countrymen by bringing to their notice particulars bearing on the character and views of a well-known minister of the present century with whom it was my good fortune to be personally connected, and to enjoy an affectionate intercourse at all times more or less intimate, and not unfrequently official. As a first-class statesman and orator, distinguished in one department, at least, of literature for brilliant and effective ability, the name of George Canning still holds its place in the estimation of his own and the remembrance of foreign nations. Nevertheless it has long appeared to me that very imperfect justice has been done to his character and manner of acting under the occasional excitement of ambition and rivalry. It would afford me the liveliest gratification to fill up this incomplete portraiture of so illustrious a public servant, and an earnest wish to succeed in making the attempt inspires me with courage to risk a disappointment. My

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impression of his merit in its fullest extent is grounded on many considerations.

The circumstances which attended his entrance upon the great platform of life were untoward in the extreme. The principles on which he purposed to act increased the difficulties of his later position. His path was beset with temptations which have often misled the boyish possessor of uncommon capabilities. In manhood he had to contend with rival colleagues and able adversaries. Notwithstanding these successive obstacles, he rose to the summit of ministerial authority, and dying was honoured by a general feeling of sorrow for his premature decease.

The infancy or early childhood of the future Prime Minister of England presents a sad contrast to this and other more formal marks of posthumous respect. His father had ceased to live; his mother had no resources beyond the hope attaching to youthful accomplishments and the precarious kindness of her late husband's friends. Unfortunately their marriage had been so inconsiderate that every chance of aid from the natural quarter was peremptorily and permanently cut off. The child's uncle, my own father, had shared with his elder brother the exclusion from every part of the family fortune, but wholly without any just or reasonable cause. He had consequently turned his back upon the Green Island, and settled in the British capital as principal member of a merchant's establishment. There the orphan nephew—for orphan he might fitly be called even in his mother's lifetime—found a home, and that care of his education which a parent would otherwise have supplied.

It was not long before he drew attention to his great intellectual gifts. At the early age of four or five he surprised his relations by his manner of justifying himself when reproved on some trivial occasion. Even then the rudiments of that argumentative power, which in after years he displayed in public with so much effect, were suggestively apparent. Another of his natural gifts was a strong turn for poetical composition. He had not completed his ninth year when he wrote a poem remarkable for its promise of future excellence. Its subject was Greece, its character a contrast between the periods of Greek glory and Greek abasement. One day after dinner it was read aloud in the boy's presence, and also in that of his uncle and aunt, who abstained from praising, but, when left alone, agreed in wondering at its precocity. It was printed a few years later as part of a number of the *Microcosm*, a work of four or five boys at Eton towards the end of the last century. It was doubtless not published without amendments; but Canning, who was one of the juvenile authors, told me long afterwards that he had been surprised by the very limited alteration required.

I make no apology for quoting a few of the verses here, as they help to explain the turn of Canning's mind towards the success and

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fame of a public career to be obtained by soundness of principle, vigour of exertion, and the spirit of independence.

Six opening lines explain the tenor of the whole composition :-

> Unrival'd Greece, thou ever honor'd name,
> Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame,
> Tho' now to worth, to honor all unknown,
> Thy lustre faded, and the glories flown,
> Yet still shall memory, with reverted eye,
> Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

The following detached passages may serve to figure out the remainder :—

> Confess what Persians slain
> Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguin'd plain.
>
> What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
> And seal'd the Grecian freedom with his blood.
> Witness Thermopylæ ! how fierce he trod,
> How spoke a hero, and how moved a god !
>
> Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
> How great Epaminondas fought and fell.
> Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
> How Plato thought, how Socrates could die ?
>
> Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,
> And wanton Sappho tuned her amorous lyre.
> Here bold Tyrtæus roused th' enervate throng,
> Awaked to glory by th' inspiring song.
> Here Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier way,
> And brave Alcæus scorn'd a tyrant's sway.
>
> This was thy state ; but oh ! how changed thy fame,
> And all thy glories fading into shame.

I make these quotations not so much for their merit as proofs of a natural turn for poetical composition, as for the indications they afford of the source whence our young author derived the first elements of that character which he displayed in after life. There are passages in another poem, written by him when studying the law, intended for his future profession, which confirm almost to certainty the impression I entertain on this point. It would seem that he was invited by some college authority to write the verses which, according to custom at Oxford, were recited publicly to welcome a newly elected Chancellor of the University. In July 1793, the Duke of Portland was addressed in that character. The complimentary poem turned in substance on the resemblance as to spirit and effect between the solemnities at Oxford and the celebrated games of Greece. A stranger is told to recognise in both an identity of purpose.

> Think'st thou did Greece those solemn rites display
> To gild the leisure of some festive day ?
> Did they but sweep in idle splendour by ?
> Meant they no more than met the vulgar eye ?

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Oh! poor conception! then did Greece impart
Her noblest lessons to the expanding heart;
Courage and dauntless toil; the thirst of fame,
Unquenchable; the blush of generous shame;
Their country's loyal love, and friendship's holy flame.
Oxford no less. . . .

Few, I conceive, and little to be envied, are they who can read a fair account of Canning's life, and fail on reflection to perceive in all its prominent features a distinct expression of those ennobling qualities inculcated by Greece. Who without a blush could question his courage, his energy, his thirst of fame, his loyal patriotism, and deep sense of all that constitutes a sincere friendship?

I cannot leave this part of my subject without reminding the reader of other pieces of verse, comical as well as serious, which owe their existence to Mr. Canning's pen. A list of them it is not in my power to give, but I may perhaps record a few not generally known as his. Of the serious kind in a separate form the most substantial is one entitled 'Nelson and Trafalgar.' It exhibits in strong contrast the characters of Napoleon Bonaparte and Horatio Nelson, showing, at the same time, the qualities and objects which on the one hand its author most condemned, and on the other most admired. In these respects it links on with the sentiments displayed in his earlier poems, and even repeats almost to the letter that passage in the Oxford address which I have particularly noted. My knowledge of the serious compositions is limited to four, namely, 'The Pilot who weathered the Storm,' the series of British kings in Latin verse, some lines on marriage when his own was in prospect, and an epitaph on his eldest son, whose life, to use the father's expression, was 'a long disease,' and his death in early manhood what, in Shakespeare's language, was 'a consummation *devoutly* to be wished.' Mr. Canning's contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin* appear to have been almost entirely ludicrous and satirical. The long and very impressive poem which closes that celebrated periodical has, I believe, been always attributed to him. What may be now stated with certainty is that some of the passages are so strikingly characteristic of his style and habit of thought as to leave no room for any other claim to their authorship. The following lines, for instance, may be confidently adduced in support of this remark:—

Candour—who loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well,
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same,
And finds with keen discriminating sight
Black not *so* black, nor white *so very* white.
Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heav'n! thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.

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The fugitive pieces of a lighter kind may be reserved for cursory notice in some later page.

Mention has already been made of our orator's power of argument as cropping out rudimentally in his childish days. In my possession there is a letter, which exhibits not only a far stronger proof of his early talent in that respect, but a clear exposition of the principles on which he was prepared to reason, whether in his private search or public assertion of truth. I can hardly be wrong in placing word for word on record here a complete extract of so precious a testimonial.

Crewe Hall, October 15th, 1792.

. . . Argument upon any topic I am so far from being anxious to avoid, or apt to hold cheap, that I desire nothing better than a fair and candid discussion of anything that I may at any time think, or say, or do. But I did mean to say—and I do mean to say—that the *sort* of argument which never did, or will, or in my opinion ought to make an impression upon my mind, is that which is derived, not from reason or inquiry into the truth or falsehood, the propriety or impropriety of the subject, but from *example* only—as when one hears, 'Such a one thought so,' 'Such a one said so,' 'Such a one acted so'—brought as a *sufficient ground* for oneself being so to think, say, and do, without any investigation of the principles on which such habit of thought, word, or action, was established and to be justified; and that too with regard to subjects not of skill and private professional dexterity (for on this sort of subjects the word or opinion of a practitioner may be, to a man who has not the *same opportunities of knowledge*, a sufficient direction), but upon broad general topics, which every man has equal opportunities of examining, and which every *thinking* man, according to *my* notions, is not only justified, but absolutely bound for his own honour and conscience, to examine for himself.

Tell me that a farmer thinks so and so about *seed*; that a painter says this or that is the best method of mixing his colours; that a physician holds such or such medicine to be the specific for a particular complaint. And as I neither can nor need have, or pretend to have, any power of judging from my own knowledge of agriculture, painting, or medicine, I am willing (provided nothing has come within my own experience to contradict them) to adopt implicitly the opinion of the farmer, the painter, or the physician.

But tell me that such a one (be the person who he may, be he one for whose abilities and penetration I have the highest respect, for whose person and character I have the warmest affection)—tell me that any person thinks so or so about *morals*, or about politics, or any other subject, if there be any other equally open to the consideration of all men, and for which no technical skill or particular habit is necessary, and where, therefore, I have the same opportunity, the same power, and consequently the same right, of forming my opinion, as that person had to form his opinion in *such* a case, though I should certainly *hear* the opinion with a deference, and examine it with an attention, proportionate to the consideration in which I held the person from whom it came; yet, if, after such examination, I should find that my opinion did not coincide with his, I should no more think of conforming to that which I did not approve, because of the authority by which it was supported, than I should think of calling black white, or white black, in contradiction to my senses, and in compliance to the fancy of another.

The sum, therefore, of what I expressed, or intended to express, in my last letter, and of what I have more than once before endeavoured to convey to you at different times, is simply this: That so long as God continues to me the power of comparing, selecting, and judging between facts and opinions, it shall be my earnest endeavour to do so with as little *prejudice* and *partiality* as possible; and that,

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whatever faults and errors I may commit, I will at least have the satisfaction of charging them upon my own responsibility; and will not have it said to me—not justly said to me at least—'This you did on such a one's opinion; thus you were the tool of *that* man;' 'Here you were the echo of t'other;' 'Now your mind is warped by Mr. Tomkins;' 'Sir John Simpkins gave you *that* notion of things.' Such, I say, shall be my earnest endeavour. But in this, what is there of arrogance or self-sufficiency? Do I say I will never ask advice? never hear reproach? never collect information? God forbid; on every point I shall be ready and willing to profit by them all. But, that I may profit by them in good truth, it is necessary that they should never be received implicitly and from authority only, but heard, weighed, discussed, and finally adopted or rejected, with attention and respect, and a determination to get as near *conviction* as possible—with a resolution, in short, to act to the best of *one's own judgment*, and with (what in a mind of common candour necessarily accompanies such feelings) a large, free, and unequivocal toleration of other people's opinions and actions, so long as they are not set up as an unerring rule whereby to measure and estimate *mine*.

A man who in early manhood had fixed with due deliberation his rule of decision in doubtful cases of a practical kind, is surely entitled to a first impression in favour of his having been actuated by honourable motives in every act of life exposed to public criticism. Well might the boys at Eton, when Canning was one of them, solicit and defer to his opinion with reference to some point on which their own impressions were vague or contradictory. For the correctness of this rather curious circumstance, I can appeal to a respected schoolfellow of his, who brought it to my knowledge. It may be added that before and after he had taken part in state affairs he was habitually consulted by his nearest relations as one on whose judgment full reliance could be safely placed. Pitt must have set no small value on his opinion, for I have seen a financial sketch communicated to him by that high-minded minister, with a request to know what he thought of going to war in such a state of the country's resources. I have his own authority for stating what may be fairly taken as having in some degree a similar bearing. When Lord Cornwallis wrote from Dublin that Catholic emancipation could not be carried with the Act of Union, he advised Mr. Pitt to abstain from pressing the latter measure to its final accomplishment. The Union, as we all know, was nevertheless carried through by itself, but followed at no great distance of time by the Act of Emancipation hoisted into an imperial law under the banner of a party previously opposed to it, and, stranger still perhaps, unattended as yet by its promised and expected consequences, contentment and internal tranquillity.

I have seen it stated in some memoir that Mr. Canning's first acquaintance with the minister of his choice was an invitation from Mr. Pitt. According to my recollection of what he told me himself, he sought, uninvited and without any previous introduction, an interview with the man whose ability, character, and policy he most approved under the critical circumstances in which the country was then placed. A line in the *Pursuits of Literature*, an anonymous poem

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of much note at the time, goes far to confirm this version of the incident:—

Or seize on Pitt like Canning, *by surprise.*

In either case the political connection had its origin in the same motives, and led to results of mutual confidence and mutual satisfaction, terminating only in the death of him to whom the words of Virgil may be justly applied:—

Utcunque ferent ea facta *minores,*
Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.

The youthful survivor had been reproached with passing over from the Whig to the Tory party in order to open his way into Parliament and office. His own unsupported position and early acquaintances may have given birth to the suspicion, but there is enough in extant correspondence to show the real grounds of his preference, the total absence of anything which ought to have fettered his choice, and the independent spirit with which he gave it a substantial effect.

Quotations more or less according with these assertions may be fitly preceded by a statement of two circumstances which are not without interest as bearing on this matter.

First, there is reason to believe that Canning was aware of the Duke of Portland's intention to secure his entrance into Parliament when Mr. Pitt obtained in his favour the nomination to Newport. He is known to have said that he foresaw the Duke's transition to the side of Government, and was not prepared to move in the train of any one.

Secondly, the late General Fox showed me a letter written by his father, Lord Holland, in reply to a female relation who had called upon him to renounce all intercourse with Canning on account of his supposed tergiversation, and vindicating him in terms highly creditable to his calumniated friend.

The quotations thus prefaced follow in the order of their dates. The first are copied from a letter addressed from the Temple to a friend who was travelling in Russia. The parts omitted with a view to brevity differ in no respect from the sense of those now brought into the light.

Paper Buildings, December 4th, 1792.

The state of the country at present is perhaps the most alarming that it is possible to conceive. The rapid progress of the French arms, and the wide diffusion of French principles, has given to a Republican party here such strength and spirit that there is, in my opinion, nothing mischievous and desperate which may not be apprehended from them. This party is not, I believe, at this moment very *numerous*, but by its activity it is very likely to become so. Their principles are disseminated with an industry and success that is every day increasing. . . . The plan proposed by these gentry is no other than an exact imitation of all that has been done in France. . . . I have lately met with persons, and persons of education too, who have talked of the landing of an armed force of Frenchmen in Scotland and

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Ireland as an event not only probable, but very reasonably to be expected and desired.

In Scotland the people are rife for insurrection. In Ireland the Catholics pursue their claims as yet with moderation and temper; but if something be not done for them in the ensuing session of Parliament the consequence will be either war or massacre. Administration indeed, as I am told, and most sincerely hope, are well disposed to grant to them all that they claim; and their claims, God knows, are not exorbitant. They ask only that in trials of Papists, civil or criminal, the jury shall be, as is the law where foreigners are concerned, *half* of their own persuasion; and that they may be admitted, under the same qualifications as Protestants, to vote for county members. The Protestants of Ireland, however, consider these demands as the most unreasonable that they ever heard of in their lives.

Friday Evening, December 14th.

There was a most violent debate in the House of Commons last night on the Address. Mr. F. Fox declared himself in a manner that cannot be thought *equivocal* any longer for the reforms. Windham and Burke spoke and voted with Government most decidedly; but what puzzles me is that I am *told* the Duke of Portland's family friends voted with F.

In the following summer he became for the first time a member of Parliament. This beginning of his political career is recorded in a letter addressed to my mother from Oxford:—

Christ Church, July 5th, 1793.

I can hardly squeeze a moment out of any day in this week for any other purpose than that of going about to see and talk to a thousand different people, who are here from a thousand different places.

I write to you, therefore, rather to show you the outside of this letter than to give you any satisfactory explanation of it in the inside. That I must defer till the present bustle is over. I shall only say for the present that I have the honour to represent in Parliament the respectable borough of *Newtown, in the Isle of Wight*, and that I have come in without one *farthing of expense*, or one *farthing's worth of obligation* to any person in the world but *one*. That *one* you will easily guess; and if you guess it to be Mr. Pitt, you will be near the truth.

It was not till the spring of 1796 that he entered into the service of Government as Under-Secretary of State, with Lord Grenville for his chief. By gradual success in speaking he repaid the confidence which his early reputation had founded; and he proved by his resignation of office, when Pitt on retiring advised him to hold on, that he had accepted it, if not only, yet principally, as offering both means and occasions of promoting the public interests. His treatment of Mr. Addington has been ascribed to malice and the indulgence of other personal feelings. But surely it is more reasonable to view it as a natural consequence of his political consistency. He was convinced that the country required a strong government to keep it afloat under the pressure of accumulated dangers, that Mr. Pitt was of all contemporary statesmen the one most capable of steering aright, and that his appointed successor was not only incompetent to the high task, but wholly unconscious of his incapacity. Wit and

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ridicule were the obvious instruments of a remedial kind, and Canning, a master of both, employed them in perfect good humour to shorten the rule of a weak administration unequal to the necessities of the time. He entered into no systematic opposition to Mr. Addington in his parliamentary votes; he addressed himself courteously to the objectionable minister from his place in the House of Commons, and his shafts of ridicule, however successful, left no angry or unkind feeling in the bosom of their butt; for several years later, when Lord Sidmouth was Minister for the Home Department, he came out of his room on learning that Canning, member for Liverpool, was in his office, and shook hands with his former adversary with every appearance of good-nature and cordiality.

On the close of the Duke of Portland's administration in October 1809, Mr. Perceval succeeded to the vacant post of Premier. In the private communications which had taken place just before between him and Mr. Canning, the latter thought he had reason to complain of the use, injurious to him, which had been made of the correspondence; and he made up his mind in consequence to take no part in the new government, but to support or oppose its measures, according to his judgment, as an independent member of the House. All this appears with full explanations in a letter of his marked *private*, of which I possess an authentic copy.

Wit, eloquence, and literary talent formed the capital of George Canning's political column. Its base was character. What constitutes the force of character? What but command or influence, giving to one the power of many? How is this power to be obtained where fortune has withheld her favours, if not by the exercise of qualities engaging the admiration, the confidence, the sympathy of others on a scale proportioned to the interests at stake or the arena of competition? Distinguished to a high degree by the qualities here described, he had a fair claim to the chief direction of affairs; but Perceval enjoyed the advantage of having been the ministerial leader of the Commons, and the duel with Castlereagh had not been viewed in its true colour by some influential minds. A detailed justification of Mr. Canning's conduct was circulated immediately after the meeting, to which I now allude as furnishing an instance of his strong sense of public duty and his constant readiness to act upon its impulse at every risk—*vitam impendere vero.* Although his colleague's challenge was a tissue, as he declared in reply, of misrepresentations, he accepted it at once, and on Wimbledon Common exposed himself to the peril of a repeated exchange of shots rather than be the first to take shelter under the friendly interference of the seconds.

Canning, in fact, had courage equal to any occasion. Though by no means quarrelsome, and having the habits of a civilian devoted to peaceful pursuits, he brooked no taunting reflection on his motives

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of action, or slighting allusion to his mother's history. On one remarkable occasion he carried resolution to its extreme. His life was seriously threatened by some anonymous assailant through the medium of a public journal. He sent a message to the menacing and murderous party through the editor of the newspaper, offering to meet him as adverse parties are wont to meet, and pledging his honour that he would go to the place of meeting alone, and without the knowledge of any other person whatever.

More on this part of the subject can hardly be required.

The incident of all others in his political career which gave a handle to detraction and obloquy was the embassy to Lisbon. A friend, perhaps a *candid* one, might question the prudence of the step *in that light*; but his long, minutely detailed, and wonderfully able speech, when brought face to face with his parliamentary censors in May 1817, reflected so clearly the principles of his conduct, as previously exhibited in writing and action, that his defensive statements, satisfactory as they were in themselves, derived as much confirmation from their consistency with the antecedents as from the very large majority which cleared him of all culpability, and scattered to the winds a futile, if not a malignant, attack. Sir Thomas Acland, the just, intelligent, and independent member for Devonshire, bore witness in a few decisive words to the impression made upon the House by Mr. Canning's defence. His closing words were these: 'After a speech which had thrilled through every heart in the House, he would have been proud to have been so accused in order to have so defended himself.'

Reproaches were also thrown out against Mr. Canning for joining the Government in 1814, and remaining in office when the famous and, in some respects, obnoxious Six Acts were carried through Parliament by ministerial influence. Why, it may be asked, was he to be shut out from a Government from whose general policy he did not dissent, which opened its arms to receive him, and whose chief, Lord Liverpool, was his life-long friend? With respect to the Six Acts, it should be remembered that the nation, throughout a large extent of its three original kingdoms, was breaking into violent disorder caused by a general distress, verging in some parts on famine, for which the ministers were not answerable, and heightened to the point of exasperation by revolutionary agitators—in short, that the restrictive measures voted by Parliament, but unpopular in so far as they put a curb on the abuse of public assemblies and freedom of press, belonged to the sad period of tumultuary processions, inflammatory harangues, and finally of *the Cato Street conspiracy*. It is but fair likewise to bear in mind that he retired from office not long afterwards rather than take part in the prosecution of Queen Caroline. To all appearance that act was the close of his official aspirations in England. The East India directors made choice of him for the

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government of their possessions in Hindostan, and he was on the point of embarking for his remote destination, when the death of Lord Castlereagh restored him to Downing Street, and, to use his own expression, attached him *to the labouring oars for life*. Those who were urgent for his return to the Foreign Office were at first unwilling to concede to him the lead, as it is termed, of the House of Commons. 'Both or neither' was the position he assumed, and his high-minded resolution prevailed, at the time, perhaps, to his regret.

His second administration of foreign affairs, which lasted five years, had for its basis the maintenance of peace on principles of liberal order, political freedom, and international respect. The country in general, it might perhaps be said without exception, went with him. Some few may possibly have fancied that the liberality was a new light supplied by personal convenience or ambitious compliance with popular opinion. Appeal may surely be made to preceding statements in proof of its consistency with those impressions of his outset which led him to entertain a horror of the slave trade, to desire a more equitable state of law in Ireland, and even to sympathise with the first movements of revolution in France. But discrimination was a powerful quality of his comprehensive mind, and he, no doubt, perceived that circumstances which at one time, by threatening England and all Europe with evils of the worst kind, forbade the loosening of any established authorities or diplomatic relations, left room, by their cessation at a later period, for a practical recurrence to the generous inspirations of his youth.

Alike in both his appointments to the Foreign Office was the energy he displayed, in the former by his suggestion and urgent support of the expedition to Copenhagen, in the latter by the effectual rapidity with which he saved the independence of Portugal. Even in his study of the law, while passing from Christ Church to St. Stephen's, he showed the same earnestness of action by exchanging his chamber in the Temple for a lodging at Oxford, where a greater command of books made up for a narrower field of amusements.

His reputation for wit and agreeable conversation made him a welcome guest both in town and country; but pleasantry now and then employed with a depreciating effect, and sarcasm used for the exposure of artifice or absurdity, raised here and there a notion that he was ill-natured and malicious. Never was a greater mistake. He was constitutionally good-humoured and kind; on principle, as I believe, he never yielded to a malicious feeling. The general character of his wit was light and playful; a contrast, a likeness between opposites, an illustration, a word used in a new sense, a ludicrous image, and other elements of fun were its usual forms. Punning was the only exception. Often as I have been in his company, I never heard him make a pun. His language in private was simple, amusing at the

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time, but rarely so moulded as to claim a place in the *addenda* of Joe Miller. He was fully conscious of his power, and also knew its limits, for he told me on one occasion that he had never tried to raise a laugh at the expense of poverty or bodily defects.

> Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.[1]

One remarkable incident in the House of Commons seemed to contradict this rule. It has not passed into oblivion, and the name of Ogden will suffice to recall it to the reader's recollection. A reference to Hansard's *Debates* will also explain for what legitimate reasons the seeming exception involved no breach of the rule, but, on the contrary, was emphatically required for the establishment of truth and the vindication of justice.

The case of poor Ogden was simple enough. He became an object of interest to Sir Francis Burdett and other politicians of the same class, to whom, through mistake or misrepresentation, he appeared in the light of a political victim, and by whom he was certainly made an instrument of attack upon the Government. Canning acquired an exact knowledge of the facts, which proved to be the very reverse of those stated in support of the assault, and manfully produced them in the House of Commons, increasing not a little the effect of their truth by the strong flashes of wit which he threw upon the adverse and wholly misshaped statement.

His early impressions of Grecian virtue did not fail him in the article of friendship. He was a steady, serviceable, and affectionate friend with respect to his early intimates and parliamentary supporters—affectionate, but varying in degree; serviceable, but according to what the occasion afforded or duty permitted. In my possession there is authentic proof of his having provided for the fair pretensions of every individual in the limited number of his political party at the same time that he consented to join the administration in 1814.

Somewhere about the year 1792, a young student of law occupied an apartment in the Temple. One morning a poor unacknowledged relation applied to him for relief. The student, having no money at command, gave him a portion of his clothes instead, and indemnified his servant for the loss of an eventual perquisite by the gift of his watch. *The student was George Canning.*

Several years later, a retired statesman, under the pressure of want and sickness, applied to a statesman in place for pecuniary aid. His bond for 200*l.* accompanied the request. A cheque to that amount was sent in reply, and the bond was thrown into the fire. *George Canning was the statesman in place.*

Of that student and statesman, the gifted in mind alone, no one has ever learnt the name without hearing of his wit as well as of his eloquence and ministerial celebrity. His talent of that kind has been

[1] Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 152.

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slily, perhaps even openly, stigmatised as not only sarcastic, but ill-natured into the bargain. Sarcastic it was, ay, and cutting to the bone, when artifice important enough to require exposure and rebuke warranted a sally of indignation; but ill-natured, in the sense I attach to ill-nature, it never was. I have seen many of his early letters, in some of which are names of persons familiar to the world at large, but all of an easy, light-hearted, good-natured character, the rare exceptions being sufficiently explained to justify the distinction. I had occasion once to consult him as to the manner in which I should treat a diplomatic colleague, of whose secret conduct, unwarrantable in form, and injurious to my diplomatic proceedings, I had accidentally acquired a knowledge. His answer was: '*Snub him, and leave him off.*' I will not name the man, although his roguery was discovered by his own Government, who treated him as a culprit, and employed him, nevertheless, privately, for he was clever enough to have a value independent of character. I once took the liberty of hinting to Mr. Canning that his manner of carrying on his political differences with the Duke of Wellington was rather below what the Duke might fairly think due to his great military services and almost unrivalled elevation. '*He must take neighbour's fare,*' was all I got in reply. On another occasion I ventured to express some little surprise that he should have gone so far in the heat of party strife as to stop Mr. Brougham's provoking invective by exclaiming, '*That, sir, is false.*' His justification consisted in the assertion that the words, however unqualified, '*had done a great deal of good.*' The mention of these rather trivial anecdotes may be excused on account of their significance as indications of his manner of expressing himself when explanation was to be avoided.

This point of view may be further illustrated by sundry familiar anecdotes or fugitive compositions, which, however, can only be stated at the risk of repeating what is already known to the social or literary world.

At the head of a dwarf selection may fitly be placed a schoolboy's epigram, written, as it would seem, with a feeling which in due season was to expand into patriotism:—

When weigh'd with us you kick the beam,
Say wags of Eton jealous;
If true, the reason's clear, we deem—
You are such heavy fellows!

Eton at a later period was also the scene of what follows. Several boys met together for the recital of a poem composed by one of them. Among the verses was a line which ran thus, if long tradition be correct:—

By the blue lustre of her *languid* eye.

Objection was made to the italicised epithet, and various amend-

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ments were suggested. Two or three of them were near the mark, but not so near as to be quite satisfactory. Silence ensued; every one was lost in search of the precious but latent word—a word conveying the idea of ease in position and breadth of range in rotation. Suddenly a voice was heard: 'What say you to *swivel?*' Gravity at once collapsed, and away into vacancy on a roar of laughter went poem and poet and all.

The next illustration may be given in Canning's own words. In September 1790, he writes from Crewe Hall:—

Crewe Hall, September 4th, 1790.

Mrs. Crewe, you must know, has a dog called '*Quan.*' A day or two ago, at dinner, Mr. Crewe said that poor 'Quan' had been very ill in the morning, and 'If he dies,' said he to Mrs. Crewe, 'will you let him be buried in your dairy?' Now a dairy is rather too delicate a place to bury a dog in, and so Mrs. C. fought it off for some time; but at last, 'Well,' said she, turning to me, 'Quan shall be buried *there* if *you* will give him an epitaph.' 'That I will,' said I, 'and with all my heart:

Poor "Quan" lies buried in the dairy,
And is not that a sad *Quandary?*'

Many years afterwards he had to entertain the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands when they visited England during his tenure of the Foreign Office. He named Mr. Byng, so well known as the *poodle*, to act as master of the ceremonies to their Majesties. One morning arrangements were to be made for an excursion. A council was held, and every place in the carriage was supplied with an occupant, when some one exclaimed, 'You can't leave Byng behind; how is he to go?' 'Underneath, of course,' said the Minister. A laugh ensued, but the poodle was seated with due respect.

There is reason to presume that practical joking was a good deal in fashion about a century ago. The amusement was one which had its inconveniences, but they belong to the time of action, and the remembrance may be entertained without a spark of regret. Two instances in which Mr. Canning had a share still hold a place in my recollection. A party of young people were brought together at a country house in Derbyshire, when it happened one day that the conversation turned upon the manner in which trials were conducted, and a lady who was present expressed her ignorance of the forms and her wish to see them in practice. 'Nothing more easy,' said one of the company. 'I think we are numerous enough to get up a trial without waiting till the Courts are in session.' No sooner said than done. In a very few days the judge was on his bench, the lawyers, the witnesses, the parties concerned, all in their respective places. A respectable number of spectators made the representation complete. The pleadings, the examinations, the summing-up, were all carried through, and the judge, having received the verdict of a supposed jury, was on the point of giving sentence, when the leading

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counsel (Canning, no doubt) stepped forward, and requested in earnest tones that an important witness, just arrived, might be heard. Consent was given with becoming gravity, and the new witness, a young female of colour, was ushered in. Imagine his lordship's horror when he perceived that the engaging personation was his own wig-stand dressed up for the occasion, and disclosing in full blaze the secret, so carefully kept, of his premature baldness. The judge was no less a person than the late Right Honourable John Hookham Frere.

Unqualified amusement, the rose without its thorn, must have closed upon the fish-dinner speech ascribed to Mr. Canning, and proved, one might say, by internal evidence to have been his :—

> Rising, gentlemen, to thank you for your kindness in drinking my health, I hope you will permit me to take a hint from the occasion which has brought us together. This, gentlemen, is a fish dinner. Fish drink much, and say little. While you follow their example in the first respect, allow me to follow it in the second. I drink most cordially to the health of every one here.

To my understanding it appears that no unusual stretch of indulgence is required to find no shade of ill-nature or unkindness in these representative instances of our statesman's wit, but on the contrary a general tone of lively good-humour bordering on fun, and only in some cases disparaging, as wit, the offspring of conscious quickness, must ever be when taking a personal form.

What little remains to be noted wears a more serious and, in its close, a more sad and deplorable aspect. Mr. Canning, as I have said, was lost to England when the sudden decease of Lord Castlereagh brought him back from the port of his embarkation for India to fill the vacant places of Secretary for Foreign Affairs and leader in the House of Commons. There is no reason to doubt that his administration of Indian affairs would have redounded to his credit and increased his fame, but well was it for himself and for his country that Providence ordered it otherwise. The addition of five years and several months to his political as well as to his natural life was nobly, successfully, and gloriously devoted to the establishment of the best principles, and their corresponding enactments.

To our foreign relations he gave a tone which had the effect of maintaining our national dignity without compromising the country's peace, although he had often to deal with powers either hostile to our constitutional system or jealous of our commercial prosperity. He laid the foundation of Greek independence, he limited the action of despotic influence abroad, he recognised the revolted provinces of Spanish America as independent States, he defended Portugal when threatened by neighbouring powers with a vigour and efficiency seldom matched, he opened negotiations for the settlement of every outstanding difference with the United States.

Liberal as he thus appears to have been, his opinions had root in

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a love of popularity; their consistency resulted from conviction. He opposed Parliamentary reform at home as steadily as he promoted the cause of freedom abroad. Right or wrong, in that respect he held the same doctrines alike when Pitt was his chief and when Lansdowne was his colleague.

It may be said with truth that when he was finally called to the helm, he owed that well-earned elevation to the united confidence of his sovereign and the people. Nor is it less true that his premature death a few months later was not only a cause of deep sorrow throughout his own country, but was felt as a loss by every nation capable of appreciating high qualities of mind, sound principles of conduct, and resolution to confront every kind of difficulty for the honour and welfare of his native land.

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

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ATHLETICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

An Englishman who travels from time to time on the Continent, and on his way converses with some of the Frenchmen or Germans he meets, not unfrequently elicits some opinion from them on the institutions or peculiarities of his own country; for he has a feeling that such opinions are perhaps free from the prejudices he is familiar with at home, and that consequently the views they express may be original, even if erroneous. He is accordingly prepared for something a little new, and there are a few subjects in which I think his expectation will not be disappointed. One of these is the education of the boys of our higher classes. Let us suppose that he is talking with an intelligent Frenchman, a man fully acquainted with his own country, who has also picked up what he can about England. He will find him highly appreciative of our public-school system, which appreciation the Englishman takes as a matter of course, having probably been educated at one himself, and having great faith in the training he has undergone; but the reason the foreigner gives rather surprises him. It is not the intellectual training our lads enjoy which has excited his admiration; on that score he thinks his own *lycées* in Paris are in no way inferior. Still less is it the almost unbounded liberty allowed to English boys; that he regards as a national idiosyncrasy which, if tolerably harmless in England, it would be madness to encourage in France; but he selects for his unqualified approval a feature of our educational system which has no counterpart in the establishments of his own country, that is to say, the *culte* of athletics. The Englishman is surprised because he is hardly yet prepared to say that athleticism is quite the most admirable feature in our schools, and he does not see why, if the thing is so much admired, it is not adopted in France. Now leaving the latter question aside, we have to consider firstly, whether athleticism is so highly spoken of with good reason; secondly, if there are grounds for thinking that elements of danger are contained therein; thirdly, if this is the case, what measures should be taken to meet this danger most effectually.

1. What then are the main reasons why athletics are encouraged among boys at school? or rather let us say, What ought to be the

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reasons why they are encouraged? for it often happens that a system is valuable on certain grounds, but is lauded and supported on others; which perhaps we shall find to be the case in this instance. Firstly then, they are encouraged, and rightly so I think, on the grounds of health. Recent years have witnessed among all classes of society a growing attention to the health of the body, and the hygienic value of games for boys has never yet been seriously impugned. Few things are more consoling to our national vanity than the contrast presented by the spectacle of English boys engaged in one of our outdoor games, and that of a troop of sallow knock-kneed French youths filing in groups of three along the high-road, for this is their corresponding and solitary recreation. An English boy has probably tried the same thing at a private school, and hates the memory of it now that he is 14 and can play football regularly; but a young Frenchman of 17 has never known anything more attractive. He hears occasional rumours of a country where boys practise 'le box' and other strange pastimes, and wonders if they are happy; while his young energy is never stirred by the delight of bodily feats successfully performed, or stimulated to prowess by eager companions. His youth passes wearily, and he looks back on it afterwards as the time of his life most productive of dismal recollections, a time of close restraint and unrelieved labour. We observe this contrast and believe in athletics as preservative of one immeasurably precious possession, the possession of health, and so leading to another yet more precious, for boys and men alike, the possession of happiness. Again, there is another most useful side to athletics not so commonly talked of; I mean their discipline. A boy is disciplined by them in two ways: by being forced to put the welfare of the common cause before selfish interests, to obey implicitly the word of command, and act in concert with the heterogeneous elements of the company he belongs to; and secondly, should it so turn out, he is disciplined by being raised to a post of command, where he feels the gravity of responsible office and the difficulty of making prompt decisions and securing a willing obedience. Good moral results of this sort may be expected from games wherever they have developed spontaneously, and where all, even to the youngest, eagerly engaging, choose their commanders, *pugnæque cient simulacra sub armis.*

These are some of the satisfactory aspects of athleticism. More might be enumerated, but it would be superfluous, as Englishmen evidently are alive to all the merits of this national characteristic, and we may remark that this has been especially noticeable during the last quarter of a century or so. It is not easy to produce authentic information bearing on the importance attached to athletics before the lifetime of the present generation, but there are two facts showing clearly enough which way the stream runs, that are worth mentioning. Any one who played in the Oxford and Cambridge or

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Eton and Harrow cricket matches thirty years ago can testify that there were scarcely enough spectators to form a continuous line round Lord's cricket-ground. In the latter match it was not found necessary to use ropes till 1864, while now such is the importance of the annual pageant that it affects the duration of the London season. At about the same date a few keen partisans gathered together to see the Universities contend in rowing. Little was said about it, scarcely anything written. Nowadays the crowd assembled to see the practice of the crews equals the number of those who used to watch the actual race; moreover, the minutest facts connected with the play of each oarsman's muscles are anxiously picked up on the spot, form a paragraph in the daily papers, and are telegraphed to the Antipodes. Deducting from all this the influence of fashion and the mere gregarious tendencies of society, it is quite clear that there has been a dead set of public feeling towards increasing the importance of all athletics. In short, the tide has borne all before it, and scarcely a warning voice has been heard hinting at the possibility of going too far; and consequently very many boys, soon after they enter the schools (some of them before), are impressed with the notion that athletics are to be pursued as the one important thing—in conjunction with reading perhaps, *si non, quocunque modo*—but pursued with every nerve they must be.

Such then, briefly, is the system, its merits, and the light in which it is regarded. I come now to consider the elements of danger contained therein.

2. At first sight anyone would say that its chief danger in the present day lies in the superfluity of time devoted to various outdoor pursuits at school. This is wrong. I do not deny, of course, that too much time may be, and not unfrequently is, absorbed daily by games; but that is not the chief danger; authorities could easily suppress an extra hour or two if they saw fit. But it is not generally realised that the effects of games last far beyond the close of playhours. Leaving out of sight all physical considerations, over-fatigue, &c., which are, nevertheless, very important, let us look merely at the effects on the mind. Suppose the case of a lad in a school where athletics are much thought of, who is perhaps just emerging from obscurity because it is found that he can row or bowl well. He finds himself with an unlimited prospect of fame before him; if he makes a great struggle, some important step in his 'young ambition's ladder' will be reached; he will be elevated into a social atmosphere now tenanted by the high ones of the earth, who look down on him scornfully, but, in the event of his success, would soon be walking arm-in-arm with him. A fascination, unimaginable by the outside world, urges him onward, and with a sense of his increasing importance comes an increasing appreciation of the method by which he has risen; so that, even with his books before him, his mind is wandering

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among the scenes of his ephemeral triumphs and reverses, while he ruminates on his last big innings or the prospects of distinction in a coming football match. Prizes, places in the school, are but little things, and are treated as of little worth. This statement of the case is not a whit exaggerated as far as the majority of athletes are concerned. It needs a very exceptional boy indeed, after having been engaged in an absorbing pursuit, to unshackle straightway his energies and thoughts simply at the call of duty, probably uninviting, irksome duty. But the athletes are not the only ones affected. Wherever athletics are very popular, around the coterie of successful gamesters is formed a large horde of hangers-on, boys who admire muscle without possessing it, and who, formed by nature for a very different line, adopt the habits and opinions of the superior class, till, perhaps without participating, their interest too is absorbed by the prevailing rage, and the tone of the whole community is affected. Under these conditions work, honest spontaneous effort in other lines but amusement, is impossible.

In this way intellectual interests are gravely imperilled by any advanced growth of athleticism. But it may be said that there are some things even more important than intellectual interests, and provided that the action of athleticism on these is undoubtedly beneficial, we can put up with a considerable loss of book-learning in view of greater advantages. This leads me to consider briefly the complex question of the effects of athletics upon vice and immorality at schools. We are familiar with a widely-held opinion that healthy games are, *per se*, a check upon vicious tendencies, but we do not account for the fact that among schoolboys the mere students are, as a body, more virtuous than the mere athletes; for that this is a fact I cannot doubt, though it is a little difficult to point to the reason. Probably any great amount of idleness and absolute supremacy of recreation over study would act injuriously in this direction; for though athleticism may easily so engross the attention as to stunt the higher life of a school, it does not appear that it is sufficiently powerful to act as a barrier to the lower tendencies; idleness, however caused, must be deleterious in this respect. On the other hand it is tolerably clear that at the Universities there is not a higher standard among mere students than among mere athletes, so that we must be careful not to attribute any evil effects directly to games; indeed, almost all agree in thinking that a student at the University, and certainly a hard-working boy at school, is the better for participation in them. Meanwhile, an energetic athlete without an idea of any other pursuit whatever, is better off and less likely to turn out vicious than a *wholly* idle University man, or schoolboy; and the appreciation of this fact seems to have led people into investing athletics with a power of stemming vice; the truth being that they are in a limited degree obstructive of it, but only in a limited degree, and it is quite erroneous to suppose that in any educational institution a predominance of

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athleticism necessarily brings with it a high standard of morals: there are so many undoubted advantages connected with a sensible pursuit of athletics, that we can well afford to be cautious in attributing to them hypothetical virtues. So I think we may quit this portion of the subject by saying that the beneficial properties of athleticism are not confined to a far advanced or excessive development of it, but are better brought into play by a system carefully controlled with reference to the intellectual claims of school life, and that in any case those properties are beneficial to the tone of a school in a very limited degree. Accordingly, if the intellectual life is ever clearly endangered, this aspect of athletics should not be brought forward as a counterbalancing argument of any weight. Let us now see how an advanced growth of athleticism acts in reference to another important matter.

As is well known, in the majority of public schools a considerable part of the disciplinary government is relegated to a section of boys who have reached a certain position in school order, that is to say, to those who are as a body the intellectual primates of the place. They are invested with great power by the authorities, and are supposed to represent the conscientious portion of the community, to suppress the unruly and guard the weak from oppression. They are called monitors. Now side by side with these another class grows up equally compact and generally about as numerous, but not invested with power or recognised by the authorities. These are the foremost athletes, and to them is paid spontaneously and without stint the allegiance of the main body of the school. Occasionally, of course, the two intermingle, and one boy unites in himself the two sources of influence; but, speaking generally, a difficulty is always threatened by the co-existence of two powers; the one recognised as supreme by the constitution, the other chosen as the object of respect and affection by the subject classes of boys. The constitution is framed in antagonism to public feeling, and consequently the forces that work for good, the monitors, work under a difficulty. The powerful athletic influence assumes in any given case probably an indifferent, perhaps a hostile, attitude towards them, and if they are not actually thwarted by it they can scarcely ever calculate on its co-operation; and thus a great power in the school so far from being utilised for good, is liable to constitute itself an enemy to discipline. Meantime, in a few schools, the monitorial system does not exist. In these, of course, the athletes find a freer scope for the exercise of their great influence: they are the one section of the school to whose hands a controlling and guiding power is liberally entrusted. Their means of influence for good or evil are in some cases simply illimitable. As is sometimes remarked, no public functionary, no clergyman, no military commander, certainly no Prime Minister, assumes his powers entrusted with such absolute and unquestioning confidence,

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as does a prominent public school-boy. His opinions are not disputed, no Opposition benches are ranged against him; but his lightest utterance carries law with it, and in questions of right and wrong his behaviour goes far to shape the yet pliant dispositions of those around him, the future ruling class of the country. The question then arises whether an enlightened superior authority would naturally select athletes to be the holders of this power: and to judge from the definite constitution of a monitorial school, and the tendency of such few measures as deal with the matter in other schools, it is clear that we must answer this question in the negative. In other words the exaltation of athletics and athletes creates complications in school government.

These, then, are the dangerous aspects of athleticism. It is liable, if allowed full play, to damage seriously the intellectual interests of a school without raising appreciably the moral tone, and also to become a hindrance to school government. It is quite obvious, then, that great care should be taken to control this development of school life. It should be looked upon as ever tending to form an excrescence, and may be compared to the pet lion Æschylus speaks of, which when kept in check is a constant source of pleasure, but which, having grown in stature and escaped from control, works mischief far and wide. Is it the case then that athletics have become dangerous? if so, in what quarter is the danger chiefly to be found? Now, in answer to these questions, it would not be difficult to institute a comparison between different schools, showing the amount of hours per diem devoted in each to athletics; but this would be useless, for, as I have indicated, the grave fact is not the amount of time spent in particular games, but the consumption and absorption of energy consequent upon the excessive admiration paid to those games. We know too that the halo which surrounds athletics is not at all the same in different schools, and so the effects of athleticism must vary a great deal. It would be absurd to suppose that all our public schools suffer from the same complaint; but it is certain that in some of them athleticism has advanced far enough to be considered an evil, and that, if its indirect effects are carefully taken into account, the number of schools so affected will be found tolerably extensive. To particularise further would be useless for my purpose, because I now have to consider the ways of meeting this evil, and as the circumstances of different schools vary so much, it is impossible to take them singly. The subject must be treated generally, and what follows must be taken, of course, as applying only to schools where athleticism has become dangerous, for the reasons I have already given.

3. The evils of excessive athletics should be dealt with, I believe, by measures of a twofold character, direct and indirect, the first directly diminishing the importance attached to them, the second augmenting

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the interest in higher subjects, that is to say in subjects of more practical value, more refining, more edifying.

We may, then, first ask the question: What is the secret of the importance attached by schoolboys to athletics? and omitting such recondite causes as Teutonic nationality, climate, &c., let us see if there are no less complex, more preventible causes at work with which it is our object to deal. I am assuming that, on the whole, masters are alive to the nature of the problem: that though they may freely partake in games with the boys, yet that they are ever trying to stem the current of their feelings where they think that the stream runs too fast, by pointing out how ephemeral and secondary the claims of athletics are in comparison with other things. But yet it is certain that in many cases they find the opposing force too strong for them, and that they cannot diminish it because the motive power lies beyond their sphere of action. That motive power is the consensus of fashionable public opinion which acts externally on the feelings of the school and produces such results. Now we may well suppose that their attempts to modify public opinion may fail, but there remains another course open to them, that is, to leave public opinion alone, but take away as far as possible the means of its acting upon schools, and withdraw the boys from its influence. The force may continue to exist, but it need not be allowed to tell upon so susceptible a community. For instance, the authorities of any school where the devotion to athletics is undeniably excessive, may very likely find that there are certain recurring occasions on which this remarkable feature of public opinion is presented in a most imposing and dazzling form to the boys. In such a way even the youngest comes to perceive that contests which from their character should excite a confined and local interest solely, are made the occasion for a striking manifestation of wide-spread public enthusiasm, and gradually he draws the inference that there is something intrinsically noble and worthy of homage in a sport which can so stir a multitude. Within the school walls he finds (so we assume) a body of men who are continually telling him that there are higher interests in life, and that to these his attention should be given, but

Quid faciunt pauci contra tot millia fortes?

He looks upon them as a class bound to preach such doctrines in the position they hold, and that it is only to be expected they should do so; but as for really thinking that they are right when, as it appears to him, the whole of England is the other way, that he cannot bring himself to do. He does not reflect that it is the few who have a really intimate acquaintance with the subject who say such things, while outside it is perhaps only one of the unaccountable and erratic impulses of modern fashion which for a time carry all before them in the contrary direction. He weighs no 'pros and cons,' but starts

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meantime on his school career heavily weighted with a load of athleticism, and cannot consider anything except with reference to this all-pervading influence, this rightful τέλος of a boy's existence. I am convinced that this is no exaggerated statement of the case, and I can see no rational corollary to it but this:—that steps should be taken to suppress or greatly change the character of, or opportunity for, such ebullitions of public feeling, seeing that the feeling itself is certainly irrational, and perhaps evanescent, but that, while it exists and is allowed such free and direct action upon any school, its effects are baneful. Of course the difficulties, and also the necessities of carrying out any drastic remedy of this kind, vary with different schools, and I only indicate in outline the nature of the reform to which a consideration of the subject seems so imperatively to lead.

Any alteration of this sort, if carried out, would act directly in reducing the prestige of athletics. We now have to consider some indirect methods, designed to raise the importance of more serious matters. But, before considering them, we may remark that they should operate *pari passu*, and in the same proportion as the overgrown influence of athleticism declines. Supposing that in any school the mass of boys suddenly realised that they had lavished their affection more or less on baubles, and ceased to devote themselves as they did before to games; there would obviously be created a vacuum in the daily outcome of energy; many a mind, before fully occupied, would find less to think about, and would have abundant leisure time, where formerly there was little or none. Now we can all conjecture, since the days of Dr. Watts, what would be the result of a sudden increase of leisure among boys. The more 'idle hands' there are, the more mischief they do, and every one who has considered the question knows that herein lies a great practical difficulty. Athleticism is able to cope with many indolent bad boys, who are stirred up to indulge in an occupation at once healthy and absorbing, and are so kept from the multifarious evils which flourish among the wholly idle. Diminish the power of athleticism, and vice is, so to speak, unfettered and turned loose. Such is the difficulty as it exists at present. But this difficulty rests upon a certain low and hopeless view of English boys, which is adopted by those who suppose that an abnormal growth of athleticism is necessary in order to check their strivings towards wickedness; who say that it is unwise to remove this predominating influence, which so often lies like a pall upon the higher life of the school, for fear that evil so released will be sufficient to outweigh the good. And yet the view is not wholly false. There is truth in it, enough truth to make us insist again on this caution: that when it is held necessary that boys' minds should be diverted from athletics, care should be taken to supply their place, so that the house which is thus swept and garnished may be filled at once with a really fitting occupant, the desire for such knowledge, a wish for such self-improve-

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ment, as is potent to preserve the inner life vigorous and pure, and train it for useful doings in the world. Such a suggestion, however, would be unpractical without some consideration of the means necessary to this end. In what direction are we to look for those means? What are the grounds for hoping that they can be found?

Of late years a very important change has been noticeable in the education of our higher classes. Certain conditions have given birth to a now widely accepted theory of education, which in all probability will effect still more marked alterations than it has hitherto. The conditions are these. Owing to the increase of population on the one hand, and the advance of learning on the other, we are brought face to face, not only with an increasing number of subjects to be learned, but also with an increasing necessity of learning them. Many members of the class from which, thirty years ago, the ornamental men of leisure were recruited, now find that existence has assumed to them a more sombre hue; paths formerly open to them are open no longer, and through knowledge alone an access to ease and affluence is to be obtained. Accordingly, the avenues to knowledge have been made smooth, and everything invites the unwilling to learn. The results of many years' unintermittent labour are presented in a compressed form in every description of handbook and pocket-primer, for it is only permitted to a comparatively few to remain ignorant and be content therewith. The field of knowledge has thus been greatly extended and opened out, and a great diversity of subjects have been grappled with in one way or another; and in spite of the fact that much of this great movement produces a paltry caricature of learning, new interests have been excited and minds stimulated which would have lain stagnant before. The managers of the various seats of education have roused themselves to supply the needs of the time and extend their resources; and they now present to the public a programme far broader and more inviting than that of a quarter of a century ago. In this way various special lines of education have been more widely adopted, and their adoption has influenced the purely general education, with this result: men now perceive that boys' minds are almost infinitely various, and that knowledge of various sorts must be presented to them in various ways—anything to awaken interest and encourage *voluntary* intellectual effort. Now it is from the development of this theory that I think we may expect results having an important bearing on the matter in hand. The introduction of subjects likely to attract boys' interest, and the general idea of teaching them by exciting that interest, tend to upset the notion that dull work is valuable *per se*, quite independently of the subjects worked at. It must be admitted that this notion has been allowed every chance. Men have aimed at educing solid effort by a curriculum of study which could only be attractive to a select few. Let us hope that the idea has really had its day, for besides being, as many now think, compara-

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tively useless in itself, its effect on an overgrown athleticism is positively pernicious. So long as the graver occupations of a boy's life are slavish and detested, he will throw himself heart and soul into any kind of amusement, and set himself to find his only happiness therein, while all knowledge, all that is either useful for practical life, or merely refining in itself, he will vaguely think must be in a way dismal; his view of it will be coloured by the memory of the toilsome and sterile hours he has spent with his books. And even if he is forced to learn something, such knowledge as he gains will be unproductive; he has no affection for it and does not care to impart it. It is remarkable how many men seem half ashamed even of such useful knowledge as they do possess. If boys' minds are to be elevated from athletics to anything higher, it will not be by such methods as these.

So let us suppose it to be admitted that a system of voluntary learning is desirable: how is it to be obtained? In answer to this it cannot be expected that any complete formulated scheme should be presented which would be certain to produce the effect desired. The working out of the general idea depends principally on individual influence for its success, and numberless obstacles have to be overcome; all that can be done is, that every one interested in education should consider and see if this idea of teaching is not the freest and most enlightened, in the hope of inducing unanimous effort in the same direction, and so increasing the amount of that individual influence.

There are, however, a few subsidiary points worth noticing. The numerous subjects which men of science, with Sir John Lubbock at their head, have succeeded in getting taught in public schools, have in most cases produced, or been incorporated with, the 'modern sides,' that is to say, certain curricula designed for those who wish to learn (besides science) modern languages, and certain forms of mathematics, &c., required for the army or diplomacy. But the movement has not stopped here. A further and most satisfactory result is noticeable in the recent establishment of workshops under proper control, where boys can gain some idea of the value of manual labour, and the respect due to careful handicraft. Museums too are encouraged, since they help in extending the front, so to speak, of the intellectual interest presented to the boys, and so increase the chance of alluring a greater number to pursue knowledge for its own sake. For those who know the natures of average boys, know that the process of leading them to learn is in reality a process of allurement. Thousands of boys have a strong instinctive antipathy to intellectual effort; their point of view with regard to it has to be modified; and if the attempt is made abruptly it will be ineffective; they suspect some sinister design, not knowing yet that what they are being led to is beautiful for its own sake, and capable of making them useful members of society. And to further this innocent deception, such

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things as debating societies are valuable. They may induce an intellectual activity in quarters where there is often a marked tendency to stagnation, and stimulus may be given to thought, arrangement of ideas, and the hearing and imparting of facts, without aid of lexicons or fear of the ferule. But they are not often made to serve this purpose without considerable efforts being made towards sustaining them after they have once started. Transitory conditions may start them, and then generally a crisis supervenes demanding great care. Supposing, however, that this has been survived in safety, the society is liable to change its character. The debating element in its constitution is seen to lose prominence, and a club is formed of boys elected for their popularity, an aggregation of the influence of the school. There is of course a natural tendency to this, and the result is not unsatisfactory. Such a club embraces a class of boys whom a purely literary or debating society would probably exclude. They join it without the least intention of learning anything; but its usages should compel them by means of debates to take a livelier interest in rational subjects and enlarge their mental horizon. But there will very likely be room then for a purely literary society of a less compound nature, to co-exist side by side with this club, and provide solely for the more studious portion of the community. For it can hardly be expected in any school that a club with members elected for popularity, should coincide with another consisting of the scholars and the foremost devotees of learning.

Many schools also publish periodicals, written and supported by the boys themselves, and these periodicals are of two characters: those devoted wholly to the record of athletics, and those which, besides being athletic journals, contain original compositions, both poetry and prose. They serve a useful purpose, as well as the societies, by fostering a mental activity among the class hardest to reach. Many a young athlete must have first been induced to exert his immature powers, by writing (say) some reflections on certain aspects of football. The theme, doubtless, is somewhat humble, but he has to do his best, as his readers know the details of the question thoroughly, and will express their opinion as plainly as any weekly review. Perhaps he learns for the first time that having ideas is not the same thing as expressing them. But to promote the existence of journals which deal entirely with the school games is dangerous. A very definite impression is made on the younger boys if they are led to think there is only one subject on which their superiors think it worth while to express their ideas. An indefinite prestige is added to any subject, and still more to any name, by being immortalised in a few lines of letter-press, and it seems advisable that this glamour should not be thrown around one set of interests solely. The periodical should have a double character, and ought then to act in the same way as the two kinds of debating society

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existing together; the serious portion of the journal would be the field for the literary efforts of the studious and the scholarlike, as the literary society would be for their speeches; while the athletic records can teach athletes to write, just as the debates of the fashionable club would help them to speak.

Now it may be said that these suggestions are unsatisfactory because they deal so much with the athletes, and tend to neglect the clever and industrious portion of the school. Unsatisfactory they may be, but not, I think, for that reason. The efforts of many educational reformers have been directed too exclusively to the improving of those who least need improvement; that is, to rendering the intellectual boys more intellectual, and the brilliant more brilliant still. It is a fascinating work, and rapid indeed is the progress made by a teacher among such learners. But any community suffers if chasms are allowed to form between the sections of its society, and numberless difficulties will be lessened if hearty efforts are rather made towards the improvement of the common run of lads, the bulk of the school. At present the opinion of the common run is apt to check individual development in different lines. It exacts excellence in one only, and to that alone pays its tribute of respect; and this general narrow-mindedness is a source of trouble, as will be seen plainly if we consider again the difficulties attendant on the government of boys by boys, the monitorial system. This system, as at present constructed, cannot be considered an ideal. The ideal to be aimed at is that certain boys, in virtue of certain excellences, should be chosen by the authorities to control the mass—those and those only whom the mass, if left to itself, would naturally choose. The same excellences which raise a boy in the eyes of the masters set over him, should at once commend themselves to the *vulgus* he is appointed to govern. At present there is no security that this result is arrived at, even in a fair number of cases. The boys' idea of what is admirable is often sadly at variance with the type set before them, and whenever that idea is formed solely from admiration of athleticism, there is a liability to social anarchy.

The boyish type of excellence should be modified: the young heroes of the time, the athletes, should be fitted for government according to school requirements, and then all would go well. No doubt these seem rather airy suggestions for resolving so grave a complication; but the practical outcome from them is this: If one class in a school is to be selected from the rest as especially demanding the care and attention of the masters, we should select not necessarily the most promising boys, the clever and the quick, but the class held in highest honour by the generality, that is to say in most cases, the athletes, no matter if, so far from being promising, they are lethargic and slow.

Such in main outline is the great athletic question as it has un-

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folded itself to the masters of most of our public schools. I say most, because it must be borne in mind that excessive athleticism is not a universal evil. In some schools, principally the newer ones, the masters feel and lament the absence of an athletic spirit. They feel that they must foster one, and their task, though far less complex than the one we are considering, deserves our hearty sympathy. But that should not prevent the evil consequent on an excess of this good thing, this athletic spirit, from being clearly seen. It appears that the gist of the evil resolves itself into this:—Granted an overgrown development of games, the boys' minds are so engrossed that they cannot be diverted to any branches of work, literary or practical, which would benefit them and their surroundings far more. Now it is often the case that when anything is going wrong, the promoters of that wrong, the very agents by whom it is kept up and continued, are the only ones who really know the extent of the damage done, and in this case I believe that very few know the power of athletics over a boy's thoughts and wishes save the athletes. The fascination of making progress in a game is unspeakable; the uninitiated, if I may use the term, cannot fully realise it. But athletes know its power, many of them from rueful experience; they know too that its infection is very potent, and, if unchecked, works among others than the athletes, setting loose among them a spirit of amusement, and estranging them from the love of work. And because this insight into the heart of the matter is confined to them, a *laissez-aller* attitude is so commonly adopted by the people most immediately concerned—the parents of the boys. It is not at all right that they should not heed this question, seeing that while most material issues are involved in its solution, that solution depends principally upon them. Let us see how this is so. Such practical suggestions as can be made in this matter, are concerned with certain arrangements in school management which may have a useful effect upon the boys during term time. But what is to be said about the life at home? It is a farce to talk of debating societies and the like being really available to combat this or indeed any other difficulty, so long as boys are sent to school, primed since the nursery with the one idea that amusement is to be sought at school, and that a boy, if he is worth anything, will find it and make the most of it. The efforts of the professional teachers depend to a great and generally unappreciated extent on the co-operation of the parents. Meantime the mischief is frequently done before the school training begins. It is not very uncommon to find parents who have sent their son to a fashionable school, previously urging him to keep out of debt and make 'suitable' acquaintances, but at the same time warning the poor child against getting too fond of books. Others no doubt are more cautious; but the traces of a genuine stimulus from home towards useful work are lamentably rare, and more rarely still are habits of reading encouraged away

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from school. Not, however, that we need always postulate reading; we may perhaps confess to a strong bias in its favour; we may recollect that discerning men, when the great literary pre-eminence of Germany is talked of in their presence, have been wont to point with pride to the broad diffusion of pure literary interest through the upper strata of our society, quite independent of any profession or hope of emolument, and challenge one to find the like in foreign lands; and we may judge from such indications as I have spoken of, and doubt if this superiority is as noticeable as ever. Again, we may feel besides this, that to bring up a boy in ignorance or contempt of reading is, from many points of view, a deplorable error. Non-reading parents, we may think, do not know what it is they are keeping from their son; how they are depriving him of a great safeguard against temptation in his youth, and a lasting resource against weariness in his maturer age. They cannot know what it is for harassed minds to be able to turn to literature and find there a refreshment that never fails in the midst of petty worries or heavy affliction, and not knowing this they tell him that he can do without reading, as if it were a thing of little worth. All this we may feel, but it is only a matter of opinion; our point of view just now may be thought peculiar; anyhow, we readily admit numberless other methods of awakening in a boy a genuine interest in one at least of the multitudinous forms of intellectual life which expand daily around him. There is no excuse for sending a boy to school with a disposition framed for frivolity, with idle instincts, to be freshly infused by every holiday time; whenever it so happens, something has gone wrong which need not have done so, and yet so it happens in thousands of cases every year. Parents do not do this designedly. It is not easy to realise at once that a boy requires incessant support if he is to overcome his natural antipathy to learning anything, and certainly they have very little idea what are the dangers attendant on an idle school career. Anyhow the result is an influx into so many schools of boys bred up to a spirit of inertia, and encouraged from home to nourish it.

From this unwise preparatory training the unruly growth of athleticism has sprung, the effects of which most of our older schools are now feeling. To the credit of our lads be it said, that the numbers who have been nurtured at home to idleness have chosen athletics, and have built up the great fabric we see before us. It has been reared contemporaneously with many great developments, and has reached its full stature in these times when men scrutinise, re-adjust, and improve everything around them and in them—from the principles of religion to those of dentistry and drainage; and it can hardly be expected that this less pretentious movement will long escape investigation. In that case, what attitude will people assume towards it?

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They will look back first on what athleticism has done for us. They will realise that it has played an important part in the growth of a great national peculiarity, the training of the boys of our higher classes. It is a peculiarity which amidst such questionings of all our institutions, whether peculiar or otherwise, Englishmen still contemplate with pride. From time to time they realise that this training is shackled by many an antiquated abuse, and sadly marred by countless stupidities which attend its operation. But they attribute to it the growth of a certain buoyant energy which foreigners admire with an envious admiration, and which we believe still helps to raise us from the ruck of peoples. Since, then, our training is thought to be the cause of something we prize, the more we investigate the matter, the clearer we shall see that one of the principal ingredients of that training, the athletic spirit, exists as a beneficial force, a characteristic of which we are the fortunate inheritors. Its dignity may be yet more recognised, but the recognition of it will be more solid and discriminating than at present, and if we arrive at a juster sense of what its use has been, we may avoid the unpardonable folly of suffering it to be abused.

EDWARD LYTTELTON.

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PHÆDRA AND PHÈDRE.

'Of the servile expressing antiquity in an unlike and an unfit subject, it is well said: "Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum."'
BACON, *Advancement of Learning*.

HAPPY was that portion of Sarah Bernhardt's audience in London last summer whom Nature had laden with a sufficient weight of years to remember the great Rachel. Salvini, Ellen Terry, and a hundred others were brought into requisition by rival and less fortunate critics, but in vain; their remarks were unheeded, they were mere babes in theatrical knowledge, and those who had seen the great Rachel sat, as it were, on a glorified pinnacle of experience, where it was impossible to approach them. Unfortunately acting is not, or rather people's opinions about acting are not, to be gauged by ordinary tests, such as evidences of application or natural qualification; nor, in the generality of cases, is any neutral ground furnished where adversaries can meet in fair field of argument. One man's dictum is as good as another's, and an actor's greatness, being in fact equivalent to his success, is put to the vote and decided by the majority. Neither is there any strong connecting link between actors of the present and the former generation, for the power of retailing impressions is rare, and acting is not amenable to description.

Much of modern criticism is little more than an attempt to number 'alpha' 'beta' without the setting forth of any particular why or wherefore, and this is more especially the case with regard to the theatre, where the why and wherefore are difficult of application. Now this system of subordination does not, I confess, recommend itself to me, especially as many of us are not careful to insure absolute similarity of conditions before making comparison. I cannot understand why your gratitude to your host of to-day should be at the expense of last night's entertainer. Are we all stomach and no heart? 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' it seems to me, should be the art-critic's motto in theatrical matters, where his enjoyment is entirely dependent on ephemeral conditions; but if he is spared for the day after, and the day after that, let him tax his memory with the recollection of his enjoyments.

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The critic may compare without finding it necessary to record his verdict as to the relative greatness of the subjects of his comparison.

With respect to the stage, however, as few critics have sufficient special knowledge to treat of representation in regard to technical ability, the best test of which is the momentary effect on the audience or on a series of audiences, he must either confine his criticism to a retailing of subjective impressions, or look to exceptional opportunities in order to make any just comparison between rival actors. Such an opportunity is afforded by different interpretations of one *rôle*—not, I mean, as regards minutiæ, where one rendering must be contrasted directly with the other, but with respect to the broad conception of the character as the author drew it, where the critic is not hampered by ignorance of dramatic *technique*, but can form an independent judgment for himself.

A comparison of the two renderings of that *rôle*, Phèdre, which is to the French theatre what Hamlet is to the English, cannot, I think, fail to excite interest, even if the task be indifferently done. The interval which has elapsed between the death of Rachel and the advent of Madame Bernhardt, of course enhances the difficulties of the undertaking. We are conservative in our appreciations, and what we have admired in our youth is hallowed to us by association, so that we are perhaps prone to be perfunctory in our judgment of the rising star of our maturer years. Let me ask my reader, then, to put aside all recollection of Rachel as he has seen her, if indeed he has had that good fortune, and consider without prejudice the evidence which I shall here adduce, for which, where space permits, I shall cite chapter and verse.

My purpose is not, as I have said, to form any comparative estimate of the greatness of the two actresses. No! let the admirers of Rachel believe in her; let Sarah Bernhardt's disciples still continue to sit at her feet. This is no concern of mine. All I wish is to consider which has been most faithful to the original conception of the author.

I may be pardoned, I think, for reverting to the Greek original, and to the circumstances attendant on its production, when I cite the following passages as proving the existence of manifest errors of fact in those books to which people anxious to be informed on the subject would naturally have recourse. Alfred de Musset speaks of Racine as a poet who 'spent two and a half years in translating almost verse by verse the *Phædra* of Euripides,' while Mr. Hallam calls Racine's play 'a more splendid work of genius than the Greek,' and says that 'in both tragedies the character of Phædra herself throws into shade all the others.'

It is evident from the prompt action and extended character of dramatic criticism that dramatists are of all authors most influenced

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by the prevailing sentiment of their day. In any truly dramatic age the drama has given expression to the national ideas.

Greek drama sprang from the worship of Bacchus, in all probability the indigenous religion of the country, and, as it gathered development, absorbed the creeds of the other component tribes, till the very form of tragedy, as it existed in the days of Æschylus, had a deep religious and ethnical signification.

Given a passion and an obstacle, we have the modern drama, says Alfred de Musset; and so with the Attic tragedy. The prevailing principle of the Greek religion was harmony: an act wrought in violation of the universal harmony was invariably followed by natural retribution; and as the gods were deified natural laws, they became the instruments of revenge. The mythical repertory of the Greeks, bound up with every religious and patriotic sentiment, was taken to illustrate this broad principle. Hence the Æschylean drama drew not so much upon the sympathy of the spectators as upon their religious feelings. It excited not compassion, but awe.

The scenic conditions contributed to the intensification of this effect. Tragedy was, we know, the offspring of chorus and rhapsody; but, as the dramatic element was developed, the office of the chorus decreased in importance till it became nothing more than a mediator between author and audience—'an idealised,' or rather typical, 'spectator.' It was necessary also to the religious character of the drama to merge the individuality of the actor. This was effected partly by the mask, which insured a suitable cast of countenance, though of course not subject to variation of expression; partly by the cothurnus, which equalised the stature of the actors; and partly by padding the chest, which increased their bulk. Mechanical contrivances were, for a like purpose, inserted in the mask, in order to increase the power of the voice; so that the effect of these appliances was, while doing away with the natural inequalities of the actors, to raise their natural powers to a level more than human. This magnification was necessitated by the vast size of the theatre, which was built to contain the whole male population of Athens; for, if we accept the calculation of Professor Donaldson, the furthest spectator must have been at least a hundred yards from the stage.

Thus tragic representation was divorced from the circumstances of every-day life, which would have been by no means consonant with the mythical and antique character of the Æschylean drama. It was also no doubt partly in accordance with this feeling, and partly because the contrivances above detailed rendered rapid movement impossible, that all action was eliminated from the stage; all delineation of mental conflict became impossible, and the dialogue was therefore retrospective. The archaic effect was also heightened by the employment of antique phraseology. The representation of Greek tragedy has been likened to a group of figures in a frieze, presented in profile and in a

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state of semi-quiescence. De Quincey calls Attic tragedy 'a breathing from the world of sculpture,' and says with regard to the development of the tragic interest: 'The story of the tragedy was pretty nearly involved and told by the implication in the *tableaux vivants* which presided through the several acts,' expressions of actual emotion being probably limited to such actions as veiling the face, lying on the ground, or conveyed by variations of the voice, though these must have been limited in number if we believe that the dialogue was delivered in monotone. Such was the Æschylean drama.

Æschylus was the father of tragedy; Euripides was the last of his worthy Greek descendants. The palmy period of the Attic drama was scarcely more than a century; but short as was the interval which elapsed between the death of Æschylus and the first public appearance of Euripides, a great revolution had taken place in the world of thought. A school of philosophers had arisen with Anaxagoras at its head, who promulgated the theory of an ideal principle in connection with matter. It was scarcely more than a surmise, but its very inadequacy caused the disintegration of the harmony of Greek thought, and paved the way for the self-sufficiency of the Sophists. Thus Euripides wrote in a transitional age, and his writings reflect the changing colours of the time. He has suffered much injustice at the hands of Aristophanes and the Germans; but the recent publications of English scholars have gone far to restore to him his just place in the first rank of authors. He has not been appreciated because he has not been understood. He was the first who made his characters play a sustained dramatic part, and this innovation has not been recognised.

To quote Mr. Browning's lines about him:

> Euripides,
> Well, I acknowledge! Every word is false
> Looked close at; but stand distant and stare through,
> All's absolute indubitable truth,
> Behind lies—truth which only lies declare.

It is no place here to speculate as to his character; though, from the internal evidence of his works, we may be inclined to adopt Mr. Mahaffy's view that he was a man of a great and reflective mind, living apart from the political world, and untouched by its corruption; conservative in his views, but not blinded to the social evils of his day; halting halfway between religion and scepticism; dissatisfied with the crude mythology of his forefathers, yet inclined to believe that it contained the germs of deep spiritual truth. We cannot wonder either if we detect here and there a vein of cynicism. He had seen Athens at the height of her glory; he had watched her gradual descent as her foundations were sapped by the venality of her administration. He had seen his teacher from whom he had imbibed his philosophic creed, who had taught him where to look for truth in humanity, sentenced to banishment; he had seen Pheidias,

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the greatest artist of that age of art, haled to prison and an early death. 'The mournful stories of great men rather prevail' is the concluding sentence of the *Hippolytus*. But together with this speculative attitude towards the old religion of Athens, Euripides appears to have had an earnest and practical desire to further social reform. If we compare the subject matter of his plays with the prevailing defects of Athenian civilisation, we shall find a more than casual similarity. He has been stigmatised as a misogynist, and there seems some ground to suppose that he had no very favourable opinion of female character as it existed in his day. Still he associated with Aspasia, and must have known many highly cultured members of the Hetaira class, whose freedom from the restraints to which respectable women were subjected left them open to the influences of the time. Nearly all his great characters are of women. He seems to have laboured for their emancipation from the stringent laws which made them mere slaves of the harem, while their husbands were at liberty to gratify every chance appetite. He had doubtless additional motives, both in the fact that this was comparatively untrodden ground, and in the knowledge that the solemn tragedy of Æschylus and Sophocles had already begun to pall. Euripides drew the character of women in all their relations capable of dramatic treatment: he drew them 'as they were;' he drew them 'as they ought to have been;' he drew them as mothers, wives, and daughters; he drew them also as victims—victims of defective social organisation, victims of divine wrath. We have no means of knowing what he really thought and felt about them, but doubtless it was some such moderate view as this:

> *τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερῆ πρὸς ἄρσενας,*
> *κἀν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι*
> *μισούμεθ'.*[1]

The scenic conditions bequeathed to Euripides were not highly favourable to the representation of feminine passions. The stately movement and the cumbrous costume of the old tragedy consorted but ill with the rapid alternations of woman's emotion. In like manner the absence of all action from the scene furnished no field for the display of these emotions. Accordingly Euripides was forced into innovations; he endeavoured to compensate for the stationary character of the scene while in representation, by interweaving and contrasting scene with scene. The three great tragedians were all moral teachers, but we may make this distinction between them. Æschylus endeavoured to educe moral consistency from the popular mythology; Sophocles dealt with morality as necessary, but subordinate to art; Euripides treated special questions of morality

[1] 'Difficult is the relation of woman to man;
The good and ill are confused together,
And we are hated.'

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intimately connected with his audience. Thus we express the superficial difference between these poets rather crudely when we say Æschylus wrote to please the gods, Sophocles to please himself, Euripides to please the people. An Athenian audience was, we know, possessed of extraordinary critical acumen, but, like all audiences, it was liable to errors of judgment. It was necessary for Euripides, however, in his capacity of reformer, to flatter its predilections. Hence the sophistical tournaments and other blemishes by which his plays are disfigured. He flattered them, however, in another and more laudable fashion—by narrative passages containing some of his most vigorous poetry, by contrast of costume and external circumstance, by a display of metrical skill. These characteristics are to be perceived in the play of *Hippolytus*, of which I will now give the plot.

The prologue spoken by Venus [1] consists of a recital of the insults offered her by Hippolytus, son of Theseus, who lives in chaste and mystical communion with Diana. The plan of her revenge follows, involving also the death and disgrace of Phædra. In the first scene Hippolytus enters from the chase, does acts of worship to Diana, but, despite the warnings of his attendants, neglects the shrine of Venus. He quits the scene, and Phædra, already enfeebled by disease and voluntary starvation, is brought on. Her nurse extorts from her the secret of her love for her stepson Hippolytus, and her consequent resolve to die; then, under pretence of procuring a remedy for her mistress's disease, she quits the scene in order to divulge to Hippolytus the real state of affairs, and thereby save the life of Phædra. The noise of Hippolytus abusing the nurse discloses to Phædra this act of treachery. Hippolytus enters, curses the race of women, and departs. Phædra then, imprecating vengeance on her nurse, goes to her death. Theseus returns from a visit to the oracle to find his wife hanging a corpse with a letter clutched in her fingers. This he reads, and discovers therein that Hippolytus is accused of having betrayed his father's trust, and accomplished by force the object of an unlawful passion; he prays to Neptune for vengeance; and Hippolytus appears to defend himself, but, being bound by an oath to the nurse not to reveal the secret, cannot convince his father. Shortly after his exit a messenger enters with the narrative of the execution by Neptune of the vengeance of Theseus; and Hippolytus is brought on, a palpitating mass of wounds and dislocation. Diana comes from heaven to clear his character, ascribes the catastrophe to Venus, threatens in a mysterious way to take vengeance on her by killing Adonis, excuses herself for not having interfered, as, in addition to being afraid of the Lord of Heaven, it is not etiquette for one god to thwart the desires of another, but promises Hippolytus compensation in the shape

[1] I have employed Latin nomenclature throughout for conveniences of comparison.

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of worship and remembrance on earth. Hippolytus then pardons his father, and the play ends.

The motto of the tragedy is:

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών,

which may be translated:

We must conform to the prerogatives of the gods,

i.e. we must not neglect to worship a deity because her ways are not our ways. Euripides made tragedy descend from the mystic heights of fable where it had reigned before. The misfortunes of Hippolytus and Phædra are caused by the petty jealousy of Venus, the meanest character in Euripides' plays; and we find her sacrificing an innocent woman for a personal grudge which she has against some one else. It is possible, however, that the requirements of poetic justice were satisfied in other plays of the tetralogy with which each poet contended for the tragic prize. It seems too as if Euripides meant in some of his tragedies to teach a lesson by arousing anger in the minds of his audience against a religion and a state of society which allowed such consummations as these to be literally in consonance with the received ideas as to piety and morality. I shall presently have occasion to say more about the character of Phædra, and will now pass on to a consideration of the theatre of Louis the Fourteenth and Racine's play of *Phèdre*.

It is characteristic of the history of France that the changes, political and religious, which it has undergone, have been supported only by insignificant minorities. It has been agitated for a brief space by startling revolutions, soon to relapse into quiescence under a strong hand. The revival of classic literature which followed the fall of Constantinople, while, in other countries, it sank deep enough to create the desire and the means of religious reform, took no deep root in France, but served only to beautify and render attractive the existing tenets and institutions of the Jesuits. In the times of which I write, the simple faith of Loyola and Xavier was no more; religion had been subordinated to a lust for political power; and the closely knit body of the Jesuits ruled, to the exclusion of the lay nobility. Cardinal Richelieu had divorced the interests of the land proprietors from their estates, and they, splendid satellites forsooth, danced attendance upon minister and monarch. So, when the internal dissensions of the Fronde were agitating Paris, and the more sensible portion of the nobility had begun to see that they were sacrificing their real interests for a few gaudy ornaments and decorations, no real fusion betwixt the discontented nobles and the oppressed people could be created, and a little seasonable suppleness on the part of Mazarin gained the victory. These circumstances, however, contributed to produce perhaps the most splendid circle of courtiers that

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Europe has ever seen. Lord vied with lord in magnificence, and a man was happy if the splendour of his *fête* was the current topic of a few passing days. It was not surprising, therefore, that patronage of the theatre should be in vogue, and that dramatic representation should play a part in the general pageant of the times.

At Athens every citizen had an interest in political theories, the practicability and popularity of which meant life or death to his state. But at Paris the political existence of the citizen was no more. Both Euripides and Racine wrote in a time of war. In the former case, the war was one which imperilled the supremacy of Athens, and the city had a voice in the condemnation or otherwise of the generals. In the latter case, the wars of France were for the most part carried on beyond her borders, and were the fruit of Louis the Fourteenth's ambitious designs, in which the people had no further interest than having to make up the deficiencies in the royal treasury. The court and the people lived as it were in separate kingdoms; the one was occupied with petty intrigues, dreams of universal conquest, and the championship of Roman Catholicism; the other dragged on uneventful lives in servile penury. It has been said that the resources of France were developed during this reign by distant expeditions and colonisation; but these were the result chiefly of personal or Jesuitical enterprise, and did not affect the masses. The empire of Louis the Fourteenth might be compared with his summer palace at Versailles. It was no natural growth, it was a splendid excrescence. Like that costly paradise, it was built with the life-blood of the people: gold, won by the sweat of their brows, was torn from them and bartered for foreign wares. It was not French in character, and France had no sympathy with it. As Louis tore up the bills of the expenditure on Versailles, so he refused to consider the consequences of his unceasing warfare. He saw at last it was a mistake, but not till his palace had been stripped of its ornaments, and his country of its wealth and its defenders.

Of this vainglorious folly of Versailles classic tragedy may be said to have become a part. Owing its origin chiefly to Richelieu, and in its early days supported by his munificence, the theatre, when Louis stepped into the place of general patron, fell under his dominion. The most constant of actors himself in the realities of life, he was attracted by the mimic triumphs of the stage. The mighty monarch who would take his tent for a few weeks into the plains of Flanders, and call the expedition a campaign—who would make a journey to a tottering city, in order that he might get the credit of having forced it to capitulate—who was head of spiritual France, king of secular France, and arbiter of Europe—did not disdain to point the dramatic criticism of his court. As the literature of Greece was chained to the triumphal car of Rome, so in later times it played lacquey to the majesty of the French king. His approval was sufficient to insure the success of Racine's comedy, which had previously been hissed. A

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few rhymes of flattery to him on his marriage were worth a yearly pension to Racine of 600*l.*; and that worthy tragedian himself was never more happy than while reading his royal master to sleep. Racine had, however, no lasting hold upon his audience; a court cabal banished *Phèdre* from the stage for a year in favour of the composition of a wretched dramatic hack. He retired for fifteen years from theatrical life, disgusted with the prejudice of his compatriots, and when at length he returned he could only gain a hearing in the particular clique to which Madame de Maintenon belonged. Every circumstance under which he wrote was calculated to cramp the free exercise of imaginative intellect. The Academy, who haggled over particular expressions like fishwives at market, and wrote long treatises upon the immorality of the conjunction 'car,' called upon him to obey a set of arbitrary rules, founded upon a misconception of a passage in Aristotle, which have ever since formed the creed of French tragedians until M. Victor Hugo had the courage to trample it under foot. For the most part he drew his subjects from a material which awakened but little interest even in the minds of the educated courtiers who frequented the theatre. 'Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum.' The subject was Greek, and the form was quasi-Greek; but for the Greek thought, for the Greek theatre, for Greece itself, were substituted France and the court intrigues of an idle and self-seeking nobility. Racine felt that it was not a reproduction, but rather a rehabilitation, of the Greek, that was required. He had already had a warning as to the too literal rendering of classic matter into French in the ill-success of his *Britannicus*; and Racine was peculiarly sensitive to the failure with which the irony of fate so often embittered his triumphs. He brought his peculiar gifts to bear upon the subject in hand. 'Personne,' says St. Simon of him in his private character, 'n'avait plus de fonds d'esprit, ni plus agréablement tourné: rien du poëte dans son commerce, et tout de l'honnête homme.' This may in part be applied to him as an author. His perseverance, his common sense, his gifts of pleasing and facile expression, rising from time to time to genuine power, and lastly his unaffected and religious conscientiousness, rendered him especially fitted for the task of adaptation, or rather re-creation. While preserving as far as possible the outward characteristics of Greek tragedy, he endowed his composition with that simplicity which makes a true work of art always modern. Despite the wonderful skill of his verse, he employed a very limited vocabulary. We are reminded by Boileau's words—'Il n'y a en effet dans les vers de M. Racine aucun terme qui ne soit commun et fort usité'—of the question put by Sir Roger de Coverley while witnessing an adaptation from one of Racine's plays. 'Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.' But the concessions which

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Racine made to the requirements of modern civilisation will best be seen from the plot of the play itself.

With reference to the controversy between Schlegel and La Harpe as to the comparative merits of the Greek and French plays, we may say that the former is wrong in treating Racine's play as inferior to the Greek in proportion as it varies from it, and in failing to perceive the different aim of the French author; while La Harpe is of course absurd in such statements as 'On dirait que toutes les fois que Racine se sert de ce qu'un autre a fait, c'est pour montrer comment il fallait faire;' and 'Racine a partout substitué les plus grandes beautés aux plus grands défauts.' Again, the question whether Phèdre is a legitimate character as Racine drew her—that is, to attract sympathy—is hardly relevant: it seems scarcely necessary to repeat such a platitude as that to excuse a crime and to excuse the person who commits it are leniencies of very different degrees of morality. Racine had the disadvantage of an inferior language, an unrepresentative audience, and a material which was in no way an historical element of the society of his day. The first two evils he was obliged to stomach as best he might, but the last he endeavoured to remedy with considerable ingenuity. He seems to have made an estimate in his own mind of the conception, and the amount of knowledge, which his audience had of ancient Greece, and to have coloured his subject accordingly. Nothing, for example, is more skilful than his preservation of the determining influences of the Greek gods without a display of such anachronistic feeling as to amount to apparent incongruity. He appears to have conveyed the idea of a presiding deity chiefly by passages of reference and description—some of which are among the finest in his play—which have no direct connection with the action of the play, or concern a personage who has finally quitted the scene. The stage Thésée, however, hardly realises one's conception of the hero of the mythical exploits with which he credits himself on his first entry. A man must be very great to blow his own trumpet, but I suppose Thésée is not Theseus.

The impossibility of representing divine agency on the stage rendered necessary several important modifications of the story, as will be seen from the following plot. The scene is laid at Trézène, whither Phèdre had originally banished Hippolyte, and where she herself has now been brought by the desire of Thésée.

In the first act we are made acquainted with Hippolyte's love for Aricie (sole survivor of a house, the bitterest of his father's political enemies), the condition of Phèdre, and her resolve to die. Phèdre then confesses to her nurse Œnone her unlawful love for Hippolyte, and a messenger announces the death of Thésée and the consequent anarchy at Athens. Thereupon Œnone exhorts Phèdre to live. in order that her children may benefit by her political influence, and

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suggests that her love is now only 'an ordinary passion.' To these arguments Phèdre yields.

Act II.—After a love scene between Aricie and Hippolyte, Phèdre seeks her stepson's presence and declares her passion; he receives it in silence. Then with remorseful frenzy she throws herself upon him, and adjures him to kill her. An announcement of the election of the son of Thésée and Phèdre to the Athenian crown concludes this act.

Act III.—Phèdre commissions Œnone to bribe Hippolyte to love with the offer of the Athenian crown, but the nurse speedily returns with the news that Thésée lives and has arrived at Trézène, and accordingly persuades Phèdre to allow her to slander Hippolyte to his father. Thésée returns, and Phèdre rouses his suspicions by an enigmatical speech; but Hippolyte, not choosing to defile his lips with the odious secret, refuses an explanation, and, incredulous of Phèdre's evil intentions, resolves to gain his father's sanction to his marriage with Aricie.

Act IV.—Œnone has already accused Hippolyte to his father of a passion for Phèdre and of a 'projet audacieux' 'pour parvenir au but de ses noires amours,' adducing as proof his sword.

A scene follows between father and son, in which Hippolyte is met with the accusation of his alleged crime, but he protests his innocence and confesses his love for Aricie. But neither this nor his vague hints of Phèdre's infidelity gain the credence of Thésée, who calls on Neptune for vengeance, and banishes Hippolyte from his native land. Remorse now prompts Phèdre to confess her guilt, but her jealousy, aroused by the disclosure of Hippolyte's love, checks the good impulse. Œnone endeavours to palliate her mistress's sin with blasphemous remarks about the domestic life of Olympus, but the latter turns upon her, and accuses her of having been the author of all her woes. Œnone quits her presence to seek self-destruction.

Act V.—Hippolyte persuades Aricie to fly with him, and she, though still respecting her lover's secret, further unsettles the mind of Thésée. The narrative of Hippolyte's death now follows, and Phèdre, after drinking the poisoned cup, confesses her guilt and dies.

Racine knew that the virgin Hippolytus would not gain much sympathy from the gallant Frenchman; he knew also that any attempt to connect the gods with the direct action of the play would verge on absurdity; he was therefore constrained to the invention of Aricie, whose moderate and lawful love would contrast with the violent and illegal passion of Phèdre. Hippolyte, too, deprived of the chaste fellowship of Diana, would have hardly conformed to the poet's ideas of dramatic symmetry. Thus we may note the following innovations as introduced by the French author.

1. The substitution of Phèdre for Hippolyte as the principal character. The change is indicated by the title of the tragedy.

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2. The amplification of the political background.

3. The invention of Aricie and her love for Hippolyte.

4. The personal declaration by Phèdre to Hippolyte of her love for him. This is borrowed from the Latin tragedy *Hippolytus* of Seneca.

5. The various incidents which contribute to the justification of the character of Phèdre, to be noted hereafter.

6. The postponement of Phèdre's suicide.

7. The display of jealousy on the part of Phèdre on learning of the love of Hippolyte for Aricie which forms the motive of the fourth act.

8. The confession by Phèdre of her crimes, taken from Seneca.

9. The omission of the revolting display of the bodies of Phèdre and Hippolyte, justified in the Greek play by the size of the theatre, and the necessity, in the absence of action, of the production of striking effects.

Let us return for a moment, before we analyse the character of Phèdre, to the Greek Phædra.

We may be justified, as I have before remarked, without disrespect to the Greek author, in failing to perceive the dramatic justice of the *Hippolytus*. We may feel that the punishment of Hippolytus is out of proportion to his crime; that Phædra, who is represented both by Venus and the chorus as an illustrious woman, has done nothing to merit her awful fate. Euripides felt this too, and put the traditional presiding influence of the deity into a somewhat bold and abrupt form in order to justify her. But Phædra is a secondary character, whose office is to furnish justification for the diatribes of Hippolytus against womankind in general. If it is true of the principal characters in Greek drama that they are drawn with little light and shade, it is doubly true of the secondary characters. For example, compare Medea and Phædra, handed down to us as having roused the indignation of the Athenians on account of their unqualified wickedness, and we shall find that justificatory passages are few in the *Hippolytus* compared with the other tragedy. Although the poet introduced some touches of pathos in the character of Phædra, such as her love for her husband and her children, they will be found on examination to be qualified with more selfish expressions of feeling with regard to her own good name. She appears also to have inherited something of the brute, from the frequent allusions to the amours of her mother Pasiphae. The aim of Euripides appears to have been to represent Phædra as an object of horror; he has invested her with none of the characteristics which are wont to awaken sympathy. No doubt he was aware that, in order to keep the interest fixed on Hippolytus, Phædra's character must be made persistently unsympathetic. The scenic conditions, too, as I have before explained, did not allow of the delicate shading of cha-

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racter which a modern poet would have adopted in such a case. Phædra is never flattered with a gleam of hope; she comes on the stage prepared to die; and her every action shows that, unless she can conquer her passion, her death is inevitable. Her promptness of action shows that her mind is made up. The crime which she really commits is the betrayal of her secret. The intention of Euripides was, as I have said, to present her as an object of horror; she is almost at the point of death when she is brought on the stage; disease and famine have wasted her face, the chorus frequently call attention to her horrible appearance; she raves under the influence of Venus; she recounts how her ancestors have been the victims of that goddess; she describes how she has wrestled with her rising passion, but she now recognises it as inevitable; she feels it gaining the mastery over her; she must silence it by death; she betrays her secret; she is advised to yield and live, but such mean counsel she rejects with scorn; her nurse plays traitor; and Phædra turns on her, blasting her with a terrific curse, and, having uttered mingled sentiments about her husband, her children, and herself, leaves the stage to die. She is discovered, when the folding doors are opened, with a letter in her hand, that falsely accuses Hippolytus. She perjures herself with her latest breath. Such a crime as this is peculiarly repugnant to modern sentiment. La Harpe expresses his horror at the deed very forcibly when he says: 'Ainsi la mort, qui est pour tous les hommes le moment de repentir, a été pour Phèdre le moment d'un dernier crime.' The deed, however, must not be judged altogether from a modern standpoint. It was not a crime to practise deceit in Attic times: to break one's oath was sacrilege, but a Greek was bound by the words, not by the spirit, of his promise. Hippolytus keeps his oath, but because it is so worded that he cannot escape. To deceive your enemy and keep your oath was, for a Greek, the triumph of diplomacy and patriotism. But the last act of Phædra, regard it how you will, bears testimony to her unalterable strength of purpose.

Such is Phædra: her will and her passions are strong, but her body is weak, and that is the slave of heaven. Where she chiefly exhibits strength is in her power of repression. She relaxed once, and the momentary weakness was fraught with woe to her and to her good name. Euripides intensifies the horror of her personality by an insistence on the loathsome features of her illness. He intensifies this effect by the contrast which he has so pointedly made between her first entry and that of Hippolytus, coming as he does girt with his hunting apparel and bearing fresh flowers from the dewy woods, his face all ruddy with the glow of healthful chastity. Euripides deprives Phædra of all sympathetic qualities by giving her no gleam of hope that the object of her passion will be realised, nor does she herself desire it. The expression of her love itself is without tender-

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ness, for in treating of the love of man and woman the Greeks laid less stress upon its intellectual than upon its animal features.

I have said that Phèdre is the French Hamlet. What I meant was that both these characters furnish the quick transitions from emotion to emotion which make a good acting character (Voltaire called Phèdre the *best*), and that these transitions proceed from a reluctance to perform a certain action enjoined them. There, however, the resemblance ends: with Hamlet, this reluctance proceeds from an intellectual and emotional activity which presents to him in detail the consequences of that action; with Phèdre it is caused partly from a want of courage to take the necessary step, partly from the hope that something will occur to change the face of events. Phèdre is a good acting part; the Greek Phædra would have by no means fulfilled the dramatic conditions of the modern stage, or even of the ancient as the Medea did. I have pointed out how the Greeks endeavoured to secure a monotone in acting, consonant with the religious feeling, antagonistic to the predominance of the individual actor, and caused by the machinery employed to magnify the person and voice of the performer so as to accord with the vastness of the theatre. On the French stage, however, there were no such conditions; the actor was predominant and responsible for the success of the play, nor was there any chorus to break the contact between author and audience. There was no religious feeling to create indulgence in the mind of the spectator, and tide over the unattractive passages of necessary 'business.' The actor, or the author in proxy, stood face to face with the audience. He must be provided with varied scenes and varied emotions to enable him to display his different powers: 'the breathing from the world of sculpture' was impossible now. There must be no cessation in the action; the whole drama must be replete with modern sentiment; the broad contrasts of the Greek must be modified to the subtler refinements of modern art. Compassion must take the place of horror, and love must be written in accents of tenderness. Such a revolution did Racine work in the character of Phèdre, whom he now made the central personage of the piece.

The status of woman had altered since the Attic age. Roman Catholicism and the songs of the troubadours had inculcated a reverence for her; and these were the last of those chivalrous days in which her love had urged the flower of knighthood to do battle for her sake. The heroism of the weaker sex during the stirring times of the Fronde, the power they exercised in the conduct of political intrigue, the influence of the king's mistresses, the courteous bearing of the monarch himself towards them, and, perhaps more than all, the misfortunes and death of the exiled queen of Charles the First, who had taken the rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, under her wing, and inspired them to write in her honour, rendered Louis the Fourteenth's

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contemporaries peculiarly sensible to the worth of woman. So, if the Phædra of Euripides had stirred the resentment even of the slavish wives of Athens, Racine must make considerable changes in that character before it conformed to the enlightened ideas of his time. He modernised and he humanised her; she is no longer, as Mr. Swinburne calls her in his fine lines,

Half a woman made with half a god.

'Ce sont les entrailles d'une marâtre, qui s'émeuvent à l'aspect d'un beau jeune homme.'

It will be seen that Racine sacrifices a great deal in order to excuse the crimes of Phædra and render her sympathetic. He displays her as a wife outraged by the infidelity of her husband; he makes her credit the news of his death, which is announced by a messenger in a circumstantial manner, so that she believes that no obstacle exists between her and the object of her passion, except the bar of relationship, which Racine takes care that Œnone should explain is only objectionable on the ground of sentimental scruples. With a like object the repulsive details of her personal appearance are not insisted on, and her madness is modified. The amours, too, of her mother are all but ignored.

The political background is painted more clearly in order that her love for her son may serve the distinct purpose of placing him on the throne. The hint of her maternal affection is taken from the Greek play, and made the keynote of her character. Her excuse for speaking to Hippolyte is that she wishes to intercede with him for her son.

Souvenez-vous d'un fils qui n'espère qu'en vous

are the words with which Œnone restores her failing courage. She begins the interview with pleading for her child. But the likeness of Hippolyte to his father strikes her, and the tide of uncontrollable love sweeps over her soul. In vain she tries to persuade herself that it is this likeness to Thésée which is the cause of her tenderness. The dam is burst, the waters are out, and the dreadful truth leaps forth:

La veuve de Thésée ose aimer Hippolyte.

This personal declaration by Phèdre of her passion, contrasting as it does with the reserve of Phædra, has been censured. It however accords with the impetuous character of Phèdre, and cannot be considered as vulgarising her. It is the scene on which hinges the whole play, and one of the most dramatic ever written. Phèdre almost justifies herself by offering her breast to the sword, and Hippolyte for the first time displays his true character by casting that sword from him as a thing defiled.

Racine has managed very skilfully to relegate the action of the play to this particular scene. To the audience the true characters of

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the *dramatis personæ* are disclosed, but to Phædra the silence of Hippolyte is ambiguous. He is savage, she says, like his mother, the Amazon, and cannot love. Œnone, too, despairs and counsels flight, but Phèdre cannot fly. At the very word she rouses herself to further effort.

> Et l'espoir, malgré moi, s'est glissé dans mon cœur,
> Toi-même rappellant ma force défaillante,
> Et mon âme déjà sur mes lèvres errante.

She hopes. Hippolyte does not know *how* to love, she says.

> Œnone, il peut quitter cet orgueil qui *te* blesse.

That 'te' is a fine dramatic touch, and indicates an important feature of Phèdre's character, viz., to shirk responsibility. She forgets her former excuse for her interview with Hippolyte, the good of her son. She cannot rule; her energy is absorbed by her fatal passion. She bids Œnone bribe Hippolyte with the crown of Athens. But she excuses the change of feeling:

> Il instruira mon fils dans l'art de commander,
> Peut-être il voudra bien lui tenir lieu de père.

Œnone has hardly left when she returns with the news that Thésée is alive and in the country. Phèdre is overwhelmed; she fears the wrath of Thésée, but excuses her fear with the remark that she is not a hardened sinner, and cannot rest with a guilty conscience. Death is inevitable.

> Mourons! de tant d'horreurs qu'un trépas me délivre!
> Est-ce un malheur si grand que de cesser de vivre?
> La mort aux malheureux ne cause point d'effroi.

The prolixity of the announcement betrays her infirmity of resolution. She laments the hard lot of her children, and a few words from Œnone suffice to draw from her the exclamation that, as regards Hippolyte,

> Je le vois comme un monstre effroyable à mes yeux.

A sudden revulsion of feeling, but in accord with her character. Œnone suggests that she should slander Hippolyte, but from this her better nature revolts.

> Moi! que j'ose opprimer et noircir l'innocence!

Her maternal feelings are again worked upon by Œnone, and her morality is quenched by the appearance of her husband; though even then she cannot bring herself to pronounce the wicked words. She throws out a dark hint, and quits the scene. But scarcely has Œnone poisoned the father's mind against the son, and Thésée prayed to Neptune for Hippolyte's destruction, when remorse drives Phèdre upon the stage to confess her crime. There, however, she learns that the heart of Hippolyte has been conquered by another than herself; and again her good resolves are swept away.

> Hippolyte est sensible et ne sent rien pour moi,

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she exclaims—'moi!'—jealously. She pictures to herself the innocent love, rival of her guilty passion, which now bursts upon her in all its native hideousness. It is now that she first really reconciles her mind with the idea of death. She has no more hope now. The meeting with Minos on that awful throne of justice is presaged by her in grand realistic lines. One feels it will be a meeting between a father and a daughter. There is still, however, a feeling of irritation in her mind, which a blasphemous speech from Œnone calls into words. She turns upon her old nurse. Her fidelity is forgotten; but the indiscriminate nature of her friendship is remembered. It is Œnone who is the cause of her evils. The Phèdre of Racine has no independence of character. This act of justice done, and Hippolyte dead, Phèdre, with the poison of Medea sapping her life, confesses her crimes and dies; and Thésée, sinking his political feud in regret for his son, adopts her to whom Hippolyte has pledged his love.

Phèdre is a weak, emotional woman, full of excuses for the commission of crimes which she has no strength to forego. Sympathy is awakened for her, because infirmity of will renders possible, and so furnishes an excuse for, a passion seeming unlawful only in name. From time to time she is buoyed up with the hope of realising her object, but no sooner are these hopes raised than they are dashed again to the ground. For a while she resists the disclosure of her secret, but when a chink is once made in the barrier of her conscience, her whole morality oozes through, and she is tossed hither and thither by currents of emotion, while the broad flood bears her on to destruction.

The whole part is one in which realistic representation of physical horror and moral depravity should play a lesser part than that quality which Alfred de Musset describes as 'ce qui vient du cœur' et 'va au cœur'—pathos, sympathy, human nature, or whatever you care to call it. The interest of the audience is centred in the woman, not in the crime. The sense of her struggle is made possible by the secret recognition of the freedom of the agent, and her want of steady purpose becomes a natural accompaniment. Her fall may be likened to the fall of a man from a lofty tower: she clutches first at one projection and then at another. When she reaches the ground she is dead; but her features retain their human mould, when the body of Phædra is a shapeless mass like one who has been hurled from heaven. The subject is repugnant to our feelings; but Racine wrote at a time when Greece was a synonym for propriety, moral and artistic.

Rachel appears to me to have represented Phèdre rather as Euripides drew her, *i.e.* as an incarnation of evil from above, with attendant details of ghastly disease and disfiguring famine.

I had hoped, when I began to write this paper, that I should have been able to prove my point by citations from the contemporary criticism of Rachel's day respecting the particular intention and relative importance given by her to different passages; but I have

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been foiled in my endeavour by the impossibility of discovering sufficient literal criticism either in French or in English. In this I have been thwarted, but I have collected, I think, a sufficient number of passages to exemplify the general feeling exhibited by the press towards Rachel, and thus make good my assertion. It would be useless for me to conceal the fact that I have here and there come across passages which seem to be in opposition to my view—passages penned by critics who appear to have found in Rachel's Phèdre those qualities which I do not suppose really existed there; but I would add that in many articles where I have been struck with the coincidence of the critic's views with my own, I have had the satisfaction of learning that the author was one who was entitled to credence. Oral evidence also supports me.

For a general idea of the main features of Rachel's acting, I must refer my readers to the famous chapter headed 'Vashti' in Charlotte Bronte's *Villette*. Rachel was undoubtedly a remarkable phenomenon. By her own unaided genius she brought back the French tragic muse to Paris after an absence of, I think, ten years. She drew greater crowds to hear her than even Talma had done. But her power was not sufficiently varied to keep them at her feet; she tried play after play and failed in them. She never really gained the sympathy of her audience; for that which a Frenchman prizes so highly, the expression of pathos, was, except with peculiar qualification, foreign to her dramatic nature. The criticisms which are known to most of us, and very delightful they are, are Alfred de Musset's. He finds pathos in her acting; but it must be remembered that he wrote from a personal knowledge of Rachel, and at a time when her youth, her poverty, and her simplicity of living cast a sort of pathetic charm about her. He wrote at a time when Rachel was tender over the reputation of her fellow-actresses, and when she was disgusted with the vulgarity of Corneille for writing such a line as

On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux.

But it was not till many years after this that she played Phèdre. The truer view will be found in the following extracts from criticisms on Rachel's rendering of that character.

Athenæum:

It would be impossible to speak of Rachel as a careless or meagre actress, but it is as impossible to deny that she is monotonous. Nature has bound her round with bars of adamant through which her genius either cannot or will not break. The softer affections and tenderer emotions, which give even a redeeming grace to Lady Macbeth and Shylock, seem to be as far beyond Rachel's grasp as ever. She awes more than moves us: her power corrodes, but does not subdue. Few spells as strong as hers leave us with as little wish for their repetition.

Four years previously the same paper said:

With every intention to display the intensity of her passion for Hippolyte, she has neither sufficient tenderness nor fascination in her control. She moves a fiend,

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not a gorgeous queen—destroyed, not intoxicated, by her fatal desires. With all her grace, dignity, and intensity, we felt she was hardly on her own ground till she turns on Œnone with 'Malheureuse,' &c. It is impossible for art to go further than this.

The *Times* marks the realistic manner in which Rachel depicted the physical condition of Phèdre in the first act: 'The state of suffering, the weakness of the limbs, and the utter hopelessness of heart are exquisitely rendered by Rachel, who gives to every syllable a mournful expression.' The paper also adds a similar criticism of the portrayal of the decline of physical power at the end of the play.

I will also add, at the risk of wearying my readers, quotations from three authors who are pre-eminently qualified to form a judgment in the matter—Macready, Madame de B——, Rachel's biographer, and Mr. George Lewes.

Macready's *Diaries*, 1847:

It was a very striking performance, all intensity, all in a spirit of vehemence and fury, that made one feel a want of keeping. I could have fancied a more self-contained performance, more passionate fondness—not frenzy—in her love, and more pathos. I could imagine a performance exciting more pity for the character than she inspired, and equal effect in the scenes of rage and despair.

Speaking of the first representation by Rachel of Phèdre, Madame de B—— says, in allusion to Rachel's immediate predecessor in the character:

Mademoiselle Duchesnois was, certes, very inferior in some points to her young successor, but she possessed qualities most indispensable to tragedy, of which Rachel was entirely destitute she had from nature the faculty of expressing tenderness in its most moving form, depth of feeling in its most sympathetic, heart-stirring, passionate moods. Phèdre, the *rôle* of her *début*, had remained her favourite one throughout her long career, and she had never acted it without drawing tears from every spectator (?).

Again of Phèdre in 1854, when some people considered that Rachel was at her best, Madame de B—— gives the following description:

She concentrated the tragedy on herself. She embodied the event, began and developed it, foreshadowed the end. She incarnated the character, the action. When she appeared as Phèdre, bending under the weight of the diadem that burned that brow like a fiery circle, shrinking from the veils that enrobed her, she was the type of suffering, the living image of Destiny's victim: her curse and her crime are present throughout the play.

I cannot imagine a more truthful description of Euripides' Phædra than this.

Mr. George Lewes ends my list:

Rachel's range, like Kean's (he says in *Actors and Acting*) was very limited, but her expression was perfect within that range. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust, and merciless malignity, she could represent in symbols of irresistible power; but she had little tenderness, no womanly caressing softness, no gaiety, no heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable; but somehow you always felt in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent wickedness.

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The portion of Mr. Lewes' paper which refers to Phèdre was copied from an earlier paper of his, written in 1850, from which I shall quote in preference as being slightly more explicit:

> Nothing finer could be seen than this picture of the unutterable mournfulness and yielding despair of a soul torn with an incestuous passion, conscious of its guilt, struggling with its guilt, yet so filled, moved, possessed by it, that the verse, 'C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée,' was realised. Her appearance as she entered, wasting away with the fire that consumed her, standing on the verge of the grave, her face pallid, her eyes hot, her hands and arms emaciated, filled us with a ghastly horror. . . . In the second act (the declaration) Rachel was transcendent. There was a subtle indication of the diseased passion, of its fiery but unhealthy, irresistible and yet odious character, in the febrile energy with which she portrayed it. It was terrible in its vehemence and abandonment, eloquent in its horror, fierce and rapid as if the thoughts were crowding upon her brain in tumult, and varied with such amazing compass of tones that when she left the scene our nerves were quivering with an excitement almost insupportable.

This ends my list of quotations, which I think will prove my point as far as any point can be proved by quoting the opinions of others, that the Phèdre of Rachel was strong in those parts alone which bear resemblance to the Greek. But I have shown what relation they have to the whole play.

It is not my purpose to enter into detailed criticism of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of the character, since most of those who are interested in such matters must have seen it again and again. M. Sarcey gives it as the opinion of those of his acquaintance who have seen both actresses that in the first three acts Rachel is surpassed. It is in these acts that the qualities of Madame Bernhardt supply the deficiencies of Rachel; and it is in the last two acts that the characteristics of the Greek Phædra are predominant, notwithstanding the fact that they possess nothing of the Greek original in them, and that the other acts contain whole passages adapted. Phèdre has returned again to Mlle. Duchesnois; and to my mind that is the truest reading of Racine's Phèdre.

LIONEL TENNYSON.

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presentation was simoniacal if the incumbent was in a dying state. This opinion was at length negatived by the judgment in the case of Fox *v.* the Bishop of Chester, in which Chief Justice Best decided that no such distinction could be made. His decision, however, was given against his inclination, and in laying down the law on the point he indicated his own dissatisfaction with it. 'It may be wise,' he said, 'to carry the restraint on the sale of this species of property still further, and to say the next avoidance shall in no case be sold. Undoubtedly much simony is indirectly committed by the sale of next presentations.'[2]

About twenty years ago an act originated by Lord Westbury was passed for the purpose of enabling the smaller livings in the gift of the Chancellor to be sold in order to increase the remainder with the proceeds. However desirable the object to be immediately attained may have been, the passing of such an act in disregard of the canon law and of the more scrupulous instincts of the public conscience, helped to throw a legal sanction over the unrestrained traffic in advowsons, and added to the difficulties in the way of regulating it.

One obstacle remained, which ought to have been a serious one, in the oath (already quoted) required to be taken by the presentee at institution to an incumbency. But this oath, it was found, let in the many, while it kept out only the few who were specially scrupulous. For though required to abjure simony, the presentee, it may be supposed, would excuse himself for a certain laxity of interpretation by saying that he had no means of knowing what was meant by it—simony according to English law being one thing (and that not a well-defined or settled matter), and simony according to canon law being quite another thing, and having a much wider meaning. And so in practice he usually put his conscience in his solicitor's hands, and acted on his opinion without troubling his head about Canon 40. To meet this objection the oath was a few years ago altered to 'I declare that I have not made any payment, &c., which *to the best of my knowledge and belief* is simoniacal,' which is scarcely an improvement on the old one, as it almost presupposes, and certainly does not condemn, a convenient ignorance on the part of the deponent of what he is swearing about.

Thus step by step it has come to pass that presentations and advowsons, the spiritual charge of parishes, to sell which in Queen Elizabeth's time was 'execrable before God,' are now bought and sold as readily as sacks of corn in the market, or shares on the Exchange. If we have no Tetzel haranguing in our streets, we have 'clerical agents' advertising in every newspaper. Tetzel's wares were pardons in another world, the best places there in exchange for the longest purses—a mere delusion and imposture. The 'clerical agent's' wares

[2] Phillimore's *Ecclesiastical Law*, p. 1114.

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are the 'cures' of thousands and ten thousands of souls—not a delusion at all, but a very important kind of chattel, if indeed it is a fact that the English Church has any mission at all in England. Our law, at any rate, still holds that it has, for it bids the clergy pray on Sundays in the Ember weeks that 'the bishops may lay hands suddenly on no man, but faithfully and wisely make choice of fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry' of the Church; yet with an astonishing and audacious and scandalous inconsistency, by way of commentary thereon, by way of indicating how the 'fit persons' are to be chosen, it permits the charge and cure of souls, in prospect and contemplation of which ordination is conferred, to be put up on Monday to auction to the highest bidder, and enjoins the bishop, under penalties, to institute the presentee thus selected! Innocent people who suppose that it does not much matter, because, if a man is once ordained by a bishop, he must be, or ought to be, fit for any preferment, little know what the average mental and moral calibre of candidates for ordination is. It is absurd to suppose that a bishop does or can make any real selection out of a crowd of men of whose antecedents he can know as little as he does of their motives and intentions in taking orders. The real responsibility for the character and efficiency of the clergy rests in practice far more with the patrons than it can possibly do with the bishops, except so far as the latter are also patrons. While purchase is allowed we might at least be spared the mockery of using the prayer for the Ember weeks.

A modern clerical agent does not write couplets like Tetzel's, but when he has 'highly desirable preferment' to dispose of, he is just as plain-spoken in puffing its various recommendations, the advanced age (it may be) of the present incumbent, suggesting a charitable hope that he may soon be removed to a better world, the salubrity and beauty of the neighbourhood, the excellence of its society,—for it is to those spiritual pastors who hope to purchase a step in the social ladder that such opportunities appear to be most attractive;—lastly, perhaps, the small number of inhabitants and consequently sinecure nature of the 'investment.'

Advertisements of preferment for sale are to be seen in the newspapers almost every day. But wishing to know something more about the mysteries of the traffic, and observing an advertisement in the *Times* of a 'Church Preferment Register, containing full and confidential particulars of advowsons, presentations, chapels, &c., for sale, in almost every county and diocese, by private treaty, sent on receipt of four stamps,' I wrote for the publication. The proprietor replied requiring to have 'the name of the clergyman for whom a living is intended' before sending his Register. To this no answer was sent, but nearly three months afterwards he changed his mind and sent a copy. To do him justice, the author and proprietor of this production seems not a little ashamed of his trade. It begins with

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two pages of notices to vendors and purchasers, one of which tells us that—

> The important and very often intricate nature of these negotiations require that they should be placed in the hands of a *responsible* and *experienced* third party. . . . The essential features in the Sale of Church Property is undoubtedly privacy, and this is entirely frustrated if the matter is indiscriminately published about.

Then follow about 150 advertisements of the usual kind. It is enough to give one of them as a specimen:—

> DEVONSHIRE.—Advowson of a Rectory situate in a southern part of the county, within four miles of a railway station. Diocese Exeter. Population of the parish about 500. Net income derived from tithe rent charge and glebe amounts to about 530*l.* a year. There is an excellent residence containing three sitting-rooms, seven bed-rooms, and two dressing-rooms, with convenient domestic and out-offices. There are also beautiful grounds and good kitchen-gardens. Excellent water. The present rector has spent some 2,000*l.* upon the property during the last few years. Situation most lovely and healthy. Immediate legal possession, the rector having the offer of other preferments. Price only 5,300*l.*, subject to references.

One thing in the 'Register' deserves special remark. In most of the advertisements the age of the present incumbent is mentioned as an element in the value of the preferment, but in the above, and in nearly fifty other instances, *i.e.*, in nearly one-third of the whole, '*immediate legal possession*' is offered. Now, lax as the law is, the sale of the next presentation is absolutely illegal if the benefice is vacant. Therefore almost the only case in which immediate legal possession can be given upon a sale is that in which the incumbent has been offered, but has not yet formally accepted, other preferment. Such a period is necessarily of short duration, and it is needless to say that the forty-odd advertisers who offer 'immediate legal possession' cannot thus be accounted for. It is therefore difficult to resist the conclusion that the majority of them are deliberately contemplating a disgraceful, if not actually illegal, proceeding—a proceeding differing probably in different cases, but most often, it cannot be doubted, involving collusion between patron and incumbent by which the latter shares in the profits of the sale, that is to say, takes a bribe of so much hard cash to resign his incumbency at such time as may be convenient to the patron and the purchaser.

And, as if this were not bad enough, the proprietor of the Church Preferment Register

> begs to remind intending purchasers that he has always many desirable and (in some cases) cheap livings passing through his hands *privately*, and which do not appear in this register. . . .

What sort of transactions are carried out under this head must be left to the imagination of the reader. The evidence given before the Committee of the House of Lords on Church Patronage will throw some light upon it.

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This evidence makes it abundantly clear that there are scarcely any legal means of putting a stop to even the most scandalously simoniacal transactions. In one case,[3] the bishop, having reason to think that there was an irregularity, put questions to the clergyman, and refused him institution. The only legal ground upon which the bishop was advised that he could rest his refusal was that the presentee had not got the signature of the bishop whose diocese he was leaving, to his testimonial. But even this was held to be unnecessary, and the case was decided against the bishop. 'Practically,' asserts Mr. J. B. Lee (legal adviser to several of the bishops), 'it comes to this: by the law as it now stands, the bishop of the diocese into which the presentee comes has no right to require beforehand sufficient evidence from the bishop of the diocese as to the man's good character or conversation.'[4]

The only means open to a bishop of preventing a transfer of a benefice for corrupt purposes is the power he possesses of refusing to accept a resignation. But by accepting other preferment an incumbent *ipso facto* vacates his benefice, and so in this case the bishop has no power whatever. Consequently the clerical agents keep a stock in trade of advowsons, generally of small intrinsic value, which 'float about in the market,' and are purchasable by any incumbent who may wish to resign his living, either to cover a nefarious pecuniary transaction, or because he is for some reason under a cloud. Of this stock in trade by far the most convenient and available portion for this purpose consists of benefices called *donatives*, which have this peculiar anomaly attaching to them, that they are absolutely free from all episcopal control, so much so that a presentee obtains full possession by the mere act of the patron, to whom he may also resign it at a moment's notice without any episcopal intervention whatever. Few though they are, these donatives can be made to cover any number of transactions, as there is nothing to prevent their being accepted and resigned as often as may be found requisite. One of them, it appears (its name is not mentioned in the evidence), situated in the diocese of Bath and Wells, is owned by a firm of clerical agents and made to do duty like the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and by its means a holder of a benefice can wriggle out of his responsibilities, without being subjected to inconvenient questions, at any time that may suit him.[5]

The next presentation to a living is of course not readily saleable if the incumbent is young and there is no prospect of a vacancy occurring for some time. If a vacancy occurs unexpectedly without the next presentation having been sold, the opportunity for doing so is past for this turn, as it is illegal to sell it when the benefice is

[3] Marshall *v.* Bishop of Exeter.

[4] *Minutes of Evidence* before the House of Lords Committee on Church Patronage, p. 33.

[5] For instances, which there is not space to quote, see *Minutes*, pp. 76, 77.

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actually vacant. In this case it is to the pecuniary interest of an unscrupulous patron to put in the worst life, the most aged and infirm man he can find, so as to enable him to sell with better prospect of early possession. There are actually no legal means of rejecting a presentee, even though he may be absolutely incapable, from age or infirmity, of performing the duties of his office. In one case the new incumbent thus appointed,

when taken there for induction &c., had to be supported up the aisle by two persons; jelly and wine, or wine and water, had to be given him at the reading-desk. In the morning he was not able to get through the reading the Thirty-nine Articles; he was removed to the inn in a nearly fainting state. In the afternoon, however, he did, being brought down to the church, finish the reading the said Articles. Another clergyman from a neighbouring parish had been sent for, to be ready, if wanted, to finish the service. So fatigued was the poor man with the effort, that he was detained in the neighbourhood under circumstances causing great apprehension for his safety. He never resided. Within these few weeks the living has become vacant again. . . . It was said—I have never heard it denied—that this poor paralytic man, who was on his arrival at his benefice supported upstairs, was unable to leave his chair without help, and died before the legal transaction of the sale was completed.[6]

This traffic in 'livings,' which in Queen Elizabeth's time was justly accounted 'execrable before God,' becomes constantly—so the witnesses agree[7]—more scandalous, more unrestrained, more a matter of course. No doubt a clerical agent, like a house-agent, may add a little to his list and exaggerate the number of his clients, in order to magnify his own importance; but, making liberal allowance for this, what must be the extent of the traffic when the Register of a single clerical agent, such as we have quoted, contains the particulars of no less than 150 livings; another, referred to in the *Minutes*, 182.[8]

Yet the laity look on with indifference, or with a contempt, unexpressed it may be, but not the less deep and wide-spread, for the high pretensions of a hierarchy which can submit in silence to a law and custom which tolerates practices so degrading. The clergy, too many of them, ready enough to strain at a gnat in a Public Worship Act, a Burial Bill, an Education Act—at anything affecting the dignity, real or fancied, of their office—can swallow without a word of protest a law and custom which permit increasing numbers of their order to put their consciences as regards the simony oath into the keeping of their father-confessors the clerical agents, and to enter into the charge of their parishes and set about 'saving souls' with something very like a lie in their right hands.

The Bishop of Exeter says, in his evidence, in answer to the question, 'What are the evils which you think exist in connection with such sales?'—

[6] *Minutes*, p. 106. [7] *Ibid.*, pp. 32, 55, &c. [8] *Ibid.*, p. 110.

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I think the worst evil of all is the shock to the religious feeling of a great number of people. . . . I think the evil is so great that it cuts, as it were, at the very reason for the existence of a church at all, because a church only exists to help people to be Christians, and to be better Christians; and this, I think, is a positive hindrance in their way. I have constantly found in conversation with them, that they look upon it as a personal humiliation when the advowson of the parish in which they live is sold, and I have no doubt at all that in that class a considerable number of quiet religious people become Nonconformists, simply from their hatred of what seems to them so exceedingly wrong in principle. That, I think, is the worst evil. But then I think, in the second place, there is a very great evil in the demoralisation of the clergy. In respect to this matter I find constantly that the artificial character of the law of simony has the effect of making clergymen insensible to the evils of simoniacal transactions altogether.[9]

Wholly unsupported from without, the Bishop of Peterborough, in conjunction with several other bishops, late in the Session of 1875, brought in a bill embodying the recommendations of the Church Patronage Committee. These recommendations were clearly in the right direction, though they went a very little way—less far, we believe and hope, than the majority of the committee intended. For most unfortunately, through the absence of three of the bishops from the committee on the day the report was considered, the chairman's motion 'that it appears to the committee that it is desirable, if practicable, to prohibit or restrict the sale of next presentations apart from advowsons' was lost by a majority of one. When the bill was introduced into the House of Lords, a clause was moved to be inserted in accordance with this proposal, making the sale of next presentations illegal after ten years from that time. This, it is deeply to be regretted, was lost. The bill remained much the same as when first introduced, passed the House of Lords, and fell through for want of time in the House of Commons. Since then nothing has been heard of it. In the hope that at no distant date a fresh Bill, containing a clause making next presentations unsaleable, may be introduced and pushed with more energy, I give a summary of its provisions.

It abolished the anomalies of donatives, putting them on the same footing as other benefices.

It empowered the bishop to refuse to institute a presentee who is more than seventy-five years of age, who is physically incapable of performing his duties, or who does not produce a sufficient testimonial from three beneficed clergymen of his former good life and behaviour.

It made compulsory the registration of all grants of advowsons and presentations, the register being open to public inspection.

Payment of interest on the purchase-money of advowsons until a vacancy was made illegal.

Power was given to a patron, by depositing a deed to that effect,

[9] *Minutes*, p. 61.

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to extinguish the saleability of next presentations to the benefice for all future time.

The bill of course raised an outcry of opposition from those whose gains were likely to be affected by it. A meeting of patrons of livings, for organising a defence against what the circular convening it called the 'spoliation clauses' of the bill, was held in Langham Place in June 1875. It was attended, according to the report in the *Times*, by sundry patrons and clergymen; and the feeling expressed and unanimously assented to was, that the Church was an institution concerned with certain valuable property, of which they, the speakers, were holders; that this bill would be likely to lower the price and saleability of stock, and was therefore to be absolutely condemned. This certainly is a plain and simple view of the question. One speaker alone, a clergyman, while entirely endorsing this view, appeared to be dimly conscious that any moral considerations could by ignorant outsiders be urged in opposition to it.

> The speaker spoke in strong terms of indignation, in which the audience manifestly concurred, of the clause in the bill which rendered 'resignation bonds' illegal. . . . Lay as well as Church property was subject to similar arrangements, and great estates were the property of mere babes. Save by purchase there seemed to be a very poor chance of a young clergyman obtaining a benefice. If it were true that patronage itself—for they were not there to defend the abuses of the system—was morally and religiously wrong, by all means let them be deprived of it at once. But surely in that case they were entitled to fair compensation. It was not the wont of Parliament to be virtuous at other people's expense. When slavery was abolished throughout the British dominions, the planters were indemnified at the cost of 20,000,000*l*. But, according to this obnoxious bill, patronage, it seemed, was not to be abolished, but simply to be transferred to the bishops.[10]

'Not there to defend the abuses of the system'! What, then, *are* the abuses of the system, if not those against which the bill (only too feebly) was aimed? But the speaker's comparison of the abolition of simony to the abolition of slavery is not an inapt one in some respects, though, as has been shown, patrons would not have anything like as valid a claim to compensation as the slave-owners had, if ever it were proposed (which no one has) to abolish lay patronage altogether and at once.

To say that the bill sought to transfer patronage to the bishops is the old device of trailing a herring across the scent. The bill did no such thing. It did not propose to put a single restraint on the pure and legitimate exercise of private patronage. Lay patronage, with proper securities for its being purely exercised, is perhaps, on the whole, the most desirable of all ways of filling benefices. The Bishop of Exeter says:

> I think the Church gains in many ways from the existence of private patrons. I think it gains very greatly in the variety of the modes by which incumbents obtain their preferments. I think it gains very greatly in the interest which it

[10] *Times* report, July 1875.

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thus attaches to the Church. All those private patrons are in reality officers of the Church, entrusted with a very responsible office; if they could only be made sensible of the importance of their office, it would be of the greatest value to the Church, that there should be this large body of persons who are so deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church, and I think that there are a great many of them at this moment who are very sensible of their duty in this matter, and who discharge their duty in the very best possible way. Then I think that the tie which exists between the patron and the parish is very often an exceedingly valuable tie, and the family connection, which often is the result of it, between the patron and the incumbent, is very often exceedingly useful to the parish itself. I should say, looking over my diocese, that, on the whole, it would be a very serious loss to the diocese, if the great bulk of private patronage were finally and altogether transferred to public hands.[11]

The arguments, or rather the absence of argument, of the Langham Place meeting require no further comment. But some expressions fell from one or two members of the Patronage Committee, less coarsely worded, but scarcely less opposed to all just feeling on the matter, which call for remark.

'Would you see no detriment to the Church,' it was asked by one of the committee, 'from the loss of that communication which now exists between those who have mercantile or personal property and the Church, which would be created by this cessation of all money transactions connected with appointments to livings?'[12] The Church in peril for want of men trained early to a due appreciation of loaves and fishes! A Church not holding accursed all trafficking in the disposal of its offices, but seeking strength by striking its roots into the muddy waters of wealth and ease, if not into the deeper slough of corruption and equivocation—a sort of joint-stock company, depending for its influence on the mercantile credit of its shareholders! Truly this is a remarkable ideal of a Church!

Still more extraordinary is the suggestion offered, or at least hinted at, before the Committee,[13] that, in order the more easily to get rid of immoral or otherwise objectionable incumbents, it may perhaps be desirable that they should have the power of selling their office. Unquestionably to those immediately concerned it may be very desirable, as it is sometimes very desirable to bribe a thief or a poacher to remove to the next parish. But for the State to put a premium on vice is not generally supposed to be a means of encouraging virtue.

Rightly or wrongly, purchase has been abolished in the army. That an officer should buy his promotion, more or less irrespectively of his merit, over the heads of those who could not buy, was denounced as a scandal, as unjust. Have we abolished purchase in the army to maintain and justify it in a form a hundredfold more objectionable in the Church? There was much to be said in its favour as it existed in the army, not one word of which could be said for such a system in the Church. We did not on Sunday pray that the Commander-in-

[11] *Minutes*, p. 62. [12] *Ibid.* p. 24. [13] *Ibid.* p. 74.

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Chief might bestow commissions 'suddenly on no man, but faithfully and wisely make choice of fit persons to serve' as officers in Her Majesty's army, and then on Monday put up a commission in a regiment to public auction. An officer might possibly be a better soldier for being rich, better mounted, better provided, in time of stress, perhaps (as during the Crimean winter), better able to procure comforts for his men. But a wealthy clergyman too often gives an impression of having missed his vocation. He can take duty or not as he likes; he can choose a pleasant part of the country, and amongst a sparse and ductile population. And what is he to do with his wealth? Why should he not travel for the enlargement of his mind, keep a hospitable home for his friends, horses for them to ride, game for them to shoot, a good cook, and a good cellar? And so perhaps he has a curate, though there is only work enough for one clergyman—why should he not?—and no doubt pays him liberally, and therefore need not scruple to leave most of the work to him. And if it be asked what is the harm of such a clergyman, the answer is, what is the good of him? He is not doing what he promised at his ordination to do: why did he not remain a layman? Would it not have been a more reasonable and creditable and satisfactory arrangement for all parties if the curate who does the work had also had the office and authority and stipend of incumbent?

It may be said that such a man is what Sydney Smith called a 'Squarson,' and that Squarsons are a very useful class. No doubt they are, or rather have been, for their *raison d'être* is less since the country has become more thickly inhabited by well-to-do people, and now that the labourers, more ripe for instruction and less needy, require patient teachers rather than judicious almoners. But a Squarson *nascitur non fit*. He is indigenous to the soil, and a purchasing stranger Squarson is a very inferior form of the species.

Doubtless there are plenty of places in the poorer parts of London and in the populous towns where wealth might be an instrument of great good in the hands of a clergyman. But somehow the rich among the clergy do not, as a rule, gravitate to the East end of London. Is it likely that they should?

Those who talk of the advantages of introducing wealth into the Church by the perpetuation of the present system should remember that, by permitting preferment to be purchased, the incumbent is *pro tanto* mulcted for the benefit of the patron. The labourer is worthy of his hire. The clergyman's stipend is the pay for his work. If he has to buy preferment, he is deprived, to the extent of the purchase-money he has paid, of that which is his due. It is neither more nor less than a conversion *pro tanto* to his own use, by the patron, of the stipend of the clergyman, by a proceeding which has gradually obtained legal connivance, without any foundation in right. The miserable plea that the *jus patronatûs* arose in

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consideration of the liberality of the founder, and that what he gave his representatives may claim back again, is utterly worthless. The origin of the *jus patronatûs* is in most cases lost in antiquity. A claim to raise money upon such a right would (as has been shown) have been indignantly repudiated two or three centuries ago, and is the outcome of a growingly lax morality on the subject in comparatively recent times. The *jus patronatûs* can no more justify the sale of a presentation to a living than to the office of master of a college or of a public school.

At the same time it must be remembered that the vested interests which would be injured by too sweeping a measure have grown up with the connivance more or less of the legislature; and what the legislature has wrongly permitted to be built up it must take down with care. Under all systems, however bad, there are men who live innocently under them, who take customs which they do not fully understand as they find them, in all simplicity, without questioning, and who work well and faithfully wherever they may find themselves placed by circumstances. There are, I know well, many faithful, honourable, and excellent incumbents who have bought preferment, just as (to borrow the comparison of the speaker at the Langham Place meeting) there were many kind and just slave-owners who were beyond comparison better men than most of the abolitionists who attacked them. This is no argument for retaining the system, but it *is* a reason for using care and caution in abolishing it.

Take the not improbable case of a young clergyman, anxious for honest work, and not more than fair pay, in his profession. If preferment were unpurchasable, he would take his chance along with others, as a young barrister or doctor does, in the reasonable expectation that sooner or later he might hope to obtain such preferment as he was fit for. But the field of purely administered patronage is greatly narrowed by the purchase system, and his chance thereby diminished, and so perhaps he loses heart, and, being advised by his solicitor that it is quite legal, expends, it may be, a large portion of his capital in purchasing preferment which ought to be bestowed upon him, or upon some one in like circumstances, gratis. Now suppose the clergyman to die young before entering upon it. In this case his capital would be lost, and his family perhaps left destitute, if, by too suddenly making purchase illegal, the widow or children were deprived of the power of reselling. Such a case shows both how bad the purchase system is, even if legitimately worked, and also how careful it is necessary to be in altering it.

In order to meet cases such as this, the Bishop of Peterborough proposed to allow a period of ten years to elapse before the clause making the sales of next presentations illegal came into operation. This was going rather far in the way of tenderness to vested interests; and, considering that more than five years have passed since the

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proposal was made, and warning thereby given, a five years' respite would now surely be amply long enough.

Advowsons, or rights to present in perpetuity, stand on a different footing, as regards purchase, from next presentations. In principle, indeed, it is not always easy to make a just distinction between them, but practically some means must exist for a patron who is unwilling or incompetent to discharge the duties of his trust to divest himself of it; and it is not easy to suggest any means except a sale. No doubt, as matters now stand, many of the scandals connected with the sale of next presentations could be perpetrated by buying advowsons and selling them again after presenting. But by making registration of all sales of advowsons compulsory, and imposing a heavy *ad valorem* stamp-duty on each transfer, they could easily be made too expensive to be often resorted to. Why should not a five per cent. or a ten per cent. *ad valorem* duty be imposed at once, rising two or three per cent. every year till the rate had reached fifty per cent.? This would be a powerful incentive to mere speculators to get rid of their patronage as soon as possible, and would effectually drive away all purchasers except such as had a real interest in exercising it well.

No attempt has been made to introduce a bill again since 1875. It is impossible not to regret this, because, however little support it met with in Parliament or out of it, the principle which it embodied, however insufficiently, is incontestably a right one. Persistence in such a cause, if sufficiently vigorous, is sure to meet with success in the end, however few its first supporters, and however ponderous the opposition to it, because there is absolutely nothing, as to the main principle, to be said on the other side. One could wish that the bishops had the courage of their opinions, and did not give up a good cause as hopeless because at the outset they found themselves confronted by influential opponents. In the same session we saw a cause not dissimilar in its unanswerable justice, and in its remoteness from the region of party interests, carried to a successful issue by the dogged persistence of a single member of Parliament. Has the united Bench of Bishops less parliamentary, political, and social influence than Mr. Plimsoll? Or are we driven to the conclusion that they have less faith in the triumph of right over wrong, and that they consider, as the Bishop of Gloucester seems to do,[14] that to enter a tame protest against wrong absolves them from the plain duty of contending with it to the bitter end?

But the chief blame rests with the outside public, lay and

[14] 'It is painful to be forced to say so, but we fear it must be said, frankly and fairly, that there is now no likelihood that this evil will ever be effectually remedied.' (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 58.) No likelihood, indeed, if every one acquiesced in the perpetuity of a monstrous evil as patiently as the Bishop of Gloucester shows that he does, by penning such a sentence! It is refreshing to contrast with this faint-hearted utterance the vigorous protest contained in the Bishop of Manchester's powerful charge, which want of space forbids me to quote.

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clerical. Is the race of reformers extinct? Have the political descendants of the old Whigs given up the reform of our institutions to advocate their destruction? It is easier to deal a blow than to labour at a cure. Destruction of the Church is a more telling election-cry for an aspirant to the favours of King Mob than purification of the Church. But surely wiser and more honourable counsels will prevail. To get fresh air it may be necessary to break a window on an emergency, but, after all, mending windows is a more useful and profitable employment than breaking them.

'The evil cuts at the very reason for the existence of a Church at all,' says the Bishop of Exeter. And assuredly he is right. A chief motive and reason for a Church being 'by law established' is that it shall be protected, so far as human law can protect it, from the corruptions and inducements incident to a purely voluntary system. The State is bound to see that it reflects, in outward act at least, the justice and honesty with which the State acts, or professes to act, in secular matters. A voluntary system supplies clergymen, as a merchant supplies goods, according to the demand. The State has held, ever since England was England, that the demand is *not* the true measure of the need. It has decreed that there shall be a clergyman—asked or unasked for—in every parish throughout the land, and has provided more or less sufficiently for his maintenance. Surely it is bound also to see that these its officers are purely and honestly appointed, that buying and selling have no more to do with their appointment than with that of judges or magistrates. It is bound to enforce common honesty and common justice, and till it has done that how can it dare to bid its clergy pray for the higher life, the inspiration and enlightenment which transcend all human laws and ordinances? If it permit the Church to 'commit its works' to Mammon, how can that Church aspire to have its 'thoughts established' from above?

The Church has an opportunity now, such as it is not likely to have again, in the comparative outward security afforded by a strong Conservative government, of setting its house in order against the day of trial which assuredly is not far distant, and in which it will be made manifest what of true life there is in it, on what foundation it is established. Attacks from without, such as those made by the so-called 'Liberation' Society, being chiefly political or social, and founded on no real grievance, no genuine principle or even sentiment of justice, morality, or religion, can have no power to injure, but, like a fitful passing gust, can hurt no branch which is not already decayed and ready to break off with its own dead weight. If the Church of England ceases to be the National Church, it will be because it has deserved to fall. If its foundations are to be moneyed interests, political or social support, tradition, however true and precious, of past faith and past good works; if its clergy should become, not more, but less truthful than those whom they hold it to be their

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mission to teach, it will be no longer a branch of the living Church of Christ, and the sooner it ceases to exist, the better for England and for Christianity.

Since the above paper was written the Royal Commission on Church Patronage has issued its Report. In the main it follows on the lines of that of the House of Lords Committee, but it is encouraging to find a marked advance of opinion on the main question. The proposal to make sales of next presentations illegal is adopted by ten out of the twelve Commissioners. With respect to advowsons, they 'recommend, as a safeguard against collusive sales, that it should not be lawful for the purchaser to re-sell the same until after the expiration of five years.' No doubt a safeguard of some kind is very necessary, but would not five years in many cases be an insufficient time for the purpose, while in other cases the restriction might be unnecessary and exceedingly inconvenient? Surely the object might be effected in a much simpler and more effectual way by imposing a heavy *ad valorem* duty on each sale, as has been already suggested.

Another proposal of the Commissioners, to which they appear to attach considerable importance, is to give the parishioners an opportunity of objecting to a presentee on the grounds of physical incapacity or immorality. The objections are to be lodged by seven resident baptised householders with the archdeacon or rural dean, who is to forward the objections to the bishop, and the matter is eventually to be tried before the Dean of Arches or judge of the Chancery Court of York, without appeal. Archdeacons and rural deans are usually about as destitute of judicial training as any officials that could be named, and no judicial proceedings in which they are to bear a prominent part are likely to lead to satisfactory results. No doubt grievous evils exist for want of a good Church Discipline Act, to be applied not only to new presentees but to incumbents in possession;—what bishop is there who does not know this to his cost? But one thing is enough at a time. It would be a pity to endanger a great and simple reform by encumbering it with any doubtful or tentative additions. The first thing to do is to abolish the principle of purchase and to establish that of the direct responsibility of patrons as trustees and officers of the Church. It is on this ground that the real fight must be fought, and if the friends of the Church are in earnest, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful.

Mr. Cross's vigorous and straightforward speech in the debate on Simony on June 26, 1877, contained something like a promise that he would deal with the question. Mr. Cross has, more than most statesmen, earned a reputation for standing to his guns. I trust that there is no reason to fear that he will abandon them this time, and that the coming Session will see the introduction, and also the passing, of a short, simple, and effectual Bill.

JOHN MARTINEAU.

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THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES AND GENERA.

THE meaning of the term—now become a household word in science —'the origin of species,' is often entirely misunderstood. It is very generally thought to mean the origin of life and of living things, and people are surprised and almost incredulous when told that Mr. Darwin himself, in the latest edition of his celebrated work, still refers that origin to divine agency. Such however is undoubtedly the case, as shown by the following passage which concludes the volume: 'There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.'

The mistake above alluded to has arisen from ignorance of the meaning of the word 'species,' the 'origin' of which Mr. Darwin undertakes to show. A species may be defined as a group of individuals of animals or plants which breed together freely and reproduce their like; whence it follows that all the individuals of a species, now living or which have lived, have descended from a few common ancestors, or perhaps from a single pair. Thus all horses, whether Shetland ponies, racers, or cart-horses, form one species, because they freely breed together, and are known to have all descended from a common stock.

By the same test the common ass, the kiang, the quagga, and the zebra, are each shown to be distinct species; for though sometimes two of these species will breed together, they do not do so freely, they do not reproduce their like but an intermediate form called a mule, and these mules are not capable of reproducing *their* kind, as are the offspring of any pairs of a single species. What Mr. Darwin did was to prove, by an overwhelming array of evidence and a connected chain of irresistible argument, that, just as all horses and all asses have each descended from a few common ancestors, so have all asses, horses, quaggas, and zebras descended from a much more remote common ancestral form; and that the same thing has occurred with every group of *allied species*. This is the 'origin of species' by descent with modification, or, in other words, by evolution; while 'natural selection' was the term applied to the set of natural causes

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which formed the motive power and guiding principle by which the change from one species to another was brought about.

In a very few years after the publication of this theory, it had literally extinguished among all thinking men the doctrine of special creation which had before largely prevailed; and some, who were its most violent opponents at the outset, now accept the fact of evolution as applied to almost every group of organised beings. At the present day there is perhaps no single naturalist of reputation who upholds that doctrine of the independent origin of each species of animal and plant, which was a very few years ago either tacitly accepted or openly maintained by the great majority of naturalists. Surely no such revolution in scientific thought was ever effected by one man in so short a period!

At first the opponents of Darwinism opposed evolution as well; but of late years the opposition is directed wholly to the adequacy of the causes which Mr. Darwin maintains are sufficient to explain the origin of each species from some pre-existing species, and therefore the origin of all existing species from some one or more ancestral forms. It is maintained that there are other laws at work besides natural selection, and Mr. Darwin has himself admitted that there probably are such. Most of the opponents of Darwinism argue in favour of some guiding or organising power, either internal or external, as absolutely necessary to the production of the kind and amount of variation necessary for the development of the various complex organs and special adaptations which characterise each important class of animals. Others go still further, and maintain that 'natural selection' is powerless to produce new species in any case, its function being to keep those which are produced in a state of health and perfection by weeding out all that are imperfect; or they argue that, so long as the 'cause of variation' is unknown, the power that preserves those variations when they have arisen plays a very subordinate part. These last writers maintain that the causes, whatever they are, which produce certain variations in certain species at certain times, are the true and only causes of the origin of species.

Now all these objections, in so far as they refer to the origin of the different *species* of one *genus* from a common ancestral species, or even of all the *species* and *genera* of one *family* from some still more remote ancestor, may, I think, be shown to be invalid; because we have direct evidence, almost amounting to demonstration, that changes to this extent are producible by the known laws of variation and the admitted action of natural selection. But when we go further back, and propose to account for the origin of distinct *families*, *orders*, and *classes* of animals by the same process, the evidence becomes far less clear and decisive. We find groups with organs of which no rudiment exists in other groups; we find classes differing radically in structure from other classes; and we have no direct evi-

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dence that changes of this nature are now in progress, as we have that the lesser changes resulting in new *species* and new *genera* are in progress.

Yet the evidence that these deeper and more important changes in the structure of organised beings have taken place by gradual steps through the ordinary processes of generation is overwhelming. The numerous intermediate links that have been discovered both among living and extinct animals, and especially the wonderful community perceptible in the embryological development of the most diverse living types, force upon us the conclusion that the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms owe the wonderfully diversified forms they now exhibit to one unbroken process of 'descent with modification' from a few primeval types. It is indeed generally assumed that if we go so far, we must admit *one* original type of living organism; but this does not seem necessary. By means of whatever laws we suppose living things first to have originated, why should not the primeval germs have appeared many times over, and in forms determined or modified by the infinitely varied chemical and physical conditions to be found in the crust of the earth? The identity of ultimate structure and wonderful similarities of development of all organisms may be due to the unity of the laws by which organic life was first produced; the diversity of the great types of animal and vegetable forms may be due to the operation of those laws at different places, acting on different combinations of elements, which are subject to unlike physical conditions.

The point here insisted upon is, that the origin of all organisms, living and extinct, by 'descent with modification,' is not necessarily the same thing, and is not included in, 'the origin of species by means of natural selection.' The latter we not only know has occurred, but we can follow the process step by step by means of known facts and known laws; the former, we are almost equally certain, has occurred, but we cannot trace its steps, and there may have been facts and laws involved of which we have no certain knowledge. The terms 'laws of growth,' 'laws of development,' 'laws of inheritance,' 'laws of variation,' 'laws of correlation,' 'direct action of the environment,' 'laws of habit and instinct,' with some others, are used to express the action of causes of which we are almost wholly ignorant, as we are of the nature of life itself. Now Mr. Darwin has himself admitted that there are these unknown causes at work, and that 'natural selection is the most important but not the exclusive means of modification.' There may be some question as to the term 'most important,' if, as is not improbable, the most radical differences in animals and their most important organs could not have been produced by it alone in the same way as the specific modifications of a genus or family may be produced. This, however, is a fair matter for discussion and research, and will probably continue to be so for many generations; and

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even if it should be ever proved that higher laws than 'natural selection' have brought about the more fundamental divergences of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, this will not be held to detract in any way from the greatness and the value of Mr. Darwin's work, any more than it will be held to detract from the greatness of Newton, if it should some day be demonstrated that the law of gravitation as expressed by him is not absolutely true, but that (as some physicists now suppose) it should be found to be subject to a higher law for remote stellar distances.

No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusc, a frog, and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development, with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvellous process may also determine the initiation of those more important changes of structure and those developments of new parts and organs which characterise the successive stages of the evolution of animal forms. In so far as Mr. Darwin denies the necessity of any such power, and maintains that the origin of all the diverse forms and types and all the complex structures of the organic world are due to identically the same laws and processes as are adequate to produce the different species of *Rubus* or of *Canis*, from some ancestral bramble or dog respectively, his opponents have undoubtedly a case well worthy of being argued out in the courts of science. They should, however, remember that no final judgment has been given or can be given while the evidence on both sides is not only circumstantial but imperfect and contradictory; and it would be well not to declare too confidently that Mr. Darwin's theory has hopelessly broken down, since a majority both of naturalists and geologists, whose evidence as experts will undoubtedly have great weight with the educated public, are at present altogether in his favour.

Leaving this great case to be discussed and argued in weighty volumes by specialists in science, I here propose to deal briefly with that much smaller but still important question, of the origin of the *species* of a genus or of a family—that is, of groups of organisms differing, as the wolf, dog, and fox among animals, or as the numerous species of oaks or of primulas among plants; and I hope to be able to show that in these cases there is hardly any room for doubt as to the mode in which the change from species to species has been effected.

We have to inquire, then, how it is that new species arise, supposing the world to have been then very much as it is now; and what

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becomes of them after they have arisen. In the first place we must remember that new species can only be formed when and where there is room for them. If a continent is well stocked with animals and plants, there is a balance between the different species, those best adapted to the varied existing conditions maintaining themselves in the largest numbers, while others, being only adapted to special conditions that occur in limited areas, are far less numerous; the former are common and widespread, the latter rare or local species. If the set of organisms in any country has existed for a sufficient time to have been subjected to all the varying conditions which occur during considerable cycles of climatal and other changes, the balance will have become well established, and so long as no change takes place in the conditions no new species will arise.

But now let us suppose some change to begin, either of climate or geography. The land may sink or it may be elevated, in the former case diminishing in area and perhaps becoming divided by an arm of the sea, in the latter case increasing in area and perhaps becoming united with extensive lands formerly separated from it; or the climate may become moister or drier, hotter or colder, more extreme or more equable, and any one of these changes or any combination of them would, it is easy to see, produce a special effect on the forms of life. The vegetation would in almost any case become changed, and this would affect both the insects and the higher animals in a variety of ways. New enemies or new competitors might be admitted, and these would certainly cause the extermination of some of the rarer species, and perhaps greatly reduce the numbers of those which had been most numerous. Others might, from the same general causes, obtain fresh supplies of food, or have opened to them fresh areas over which to spread themselves.

These are the first and most obvious effects of such changes, but there are others still more important, and not less certain to be produced. We have supposed each of the species which inhabited the country to be well adapted to the conditions of its existence, to be able to obtain food for itself and young, to protect itself against all kinds of enemies, and to be able to resist the ordinary inclemencies of the seasons, and to do all this in competition with the numerous other species by which it was surrounded. But now *all* these conditions and surroundings are undergoing change, and, in order to become equally well adapted to the new conditions, some of the species will require to undergo a corresponding change, either in structure, habits, colour, or some other characters. New enemies may necessitate greater swiftness, or greater cunning, or less conspicuous colours; less abundant food may necessitate some modification in structure better adapted to secure it, or the means of ranging over a wider area to search for it; while a severer climate may necessitate a thicker covering, or more nourishing food, or new kinds of shelter. To

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bring about these changes, 'variation' and the 'struggle for existence' come into play. Each year the old and less adapted forms die out, while those variations which are more in harmony with the new conditions constantly survive; and this process, continued for many hundreds or thousands of successive generations, at length results in the production of one or more *new species*.

We now come to the difficulty which has been repeatedly put forward, and which seems very great to all who have not studied groups of species as they occur in nature, and which is expressed in the question 'How comes it that variations of the right kind and sufficient in amount have always occurred just when they were wanted, so as to form the endless series of new species that have arisen?' and it is more especially to answer this question that the present paper has been written.

Few persons consider how largely and universally all animals are varying; yet it is certain that if we could examine all the individuals of any common species, we should find considerable differences, not only in size and colour but in the form and proportions of all the parts and organs of the body. In our domesticated animals we know this to be the case, and it is by means of the continued selection of such slight varieties to breed from that all our extremely varied domestic animals and cultivated plants have been produced. Think of the difference in every limb, in every bone and muscle, and probably in every part, internal and external, of the whole body, between a greyhound and a bull-dog! Yet, if we had the whole series of ancestors of these two breeds before us, we should find them gradually converge till they reached the same original type, while between no two successive generations would there be any greater difference than now sometimes occurs in the same litter. It is often thought, however, that wild animals do not vary sufficiently to enable any such change as this to be brought about in the same limited time; and though naturalists are well aware that there is little, if any, difference in this respect between wild and domesticated species, it is only recently that they have been able to adduce positive proof that this is the case.

We owe this proof to an American naturalist, Mr. J. A. Allen,[1] who has made an elaborate series of observations and measurements of the mammals, and more especially of the birds, of the United States; and he finds a wonderful and altogether unsuspected amount of variation between individuals of the same species even when inhabiting the same locality. They differ in the general tint, and in the distribution of the colours and markings; in general size, and

[1] 'On the Mammals and Winter Birds of East Florida; with an Examination of certain assumed Specific Characters in Birds, and a Sketch of the Bird Faunæ of Eastern North America.' By J. A. Allen. (*Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College*, Cambridge, Mass., vol. ii. No. 3.)

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in proportions; in the length of the head, feet, wings, and tail; in the length of particular feathers, thus altering the shape of the wing or tail; in the length of the tarsi and of the separate toes; and in the length, width, thickness, and curvature of the bill. These variations are by no means small in amount or requiring very accurate measurements for their detection, since they often reach one-seventh, one-sixth, or sometimes even one-fourth, of the entire average dimensions. Thus, in twelve species of small birds, all taken in the same locality, the variation in twenty-five or thirty specimens of the same sex and age was, in the length of the folded wing, from 14·5 to 21 per cent., and in the length of the tail from 14 to 23·4 per cent. If we take individual cases, we find equally striking facts. Wilson's thrush (*Turdus fuscescens*) was found to vary in length of wing from 3·58 to 4·15 inches, and in the tail from 3·55 to 4 inches. In the Blue-bird (*Sialia sialis*) the middle toe varied from 0·77 to 0·91 inch, and the hind toe from 0·58 to 0·72 inch; while the bill varied from 0·45 to 0·56 inch in length, and from 0·30 to 0·38 inch in width. In the Yellow-crowned Warbler (*Dendræca coronata*) the quills vary in proportionate length, so that the first, the second, the third, or the fourth, is sometimes the longest; and a similar variation of the wing, involving a change of proportion between two or more of the feathers, is recorded in eleven species of birds. Colour and marking vary to a still greater extent. The dark streaks on the under parts of the American Song-sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*) are sometimes reduced to narrow lines, while in other specimens they are so enlarged as to cover the greater part of the breast and sides of the body, sometimes uniting on the middle of the breast into a nearly continuous patch. In the small spotted Wood-thrushes (of the sub-genus *Hylocichla*) not only does the general tint of different parts vary greatly, but this is accompanied by great variation in the markings, some specimens being very pale with indistinct narrow lines on the breast, while others have dark plumage and dark, broad, triangular markings. It must be remembered that all these differences are independent of those due to age, sex, season, or locality, and consist solely of what may be termed the normal individual variation of the species.

It is, however, often supposed that variations occur at any one time in *single* characters only, all the rest remaining invariable; and it is objected that to adapt a creature to new conditions it must be modified in *several* ways at once. But a reference to the tables given by Mr. Allen shows that this coincident variation of several characters does exist to a remarkable extent. He has given the variation of no less than nineteen characters in ten species of birds, from a comparison in each case of only twenty specimens, all of the same sex, all fully adult, and all taken in the same localities. On marking the specimens which have each character at a maximum

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or minimum development, we find the most curious combinations. We find, for example, that the largest specimens have not always the longest wings or tails, or the smallest specimens the shortest; the proportion of the different parts of the wing varies quite regardless of the actual dimensions; the length of any toe varies independently of the length of the tarsus; a long head sometimes goes with a short, sometimes with a long, wing; while the width of the bill seems to vary independently of its length or of any of the other parts of the body. All these variations, too, are very considerable in amount. Thus among twenty male Baltimore Orioles the total length varied from 7 to 8 inches; the wing from 3·45 to 3·85 inches; the tail from 2·70 to 3·10 inches; the primaries extended beyond the secondaries from 0·56 to 0·90 inch; the tail extended beyond the upper coverts from 1·37 to 1·87 inches; the tarsus varied from 0·83 to 1·02 inch; the hind toe varied from 0·62 to 0·75 inch, and the middle toe from 0·82 to 1·00 inch; the head varied in length from 1·50 to 1·62 inches; the beak in length from 0·74 to 0·84 inch, and in width from 0·32 to 0·38 inch. And if these differences and these combinations, indicating many diverging proportions between two or more characters, are found among only twenty specimens, we may certainly expect much greater differences in every character, and these differences combined in an endless variety of ways, among the millions of individuals which constitute every common species. Not only, therefore, is it clear that there is, among birds at all events, ample individual variation for natural selection to work upon, but, what is even more important, that *coincident variations in every conceivable combination* are also available.

Among mammalia we have fewer materials for comparison, but there is good reason to believe that they are quite as variable as birds, if not even more so. Among twenty males of the Grey Squirrel, whose dimensions are given by Mr. Allen, we find the length of the tail to vary as 3 to 4, of the fore foot as 9 to 11, and of the hind foot as 6 to 7. The Virginian Opossum also varies greatly in colour, and in the size and proportions of all the parts, including the skull, the variation amounting to nearly twenty per cent.

If now we consider the population of a species with regard to any particular character or combination of characters, we may divide it into three groups—a central group in which the mean or average development prevails with little variation, one in which the character is excessively, and one in which it is little developed. These groups would not be of equal extent, the central portion—that in which the mean characteristics prevailed—being, in accordance with the law of averages, much more numerous than the extremes; perhaps twice or even three times as great as either of them, and forming such a series as the following:—Maximum development 10, mean 30, minimum 10. These figures, whatever their exact propor-

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tions, would probably be pretty constant, for we have no reason to believe that the mean characters, or the amount of variation of a species, change materially from year to year or from century to century; and we may therefore look upon the central and most numerous group as presenting the typical form of the species, being that which is best adapted to the conditions in which it has actually to exist, while the extremes, being less perfectly adapted, are continually weeded out by natural selection.

Besides the individual variation above noticed in birds of the same locality, another set of variations appears in birds of the same species inhabiting different localities. In North America birds decrease in size as they inhabit localities further south, while they become larger as we go north. In mammalia, on the other hand, there is generally a decrease of size both north and south from a central position where the species is at a maximum. Strange to say, the bill of most birds increases in length towards the south, sometimes relatively, but in other cases absolutely, so that the smaller southern birds sometimes have a bill actually longer than the northern larger individuals. This peculiarity occurs in the genera *Quiscalus*, *Agelæus*, *Troglodytes*, *Sciurus*, &c., and is illustrated by numerous figures in Mr. Allen's work. In some cases, as in the American crow, the bill is so much larger in the south that the Florida birds have been recognised as a distinct named variety.

Colour also varies greatly in correspondence to latitude and longitude. Dark-coloured birds are said to become blacker towards the south; in others the yellow or red bands become deeper; while in those transversely banded, the dark bands become broader, and the light ones narrower. Those with white spots or bands have them smaller in the south, and sometimes lose them altogether. These differences are sometimes so great that the extreme northern and southern forms might be considered distinct species were it not for the perfect gradation of intermediate types in the intervening localities. There is also an increase of intensity of colour from east to west, as exhibited by the same or by closely allied representative species inhabiting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts respectively. In the desert plains of the interior, however, the colours are paler than on either coast; but this is no doubt a protective modification, assimilating the tints of animals to the rock or surface soil on which they dwell. In some cases well-marked varieties of the same species appear to be confined to the Eastern States and to California respectively, as, for example, the eastern and western forms of Bewick's Wren (*Thryothorus Bewickii*), which differ greatly in the length of the bill, although otherwise almost identical; and as these two forms do not, so far as yet known, anywhere intermingle, they afford a good example of the first step in the formation of a new species. The beautiful purple finch (*Carpodacus purpureus*) of the Eastern States, and its

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western form which has been named *californicus*, perhaps form another example; but until the range of these birds is fully and accurately determined we cannot be sure that there is not some limited area where the two forms intermingle and their distinctive characters disappear.

From the fact of variation, so extensive as regards the number of variable characters and so large in absolute amount as has now been proved to exist in many species, we may fairly draw the conclusion that analogous variation, sometimes of less and sometimes of greater extent, is a general characteristic of animals in a state of nature; and with such materials to work with it becomes easy to understand how new species may arise. For example, the peculiar physical or organic conditions that render one part of the area occupied by a species better adapted to an extreme variety may become intensified. The most extreme variations in this direction will then have the advantage, and will multiply at the expense of the rest. If this change of condition should extend over the whole area occupied by the species, this one extreme form will replace all the others; while, if the area should be cut in two by subsidence or elevation, the conditions of the two portions may be modified in opposite directions, each becoming adapted to one extreme form. The original type of the species will then have become extinct, being replaced by two species, each distinguished by a combination of certain extreme characters which had before existed in some of its varieties.

The changes of conditions which lead to such selection of varieties are very diverse in their nature; and new species may thus be formed diverging in many ways from the parent stock. The climate may change from moist to dry, or the reverse, or the temperature may increase or diminish during long periods, in either case requiring some corresponding change of constitution, of covering, of vegetable or of insect food—to be met by the selection of variations of colour or of swiftness, of length of bill, or of strength of claws. Again, competitors or enemies may arrive from other countries, giving the advantage to such varieties as can change their food, or by swifter flight or greater wariness can escape their new foes. In this way several series of changes may occur, each brought about by the pressure of changed conditions; and thus what was before a single species may become transformed into a group of allied species, differing from each other in a number of slight characters, just as we find them in nature.

Let us now see how the same principles will explain the origin of genera. A genus is a group of allied species which differs from all other groups in some well-marked characters of a *structural* rather than of a *superficial* nature. For example, species of the same genus usually differ from each other in size, in colour or markings, in the proportion of the limbs or other organs, and in the form and size of such superficial appendages as horns, crests, manes, and the acces-

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sory ornamental plumes of birds; but they generally agree in the form and structure of important organs, as the teeth, the bill, the feet, and the wings. But when two groups of species differ from each other constantly, and to a well-marked degree, in one or more of these latter characters, they are said to belong to distinct genera; and we have seen that species vary in these as well as the more superficial characters—the bill, the feet, and the wings varying in size and proportions just as frequently as do the colours or the ornamental parts of the plumage. If then, in any portion of the area occupied by a species, some important change of habits becomes useful to it, all such *structural* variations as facilitate the change will be accumulated by natural selection, and when they have thus acquired the proportions most beneficial under the altered conditions, we shall have the first species of a new *genus*.

A creature which has been thus modified in important characters will form a new type, specially adapted to fill its place in the economy of nature. It will almost certainly have arisen from an extensive or dominant group, because such only are sufficiently rich in individuals to afford an ample supply of the needful variations, and it will therefore inherit the vigour of constitution and adaptability to a wide range of conditions which gave success to its ancestors. It will thus have every chance in its favour in the struggle for existence; it may spread widely and displace some of its nearest allies, and in doing this will extend into new areas, where it will be subject to a somewhat altered set of conditions, and by further variation and selection may become the parent of a number of subordinate species. It will now have become a dominant genus, occupying an entire continent, or perhaps even two or more continents, spreading on all sides till it meets with competing forms better adapted to the conditions which there prevail.

Such a genus may continue to exist during long geological epochs. Bats of the genus *Vespertilio* lived in the Eocene period, and still range over all the globe, while fossil land shells of the genus *Pupa*, hardly distinguishable from some now living, are found in the ancient carboniferous deposits. Generally, however, a time comes to every genus when either physical changes, or competing forms, or new enemies, are too much for it, and it begins to lose its supremacy. First one, then another of its species dwindle away and become extinct, till at last two or three only remain. Sometimes these soon follow the others, and the whole genus dies out, as thousands of genera have died out during the long course of the earth's life-history; but it also often happens that a few species continue to maintain themselves in areas where they are removed from the influences that have exterminated their fellows. Thus the mudfish of Queensland (*Ceratodus Forsteri*) and the *Trigonia* of the Australian seas are the only living representatives of genera which lived in the Triassic period.

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I have now, I think, shown that one of the most general objections to natural selection as producing new species—namely, that there are enormous chances against the right kind of variations occurring just when they are required—is utterly fallacious, by proving that there is ample variation of every kind constantly occurring among animals in a state of nature. It has also been shown that many different kinds of variation are occurring at the same time, and in endlessly varied combinations, so that any required combination of characters could be selected as well as any single character. And when we consider the extreme slowness of almost all the changes of conditions which lead to the selection of new forms, and the enormous selecting power brought to bear owing to the rapid increase and corresponding great annual mortality among all animals, it is impossible to doubt that the means are adequate to the result. To bring these means clearly before our readers, let us suppose that a pair of birds produce every year six young, and that they live for five years. We thus have thirty birds out of which to replace the two, so that, on the average, at least twenty-eight must die during this time, and many more if any of these live to breed along with their parents. This gives us, as a minimum, a destruction every five years of fourteen times as many birds as exist at any one time. Now let us suppose a change going on which renders it beneficial for a species to obtain longer wings in order to escape from some enemy, and a stronger bill to enable it to capture some fresh insect, both of which (the enemy and the insect) are gradually increasing in the country. Variations of both these kinds occur in abundance every year, to an amount measured by ten or twenty per cent. of the average dimensions. Either of the variations would be useful and would be preserved separately, while the combined variation would be doubly useful and would also be preserved whenever it appeared. A race in which these two characters were from ten to twenty per cent. above the average would therefore be easily produced in twenty or fifty years; while in a thousand or five thousand years a change amounting to thirty or forty per cent.—far greater than distinguishes many species—would probably be brought about. This illustration, I think, renders it clear that the *extreme slowness* of the action of natural selection, on which Mr. Darwin repeatedly dwells, is by no means an essential characteristic of it, but is only due to the fact that physical and other conditions usually change with extreme slowness. But if, as must often have happened, conditions have changed with comparative rapidity, then the enormous amount of individual variation, which would be taken advantage of *every year* by the survival of the fittest, might effect changes in a single century quite as great as those which distinguish nearly allied species.

Another objection which is dwelt upon with constant reiteration by Mr. Darwin's critics is, that he has not shown the *cause* of varia-

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tion, and that whatever it is that causes variation, *that* is the real 'origin of species.' This has always seemed to me one of the most unmeaning and irrational of objections, because every *explanation* must take as a basis well-known facts to explain obscure phenomena. When the geologist explains how the contour of a country has been formed by rain and ice, it is not said that he has explained nothing unless he goes on to show exactly how rain and snow are formed, or even goes further back to the cause of gravitation which is really what gives them all their power to do any work; and when the physicist explains how thunder and lightning are produced by a reference to the electric spark and its accompanying sound, he is not told that the explanation is valueless till he has discovered the nature and cause of electricity itself.

But we may, I think, go further, and say that variation is an ultimate fact of nature, and needs no other explanation than a reference to general principles which indicate that it cannot fail to exist. Does any one ask for a reason why no two gravel-stones or beach-pebbles, or even grains of sand, are absolutely identical in size, shape, surface, colour, and composition? When we trace back the complex series of causes and forces that have led to the production of these objects, do we not see that their absolute identity would be more remarkable than their diversity? So, when we consider how infinitely more complex have been the forces that have produced each individual animal or plant, and when we know that no two animals can possibly have been subject to identical conditions throughout the entire course of their development, we see that perfect identity in the result would be opposed to everything we know of natural agencies. But variation is merely *the absence of identity*, and therefore requires no further explanation; neither do the diverse amounts of variation, for they correspond to the countless diversities of conditions to which animals have been exposed either during their own development or that of their ancestors.

This objection has really its only possible justification in the ignorant belief that variations of any tangible amount are rare events occurring at long intervals; and therefore that when any combination of special variations was needed to bring an animal into harmony with changed conditions, the number of individuals varying would not be sufficiently great to prevent their being completely swamped by the typical unvarying forms. Had such been the case, some agency capable of producing a considerable amount of variation when required would undoubtedly have been needed, and this unknown agency might fairly have been claimed to be one of the most important factors in the 'origin of species.' But now that it is proved by a series of careful observations, that a large percentage of the individuals of most species vary, in each successive generation, to an amount far greater than is required for natural selection to act

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upon, the whole difficulty ceases to exist. Variation is seen to be one of the most constant and universal facts of nature, always producing what may be termed the raw materials of species in overflowing abundance, so that, whenever and wherever alteration of the conditions of existence is going on, there is always ready to hand an ample stock of varying organisms, by means of which an almost exact adjustment to those conditions may be kept up.

The facts and arguments now adduced will, it is hoped, enable intelligent readers who are not naturalists to form a clear conception of what is really meant by 'the origin of species by means of natural selection,' and will satisfy them that the most common and what seem at first sight to be the most weighty objections to it, owe all their force to the ignoring of some of the best established facts in natural history.

I have also attempted to show that the causes which have produced the separate species of one *genus*, of one *family*, or perhaps of one *order* from a common ancestor, are not necessarily the same as those which have produced the separate *orders*, *classes*, and *sub-kingdoms* from more remote common ancestors. That all have been alike produced by 'descent with modification' from a few primitive types the whole body of evidence clearly indicates; but while individual variation with natural selection is proved to be adequate for the production of the former, we have no proof and hardly any evidence that it is adequate to initiate those important divergences of type which characterise the latter.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

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DR. ABBOTT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE 'discourse in writing, containing a Declaration of the late Earl of Essex treasons,' which on the 14th of April, 1601, Queen Elizabeth ordered 'to be published for the better satisfaction of the world,' answered its proper purpose at the time. The survivors of the party gave no more trouble to the Government during her life. After her death the government passed peaceably into the hands of their own friends. Her first historian, in relating that passage of her reign, took her Declaration for his guide, and his narrative keeps its place in the national annals. But the Declaration itself has fallen into discredit with posterity.

In the next generation, the anti-Spanish party—having nothing to do with the domestic troubles of Queen Elizabeth's later days, but wanting a faultless hero of the past to rebuke the present—raised the 'ghost of Essex' for that office;—investing his memory with all the virtues, and of course denouncing the story of his misdeeds as a slanderous libel. The sons of that generation, having no concern with the politics of either period, took the story from their fathers, and told it to their children; who accepted it without suspicion or inquiry; and thus it became the creed of posterity—no one calling it in question, because it crossed the path of no cause in which anybody was interested.

There is one cause, however, in which (so far as interest can attach to the past) we are all interested; and that is the historic character and reputation of our country. We are ready enough to take credit for the virtues of our ancestors; and their vices being as much ours as their virtues are, we ought to be prepared to take shame for them. The question, therefore, whether in the days of Shakespeare the greatest and most popular of English queens, under pretence of telling her subjects the true history (known to her, but not yet known to them) of a great proceeding of public justice, did or did not deliberately put forth a history which she knew to be false and calumnious, is a question which involves the national character of England. It is vain to lay it to the charge of this or that councillor or secretary, and to say

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that his individual reputation is alone concerned. It was the act of the first person in the kingdom, the person who represented England among the nations, and had authority to speak and act in her name. Elizabeth knew the whole truth with regard to Essex as well as any of her councillors—probably better than any. She ordered the narrative to be drawn up; and took so much personal interest in the execution as to have the first copies cancelled and reprinted, to make room for alterations dictated by herself. If anything was left in that ought to have been put out, or anything left out that ought to have been put in, it was her fault; for she could have prevented it. If the effect was to cast unjust aspersions upon Essex, she must have known it, and must be judged accordingly; and we must at the same time own with shame that we are the sons of fathers among whom, not 300 years ago, such a thing could be done by such a person in such a place.

But before we proceed to judgment we must know what these aspersions were, and how it appears that they *were* unjust.

Now when I undertook to tell the story myself, I got together all the independent evidence that I could find in print or in manuscript; compared it carefully with the account given in the Declaration; printed it all in the most convenient form I could devise for comparison of the two by others; and asked to have an instance shown me in which the true effect of the evidence had been in any material circumstance misrepresented in the narrative: for I had not been able to find one. Dr. Abbott undertook to supply me; and in a little book, published in 1877 under the title of *Bacon and Essex*, quoted twelve passages by which he conceives that the character of the Declaration as 'a pestilent libel' is 'established beyond dispute'—an opinion which, it now appears, is not confined to himself. For I find a writer in the October number of the *Edinburgh Review* not only arriving at the same general conclusion (which he may have adopted from others before Dr. Abbott was born), but attempting to justify it, so far as he cares to offer *anything* in justification, by a process so very like Dr. Abbott's that I think he must have had it from him; though he does not say so. Two independent inquirers could hardly have followed so nearly the same path unless one followed the other's track. But however that may be—whether the reviewer be giving his own judgment or only endorsing Dr. Abbott's—it is the judgment of the *Edinburgh Review* in the latest edition. And since, among the many who will be ready to believe on that authority that the reasons are conclusive, there are few who will care to ask *what* they are, it may be worth while to offer them the information. For which purpose I propose to take them in order; setting down, first, each extract as quoted by Dr. Abbott (with the occasional insertion, between brackets, of words which he has omitted); then his comment on it; and then my own comment upon his.

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I.

'It hath been thought fit [to publish to the world a brief declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her kingdoms, and of the proceedings at the convictions of the said late Earl and his adherents upon the same treasons: and not so only, but therewithal, for the better warranting and verifying of the narration,] to set down in the end the very confessions and testimonies themselves, word for word taken out of the originals.'

The confessions, as has been shown above, are systematically mutilated by suppressions, and occasionally perverted.

As the omission of a part does not *necessarily* involve any misrepresentation of the whole, we must wait to hear what the effect of these alleged suppressions and perversions really is in each case. And we may in the meantime set this general allegation aside, as failing altogether to prove anything as to the veracity of the authors of the Declaration. The evidence upon which they founded their narrative was contained in depositions made by various witnesses in answer to interrogations put by several parties of examiners, and framed for the purpose of discovering the truth when as yet it was only known to those who had a vital interest in concealing it. Under such circumstances, many questions, being wide of the mark, would of course elicit answers that threw no light upon the case, and being irrelevant to the allegations would not be produced in support of them. We are not to be surprised, therefore, if we find that there are many passages in these depositions which were not included in the evidence for the indictment; or that in copies which profess to be 'the voluntary confessions themselves, *such as were given in evidence at both the several arraignments*, taken forth word for word out of the originals,' those parts which were *not* given in evidence are omitted. Nor must we expect to know with certainty what parts *were* given in evidence and what were not; for we have no report of the proceedings at once authentic enough and particular enough to furnish the information. But even if it could be proved that any of the passages omitted in the appendix to the Declaration *had* been read at the trial, the omission (taken by itself) would be no proof of bad faith. When I profess to give a statement of Dr. Abbott's 'in his own words,' or when he quotes a statement of mine between inverted commas, we both mean that the passage is 'taken forth word for word out of the original;' but we neither of us mean that there is nothing more to be found there, before or after. We mean that it is a passage which bears upon the question with which we are dealing, and that we have omitted nothing which tends to alter or modify its apparent sense, as we understand it. By the same rule, when we are told in an official manifesto that a deposition is taken word for word from the original, we are not to understand

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that the deponent said nothing more; but only that he said *that*, and said it in those words, and said nothing before or after which tended to give them a different meaning. The discovery in one of the original confessions, therefore, of a sentence marked for omission will not convict the Declaration of falsehood, without proof of two things more—first, that *without* those words the passage might seem to bear out some statement which *with* those words it would not; and secondly, that such *is* the statement in the Declaration in support of which it is cited. In an action which implicated so many persons in different ways and degrees, the confession of one man trying to shift the fault off himself might easily shift it on to an innocent neighbour who had no opportunity of explanation; and in a publication like the Declaration (which was a history, not a trial), many passages might be properly omitted upon considerations of simple justice and humanity. If such omission happened to have the effect of altering the complexion of the confession as regarded the confessant himself, that effect ought, no doubt, to have been allowed for and corrected in the narrative; and if it can be shown that any part of the story is mistold from not taking the omitted passages duly into account, I admit it to be a fault: whether a fault of malice and falsehood, or of misjudgment, or only of inattention, will depend on the circumstances. But this is a point which has in each case to be made out. In our own times, when papers are moved for, or presented by command, they consist commonly of 'copies *or extracts*.' The confessions in the appendix to the Declaration, from which words have been omitted, are exactly what would now be described as 'extracts.' Extracts *may*, no doubt, be managed so as to convey a false impression of the whole piece. But the question is whether in this case (in which we have the means of judging) they do. No attempt has been made as yet to produce evidence of it. What kind of evidence Dr. Abbott has to show we shall now see.

His first instance is so peculiarly unlucky that a judicious reader might be tempted to think it enough, and proceed no further; but I mean to go through the list.

II.

'[So likewise] those points of popularity which every man took notice and note of, [as his affable gestures, open doors, making his table and his bed so popularly places of audience to suitors, denying nothing when he did nothing, feeding many men in their discontentments against the Queen and the State, and the like, as they ever were since Absalon's time the forerunners of treasons following, so in him] were [they] either the qualities of a nature disposed to disloyalty, or the beginnings and conceptions of that which afterwards grew to shape and form.'

Contrast this with Bacon's own advice to Essex, to speak against popularity and popular courses vehemently, and to tax it in all others; but nevertheless *to go on in your honourable commonwealth courses as you do.* (See p. 75.)

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The words between the brackets are omitted by Dr. Abbott here, though he quotes them in p. 75; but I give them here as they stand in the original, being in my opinion *not* altogether irrelevant to the question in hand, which is this: Can the authors of the Declaration, having seen Essex's courses end in an act of open treason, and having learned since that he had secretly but seriously meditated some such act for at least a year and a half before, have really suspected that his previous assiduities in courting popular favour had been stimulated by some vague design tending that way? I say *suspected*, because they do not pretend to *know*. On the contrary, they expressly say in the very next sentence that it is one of the things which no man can know; secrets 'known to none but God that knows the heart, and the devil that gives the instigation.' Dr. Abbott assumes that they could *not* have really suspected any such thing, and thereupon sets down the suggestion as an overt act of mendacity, proving that the Declaration was not a 'veracious narrative'—not a narrative which the narrator *believed* to be true. But *why* am I to believe that the Queen and her councillors could not really have entertained such a suspicion in April 1601? The answer is worth considering by anybody who proposes to take Dr. Abbott as his guide in matters of this kind, and should have been a warning to the Edinburgh Reviewer. Because in 1596, when Essex's ambition was still to be the greatest subject of the Queen as well as to be the greatest favourite of the people, *Bacon*, believing his 'commonwealth courses' to be 'honourable,' had encouraged him 'to go on' in them! Even if Bacon continued in the belief that those earlier courses were as honourable as he had supposed them to be before he saw how they ended, the *Queen*, at least, whose Declaration it was, and who had never liked them, might be allowed to have her suspicions. If Sisera had waked when Jael had already put her hand to the nail and was in the act of putting her right hand to the workman's hammer, he might surely have suspected a treacherous intention in her previous hospitality, in spite of the 'contrast' between such a suspicion and his own request a few minutes before, that she would stand in the door of the tent and protect him from pursuit.

We must have a better instance than this. And the next is better in one respect for Dr. Abbott's purpose, inasmuch as it is not self-convictive, like the last, but turns upon the balance of conflicting evidence in circumstances which make it difficult to weigh.

III.

'It was strange with what appetite and thirst he did affect and compass the government of Ireland, which he did obtain.'

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It has been shown above that so far from desiring it, he desired to force it upon his enemies. (Pp. 100–115.)

Before I proceed to search for the justification of this counter-statement through the pages indicated, it will be convenient to add the next sentence in the Declaration; for Dr. Abbott's extracts are apt to be so arranged as to omit the material part. The sentence is:

For although *he made some formal shows to put it from him*, yet in this, as in most things else, his desires being too strong for his dissimulations, he did so far pass the bounds of *decorum*, as he did in effect name himself to the Queen by such description and such particularities as could not be applied to any other but himself; neither did he so only, but further he was still at hand to offer and urge vehemently exceptions to any other that was named.

Now if he 'made some formal shows to put it from him,' passages may probably be found in the news-letters of the time, or even in letters of his own, which would seem to imply that 'he was far from desiring it.' But the further statement that he 'desired to *force it upon his enemies*" betrays the source from which it came. By 'enemies' must be meant Sir George Carew. For it is true that we have Camden's authority for the fact that Essex did at one time try to remove Sir George Carew from the court by getting him sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and that we have also the following comment upon the fact by Sir John Harington (who must therefore have known or believed it to be true): 'Note here how much will a man even *benefit* his enemy, provided he doth put him out of his own way. My Lord of Essex did lately,' &c. But Dr. Abbott has failed to observe that this was on another occasion, when Essex had no thought of going himself, and was not looked upon by anybody as a possible candidate. It was in the summer of 1598, during the negotiation of the *first* treaty with Tyrone, or at least before the breach of it. The occasion when Essex is represented as desiring the office for himself was some months later, after the disaster of Blackwater and the death of Sir Richard Bingham, when the Lord Lieutenant (whoever he might be) was to go out at the head of a conquering army.

But to go through fifteen pages of Dr. Abbott for proof that there is nothing in them to justify his assertion, and to correct all the errors, would take up too much time and space. A shorter way to the same end will be to repeat the evidence I have myself offered in support of the opposite conclusion. Having stated in my *Letters and Life* (vol. ii. p. 125), that 'all accounts agree that it was by his [Essex's] influence that the nomination of Montjoy was cancelled and the task laid upon himself,' I inserted the following foot-note:

It may be enough to cite three: Camden's, Fynes Moryson's (whose subsequent intimate relation with Montjoy gives an independent value to his evidence, though

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in this part of the story he only repeats and confirms Camden), and Essex's own.[1]

1. 'The Queen,' says Camden, 'and most of the Council cast their eyes upon Charles Blunt, Lord Montjoy. But the Earl of Essex covertly signified unto them that he was a man of no experience in the wars, save that he had commanded a company in the Low Countries and Little Britain; that he was a man of a small estate, strengthened with very few followers and dependants, and too much drowned in book-learning. That into Ireland must be sent some prime man of the nobility, etc., . . . so as he seemed to point with the finger to himself. Insomuch as the Queen was now resolved to make him Lord Deputy of Ireland and General of the Army; which notwithstanding *he made show to refuse, praying her to bestow so difficult a charge on some other*; and yet if any other were named he had somewhat in a readiness to object.'—Camden, 1599.

2. 'Whom' [Lord Montjoy], says Moryson, 'her Highness had the last year proposed to employ in that place: at which time the Earl of Essex, though linked in near friendship with him, yet secretly opposed this her Majesty's determination, alleging that the Lord Montjoy had small experience in martial affairs, save that he had gained in the small time he had served in the Low Countries, adding that he was too bookish, and had too few followers, and too small an estate, to embrace so great a business. So as the Earl, not obscurely affecting this employment himself (to the end he might more strongly confirm that dependency which all military men already had on him),' &c.—Moryson, Part ii., l. p. 45.

3. 'I have beaten Knollys and Montjoy in the Council,' writes Essex himself to John Harington, offering him a command, 'and by God I will beat Tyr-Owen in the field; for nothing worthy her Majesty's honour hath yet been achieved.'—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 245.

The only proof which Dr. Abbott has thought worth giving, out of the abundance which he says *could* be given, of Essex's unwillingness to go, is half a sentence picked out of an extract printed by Birch from a letter of Robert Cecil's; of which I will give him the full benefit, on condition only of giving the reader the benefit of what else we know about this letter.

His [Essex's] *demands were indeed such* that her Majesty was averse to the complying with them, as appears from a letter to Mr. Edmondes of the 4th of December from Secretary Cecil, wherein he observed that the opinion of the Earl's going to Ireland had some stop, by reason of his Lordship's indisposition to it, *except with some such conditions as were disagreeable to her Majesty's mind*; 'although the cup,' *said the Secretary*, 'will hardly pass from him, in regard of his worth and fortune: but if it do, my Lord Montjoy is named.'

[1] To cite them as sufficient *now* would be hardly fair to my reader, without giving him the benefit of Dr. Abbott's comment. 'For facts and rumours Chamberlain's testimony is important and trustworthy; but for the underlying motives and secret intrigues that resulted in those facts, his opinion cannot for a moment be weighed with the evidence of *Camden, of Fynes Moryson, and of Essex himself*; and that evidence points unanimously to the conclusion that these delays and objections arose in great part, not from Essex's enemies, but from *his own desire to withdraw, if he could find a pretext for doing so, from the Irish command*' (p. 110).

I may add that these fifteen pages (which I have read all through more than once) are rich in curious interpretations of words written or reported, which, if they were a little more plausible, might be called ingenious; but that I find nothing in them to make me think that Queen Elizabeth either mistook Essex's wishes in this business or suffered them to be misrepresented; and she must have had better means of judging than Dr. Abbott.

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So runs the passage in Birch, which I have the rather thought worth quoting in full, because if Dr. Abbott wishes to know what kind of omission I hold to be unjustifiable, as tending to alter or modify the apparent sense of the rest, this supplies a very good example. The words which he selects to represent to the reader the effect of Cecil's communication are only '"The cup," said the secretary, "will hardly pass from him."' And this he calls producing 'Cecil's own testimony that the Earl was unwilling to go.' Why Cecil's testimony (even if we had it) should be considered conclusive, I do not know. But is it not clear that we have here no testimony of the kind? If Dr. Abbott had observed or understood the effect of the words which I have printed in italic, he would have seen that they give a different meaning to the word 'cup;' and if he had printed them in their place, and said 'We have Cecil's own testimony that the Earl was unwilling to go, *except with some such conditions as were disagreeable to her Majesty's mind*,' he would have found that his testimony was quite in accordance with the story as told in the Declaration. And yet he does not seem to have perceived it; for on reading through again the fifteen pages to which we are referred for proof of Essex's reluctance to undertake the Irish command, I find the sentence quoted entire as if it were in favour of his argument.

The next instance relates only to a matter of opinion, upon which Dr. Abbott's more intimate acquaintance with the persons and affairs of those times may enable him to *correct* the conclusions of the Queen and her councillors, but hardly to convict them of not *believing* their own story.

IV.

'He meant besides, when he was once in Ireland, to engage himself in other journeys that should hinder the prosecution in the North.'

There is not a vestige of evidence for this statement.

When a man who knows his right hand from his left can go which way he pleases, the fact that he goes to the right is evidence that he *meant* to go to the right. If evidence of this kind be admissible in a case like that of Essex, I should say that there is enough of it to justify us in accepting this statement as at any rate the most *probable* explanation of a course of action which is very hard to explain in any other way. How long beforehand he had formed his plan—how far, indeed, he had formed *any* distinct and complete plan beforehand—must of course be matter of conjecture. Nor does this pretend to be anything more. Read the rest of the paragraph, of which the words quoted are only one clause of one sentence, and you will see that it is merely a speculation as to the *probable motives* of the course which he *actually pursued*. When a man's actions are

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consistent with each other upon the supposition of one intention, and of no other that you can imagine, it is natural to presume that that was the intention which suggested and guided them; and even if it can be shown to be a mistake, it does not follow that it was a falsehood. Now in my own account of Essex's first proceedings on arriving in Ireland, I took pains to abstain from assuming as a fact anything which rested only upon the authority of the official narrative—anything for which I could not produce independent evidence. And as the next instance which is coming before us for examination relates also to these proceedings, it will probably be the shortest course to begin by setting down my account of them at full length.

Essex landed in Dublin on the 15th of April. After hearing a report of the state of the country and the disposition of the rebel forces, he *proposed* to begin with an attack on Tyrone in Ulster. But being advised by the Council to put it off till the middle of June or the beginning of July, when grass and forage would be more plentiful, cattle fatter, and means of conveyance more complete, he readily acquiesced; and as he acquiesced on this occasion without complaining of crosses and discouragements, I presume that he had no personal inclination the other way. Instead of a march towards Ulster then, a 'present prosecution in Leinster, being the heart of the whole kingdom,' was resolved on. This resolution having been forwarded to the Council in England on the 28th of April, and allowed by them on the 8th of May,—on the 10th he set out—professedly to set on foot this 'present prosecution in Leinster.' And if six weeks must pass before the main action could be attempted with advantage, it would certainly seem that they might have been well spent in recovering and making secure those parts which lay next to the seat of government, and within easy reach of all resources—a work which might serve to exercise the army without wasting it. This, however, was not what he did, or attempted, or apparently ever intended to do. He began, it is true, with a march through Leinster, for he had to march through it before he could get out of it. But he took his course straight for the borders of Munster. No sooner was he there than he sent word that he had been persuaded by the president of that province 'for a few days to look into his government.' And thereupon, without waiting for instructions from either Council, he proceeded to march his troops up and down Munster—to the south as far as Clonmel on the southern border of Tipperary, then to the north-east as far as Askeaton on the northern border of Limerick, then south again as far as Killmalloch; thence (the necessities of the army, now short of food and ammunition, obliging him to think of returning) south-east to Dungarvon, and so along the southern and eastern shores to Waterford, to Arklow, and back to Dublin;—forcing his passage everywhere through the rebel skirmishers, who gave way before him and closed after him; taking and garrisoning here and there a stronghold; displaying much personal activity and bravery—a shining figure still in the eyes of the soldiers and probably in his own; welcomed with Latin orations and popular applause as he entered the principal towns; and writing plaintive letters home about ill-usage and discouragement; but exhausting his troops, consuming his supplies, and getting nothing effectually done; insomuch that when he returned to Dublin on the 3rd of July—the season when it had been agreed that the great business of the campaign was to begin—though the grass had grown, and cattle were in condition, and the means of transport ready, the *army* (what with marches, skirmishes, garrisons, diseases, and decimation) was more than half wasted away, and the remnant greatly discouraged.

It is for Dr. Abbott to suggest some more probable motive for such

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a course of proceeding than a design 'to engage himself in other journeys that should hinder the prosecution in the North.' But the remarkable helplessness of his comment on his next extract may be taken, I think, as an admission that he had none to suggest. My own conclusion was that, after making the most liberal allowance for errors of judgment and defects of capacity in Essex, it is 'hard to believe that an effectual attack on the stronghold of the rebellion in the North was ever seriously intended by him,' and that there is 'no point of view from which the true history of his proceedings does not seem incredible, except upon the supposition that he was playing a double game of some kind.' My reasons for thinking so I have fully explained in the place;[2] but they are too many to be repeated here, and would be out of place in an answer to Dr. Abbott, whose taste in reasons may be gathered from the next article.

V.

'He did voluntarily engage himself in an unseasonable and fruitless journey into Munster, a journey never propounded in the Council there, never advertised over hither while it was past.'

It has been shown above (see pp. 123-4) that the Council approved of the journey into Leinster, of which the journey into Munster was intended to be a mere extension, and that *Cecil knew of the journey into Munster before it had been commenced, and spoke of it with apparent approval.*[3]

I hope it has been 'shown above' (see No. IV.) that the journey into Leinster of which the Council approved was quite a different thing, and was moreover neither accomplished nor attempted. But is it necessary to tell any one who has looked at a map of Ireland that a resolution to begin with a 'prosecution' of the rebels in *Leinster* (where they were about 3,000 strong), with a view to settle things there before proceeding against the main body in *Ulster*, was not a resolution to march *through* Leinster (without staying to prosecute anything there) into *Munster*, and spend two months in marching backwards and forwards through those parts of the island which were furthest away from the place of intended action? Essex left Dublin, ostensibly to deal with the rebellion in Leinster, on the 10th of May. On the 20th, his army being already at Clonmel, he himself reported to the English Council from Kilkenny that the President of Munster, 'in conference with himself, with my Lord of

[2] *Letters and Life*, ii. pp. 142-4.

[3] This is the example which the Edinburgh reviewer selects from Dr. Abbott's store, as singly sufficient to prove the Declaration a libel; and as he puts it exactly in the same way and almost in the same words, the same answer will serve. The only other argument which he offers relates to the question discussed in No. X., and will be found in a note to p. 433 of the Review. In this case he does not follow Dr. Abbott, but neither does he improve upon him. His evidence is not more to the purpose, and leaves him in the same dilemma.

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Ormonde, and the rest of the Council *there*, had persuaded him *for a few days to look into* his government.' Did he wait to hear what the English Council had to say about this change of plan? His despatch was received at Greenwich on the 1st of June; and by that time he and his army were at Cashel, on their way to Limerick, which they reached on the 4th. Yet we are not to believe that this journey into Munster was undertaken without having been 'propounded to the Council there'—that is, to the Council in Dublin—or 'advertised over hither'—that is, to the Council in London—'while it was past.' Why? Because Robert Cecil had heard before the 23rd of May that Essex intended to pass from Leinster into Munster! An army such as Essex commanded is not easily marched from Dublin to Clonmel in ten days without some rumour of its destination getting abroad. Cecil, whose information was not all derived from official documents, may have heard of it from one of his intelligencers when they were at Athy, on the 13th. But (however Cecil came to know of it) it is plain, from the very terms of Essex's letter to the Council from Kilkenny on the 20th, that it was the first intimation of his intention which *he* had sent to *them*; and from the fact that he had advanced as far into Munster as Limerick within four days of the time when his letter reached them, it is equally plain that he did not mean to give them the opportunity of interfering. And as for Cecil's 'speaking of it with apparent approval,' what is that to the purpose? He was merely sending the last news to a friend, and would of course reserve his judgment on such a matter for the Council board.

The next instance brings us to the question of 'mutilation.'

VI.

'This message was delivered by Knowd to Lee, and by Lee was imparted to the Earl of Essex.'

This passage is based upon a mutilated passage in the evidence, in which the Earl's rejection of the message, or treatment of it as idle, is omitted. 'And of this message this examinate made the Earl acquainted with before his coming to this examinate's house, at that time when this examinate was sent to Tyrone, [and the Earl of Essex shaked his head at it and gave no certain answer].'

The bracketed words are omitted both in the government edition of the evidence and in the Declaration.

And what if they are? What had the manner in which Essex received the message to do with the fact which the extract from the examination was produced to prove? The question was, whether Essex had secret dealings and a private understanding with Tyrone, while he was preparing, or pretending to prepare, to march against him. Thomas Lee, in the course of a long examination, relating to a variety of other matters, and including grave charges against persons

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whom it was not thought expedient to call in question—an examination in which not these fifteen words only, but nine paragraphs out of ten, were on that account withheld from publication—had confessed that he had been himself employed in such secret negotiations; that he had first despatched (with the sanction of the Marshal and, as he supposed, of Essex also) another messenger; that through him he had received a message from Tyrone himself, to the effect that 'if Essex would follow his plot, he would make him the greatest man that ever was in England,' &c.; that he had acquainted Essex with this message, and that he had been himself afterwards sent to Tyrone. The one paragraph of the examination in which these facts are stated, and a line and a half from another relating to the same business, were extracted, and included among the 'confessions and other evidence' appended to the Declaration; and it is true that the concluding clause of this paragraph (which Dr. Abbott has printed between brackets) is not included in the extract. Why should it? It is not said in the Declaration that Essex did *not* shake his head, or that he *did* give a certain answer. And even if such an action implied 'a rejection' (whatever that may mean) 'of the message, or a treatment of it as idle,' it did not alter the material fact that a communication from Tyrone had been invited, sent, and received; that after it had been received some communication was sent from Essex to Tyrone by the same person; and that, whatever these communications may have been, and however 'idle' he may have thought the message which Lee reported to him as received through Knowd, they were important enough to make him think it worth while first to deny, when questioned by the Council, that he had ever employed Lee to Tyrone at all, and then to send Lee to Sir C. Blount (who, as marshal of the army, had by Essex's own order licensed him to go) with a request that he would 'take it upon himself'—that is, would say that he had given him the licence without Essex's knowledge:—portions of the evidence—the two last—which Dr. Abbott omits to mention, though attention is specially drawn to them in the narrative, in the very place where the 'bracketed words' would have come in.

VII.

'A little before my Lord's going over into England.'

This is a falsehood, and in direct contradiction of the (suppressed) evidence. 'He confesseth that at the Castle of Dublin, in that lodging which was once the Earl of Southampton's, the Earl of Essex purposing his return into England advised with the Earl of Southampton and himself of his best manner of going into England for his security, since to go he was resolved. [This was some days before the Earl's journey into the North.]' (Compare ii. 356 with ii. 314.)

Bacon's intention in altering the date is to make the Earl's proposed return to England appear to be the result of a treasonable concert with Tyrone. See p. 129, above.

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The imputation here is that Bacon, knowing that Essex's consultation with Blount and Southampton had taken place *before* he marched against Tyrone, represented it as taking place *after*, in order to make his case appear worse; and, in order to prevent the falsification from being detected, deliberately struck out of one of the confessions a sentence in which the true date was distinctly indicated. Such a thing might no doubt have been done without the Queen's observing it; and if it can be made out that it *was* done—although I shall still believe that the narrative is substantially *true*, because I find it in all other points so carefully in accordance with the evidence—I shall readily admit that there was some one concerned in it who was not strictly *veracious*. As yet, however, I am entitled to treat it, not as a fact, but only as an imputation. And it happens to be an imputation which I had long ago considered very carefully and explained very particularly. I need not here go into the particulars; but my conclusion was that the confession which contains the bracketed sentence was not among the papers which the authors of the Declaration had before them. They had another version of it which does not contain that sentence, or any sentence to that effect. Blount's confession was exceptional in all its circumstances. It was not extracted in the course of an examination taken in the usual way for the discovery of evidence, with arrangements for setting down the questions and answers, and confirming the report by the signatures of the examinate and the examiners. It was a statement which he was permitted to make at his own request, after his trial and conviction for high treason on the 5th of March, in a private interview with Nottingham and Cecil. There would be no formal record of such a statement taken at the time; therefore no document signed and attested. And this would account for the fact that the confession as given in the appendix (unlike all the other depositions) is without the signatures either of the confessant or the witnesses. We have it upon the authority of the Government that such was the confession made by Blount to the Lord Admiral and Mr. Secretary—authority quite good enough when they were both living to disclaim it if not true. But there had been no paper to sign. There remains, however, in the State Paper Office a rough note in Coke's hand of what Blount said, which only required the filling up of the blanks—blanks caused apparently by the difficulty of keeping pace with the speaker—to make it a complete record: and I have very little doubt that the report printed in the appendix was actually made up in that way. But in a matter of such importance, to which the Earl of Southampton was a party, and would therefore have to be examined, a full report under Blount's own hand was obviously required. The report, when written out, would naturally, therefore, be submitted to him for signature; and the paper which Dr. Abbott quotes—a paper headed 'Examination of Sir Christopher

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Blunt, Knight, taken before those whose names are underwritten,' and endorsed by Cecil '7 Martii 1600, the examination of Sir Christopher Blunt'—would be a natural result. Being called an 'examination,' not a 'confession,' it probably represents not what he had said on the 5th, but what he *now* said in answer to questions—one of which would of course relate to the *date* of the consultation, which he had forgotten to mention in his first statement, or Coke had omitted to set down. So the interpolation of that sentence would be explained. The two things which still require explanation are, 1st, that this record of his confession, being the latest, the fullest, and the best authenticated, was not quoted in the appendix rather than the unsigned report; and 2nd, that though the signed examination is said to have been 'taken before those whose names are underwritten,' there are no names underwritten. The signed confession is not attested; the attested confession is not signed.

The second difficulty may perhaps supply the true solution of the first. The absence of witnesses' names in a document which upon the face of it required witnesses, was a worse defect than the absence of the confessant's signature in the other case, where no signature was needed. But there were other reasons for keeping this paper separate from the rest. It contained matter relating to practices with Scotland, of which the Queen had resolved to take no notice, and was found, not with the others in the State Paper Office, but at Hatfield; having no doubt been kept by Cecil in his own hands, and overlooked. The papers sent to Bacon by Coke on the 16th of March, presumably for the purpose of drawing up the Declaration, were 25 in number, and the number will be found to be complete without counting this one. If so, Bacon had no means of *knowing* the date of the consultation, which was not mentioned in Blunt's original statement, and assigned it by conjecture. In drawing up my own narrative of Essex's proceedings in Ireland (which I did before the discovery of the Hatfield MS.) I had come to the conclusion that the most probable date of the consultation with Blount and Southampton was about the 22nd of September—a fortnight or so *after* his agreement with Tyrone; for I connected it with the Queen's letter of the 17th, which should have reached him about that time, demanding a strict account of what he had done and what he proposed to do—a demand which, as things *then* stood, he thought he could not attempt to meet with due regard to his own safety, except at the head of an armed force. This conjecture, though arrived at on grounds quite independent of Bacon's and not exactly agreeing with it, yet resembles it in this—they both refer Essex's first meditation of an act of treachery so enormous, to a crisis when he was in an inextricable difficulty and a real danger. If Blount's recollection was correct and his words were correctly set down, we must suppose that Essex was meditating it before he had

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received any check from the Government at home, and while they were still supplying him with reinforcements. This I call a much worse thing than a treasonable concert with Tyrone *after* the time when he had committed himself so far that he saw no better chance for his own personal safety; and every true friend of his memory should *hope* that he was even then conscious of having gone so far in disloyalty that he could not secure himself against the consequences without going further.

VIII.

'Blunt advised him rather to another course, which was to draw forth of the army some 200 resolute gentlemen, and with those to come over, and so to make sure of the Court, and so to make his own conditions.'

The passage in which the evidence assumes this shape is found in the government edition of Blount's speech at his execution. But the fuller version (printed by Mr. Spedding, ii. 318) contains nothing of the kind; and the evidence, as signed by Blount himself, runs thus:—

'He rather advised him, if needs he would go, to take over with him some competent number of choice men [*who might only have secured him from any commitment to prison, if he had not found her Majesty gracious, except it were no further than to the house of the Lord of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper, or his uncle*].'

The italicised words were *suppressed, at the request of Cecil, in a letter addressed to Coke in Bacon's handwriting.* Cecil gives as a reason for suppressing them (ii. 314) that their insertion might render the evidence suspected; but it is clear that they qualify Blount's advice and make it far less objectionable.

If Dr. Abbott has no better authority for the first of these statements than myself, he is unlucky. I cannot say from recollection whether the paragraph which I quoted from the Tanner MS. does or does not contain the passage as given in the 'Government edition'—that is, in the report of Blount's speech as printed in the appendix to the Declaration. But I should expect to find that it does. I see that I have inserted dots—meant to show that some words had been omitted—exactly at the place where it would have come in if it was there. If the words which followed in the manuscript *agreed* with the printed version, this is what I should naturally have done; whereas if they *differed*, I should probably have continued the extract. The manuscript report is fuller in some places, but I have no reason to suppose that it is either more complete upon the whole or more authentic. There were two passages which—as containing some particulars (not to be found in the Government version) that I thought worth recording—I extracted. Independent reports of speeches almost always supplement each other; but there was nothing to make one think the Government had had any opportunity to collate these.

For the second statement, that 'the italicised words were suppressed at the request of Cecil in a letter addressed to Coke in Bacon's handwriting,' I must also decline all responsibility. In the first place,

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Cecil's request was that the words should not be '*read*,' which proves that they did not refer to the Declaration which we are discussing; for it was not going to be read. In the second place, when I said that his letter was 'written on a single leaf of thin paper, *upon the back of which had been pasted* what seems to be *the fly-leaf* of a letter from Bacon to Coke, the address (which Mr. Jardine *mistook* for the *direction* of Cecil's letter) being in Bacon's hand,' I did not mean that Cecil's letter was 'addressed to Coke in Bacon's handwriting.' Neither I nor Dr. Abbott know to whom it was addressed, or on what occasion, further than that it referred to a passage in the note of Blount's statement made on the 5th of March. In the third place, whatever Cecil's object may have been, it cannot have been to prevent the evidence from contradicting the narrative; for the statement in the narrative agrees with the evidence quite well, whether those words be retained or removed. Blount's statement, according to the rough note, was in these words:—'Then it was resolved that [if] he needs would go, he should take a competent number of choice men, who might have secured him from any commitment, unless it were to Cant. Kep. Knolls.' The statement in the Declaration (which in this place professes to give 'the *substance* of that which was confessed *by Southampton and Blount* touching Essex's purpose to have transported into England the army of Ireland, and the changing of that design into the other design of surprising the Queen and Court') is that Blount advised him 'to draw forth of the army some 200 resolute gentlemen, and with those to come over, and so to make sure of the Court, and so to make his own conditions.'

What substantial difference is there between taking a competent number of choice men, who might have secured him against any commitment which implied danger, and coming over with 200 resolute gentlemen to make sure of the Court?

IX.

'Therefore condescending to Blunt's advice to surprise the Court, he did pursue that plot accordingly.'

'By misdating Blount's advice Bacon conveys the impression that Essex returned *in pursuance of that advice*. Whereas (1) several weeks elapsed between Blount's advice and the Earl's return: and (2) instead of 'surprising the Court with 200 resolute gentlemen,' he took with him no more than six to Nonsuch.

The charge of 'misdating Blount's advice' is the same which has already been discussed under No. VII.; when it was stated to have been done for the purpose of making it appear 'that the Earl's *proposed* return to England was the result of a treasonable concert with Tyrone.' We are now to understand that it was done in order to make it appear that his actual return was the result of Blount's advice. I have shown that the misdate (if misdate it be) was only a *misconjecture* upon the evidence which Bacon had before him—and a natu-

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ral misconjecture; for I had myself upon a study of the same evidence arrived independently at the same, or nearly the same, conclusion. But suppose it a falsehood: how could it serve either purpose? 'Treasonable concert with Tyrone' was practicable before the northern march as well as after; and advice given in August might surely be followed in September. The material question is whether Essex 'pursued that plot'—whether he came over with the intention of mastering the Court by the help of the gentlemen whom he selected to follow him—not by whose advice he pursued it. He *did* come over with a competent number of choice men, who *might* have secured him from commitment to other than friendly keepers; and as that was what Blunt advised when his advice was asked, it is natural to suppose that it was done in pursuance of it, whether it had been given 'some days before the Earl's *journey into the North*' or 'a little before his *coming over to England*.' And as for his not having marched straight to Nonsuch at the head of two hundred gentlemen in order to make sure of the Court, before asking whether he were welcome, I do not understand either Blount to say that he advised any such proceeding, or the authors of the Declaration to say that Essex attempted or meditated it. What they say is that 'he came over with a selected company of captains and voluntaries, and such as he thought were most affectionate unto himself, and most resolute, though not knowing of his purpose' (which I believe is true), meaning to use them as occasion might require—for offence, if he found himself in a condition to be the assailant; for defence, if he were assailed. The *date* therefore of Blount's advice could have made no difference either way, except that the *earlier* you put Essex's proposal, the less room you leave for imputing it either to a rash impulse, or to a just apprehension of danger and the necessity of taking the offensive in self-defence.

X.

'The principal article of them (the conditions of peace with Tyrone) [being, *That there should be a general restitution of rebels in Ireland to all their lands and possessions, that they could pretend any right to before their going out into rebellion*, without reservation of such lands as were by Act of Parliament passed to the Crown, and so planted with English, both in the time of Queen Mary, and since: and without difference either of time of their going forth, or nature of their offence, or other circumstance:] tending in effect to this, That all the Queen's good subjects, in most of the provinces, should have been displanted, and the country abandoned to the rebels.'

No evidence of this and much evidence to the contrary. See pp. 134–147, above.

No evidence of *what?* Much evidence to the contrary of *what?*

So vague and general a contradiction, supported by so vague and general a reference to the place or places where a justification of it is

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to be looked for,[4] will hardly serve for the coming proof that the authors of the Declaration were guilty of making positive statements which they did not believe to be true. But how much does Dr. Abbott himself believe? Does he believe that the conditions of peace which Essex had treated of with Tyrone in his private conference were such as he could reasonably expect the Queen to be satisfied with? He will not go so far as that; he has admitted somewhere that there were objections to some of them. But he labours hard to prove that they cannot have been so bad as they appear to be in the only articulate exposition of them which is known to exist. If the propositions set forth under the title of 'Tyrone's Propositions, 1599,' in the Winwood Papers (i. 118), were really those which Essex came over to recommend for acceptance, he finds that so many things must have happened which did not happen, and so many could not have happened which did, that he thinks himself entitled to set down the paper as a forgery. This is a conclusion which will not seem so easy to everybody as to Dr. Abbott, whose ordinary rule with regard to evidence is to accept as indisputable that which suits him and to reject as 'probably false' that which does not; but the question does not concern us at present, for there is no reference to this paper in the Declaration. The statement, therefore, which he finds no evidence for and so much against, must be that the principal article *tended* to displant the Queen's good subjects in most of the provinces, and to abandon the country to the rebels. What this article was he does not think it necessary to say, and therefore leaves out the words between the brackets; but he must have had in his mind the terms of it there set forth, and meant to say that they were incorrectly quoted. But how can he possibly know that? Among the persons who were responsible for the Declaration, there were certainly some who knew what Tyrone's demands were; they had heard Essex himself state them; they most likely took notes of them for their own use; and the paper which the editor of the Winwood Memorials found and printed with the other correspondence may have been Cecil's note: but as no detailed account of them is to be found in any of the many public declarations made afterwards by the government concerning these matters—a fact which it is not easy to account for, except by supposing that as Essex had promised to Tyrone that they should not be committed to paper, so

[4] So far as this particular paragraph is concerned, the reader need not trouble himself to refer to any of the pages except 144 and 145. There he will find, 1st, that the Queen, speaking of 'Tyrone's offers,' as she had heard them explained by Essex himself, was of opinion that they included a demand for the restoration of all the ancient exiled rebels to all that our laws and hereditary succession have bestowed upon us;' 2nd, that Dr. Abbott, speaking of what he thinks they probably *may have been*, as deducible from the negative evidence of a number of places where they are *not* mentioned (see pp. 146–7), is of opinion that it was only 'a humble petition to be allowed to retain one's own.' The remaining eleven pages are occupied with discussion of probabilities and improbabilities in matters which have no bearing upon the character of the Declaration, not being alluded to in any part of it.

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he reported them to the Queen upon a promise that they should not be divulged—Dr. Abbott is left in a dilemma. If the paper entitled 'Tyrone's Propositions' was a true note of them made by a member of the Council, he knows that the statement which he contradicts is substantially true; if not, he knows nothing about it:—unless, indeed, he will admit as evidence Essex's own summary account of them as reported by Camden. Cecil's declaration in the Star Chamber to the same effect in November, 1599—'His conditions were, pardon for all the rebels in Ireland, *restoration of all lands held from any by the English*, and entire freedom of conscience'—he produces as a witness on his own side, because Cecil, he says, 'describes the demand'—the last of the three conditions—'not as monstrous, but only as "needless," implying that toleration already existed' (p. 142); and a *needless* demand (he seems to think) could not have been embodied in a proposition which was open to other objections. But Camden's account is not qualified by any such comment; and for penetration into 'underlying motives,' Dr. Abbott (as we have seen) sometimes holds Camden an authority. Now Camden tells us that when Essex, the day after his arrival at Nonsuch, was called before the Council to explain—'Being questioned why he contracted such a truce with the rebels, he answered that Tyrone was so confident in his strength that he proudly refused all conditions of peace, unless all the rebels in Ireland might be pardoned their offences, *the Irish might be restored to their possessions which the English enjoyed*, and the Romish religion might be freely exercised throughout the whole kingdom. And these conditions he [would have] persuaded (*persuadere cœpit*) the Queen to ratify.' But then, again, if he admits Camden for a witness on this occasion, he admits that the statement in the Declaration is, in this as in all the other instances, exactly *true*.

XI.

'There passed speech also in this conspiracy of possessing the city of London, which Essex himself, in his own particular and secret inclination, had ever a special mind unto: not as a departure or going from his purpose of possessing the Court, but as an inducement and preparative to perform it upon a surer ground.'

The object of this falsehood was to show that Essex's attempt upon the city, instead of being a deviation from the original plan, was a part of the original plan, so as to fasten upon Essex a more deliberate treason. But it is against all the evidence (see pp. 214–15 above) if we take into consideration the passages suppressed by the Government.'

Which is the falsehood? That 'there passed speech,' &c.; or that Essex was secretly more inclined to the course which was not taken? If the first, unless Dr. Abbott can find one of the suppressed passages in which one of the conspirators, who had attended all the

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meetings, denied that any speech of possessing the city of London had passed at any of them, I do not see how the publication of the entire evidence without any omission at all could have affected the question; for there is certainly abundant testimony both in the published and unpublished parts of the depositions to the fact that such speech did pass. If the last, which of the suppressed passages proves that the possession of the city was not the plan which Essex, 'in his own particular and *secret* inclination,' preferred?

XII.

'Having therefore concluded upon this determination, now was the time to execute in fact all that he had before in purpose digested.'

The truth was that nothing had been concluded or digested up to the very moment when the conspirators issued from the gates of Essex House. See pp. 215–19 above.

Dr. Abbott's 'pages above' have a great deal to answer for. But does he really think that he has proved in these four pages that *Essex* had not '*in purpose* digested' *anything*, up to the moment when he decided to lock up the Lords of the Council in his library and set out for the city with 200 gentlemen at his back, crying out that somebody was going to murder him? I read those pages attentively in their place without any suspicion that they would be appealed to in behalf of so extravagant an assertion as this; and though I do not undertake to report the substance of those or any other four pages of Dr. Abbott's composition without having them before me to refer to, I think I may say that what he attempted to prove in them was only that no part of the plot had been so settled as not to admit of a change at the last moment. This is true: but it is also true that this is what the official narrative implies: which represents Essex as having on Saturday afternoon, in consequence of a summons to attend the Council, 'determined to *hasten* his enterprise' (of surprising the Court) and execute it the next morning; and again, as having, later on the same evening, in consequence of news that the Court had taken alarm, determined to *change* the plan and begin with an appeal to the city. And this was the determination which (having 'before in purpose digested,' but given up in deference to the opinion of the majority of his advisers) he now—that is, on Saturday night—resolved to 'execute in fact.'

If Dr. Abbott wishes to know how much and what was concluded and digested between that time and 'the moment when the conspirators issued from the gates of Essex House,' he will find it all in a narrative to which he can have no difficulty in referring—a narrative which was certainly intended and believed to be veracious, and in which all the passages suppressed by the Government were carefully taken into consideration—the same narrative, in fact, to which

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he himself refers us in note 2, p. 215—and in the same page. I need not quote it here; for I cannot believe either that his own counter-statement will be thought by anybody but himself (and perhaps our re viewer) to be in itself credible; or that, if it were proved correct, it would be accepted by anybody else as a reason for concluding that the statement in the Declaration was not believed by its authors to be true.

The rest of the story of that day, as told in the Declaration, supplies Dr. Abbott with no more instances of suppression or misrepresentation. And having now gone patiently through his whole collection, I still wait to hear of a single material circumstance in which the effect of the original depositions is misrepresented in the narrative put forth by Queen Elizabeth.

JAMES SPEDDING.

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OLD-FASHIONED GARDENING.

In these days a garden is an artificial production with which nature has as much to do as with the weaving of a Turkey carpet. The art of carpet-bedding has been carried to perfection, and in consequence we all know what to expect when we enter a flower-garden in the late summer months. There are the patches of scarlet, purple, and white, as smooth and even as the emerald turf in which they are embedded. There is not a withered leaf nor a straggling spray to be seen, for it is the gardener's first object to repress the luxuriance of nature, and it is part of his duty to go over the beds every morning to reduce them to the same trim and level uniformity. These brilliant patches of colour are embellished or relieved by a bordering of a sedum, which resembles the truncated head of an artichoke, but which has, for some unknown reason, been enrolled in the catalogue of ornamental plants. The ideal which our English gardeners strive to fulfil is to be found in the flower-beds of our London parks, and if they are able to imitate their model with more or less success, it matters little to them that the parterre which blazes into colour in July and August remains brown and barren for the greater part of the year. The tyranny of fashion has prevailed alike in the gardens of rich and poor, of the squire, the parson, and the farmer, and the delightful occupation of gardening is exalted, or as we think debased, to become a skilled art, in which there is no place for amateurs.

It was not so in the gardens of our youth, and over some of these the destroying hand has not yet passed. There was the stamp of character and all the charms of a surprise in the distinctive peculiarities of our old-fashioned walled gardens. One was famous for its peaches, sheltered from the early frosts by the thatched coping of its mud walls; another, for its wealth of golden-drop plums. In one there was a shady corner for lilies of the valley; in another a sunny exposure where the autumn violets were the first to bloom. In all there were grass alleys, crooked and hoary old apple-trees, valued as much for their age as for the quality of their fruit; there was a wealth and variety of pot-herbs, one wall was crowned by a patch of yellow sedum, another was fringed with wall-flowers, and the old bricks were often covered by a network of the delicate and beautiful creeper,

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the 'mother of millions.' There was the delightful smell of newly-turned mould, to mingle with the fragrance of a hedge of sweet peas, or of a bed of clove gillyflowers. Sweetwilliam and mignonette filled the vacant spaces, and the bees from a row of straw hives were humming over all. It is sad to think that such gardens as we describe must almost be numbered among the things of the past.

This lament over the lost glories of our English gardens is suggested by the perusal of a rare and curious folio, published in 1629, which bears the following title :—

Paradisi in Sole. Paradisus Terrestris. A Garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers which our English ayre will permitt to be noursed up: with a Kitchen garden of all manner of herbs, raves and fruites, for meate or sause, used with us, and an Orchard of all sorte of fruitbearing Trees and Shrubbes fit for our Land, together with the right orderinge, planting and preserving of them, with their uses and vertues. Collected by John Parkinson, Apothecary of London, 1629.

'Qui veut paragonner l'artifice à Nature,
Et nos parcs à Eden, indiscret il mesure
Le pas de l'éléphant par le pas du ciron,
Et de l'aigle le vol par çi du mouscheron.'

This comprehensive title is printed on a small scutcheon, in order not to interfere with the quaint and elaborate representation of the Garden of Eden, which occupies the rest of the title-page. The tree of knowledge, its fruit still unplucked by Adam, appears in the centre of the plate. Adam is grafting an apple-tree; Eve, clothed only by her hair, is skipping airily downhill to pick up a pine-apple, and all sorts of flowers of wondrous proportions grow in the foreground. There is a tulip four times as big as Eve's head, and a cyclamen which is at least five feet high.

Parkinson dedicates his folio to the Queen, Henrietta Maria, not in the fulsome tone of adulation which we associate with dedications of that and succeeding ages, but rather as one conscious that he confers a favour in laying before her the fruit of so much labour and research. After giving good practical direction as to the site of the garden and its soil, he furnishes the reader with geometrical designs for the beds, and advice as to the relative merits of borderings in tiles, lead, thrift, and box, and he then goes on—

to furnish the inward parts and beds with those fine Flowers that (being strangers unto us, and giving the beauty and bravery of their colours so early before many of our owne bred flowers, the most to entice us to their delight) are most beseeming it: and namely with Daffodils, Fritillaries, Jacinthes, Saffron-flowers, Lillies, Flower-deluces, Tulipas, Anemones, French Cowslips or Beareseares, and a number of such other flowers, very beautifull, delightfull, and pleasant, whereof although many have little sweete sent to commend them, yet their earlinesse and exceeding great beautie and varietie doth so farre countervaile that defect (and yet I must tell you withall that there is among the many sorts of them some, and that not a few, that doe excell in sweetnesse, being so strong and heady, that they rather offend by too much than by too little sent, and some again are of so mild and

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moderate temper, that they scarce come short of your most delicate and daintiest flowers) that they are almost in all places with all persons, especially with the better sort of the Gentry of the Land, as greatly desired and accepted as any other the most choisest, and the rather, for that the most part of these Out-landish flowers doe show forth their beauty and colours so early in the yeare that they seem to make a Garden of delight even in the Winter time, and doe so give their flowers one after another, that all their bravery is not spent until that Gilliflowers, the pride of English Gardens, do shew themselves.

It is in this succession of flowering plants that modern gardening so signally fails, not from lack of knowledge, but from a senseless desire to concentrate the whole display into two short months of the year.

Our author declares that there are almost a hundred sorts of Daffodils, and 'by the way' inveighs against the

many idle and ignorant Gardiners and others who get names by stealth, as they doe many other things, and doe call some of these Daffodils Narcisses, when as all know that know any Latine, that Narcisses is the Latine name, and Daffodil the English of one and the same thing, and therefore alone without any other Epithite cannot distinguish several things. I would willingly therefore that all would grow judicious, and call everything by his proper English name in speaking English, or else by such Latine name as everything hath that hath not a proper English name, that thereby they may distinguish the several varieties of things, and not confound them.

We scarcely share his enthusiasm for tulips, in spite of his assertion 'that there is no Lady or Gentlewoman of any worth that is not caught with this delight, or not delighted with these flowers;' but we fully agree with the sentiment that

the Anemones likewise or Windeflowers are so full of variety and so dainty, so pleasant and so delightsome flowers, that the sight of them doth enforce an earnest longing desire in the minde of anyone to be a possessour of some of them at the leaste: For without all doubt this one kind of flower, so variable in colours, so differing in form (being almost as many sortes of them double as single), so plentifull in bearing flowers, and so durable in lasting, and also so easie both to preserve and to encrease, is of itselfe alone almost sufficient to furnish a garden with flowers for almost half the yeare.

Parkinson goes on to commend double poppies, 'flowers of a great and goodly proportion;' double daisies, 'which are common enough in every garden;' French marigolds, with 'their strong, heady sent, and glorious shew for colour;' sweetwilliams and sweetjohns, hollihocks, and double and single peonies—in short, all the commoner and more showy flowers which still linger in our cottage gardens. He declares carnations and gillyflowers to be 'the Queene of delight and of flowers,' and enumerates more than a dozen varieties by names which are probably no longer known to florists. Roses have been more modified by culture within the last two hundred years than any other of our garden flowers. Those described by Parkinson were for the most part single roses, or with only two rows of petals and of small diameter. They seem to have been varieties of

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the damask and briar-roses, and the cabbage and moss-roses which we consider old-fashioned find no place in the list.

Not content to deny that single flowers can be transformed into double 'by the observation of the change of the Moone, the constellations or conjunctions of Planets or some other Starres or celestial bodies,' Parkinson holds that such transformation could not be effected by the art of man.

If it shall bee demanded, From whence then came these double flowers that we have, if they were not so made by art, I answer that assuredly all such flowers did first grow wilde, and were soe found double as they doe now grow in Gardens, but for how long before they were found they became double no man can tell; we onely have them as nature has produced them, and so they remaine.

In these introductory chapters, among other desultory matter, he gives a recipe for the destruction of

earwickes, a most infestuous vermin. . . . Some have used old shooes and such like hollow things to take them in, or else beasts' hoofes, which being turned downe upon stickes' ends set into the ground, or into the pots of earth, will soon drawe into them many Earwickes, lying hid therein from sunne, winde, and raine, and by care and diligence may soon bee destroyed, if every morning and evening one take the hoofes gently off the stickes, and knocking them against the ground in a plain allie, shake out all the Earwickes that are crept into them, which quickly with one's foot may be trode to peeces.

Parkinson next goes on to describe his garden flowers in detail, in many cases giving a list of more varieties than we suspect are to be found in our modern gardens, and also under names by which they are not now known. The snowdrop, for instance, is termed 'a bulbous violet.' The iris is 'flowerdeluce,' and he gives an illustration of the 'great Turkie Flowerdeluce,' in which it is shown to be a much larger and handsomer flower than the blue flags which we now cultivate. The gladiolus, in defiance of all natural classification, is represented in the same plate with the bee and butterfly orchis, and with the dog-tooth violet; but on the whole the broad distinctions of the natural families are respected.

Under the head of 'Vertues,' which follows the description of each plant, some curious gleanings might be made. Parkinson, as a licensed apothecary, speaks with a certain lofty incredulity of 'the physicall vertues' ascribed to many plants, but he does not always disdain an old-wives' recipe, as, for instance, when speaking of 'the Lilly Convally' (lily of the valley).

The flowers of the white kinde are often used with those things that help to strengthen the memory, and to procure ease to Apoplectick persons. Camerarius setteth downe the manner of making an oyle of the flowers which he saith is very effectuall to ease the pains of the Goute, and such like diseases, to be used outwardly, which is thus: Having filled a glasse with the flowers, and being well stopped, set it for a moneths space in an Antshill, and after being dreigned clear, set it by to use.

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He distinctly excludes from his pharmacopœia some drugs which are now considered of great value, such as digitalis, which he declares 'not to be used in Physicke by any judicious man that I know.' Of aconite, on the other hand, he says, that 'although it be very poisonful and deadly, yet there may be very good use of it for sore eyes (being carefully applyed, yet not to all sorts of sore eyes neither) if the distilled water be dropped therein.' Of hellebore also he says that 'it is not carelessly to be used without extreeme danger, yet in contumatious and stubborne diseases it may be used with good caution and advice. There is a Syrupe or Oxymel made hereof in the Apothecaries shops, which, as it is dangerous for gentle and tender bodies, so it may be very effectuall in stronger constitutions.' He declares 'all the sorts of Beareseares (auricula) to be Cephalicall, that is, conducing help for the paines in the head, and for the giddinesse thereof, which may happen, eyther by the sight of steepe places, subject to danger, or otherwise.' But in general, he mentions such peculiar properties in a dispassionate tone, disclaiming all responsibility for the belief, as when he says of the moonwort: 'They that imposed the name of Lunaria on this plant, seem to referre it to the wound or consolidating herbes, but because I have no further relation or experience, I can say no more untill tryall hath taught it.'

Our author is not, however, afraid of protesting against some popular superstitions. He says of the mandrake:—

> The roote is sometimes divided into two branches a little below the head, and sometimes into three or more, as nature listeth to bestow upon it, as myselfe have often seene, by transplanting of many, as also by breaking and cutting off of many parts of the root, but never found harme by so doing, as many idle tales have been sette down in writing and delivered also by report, of much danger to happen to such as shall digge them up, or breake them; neyther have I ever seen any forme of man-like or woman-like partes, in the rootes of any; but, as I said, it has oftentimes two maine rootes running downe-right into the ground, and sometimes three and sometimes but one, as it likewise often happeneth to Parsneps, Carrots, and the like. But many cunning, counterfeit rootes have been shaped to such forms, and publickly exposed to the view of all that would see them, and have been tolerated by the chiefe Magistrates of the Citie, notwithstanding that they have been informed that such practices were meere deceit and unsufferable: whether this happened through their own credulity of the thing, or of the persons, or through an opinion that the information of the truth rose upon envy, I know not, I leave that to the Searcher of all hearts.

> There are some Authors (he says again) that have held Tarragon not to be an herbe of its owne kinde; but that it was first produced by putting the seede of Lin or Flaxe into the roote of an Onion, being opened and so set into the ground, which when it hath sprung hath brought forth this herbe Tarragon, which absurd and idle opinion hath been found false.

This mention of tarragon—'to give the better relish unto the Sallet; but many do not like the taste thereof, and so refuse it'—brings us to the kitchen-garden. It has been often asserted that vegetables formed a small part of the diet of Englishmen in preceding centuries,

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and that the prevalence of scurvy was due to this cause. It appears, on the contrary, that all the vegetables now in ordinary use were freely cultivated, and that there was much more variety in salads than we generally find in our modern English households. In the midst of a long list of pot-herbs we find 'Garden Patience, or Monke's Rhubarbe; a kind of Docke.' The root was used medicinally, and Parkinson adds that 'the leaves have a fine acid taste, and a syrup made with the juice and sugar cannot but be very effectuall to dejected appetites.' In our experience, the appetites of most children are further dejected by the discovery that the tart is made of rhubarb instead of gooseberries; but a rhubarb tart is at all events more palatable than one made of spinach, to which purpose Parkinson declares it to be applied 'by Cooks and Gentlewomen.'

Of sorrel, of which so little use is now made in English cookery, he says:—

> Sorrell is much used in sauces, both for the whole and the sicke, cooling the hot livers and stomackes of the sicke, and procuring unto them an appetite unto meate, when their spirits are almost spent with their furious and fierie fits; and is also of a pleasant rellish for the whole, in quickning up a dull stomacke that is over-loaden with every daies plenty of dishes. It is divers waies dressed by Cooks, to please their Masters' stomackes.

The red beet was eaten as it is now, 'with oyle and vinegar, and is accounted a delicate Sallet for the winter.' Parsley was 'much used in all sorts of meates, both boyled, fryed, roasted, stewed, &c. . . . It is also shred and stopped into powdered beefe, as also into legges of Mutton, with a little beef suet.'

From pot-herbs, which Parkinson justly regards as important ingredients of good cookery, he goes on to speak of blanched endive for salad, of spinach and different sorts of cabbage, and lettuce. He pronounces 'the Roman red Lettuce to be the best and greatest of all. For John Tradescante that first, as I thinke, brought it to England, and sowed it, did write unto mee that after one of them was bound and whited, when the refuse was cut away, the rest weighed seventeen ounces.' It seems that sauerkraut was imported into Germany from Russia. 'In the cold Countries of Russia and Muscovia, they powder up a number of Cabbages which serve them, especially the poorer sort, for their most ordinary foode in winter: and although they stinke most grievously, yet to them they are accounted good meate.'

Then there is a list of divers onions, including 'a great red Onion, brought me from beyond the Sea, that was as greate almost as two men's fistes, flat and red quite throughout, and very pleasant both to smell unto, and to eate.' John Tradescante is quoted again, as a man 'who hath been in Spaine,' with reference to the Spanish onion, which 'is very sweete, and eaten by many like an apple.' But his English taste was intolerant of garlic, which he says, 'being well boyled in salt broth, is often eaten of them that have strong stomackes,

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but will not brooke in a weake and tender stomacke. It is never eaten rawe of any man that I know.' John Tradescante's Spanish travels had probably taught him otherwise.

Yams and Jerusalem artichokes are both included under the head of potatoes: the first as the Spanish potato, and the second as the potato of Canada. The true or Virginia potato is dismissed in a few lines, and declared to be nearly of the same taste as the yam, 'but not altogether so pleasant.'

The true artichoke was, as it appears, in much greater request, although it had been only 'of late planted in Gardens, Orchards, and Fieldes, of purpose to be meate for men.' Parkinson notes the superiority of our English red artichoke to the foreign kinds, with 'a white head, the scales whereof stand staring far asunder from one another at the ends, which are sharpe.' This superiority still exists, as any one may note who has eaten the foreign artichokes which come early into the London market. He mentions beans as a diet for the poor rather than the rich, while peas are 'a dish for the table of the rich as well as the poore; the fairest, sweetest, youngest and earliest for the better sort, the later and meaner kindes for the meaner, who doe not give the deerest price.' The shoots of asparagus were, he writes, 'a sallet of as much esteem with all sorts of persons, as any other whatsoever, being boyled tender, and eaten with butter, vinegar and pepper, or oyle and vinegar.'

We must not linger in the orchard, to which Parkinson devotes his third book, and which includes all kinds of fruit; there were probably as many varieties of apples and plums as are cultivated now, and medlars, quinces, and mulberries are mentioned with honour. Small fruit was evidently less highly esteemed, although he admits that strawberries are 'a good cooling and pleasant dish in the hot Summer season.' Of the wild strawberry he says that 'it may be eaten and chewed in the mouth without any manner of offence: it is no great bearer, but those it doth beare are set at the toppes of the stalks, close together, pleasant to behold, and fit for a Gentlewoman to weare on her arme, &c., as a raritie instead of a flower.' The same negative praise is bestowed on black currants, of which he says, that 'both branches, leaves and fruit, have a kind of stinking sent with them, yet they are not unwholesome, but the berries are eaten of many, without offending either taste or smell.'

Three chapters are devoted to the process of grafting, and the tools to be used—an art in which we have probably learned little in the last two hundred years. He gives practical directions as to the best aspect for an orchard, its soil, and manures. The fruit appears to have been generally grown on standard trees, although he occasionally advises that they should be placed against a north wall. Many kinds of grapes, and even orange-trees, were grown in the open air, but he adds that the latter must be protected in the

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winter, and 'for that purpose some keepe them in great square boxes, and cause them to be rowled by trundels or small wheels into a gallerie: but no tent or meane provision will preserve them.'

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on a book curious in itself, and calling up pleasant and refreshing pictures of sunny gardens which once covered the ever-widening area on which London fastens its tentacles like a monstrous polype. We end where we began, with the suggestion that carpet-bedding should be reckoned among the luxuries of the rich and great, who keep head-gardeners at a salary which would support two curates, and who have to find employment for the army of assistants who work under these exalted chiefs, and to provide plants to fill acres of glass houses. The brilliant piece of mosaic work called a flower-garden, through which the owner walks once or twice in the course of his stay at his country-house, is as much an appendage of state as powdered footmen or stables filled with sleek and pampered horses. But for the many, for those who love flowers for their own sake, and take pleasure in gardening as an occupation which involves the expenditure of time and loving care, rather than of money, we advocate such 'a garden of delight' as old Parkinson described to readers who, like their flowers, have long since mouldered into dust—a garden in which we seek to reproduce, and by skilful culture and grouping to enhance, the luxuriance, the beauty, the infinite variety of form and colour which we find in nature.

MARGARET A. PAUL.

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THE CRIMINAL CODE (1879).

In the late session the Attorney-General introduced a Bill entitled the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) 1879, which was prepared by a Commission, consisting of Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Barry, Mr. Justice Lush, and myself. After the introduction of the Bill, but before the publication of the Report of the Commission, the Lord Chief Justice of England wrote a letter to the Attorney-General on the subject, which was published as a Parliamentary Paper on the 16th of June. The publication of this letter makes me desirous of offering to public consideration some remarks on the general scope of the Code, and on the principles on which it was framed.

I do not propose to notice the detailed criticisms on the Code put forward in the letter in question. Many of them relate to matters of technical detail of greater or less importance, which ought to be carefully considered by those who have charge of the measure before it is reintroduced into Parliament, but which can hardly be discussed to advantage by any numerous body of persons or be made intelligible to unprofessional readers. Others relate to questions of a more general kind, on which there will always be two opinions, and which must, no doubt, be made the subject of Parliamentary discussion. By way of illustration I may observe that the question whether the section of the Code which defines the extent of its application to foreigners is properly worded or not is a question for experts. The question whether the prisoner should be a competent witness is a question to be decided by Parliament.

I may perhaps, in a separate article, be able to offer a few remarks on some of these more general points, with the view of contributing something to the Parliamentary discussion of the measure. The sole object of the present article is to give explanations as to the general scope of the measure. I may observe that the greater part of what I have to say is either stated expressly or assumed in the Report of the Commissioners, but it is practically impossible to get people to read blue books, and many things are of necessity omitted from the report of a Commission which an individual member, writing in his own name, may naturally wish to say. The Lord

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Chief Justice's letter was written, and I think published, before the publication of the Report, which, for some reason unknown to me, was delayed till long after it had been signed. It is, I think, to be regretted that when the letter was written, the author had not the Report before him, as it would no doubt have led him either to modify or to develope at greater length the criticisms to which I propose to address myself. This, however, is a misfortune for which neither the Commission nor the Lord Chief Justice is responsible.

The observations made by the Lord Chief Justice upon the Code regarded as a whole are as follows.

After saying that he is a 'firm believer in not only the expediency and possibility, but also in the coming necessity of codification,' he proceeds to say that he sees 'in the present Bill every encouragement to persevere in the attempt to codify the criminal law,' and he adds the following observations:—

> It is impossible not to appreciate the vast amount of labour which has been bestowed on the work by the Commissioners, or the great learning and research displayed in it. I am indeed astonished that they should have done so much in so short a time. It was impossible they should do more. And a serious mistake was, I cannot but think, made in supposing that so great and difficult a work as that of stating the criminal law in all its voluminous details, with a due regard to arrangement and classification, in language carefully selected—avoiding on the one hand the cumbrous, prolix, inartificial, and bewildering phraseology of our statutes, and on the other hand taking care that the terms used shall be sufficiently comprehensive to embrace every case which is intended to come within it—could possibly be effected in the comparatively short time for which, consistently with a due regard to their judicial duties,[1] two members at least of the Commission could devote themselves to the work. I am not, therefore, surprised at the signs of haste which are apparent in many parts of the Bill, and more particularly the latter part of it, relating to procedure. We have to thank the Commissioners for having collected abundant materials for a complete and perfect Code. But I cannot concur in thinking that they have as yet presented us with such a Code; and I am bound to say that in my opinion a great deal remains to be done to make the present Code a complete and perfect exposition, or a definitive settlement, of the criminal law.

Whatever may be the value of the Bill of 1879, I do not think that the mistake referred to by the Lord Chief Justice was in fact made. The Commissioners were not required to codify the criminal law. They were required to inquire into, consider, and report upon the draft Code of 1878, upon which, in the language of the Report, the Bill of 1879 'was founded throughout.' The history of the Bill of 1878 was related with characteristic generosity by the Attorney-General in the speech in which he introduced it into Parliament. The materials for that Bill were collected by me, and were

[1] There were three judicial members of that Commission, Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Barry, and Mr. Justice Lush. They were relieved from all judicial duty, with small exceptions, whilst the Commission sat. Almost the whole of my time and of the time of Mr. Cowie, the secretary, was devoted to the work of the Commission, which sat for five months and more from day to day.

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contained in my *Digest of the Criminal Law*, published in 1877. The Bill of 1879 thus represents not the labours of a Commission of four members which sat for five months, but the judgment formed by such a Commission on a work adopted by the Attorney-General after most careful study, and on which I had expended a considerable part of the work of twenty-five years. I do not think any Commission, however able, could collect all the materials for a Criminal Code and draw the Code in five months, but I do not see why such a body should not be able in that time to criticise a Code already prepared for them. As to the criticism which the Code actually did receive, I will say only that I doubt whether any draft was ever subjected to such a test. Every section, every sentence, every word was weighed again and again. Every authority for each proposition was carefully examined. Though the real difference between the Bill of 1878 and the Bill of 1879 is not great, and though they coincide almost exactly in extent and, with only two exceptions of any importance, in arrangement, the form of expression is modified more or less in almost every section. This is of importance only because it shows that more time and pains were expended on the work than the Lord Chief Justice's language would imply, and I need insist on the matter no further. The criticisms which I wish to examine at length are those which affect the principles on which the Bill was framed. They occur in the following passages.

We have next a section (s. 5) which I cannot contemplate without much regret, as it proceeds upon a principle which I cannot help thinking fatal to the completeness of the Code, and seriously detrimental to its utility. While the Act abrogates the whole of the common law with reference to offences being proceeded against under it, which was of course necessary, it keeps alive statutes, or parts of statutes, relating to the criminal law; the whole of which in the present Code should cease to have a separate existence, and, so far as it is desirable to keep these enactments alive, should be embodied in it. It is of the very essence of a perfect Code that it shall contain and provide for whatever it is intended shall be the law at the date of its formation; so that both those who have to administer the law, whether in its preliminary or after stages, and those who have to obey it, should have it before them as a whole, without having to search for it in Acts of Parliament scattered over the Statute Book, and which most persons, at least so far as the laity are concerned, are ignorant of, and know not where to find. The main purpose of a codification of the law is utterly defeated by leaving the Code to be supplemented by reference to statutes, and, what is still worse, to parts of statutes, which are still to remain in force, but are not embodied in it. On turning to the second Schedule of the Bill, which deals with the repeal of existing statutes, I find that, out of 83 Acts of Parliament therein dealt with, no less than 39, some of them very important ones, are thus partially repealed and partially left standing. Nor, in dealing with the latter class, is any system adopted. Sometimes a whole Act is repealed with the exception of a section; sometimes a single section, or one or two sections, of a voluminous Act are abolished. I have no hesitation in saying that the course thus pursued is radically wrong, and can only lead to embarrassment and confusion. Whatever is intended to form part of our penal law, whether derived from the common law or statute law, should be embodied in, and form part of, the intended Code, not by reference to Acts of Parliament to be found in the statutes at large,

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but by its actual presence in the Code. After a careful study of the law, as exhibited in the proposed Code, a person would still remain ignorant of many important parts of it contained in the portions of the statute law thus remaining unrepealed and omitted from the Code. Is this the fitting result of codification? I cannot think so; and would earnestly recommend that the statutes thus partially repealed should be entirely got rid of, and that the parts retained, so far as they relate to the offences dealt with by the Code, should be introduced into the present statute, and form part of the Code, a matter easy of accomplishment at the expense of a very little time and trouble.

Further on, in some remarks on the repealing schedule, the Lord Chief Justice observes with reference to certain sections of the Larceny Act which are left unrepealed:—

It is obvious that the reason for the retention of these sections is the intended omission from the Code of all offences punishable on summary conviction; and herein, as it seems to me, is to be found a radical defect, which must necessarily mar the completeness of the work, namely, that when dealing with offences, its operation is limited to such offences when the subject of indictment; but surely, whatever constitutes an offence against the penal law should properly find its place in a code which can only be complete if it sets forth that law in its entirety. The offence being established, the mode in which, under different circumstances, the offender may be proceeded against, and the punishment which, according to the degree of guilt, may be awarded, should be set forth. It is all-important to those who have to administer the penal law in its subordinate departments, to have the law before them as an entire and unbroken whole. The present Code does that for them when, as magistrates, they are called upon to take the information against a party accused; why should it not do so when they are called upon to deal with offences summarily as judges in a judicial capacity? It would no doubt be impracticable to enumerate all the instances in which penalties are resorted to for the purpose of enforcing the performance of duties, or the observance of police or sanitary regulations, or the like; but we are here dealing with acts which the proposed law constitutes crimes, and which are so dealt with in the Code. It is exclusively to these that my observations apply; it seems in the highest degree illogical to omit all mention of them, and all reference to the procedure applicable to them, when dealt with otherwise than by indictment, simply because the degree of guilt is less, or the circumstances are such that the fuller and more formal methods of proceeding may be dispensed with. The offences being, as they necessarily must be, specified, it would occupy but comparatively little space, and cause little additional trouble, to say under what circumstances such of them as it is intended to make the subject of summary proceeding shall be so subject, and what in such case shall be the method of proceeding and the measure of punishment.

Elsewhere he says:—

I pass on to Part III., which deals with the matter of 'justification and excuse for acts which would be otherwise offences,' a most important part of the law. Great indeed was my astonishment on reading the first clause (Section 19), which is in these terms: 'All rules and principles of the common law which render any circumstances a justification or excuse for any act or a defence to any charge, shall remain in force, and be applicable to any defence to a charge under this Act, except in so far as they are thereby altered, or are inconsistent therewith.' Such a provision appears to me altogether inconsistent with every idea of codification of the law. If it is worth while to codify at all, whatever forms a material part of the law should find its place in the Code. The circumstances under which acts, which would otherwise be criminal, will be excused or justified, form an essential part of

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the law, whether unwritten or written. If the unwritten law is, as part of the law to be embodied in a Code, so material a part of it as that with which we are dealing ought certainly to be carried into the Code, and should not be left at large, to be sought for in the unwritten and traditional law, which, the Code once established, it will be worth no one's while to study, and which will speedily become obsolete. We have done with the common law so far as relates to criminal matters. No one is henceforth to be indicted under it. Why then is this particular part of it to be kept alive? Why should not its rules, which it is thus proposed to make applicable to offences under the Code, be ascertained, as the enactment in question assumes them to be capable of being, and carried into the code, and thereby this part of it rendered complete?

I have given these extracts at length in order that the reader may have before him all that their distinguished author has to say on the subjects to which they relate. In a summary form they may be stated thus.

The Bill laid before Parliament is neither complete nor perfect. It is not perfect because it is open to many objections in detail. It is not complete because it does not express the whole of the criminal law, but leaves still existing many statutes which create offences, and some parts of the common law relating to matters of excuse and justification. If, therefore, the Code should become law, it would not contain the whole of the criminal law. There would still be statutory offences in other Acts of Parliament unrepealed by it, and there would still be a certain quantity of common law which would be contained in no authoritative written document. The result is that the so-called Code is not properly entitled to that designation, which ought to be reserved for Acts reducing to writing the whole of the body of law to which they apply.

Taking so very deep an interest in the success of the measure as I do, I think I ought to give such explanations on the subject of these remarks as I am able to afford. I will deal with them in the order in which I have quoted them, which is also the order in which they occur in the Lord Chief Justice's letter.

The Code, it is said, is neither perfect nor complete. First as to perfection. Absolute perfection cannot, of course, be required of any human undertaking. If Parliament, before accepting a Criminal Code, waits till one is laid before it to which no objection at all can be taken, and which is open to no criticism in any of its details, it may wait for ever. The absence of such perfection, therefore, cannot be the fault with which the Lord Chief Justice charges the Code. I suppose, therefore, that he refers to those detailed objections which, for the reasons already given, I do not propose to deal with on the present occasion. I will, however, make one general observation upon them. I think Parliament would make a serious mistake if it were to delay the enactment of a Code otherwise satisfactory, because it was alleged, even on high authority, to contain mistakes in detail. In the first place the existence of such mistakes is almost

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always a matter of uncertainty. Expressions which to one person appear ambiguous, are to another clear. Difficulties of interpretation which, before an Act passes, are pronounced to be insuperable, are overcome when they arise in actual practice. The reason is that the minds of the critic and the judge are, and indeed ought to be, in attitudes essentially different. The critic is trying to detect faults. The judge is trying to do justice. The one, in other words, is intent on showing that this or that expression is incomplete, or capable of being misunderstood. The other is trying in good faith to ascertain the real meaning of the words before him.

In the second place the existence of a great number of unquestionable defects of detail is a matter of practically little importance in comparison with the advantages of comprehensive legislation. Endless instances of this might be given, but I will content myself with one or two. The nearest approach which we now possess to a Criminal Code is to be found in the Consolidation Acts of 1861. I suppose no one will deny either their want of any approach to completeness, or that they are full of faults of detail. They contain little more than half the whole mass of the criminal law. They assume the existence of all the common law definitions of crime, and of the other common law doctrines relating to it. Some parts of them are so drawn as to be scarcely intelligible,[2] and the critical examination of them which formed part of the labours of the Criminal Code Commission, brought to light, I think in every one of them, errors in drafting about the existence of which there could hardly be two opinions.

True, however, as all this is, there can, I think, be equally little doubt of the extreme practical utility of these acts. They cleared the Statute Book of the whole or part of 107 statutes, and brought the most important and most commonly used part of the criminal law into a moderate compass. The great bulk of the offences committed during the last eighteen years have been dealt with under their provisions, and I calculated two years ago that in the course of sixteen years less than thirty decisions had been given by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved on the meaning of any part of them.[3]

I might illustrate the same point from the history of the Indian Penal Code. I do not believe that any measure could have met with more complete practical success, but I could, if it were necessary to do so, point out all sorts of imperfections in it. A Penal Code was in force in the Bombay Presidency from 1828 down to 1861, which, though assuredly very imperfect, answered all practical purposes exceedingly well. The same might be said of a similar law enacted by Lord Lawrence and his colleagues for the Punjab.

The French Code Pénal has been in force for just seventy years,

[2] See particularly the Forgery Act, 24 and 25 Vic. c. 98.

[3] See the Introduction to my *Digest of the Criminal Law*, p. xvi.

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and regulates all the most important French criminal trials. Yet it is drawn in many places with what an English lawyer would regard as most dangerous latitude. Take, for instance, the following provision. 'Il n'y a ni crime ni délit lorsque le prévenu était en état de démence au temps de l'action, ou lorsqu'il aura été contraint par une force à laquelle il n'a pu résister' (art. 64).[4] The first part of the article seems to imply that a man who is under a delusion that A has injured him, may with impunity forge B's acceptance to a bill of exchange, though there is no connection between the delusion and the forgery. The latter part of the article may either mean that no compulsion which leaves a physical possibility of resistance excuses what would otherwise be a crime, or that any compulsion which from weakness of character or otherwise the person over whom it is exercised is in fact unable to resist, will excuse any offence. The importance of this latitude of expression is increased by the fact that the decisions of the highest French courts have no binding authority, so that the Cour de Cassation of to-day may interpret an article differently from the Cour de Cassation of ten years ago.

In general my observation upon the charge that the Criminal Code is imperfect would be that that is a reason not for rejecting but for amending it, either during its passage through Parliament, or after its imperfections have been brought to light by the only conclusive test, namely, judicial decisions.

The Lord Chief Justice seems to take a different view. He says that the Commissioners have 'collected abundant materials for a complete and perfect Code,' an expression which seems to imply that the Code should be redrawn. I cannot agree with this view, if indeed it is suggested. No one of course would claim finality for any Act of Parliament, whether it is called a Code or not; but if a Code can be enacted satisfactory in its general scheme and in the most important part of its provisions, it would be better to pass it, and to amend it afterwards if necessary, than to throw it aside that some persons other than its original authors may use it as 'materials' for something which they consider more perfect. A finished work which is a whole in itself may of course be amended in detail to any extent, but if it is treated merely as 'materials' for something else, the result will never be satisfactory. It will be a hybrid for which neither the original authors nor the persons who recast their work will be really responsible, and the confusion engendered by the employment of different styles and the mixture of different principles of arrangement is likely to produce greater defects than the introduction of additional matter can remedy. If the Commissioners have only 'collected abundant materials for a complete and perfect Code,' it would be

[4] This article seems never to have been altered or modified. (See 'Codes et Lois usuelles.' Roger et Sorel, 1879.)

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important to know how, and by whom, that complete and perfect Code is to be framed. Parliament in enacting a Code must, from the nature of the case, place much confidence in some one. They were asked in this instance to place that confidence in a bill introduced by an Attorney-General who had had exceptionally wide experience in criminal cases, and approved by the Lord Chancellor; a bill representing the labour of many of the best years of my life; a bill which had been revised and settled by three eminent judges. I think that something more than imperfection ought to be proved against such a work before it is rejected on that ground. It ought to be shown to be a failure, to be so faulty that no confidence can be placed in it, or so incomplete as not to deserve the title which it claims.

The phrase may, however, be employed in a different sense from that which I have ascribed to it. If the expression means only that the draft of the Commissioners may, without being redrawn, be made both 'complete and perfect' by amendments in substance and arrangement which the Lord Chief Justice is prepared to suggest, I accept his statement as embodying high praise proceeding from one of the greatest of living authorities. It has always been a subject of regret to me that the Lord Chief Justice was not himself a member of the Commission. If he is willing to undertake the labour of minute criticism, nothing but good can result from his exertions, and both the public and the Commissioners will, in my opinion, be greatly indebted to him.

I now proceed to examine the statement that the Code is incomplete. Upon Section 5 of the Code,[5] the Lord Chief Justice makes the observations already quoted in full. The gist of them lies in the following words:—

> The Act . . . keeps alive statutes, or parts of statutes, relating to the criminal law; the whole of which, in the present Code, should cease to have a separate existence, and, so far as it is desirable to keep those enactments alive, should be embodied in it. It is of the very essence of a perfect Code that it shall contain and provide for whatever it is intended shall be the law at the date of its formation. . . . The main purpose of a codification of the law is utterly defeated by leaving the Code to be supplemented by reference to statutes, and, what is still worse, to parts of statutes, which are still to remain in force, but are not embodied in it.

[5] Every one who, after this Act comes into force, is a party to any indictable offence shall be proceeded against under some provision of this Act, or under some provision of some statute not inconsistent therewith and not repealed, and shall not be proceeded against in England or Ireland at common law. Provided that when any offender is punishable, both under this Act and under any other statute, every such offender may be tried and punished either under this Act or such other statute; and when any offender is punishable under two or more sections of this Act, he may be tried and punished under any of such sections; provided also that nothing in this Act shall extend to any proceeding by way of parliamentary impeachment, or to affect the Court of the Queen in Parliament, or the Court of the Lord High Steward, or the right of any person entitled by privilege of peerage to be tried therein, or to affect the privilege of peerage in any way whatever.'

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In a word, the Code does not include all statutory offences, and is therefore incomplete. I admit the fact, but I deny the conclusion. If the Lord Chief Justice had had the Report of the Commissioners before him when he made this observation, he would no doubt have thought it right to notice the matters stated at pp. 12, 13, under the heading, 'What a Criminal Code should contain.' The matter contained in the passage referred to is quoted below, but some further explanations may be necessary to enable unprofessional readers to appreciate its importance.

The enterprise of codification is hampered by two opposite sets of objections. On the one hand, the process is declared to be impossible, and objectionable if possible. On the other hand, it is not at all uncommon to speak highly of the importance of codification, but at the same time to prescribe to the codifier an unattainable standard of perfection. The result of the two ways of treating the subject is identical. Codification upon either view is impossible. One objector proves this *à priori*. The other admits its theoretical possibility, but is prepared to prove that any given Code is not worth having. The objections urged against all codification, and the criticisms made on particular Codes, thus throw light on each other.

The objections against codification commonly relied upon are these. The laws of all countries, and above most others the laws of England, have a history. They have been enacted by degrees, as circumstances rendered them necessary, and unless you are prepared to revolutionise them altogether, you will never be able to reduce them to an exact symmetrical system. You can no more give to an ancient body of law the symmetrical completeness which might perhaps be attained in legislating for a new country, than you can give to an ancient house, built at various periods, in different styles, and with a view to different habits of life, the simplicity and unity of plan which you expect in an entirely new house.

It is commonly added that to reduce the whole of the law to a definite written form would, if possible, be undesirable. Such a process, it is said, would 'deprive the common law of its elasticity.' An unwritten law can, it is said, be moulded by the courts so as to suit the wants of different generations, and to meet social changes. A written law can be altered only by the Legislature. The best and most useful part of the law of England is unwritten, and the process by which this unwritten law was produced must necessarily be brought to an end if the law is, once for all, reduced to writing.

These are the standing objections to codification. The true answer to them appears to me to supply an answer at the same time to the criticisms made by the Lord Chief Justice on this particular proposed Code. The answer is that each of them ascribes to the advocates of codification pretensions which ought not to be, and which, if they understand the subject, are not, advanced by them. It

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is perfectly true that the legislation of a nation so ancient, and composed of such varied classes and interests as our own, can never be deprived of its historical character and reduced to mathematical regularity; but it is no less true that large departments of it, perhaps in time the whole of it, may be far more distinctly, conveniently, and systematically arranged than they are at present, though that arrangement ought always to have reference as well to past history, and to proved convenience, as to theoretical symmetry.

It is also perfectly true that no part of the law is better entitled to respect, or more carefully and skilfully adapted to public convenience, than that part of it which is contained in decided cases, or (to use an expression which I think incorrect, though it is very common) which is due to the elasticity of the common law. But it is not inconsistent with this to be of opinion, that, when a sufficient number of judicial decisions have clearly defined a principle or laid down a rule, an authoritative statutory statement of that principle or rule superseding the cases on which it depends, is a great convenience on many well-known grounds, and especially because it abbreviates the law and renders it distinct to an incredible extent. The definition of the crimes of theft and murder would probably supersede many volumes of law reports.

It seems to me to follow, upon the whole, that in preparing a code of any given branch of the law, composed partly of statutes and partly of common law, the proper course is to have regard, in consolidating the statutes, not merely to their position in reference to any particular theory or system, but to their history; and in codifying the common law to put the result of the existing judicial decisions and other authorities into the most convenient and systematic form that can be devised, but to take care not to impair the exercise of judicial discretion (or, in other words, the elasticity of the common law) on points at which it may still be needed. I will now proceed to show that the charge of incompleteness against the draft Criminal Code really amounts to this, that its authors have had a careful regard to these considerations.

First, I will refer to the statutes which they have not thought it expedient to incorporate in the Code, although some of their provisions create indictable offences.

They ought, it is said, to have collected into one body all statutory provisions creating crimes intended to be in force for the future. This is no doubt true in general terms, but it requires limitations which are suggested by the question, What is a crime? I suppose that in strict theory it would be impossible to define a crime otherwise than as an act or omission punished by law, and hence it may be inferred that a complete Criminal Code ought to contain a complete specification of all acts or omissions punished by law, or, to use the Lord Chief Justice's expression, that upon its enact-

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ment all statutory offences should cease to have a separate existence. If, however, we refer either to the common use of language, or to the history and present state of English legislation, it will be found that this definition is too wide for practical purposes, and that the result of taking it as the basis of a Criminal Code would be to produce an Act clumsy, heterogeneous, and practically inconvenient. The reason is that Parliament has for many reasons, at different times, subjected to punishment various acts which would not usually be described as crimes. These acts may be reduced to four well-marked classes enumerated below.

If, on the other hand, for a rigid definition of a crime, we substitute a description sufficiently accurate for practical purposes, we shall arrive at a different result. For this purpose a crime may be said to be an act or omission punished either because it disturbs the public peace or interferes with some well-known and commonly recognised public interest, or because it inflicts injury on the person, or property, or reputation, of an individual. A Criminal Code, founded on this description of a crime, would include all the offences against the public or against individuals with which the common criminal courts—the assizes and the quarter sessions—are usually concerned; it would, in a word, include all indictable offences. Such a Code would, if well drawn, be sufficient for all the ordinary purposes of judges, counsel, magistrates, solicitors, and others engaged in the common run of criminal business. It would, no doubt, omit some offences, some 'crimes' in the widest sense of the word, at each end of the scale. It would not interfere, on the one hand, with the 'high crimes and misdemeanours' which once or twice in a century may require a parliamentary impeachment. It would not provide, on the other hand, for offences usually dealt with by magistrates in the exercise of their summary jurisdiction.

Parliamentary impeachments and acts of attainder obviously lie out of the province of what is commonly understood by the criminal law. It would be idle to attempt to define such offences as were imputed to Warren Hastings[6] or Lord Strafford. The two Houses of Parliament in such cases act rather as *ex post facto* legislators than the one as an accuser and the other as a judge. I suppose, however, that no one will seriously maintain that the Code is incomplete because it does not deal with this matter. I need not therefore enlarge upon it.

As to the omission of summary offences some remarks may be

[6] It is exceedingly difficult to find a copy of the articles of impeachment against Hastings, and when they are found it is almost impossible to disentangle from the cloud of words, and the angry rhetoric which pervades them, any distinct or pointed charge such as would be required in an indictment. There have been little more than fifty impeachments in the whole course of English history, and four only since 1725—namely, those of Lord Macclesfield in 1725, Lord Lovat in 1746, Warren Hastings in 1785, and Lord Melville in 1806.

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needed. I think that this omission is approved (subject to some exceptions) by the Lord Chief Justice himself. He says, in one of the passages already quoted, that 'it would be impracticable to enumerate' (*i.e.* in the Code) 'all the instances in which penalties are resorted to for the purpose of enforcing the performance of duties, or the observance of police or sanitary regulations, or the like.' This is unquestionably true. A Criminal Code would be a strangely cumbrous and heterogeneous production if it contained not only provisions relating to treason, murder, theft, and forgery, but provisions taken from the Poor Laws, the Vagrancy Acts, the Local Government Act, the Police and Highway Acts, the Acts for the protection of sea-fowl and the regulation of salmon rivers, the greater part of the Game Laws, Acts regulating the sale of explosive substances, and other provisions upon an infinite variety of other subjects too numerous to mention. There are several hundred provisions of this kind in the Statute Book. Many of them (the Game Laws for instance) could not be re-enacted without rousing most acrimonious discussions. Many of them stand greatly in need of reconsideration.[7] I think it would be hardly possible to devise any arrangement which would find appropriate places in one Code for both summary and indictable offences. Nor do I think there would be any advantage in doing so. Summary offences and indictable offences are adjudicated upon by different courts, and according to a different system of procedure. The practitioners usually concerned with them are different; and, above all, the offences themselves are, generally speaking, not what in popular language would be described as crimes. A man may be fined, but would hardly be described as a criminal, for not sweeping the snow from the pavement in front of his house, or for shooting a sea-gull in breeding time. A Code of Summary Offences would, I have no doubt, be a most useful undertaking, and it would form a proper supplement to the Summary Jurisdiction Act passed last session, but to attempt to make it a part of a Criminal Code would be to introduce into the law confusion instead of symmetry.

As I have already observed, I do not think that the Lord Chief Justice would dissent from these observations, though, if hastily read, some of his criticisms would appear to imply that he would. The objection which he does make to the Code on this particular matter is in part, I think, due to a slight and natural oversight, and is in part of a somewhat technical nature.

In the passage quoted above he observes that 'when dealing with offences' the operation of the Code 'is limited to such offences when the object of indictment;' and he appears to be under the impression that the effect of the Code would be that a person tried for theft (say) upon an indictment would have to be brought within the definition of that offence given in the Code, whereas, if he were proceeded

[7] *E.g.* the Vagrancy Act, the Police Acts, the Highway Act.

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against in a summary way for the same offence, the magistrates must be guided by the common law definition. This difficulty was foreseen and provided against by the Commissioners in Section 552. As it is the very last provision in the Code, it may probably have escaped the attention of the Lord Chief Justice. I am not sure that the section is not too narrowly worded, but this is a small matter which could easily be set right. There can be no doubt that in principle the Lord Chief Justice is perfectly right. Every offence defined in the Code ought to be defined for all purposes.

Part of the criticism quoted applies to a more technical and intricate matter. The Lord Chief Justice seems to think that too many of the sections of the Consolidation Acts of 1861 which create summary offences are left unrepealed. I do not propose to enter here upon this matter. The remarks made by the Lord Chief Justice on the repealing schedule are extremely valuable, and ought to be carefully considered before the Bill is reintroduced. I think that the schedule might be considerably enlarged with no real risk, and to the great advantage of the Statute Book. However this may be, the legislation of the last session, and especially the Summary Jurisdiction Act, will make several alterations in the Code necessary. This, however, is a matter not likely to be interesting to any except professional readers.

The way in which the Code deals with summary offences is, however, only one of the omissions on the ground of which it is charged with incompleteness. There are other statutory offences which it leaves unrepealed without re-enacting the provisions which create them. This the Lord Chief Justice considers radically wrong.

He observes:—

> The main purpose of a codification of the law is utterly defeated by leaving the Code to be supplemented by reference to statutes, and, what is worse, to parts of statutes, which are still to remain in force, but are not embodied in it. And (he adds) whatever is intended to form part of our penal law should be embodied in and form part of the intended Code, not by reference to Acts of Parliament to be found in the statutes at large, but by its actual presence in the Code.

It may, I think, be shown that these propositions, though their general soundness is unquestionable, require some qualification. An enumeration of the classes of enactments omitted is given in the Report (pp. 12, 13), and will, I think, be found to justify the course taken. It is as follows:—

1. A certain number of statutes create indictable offences, which are rather historical monuments of the political and religious struggles of former times than part of the ordinary criminal law. As instances, we may refer to 1 Eliz. c. 2, which punishes 'depraving or despising the Book of Common Prayer,' on a third conviction, by imprisonment for life; the 2 and 3 Edw. VI. c. 1, which inflicts the like punishment on clergymen who refuse to use the said book (these

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statutes are applied to the existing Prayer Book by 14 Ch. II. c. 4, s. 20); the 13 Eliz. c. 2, which makes it high treason to 'use or put in ure' certain kinds of papal bulls (as to which, however, see 9 and 10 Vic. c. 59); the 13 Ch. II. c. 5, which punishes with fine and imprisonment all persons who collect more than twenty signatures to a petition to Parliament without leave from certain specified authorities.

2. A certain number of statutes create indictable offences which cannot perhaps be said to be obsolete, but which were passed under special circumstances, and which are seldom, if ever, enforced. To propose either to re-enact or to repeal them would be to revive, without any practical advantage, controversies which would probably be both bitter and useless. We propose, therefore, to leave them untouched. As instances of statutes of this class, we may mention the Royal Marriage Act, 12 Geo. III. c. 11, which subjects persons present at the celebration of certain marriages to a præmunire; the 21 Geo. III. c. 49, the Lord's Day Observance Act, which declares certain places opened for amusement or discussion on Sundays to be disorderly houses; the 39 Geo. III. c. 79, which subjects the members of certain societies to seven years' penal servitude; the 57 Geo. III. c. 19, which forbids political meetings within a mile of Westminster Hall during the sitting of Parliament or the courts of justice; the clauses of the Catholic Emancipation Act (10 Geo. IV. c. 7, ss. 28, 29, &c.), which bring Jesuits, monks, &c., under extremely severe penalties, extending, under some circumstances, to penal servitude for life.[8]

3. Many statutes which create indictable offences are of so special a nature, and are so closely connected with branches of law which have little or nothing to do with crimes commonly so called, that it seems better to leave them as they stand than to introduce them into a Criminal Code. The following are the most important statutes of this class:—the Acts for the Suppression of the Slave Trade (5 Geo. IV. c. 113, 36 and 37 Vic. c. 88); the Foreign Enlistment Act (33 and 34 Vic. c. 90); the Corrupt Practices Acts (17 and 18 Vic. c. 102, and some others); the Customs Act (39 and 40 Vic. c. 36); the Post Office Act (7 Will. IV. and 1 Vic. c. 36); the Merchant Shipping Acts (17 and 18 Vic. c. 104, and several others). These Acts are complete in themselves, and though each creates indictable offences, each would be mutilated and rendered far less convenient than it is at present, if the parts which create offences were separated from the parts which deal with other matters; whilst if the offences were transferred to the proposed Code in a form intelligible and complete, they would necessitate the introduction of an

[8] My personal opinion is that all the Acts mentioned under this and the preceding head might be properly put in the repealing schedule; but this is rather a question of general policy than of the codification of the criminal law. I would also take the opportunity of repealing the criminal jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts over the laity. It is practically obsolete, and might be made the subject of great abuse.

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amount of matter which would render it inconveniently cumbersome without any corresponding advantage.[9]

4. A large number of statutes contain clauses of a penal nature, intended to sanction their other provisions, and scarcely intelligible apart from them. Thus the 25 Hen. VIII. c. 20 provides for the election of archbishops and bishops by deans and chapters upon the king's license, and section 6 enacts that persons refusing to elect shall be liable to a præmunire. The Marriage Acts of 1823 (4 Geo. IV. c. 76) and 1837 (6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 85) both punish the celebration of marriages otherwise than in certain specified ways. The Acts which regulate lunatic asylums create several special offences (*e.g.* 8 & 9 Vic. c. 100, s. 56; 18 & 19 Vic. c. 105, s. 18). The Acts which establish certain prisons give special powers to the keepers of the prisons, and subject the prisoners to special punishments for particular offences (see as to Parkhurst prison, 1 & 2 Vic. c. 82, s. 12; Pentonville, 5 & 6 Vic. c. 29, s. 24; Millbank, 6 & 7 Vic. c. 26, s. 22). It is obvious that many clauses of this sort are more conveniently placed in the special Acts than they would be in a general Criminal Code.[10]

I would confidently ask (1) which of these classes of statutory offences the Commissioners ought to have included in the Code? and (2) what statutory offence not falling under one of these heads they have excluded from it? If neither of these questions admits of an answer, I maintain that the Code, as regards statutory offences, is complete, that it contains all the statutory offences which could properly be introduced into it, and omits those only which would have made it cumbrous and inconvenient, and which are more conveniently placed elsewhere. I would further observe that it is inconsistent to say first that the Code ought to contain all penal enactments, and next that it ought to contain no partial repeals. If it is to contain all penal enactments, it must contain, *e.g.*, the penal clauses of the Merchant Shipping Act. If it is to contain no partial repeals, it cannot repeal those sections. The only way by which this could be avoided would be by making the whole of every Act which contains any penal clause a part of the Criminal Code; but this would have the absurd

[9] As a special illustration I may observe that the Foreign Enlistment Act consists of thirty-three sections, ten of which define indictable offences. Of the remaining twenty-three, twenty contain provisions as to procedure, and confer special powers upon officers of customs, the Secretary of State, and other official persons. The two sets of sections imply each other's existence. If part only were transferred to a Criminal Code, a cross reference to the others would be necessary. If the whole Act were embodied in a Criminal Code, it would be out of keeping with the rest.

[10] I may add that a great number of special provisions are to be found in different Acts punishing the forgery of particular documents the use of which is prescribed by the Act, or the making of false declarations in cases in which the Act requires a declaration to be made. All these cases would be provided for by ss. 122 and 123, or some one of the provisions as to forgery.

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effect of making the Criminal Code contain the whole of the Merchant Shipping Acts, the Customs Act, the Post Office Act, and many others.

In concluding my remarks upon this point I may observe that one criticism of the Lord Chief Justice is either founded on a misconception or at least suggests one. Some of the phrases already quoted suggest that the Criminal Code embodies in itself other statutes by way of reference. This mode of legislation is no doubt attended with some inconveniences, though I think they are often exaggerated; but, however this may be, the number of references to other Acts in the Criminal Code is so small, that it may be said to be substantially complete in itself. I give in a note a complete list of the exceptions.[11]

I may add in connection with this subject, that a comparison between the Bill of 1878 and the Bill of 1879 will show that though the Bill of 1879 omits a variety of statutes which I had included in the Bill of 1878 (the acts relating to the Slave Trade, the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the Corrupt Practices Act were the most important), it contains, I think, only two statutory offences which I had overlooked, namely, 23 & 24 Vic. c. 75, s. 12, which punishes the offence of aiding the escape of a criminal lunatic, and 50 Geo. III. c. 59, s. 2, which punishes public officers making false statements in their accounts. The Commission checked the contents of the Bill by reference to a variety of indexes to the statute book, and to catalogues of indictable offences of more or less authority, amongst which I may particularly mention lists prepared by Mr. R. S. Wright for the Statute Law Revision Committee.

So very close a correspondence between the results arrived at by myself in the Bill of 1878 and by the subsequent independent inquiries of the Commission is, I think, a strong proof of the completeness of the Bill of 1879 so far as statutory offences are concerned.

It is, however, objected that the Code is incomplete in relation to the common law, as well as in relation to the statute law. Part III. deals with matter of justification and excuse for what would otherwise be offences, and begins with a section[12] which the Lord Chief Justice says he 'read with astonishment,' and which appears to him 'inconsistent with every idea of a codification of the law.' 'If

[11] §§ 8 and 75 refer to the Act for private executions. §§ 411, 413, and 444 refer to the English and Irish Bankruptcy Acts. § 421 refers to the Conspiracy Act, 1875. § 432 refers to the Habeas Corpus Acts for England and Ireland. § 473 refers to 11 and 12 Vic. c. 42, and the corresponding Irish Act. § 478 refers to the English and Irish Juries Act. It will be seen on reference to these sections that in no case is any act incorporated with the Code. In nearly every instance the reason for the reference is obvious on inspection. In a single instance (that of s. 473) its necessity appears to me doubtful.

[12] § 19. All rules and principles of the common law which render any circumstances a justification or excuse for any act or a defence to any charge, shall remain in force and be applicable to any defence to a charge under this Act, except in so far as they are hereby altered or are inconsistent herewith.

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it is worth while to codify at all, whatever is a material part of the law should find its place in the Code;' and he goes on to ask why, if all common law definitions of crimes are abolished, the part of the common law which relates to matter of excuse or justification is kept alive.

In order to answer this question fully, it will be necessary to consider what the common law relating to crime is.

The expression 'common law' has two perfectly distinct meanings. It means in the first place those parts of the known and ascertained law which are to be found in decided cases and in the works of authoritative writers like Coke or Hale, but which have never been reduced to the form of a statute. It means in the second place not a part of the law actually existing, but law which has only a potential existence—that which, if the case should ever occur, the judges would declare to be the law. In this case the expression 'common law' means the qualified power which the judges possess of making new law, under the fiction of declaring existing law in cases unprovided for by existing statutes or other authorities. The qualification upon this power is that the new law must be so made as to develope, and not otherwise to innovate upon, the law which already exists. The judges must be guided in making it not by their own views of expediency or justice solely, but mainly by carrying established principles and analogies a step further than they have hitherto been carried.

Nearly the whole of the existing common law (in the first of these two senses) has been made by the common law in the second sense, that is to say by the exercise of this modified power of legislation. This process of reproduction is often described as 'the elasticity of the common law,' a form of expression which conceals a power vested in human beings by describing it as a quality inherent in a collection of words.

This fiction leads to much misunderstanding. Amongst other things, it suggests that that part of the law which, though well ascertained, is contained not in the Statute Book, but in the Reports, is less determinate than that which is contained in the Statute Book. This is not the case. On the contrary, when any proposition has once been solemnly held to be a part of the common law, it becomes as inelastic as if it were embodied in an Act of Parliament, and neither the judges nor any other authority except that of Parliament can alter it. So long as it is doubtful whether the judges will decide this way or that, their judicial discretion or qualified legislative authority is still unexhausted upon that matter, and the common law is to that extent elastic. For instance, before the decision in R. *v.* Keyn (the 'Franconia' case) the common law was elastic as to the question, or, in other words, the judges had a qualified legislative authority to decide in case of need the question, Whether a foreigner committing a crime on board a foreign ship within three miles of the coast was liable to

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be tried in an English court. The case of R. *v.* Keyn exhausted the legislative authority of the judges on that point, and answered the question in the negative. As soon as that decision was pronounced, the common law upon the subject became as rigid as if it had never been elastic at all.

The parts of the criminal law on which this power can be exercised are two, namely,[13] The definition of offences, and Matter of justification or excuse for what would otherwise be offences. The effect of the two sections[14] of the Code referred to by the Lord Chief Justice, when taken together, is this. The judges shall no longer have power to declare any act or omission which is not within the words of the Code or some other Act to be an indictable offence, but in cases not expressly provided for by the Code they shall continue to have the same power as they possess at present, of declaring circumstances to form an excuse or justification for what would otherwise be an offence. The Lord Chief Justice considers that the first part of this provision is right, but that the second gives up the whole principle of codification.

It appears to me that the two proposed enactments stand on entirely different principles. After the experience of centuries, and with a Parliament sitting every year, and keenly alive to all matters likely to endanger the public interests, we are surely in a position to say the power of declaring new offences shall henceforth be vested in Parliament only. The power which has at times been claimed for the judges of declaring new offences cannot be useful now, whatever may have been its value in earlier times.

On the other hand it is hardly possible to foresee all the circumstances which might possibly justify or excuse acts which might otherwise be crimes. A long series of authorities have settled certain rules which can be put into a distinct and convenient form, and it is of course desirable to take the opportunity of deciding by the way minor points which an examination of the authorities shows to be still open. In this manner rules can be laid down as to the effect of infancy, insanity, compulsion, and ignorance of law, and also as to the cases in which force may lawfully be employed against the person of another; but is it therefore wise or safe to go so far as to say that no other circumstances than those expressly enumerated shall operate by way of excuse or justification for what would otherwise be a crime? To do so would be to run a risk, the extent of which it is difficult to estimate, of producing a conflict between the Code and the

[13] It must also of course apply to the interpretation of statutes, but upon this it is unnecessary to say anything, as no question arises upon it. I may however point out that it is just as much an act of legislation, a making of a new law, to say 'Aio te Æacida, &c.' shall from henceforth be held to mean that the Romans can conquer Pyrrhus, and not that Pyrrhus can conquer the Romans, as to lay down any other rule not previously existing.

[14] § 5 and § 19.

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moral feelings of the public. Such a conflict is upon all possible grounds to be avoided. It would, if it occurred, do more to discredit codification than anything which could possibly happen, and it might cause serious evils of another kind. Cases sometimes occur in which public opinion is at once violently excited and greatly divided, so that conduct is regarded as criminal or praiseworthy according to the sympathies of excited partisans. If the Code provided that nothing should amount to an excuse or justification which was not within the express words of the Code, it would, in such a case, be vain to allege that the conduct of the accused person was morally justifiable; that, but for the Code, it would have been legally justifiable; that every legal analogy was in its favour; and that the omission of an express provision about it was probably an oversight. I think such a result would be eminently unsatisfactory. I think the public would feel that the allegations referred to ought to have been carefully examined and duly decided upon.

To put the whole matter very shortly, the reason why the common law definitions of offences should be taken away, whilst the common law principles as to justification and excuse are kept alive, is like the reason why the benefit of a doubt should be given to a prisoner. The worst result that could arise from the abolition of the common law offences would be the occasional escape of a person morally guilty. The only result which can follow from preserving the common law as to justification and excuse is, that a man morally innocent, not otherwise protected, may avoid punishment. In the one case you remove rusty spring-guns and man-traps from unfrequented plantations, in the other you decline to issue an order for the destruction of every old-fashioned drag or life-buoy which may be found on the banks of a dangerous river, but is not in the inventory of the Royal Humane Society.

This indeed does not put the matter strongly enough. The continued existence of the undefined common law offences is not only dangerous to individuals, but may be dangerous to the administration of justice itself. By allowing them to remain, we run the risk of tempting the judges to express their disapproval of conduct which, upon political, moral, or social grounds, they consider deserving of punishment, by declaring upon slender authority that it constitutes an offence at common law;[15] nothing, I think, could place the bench in a more invidious position, or go further to shake its authority.

[15] The right to do so has been distinctly claimed on several occasions. In Jefferys *v.* Boosey (4 H. L. C. 936), Lord Chief Baron Pollock quoted the dictum of Mr. Justice Willes (Lord Mansfield's colleague): 'Justice, moral fitness, and public convenience, which when applied to a new subject make common law without a precedent' (see Millar *v.* Taylor, 4 Burr. 2312); and added, 'I entirely agree with the spirit of this passage so far as it regards the repressing what is a public evil and preventing what would become a public mischief.'

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This is the main and leading reason, at least in my opinion, for the course taken by the Commission. If it is said that it involves a confession of weakness, and that the attempt to codify the law at all implies on the part of those who undertake it a conviction that they are acquainted with the whole of the law, and can reduce it to writing, I reply that such a remark appears to me to involve a misconception, not only of the nature of codification, but also of the nature of law itself. Law, like every other branch of human knowledge or subject of human study, never can be complete as long as it is the law of a living and growing nation. The organ by which it is developed is the discussion—in this country the discussion before courts of justice—of the new problems which from time to time present themselves. The duty of the codifier (as I understand it) is to study, to express, to arrange, and to amend the ascertained law as it stands, but it would be a great mistake if he thought it his duty to try to arrest its further development by judicial decision on points of delicacy and importance as to which there are at present no materials, or scanty materials, for the enactment of express rules.

Those who wish to see this matter fully developed may be referred to Savigny's treatise on the vocation of our age to legislation and jurisprudence, and to Austin's criticism on it (ii. 698, &c.). Savigny was in favour of the codification of existing law, but thought it dangerous to try to anticipate future cases. My view nearly coincides with this, though I think that, where the existing authorities clearly show both sides of a disputed question, it is generally better to decide it one way or the other than to leave it doubtful. I would not, for instance, preserve the doubt which at present exists whether a man who, believing in good faith and on reasonable grounds that his wife is dead, marries again within seven years of the time when he last saw her, commits bigamy if she is alive.

This view of the subject is, I think, both illustrated and confirmed by a more special consideration of the parts of the common law relating to crime which would be kept alive by the provision objected to by the Lord Chief Justice. It must be observed that the common law is kept alive only in those cases to which the express words of the Code do not apply. In point of fact those words cover every part of the common law which is at present sufficiently well ascertained to be stated in the form of rules. The only parts of it of which I am aware, which are not replaced by the Code, fall under three heads.

1. Besides the well-known matters dealt with by the Code, there are a variety of speculative questions which have been discussed by ingenious persons for centuries,[16] but which could be raised only by

[16] 'Plenus est sextus liber de Officiis Hecatonis talium quæstionum. . . . Si tabulam de naufragio stultus arripuerit, extorquebitne eam sapiens si potuerit? negat, quia sit injurium. Quid dominus navis eripietne suam? Minime: non plus

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such rare occurrences that it may be thought pedantic to legislate for them expressly beforehand, and rash to do so without materials which the course of events has not provided.[17] Such cases are the case of necessity (two shipwrecked men on one plank), the case of a choice of evils (my horses are running away, and I can avoid running over A only by running over B), and some others which might be suggested. Suppose, for instance, a man were to injure or even kill another under a sincere belief that the person killed or injured was bewitching him, and that the charm could be broken in no other way; or suppose death were to be caused by a poison administered with the full knowledge and consent of the person taking it, in order to prove the efficacy of a supposed antidote. Any ingenious person may divert himself, as Hecato did, by playing with such questions. The Commission acted on the view that in practice the wisest answer to all of them is to say, 'When the case actually happens it shall be decided;' and this is effected by the preservation of such parts of the common law as to justification and excuse as are not embodied in the Code. Fiction apart, there is at present no law at all upon the subject, but the judges will make one under the fiction of declaring it, if the occasion for doing so should ever arise. This is open no doubt to the remark that it is a fiction to describe as common law a rule which does not exist at all, and which probably never will exist. I admit this, but it would be pedantic to attempt to alter by legislation a well established form of expression. The meaning of the provision in question might no doubt be expressed somewhat as follows: 'It shall be lawful for any court before which any matter may be proved which is not expressly provided for by the enactments hereinafter contained, to declare that such matter amounts to a justification or excuse for any offence, if that court is of opinion that such matter is closely analogous to the matters which are hereby declared to amount to a justification or excuse for what would otherwise be an offence.' But would it be worth while to employ such a novel form of expression, and one so likely to give offence, when precisely the same purpose may be

quam si navigantem in alto ejicere de navi velit quia sua sit. Quoad enim perventum sit eo quo sumpta navis est non domini est navis sed navigantium. Quid si una tabula sit, duo naufragi, æque sapientes; sibi, uterque rapiat an alter cedat alteri? Cedat vero; sed ei cujus magis intersit vel suâ vel reipublicæ causâ vivere. Quid, si hæc paria in utroque? nullum erit certamen sed quasi sorte, aut micando victus, alteri cedet alter.'—Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. iii. ch. xxiii. In the American case of Commonwealth *v.* Holms (1 Wall Jr. 1), the court held that if it was necessary to the common safety to throw overboard one of a shipwrecked crew, the sailors ought to go first; but at all events the victim should be chosen by ballot. I do not know whether the passage quoted above was cited in argument.

[17] In the Bill of 1878 there was a provision on this subject. There is in the Indian Penal Code a provision as to a choice of evils. It seems to me to be a matter of very little practical consequence whether a Code does or does not provide for such cases, but surely it ought not to provide negatively that no such circumstances shall ever amount to an excuse.

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effected by retaining the well-known language about the common law? Would it be worth while to try to teach people to say that the rotation of the earth brings the sun into the range of our eyes in order to avoid the fiction that the sun rises?

2. Some other questions may occur which it would on all accounts be better to leave to be decided according to established legal principles and analogies when they arise, than to prejudge by a rule resting on little or no authority.

There is a class of cases in which the sovereign power is entitled by law to authorise what but for such authority would be crimes. Such acts possibly may, though it is not probable that they ever should, come before the criminal courts, and if they did it would be far more satisfactory that the matter should be solemnly debated *ex post facto* before a court of justice than that a rule should be laid down beforehand which might either authorise great hardship to individuals, or cripple public servants in emergency, to the great injury of the public interests. The following cases will illustrate this. Captain Denman (see the case of Buron *v.* Denman, 2 Ex. 167), acting in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, landed on the west coast of Africa and burnt certain barracoons or depôts for slaves. His act was adopted by the executive Government, and it was held that this ratification was equivalent to an order, and that no action would lie against him by the persons injured. If life had been lost in the affray, and if Captain Denman had been indicted for murder, I suppose he would have been entitled to an acquittal. No doubt the same would be the case if a man-of-war were ordered to enforce our neutral rights, and sacrificed life in doing so. During the American Civil War one of the Northern and one of the Southern cruisers were both anchored in the same English harbour. Whichever of the two left last was compelled to wait till the other had had twenty-four hours' start. Suppose she had attempted to force a passage, had been fired into, and had returned the fire, and life had in consequence been lost on both sides: I suppose that neither the captain nor the crew of the vessel which fired into her, nor her own captain or crew, would have been guilty of murder; and I should think it probable that a similar rule would apply to a prisoner of war shooting or being shot in an attempt to escape from confinement, and possibly to a foreign marine who, by his officer's orders, took life in resisting an attempt to execute process on board a foreign ship of war in an English harbour.

It would be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to think beforehand of all the cases of this sort which might arise, and of all the circumstances which might have to be taken into account in framing a rule in respect to them; and it therefore appears better to leave them to be dealt with when they happen, if they ever do.

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3. There are a certain number of maxims relating to the criminal law which are in themselves too indefinite to be stated in the form of categorical propositions, but which are useful guides to the courts on a variety of matters connected with crime, and more particularly in the interpretation of statutes bearing on the subject, and in deciding questions as to the effect and admissibility of evidence. The nearer we are able to approach to a complete codification of the whole of the criminal law, the less frequently will there be occasion to resort to the use of such maxims; but I should be sorry to introduce into a general Criminal Code negative and exclusive words which, whilst they rendered the Code theoretically complete, might be thought to impair the authority of such maxims. The following are the cases which occur to me at the moment. There may be more. There is a maxim which says, *Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*, a maxim which is a great deal less instructive than it looks at first sight. It is often supposed to mean that nothing is legally a crime unless it is morally wrong, which is obviously untrue, unless the powers of the legislator are to be bounded by the conscience of the judge. It may also mean that the complete definition of every crime includes, either expressly or by implication, one or more mental elements; and this is no doubt, generally speaking, true. If, however, all crimes are expressly defined by statute, this fact will always be apparent on the face of the definition, and in regard to such offences the maxim will be superfluous. Thus, for instance, in Part XXXIV. of the Code, which corresponds to the Malicious Mischief Act (24 & 25 Vic. c. 97), the word 'wilfully' forms part of every definition. 'Fraudulently and without colour of right' forms part of the definition of theft. Murder is defined to be an unlawful killing, accompanied by certain specified intents. In other cases the word 'knowingly' is introduced. In every such case the mental element necessary to constitute the offence being specified in the enactment which creates it, there is no room for the application of the maxim. It is, however, possible that there may be cases, either in the Code itself or in other statutes not repealed by it, in which this rule of interpretation might be found useful, and if that is so, its preservation can do no harm.

A maxim closely allied to it, and I think practically identical with it, is, *ignorantia facti excusat*. It indeed expresses the only part of the maxim about *mens rea* which is ever likely to come into use. Its application was lately much discussed in R. *v.* Prince (L. R. 1 C. C. R., 154), where the question was whether a man who abducted a girl who in fact was fifteen, though he upon reasonable grounds believed her to be seventeen, could be punished under a statute which protects girls under sixteen only. The provision in the Code relating to abduction was drawn with an eye to the decision in R. *v.* Prince and the principle established by it. It is possible, however, that the principle might still be needed for the decision of some

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possible though improbable cases;[18] but it is difficult to express the principle shortly and simply, and it is of such rare application, and the decisions upon it are so few, that it would probably be unwise to try to do so. An attempt at such a statement was made in the Draft Code of 1878, but I must own that the result was not satisfactory.

It is possible that a general declaration that the whole of the common law on the subject of excuse and justification was contained in the Code might be held to interfere with some applications of the principle of the presumption in favour of innocence, though I am not prepared to give any specific illustrations upon this point.

Upon all these points I would observe that the condition which makes codification at once practicable and expedient is that the principles, definitions, and rules to be reduced to the form of definite propositions, should already be held in suspension or solution (if I may be allowed such an expression) in recognised authorities. Where no such materials exist, the common law should be left alive, or, to speak without metaphors and legal fictions, where a legal question has been solved by authority the solution should be enacted as law; but legal questions for the solution of which the existing authorities provide either no materials or scanty materials, should not be disposed of by rules made beforehand, but should be left to be decided by the judges when, if ever, circumstances occur which raise them for solution. To say that this is to give up the principle of codification appears to me like saying that constitutional principles are inconsistent with monarchy, and that our choice lies between anarchy and despotism. Surely it is the part of wisdom to recognise the number and the intricacy of the principles which ought to be taken into account in devising any measure of importance, and all that I have been saying comes to this: that although in the present state of the law its most striking want is definite and systematic statement and re-arrangement, a place ought still to be left for judicial discretion, and that though it is certainly most important to bring the whole of the statute law upon given subjects into single, well-arranged Acts of Parliament, it will in practice be found impossible to make such an arrangement absolutely complete.

Having said this much in explanation and justification of the course taken by the Commissioners as to the omission from the Code of certain parts both of the statute and of the common law, I ought in conclusion to observe that I hope that nothing written by me will suggest that I do not perceive or appreciate the importance of the service rendered to the public by the Lord Chief Justice in under-

[18] A goes down from London to Penzance to commit a robbery. Wishing to stop short of burglary and confine himself to housebreaking, he sets his watch by the railway clock, and does not break into the house till 6.10 A.M. by his watch. He forgets that the night (9–6) is measured by local mean time, and that the railway clock is set to London time. Hence his crime is actually committed at 5.50. According to R. v. Prince he would be guilty of burglary.

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taking a criticism of the Code which can hardly fail (especially if it is completed in a reasonable time before the next session of Parliament) to improve it in many particulars, and to make up for his not having been a member of the Commission. In some points I differ from him, but I feel that the connection of his great name, almost unequalled experience, and splendid abilities with the Criminal Code will go far to assure the public that it is what it ought to be.

On a subsequent occasion I hope to make some observations on some of the leading characteristics of the Code, and especially on the more important changes in the administration of criminal justice proposed to be effected by it. The object of this will be to facilitate in some measure Parliamentary discussion, by showing which parts of the Bill it would be wise to take on trust, as being substantially re-enactments of the existing law, and which parts suggest changes the expediency of which may be considered without any technical legal knowledge.

JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

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ATHEISTIC METHODISM.

My recent volume *Is Life worth Living?*[1] has, I am told, been widely read in America, where by numbers its arguments have been endorsed as valid, and by others treated in an exactly opposite way. In the former case they have produced or expressed conviction; wherever they have not done that, they have roused intense irritation. A lengthy treatise,[2] inspired by this latter feeling, has reached me lately from New York. The writer is anonymous; but the publishers vouch for it that, in his own line, he is a man of fame and eminence; nor, though he is apparently self-taught and very poorly instructed, do I see any reason to doubt their statement. Had the volume in question been more successful than I can yet learn it has been, I should perhaps have exposed its fallacies in some American journal. Possibly, indeed, I may yet do so. But whatever may be my course with regard to this special critic, I shall at all events have occasion to deal with certain of his criticisms. For these, most of them, are confessedly not his own. They are the common property of the positive camp in general. Their only peculiarity here is in the plan of their arrangement, and the explicit application of them to the arguments used by me. A few days after the above volume had reached me, I found myself the object of another direct attack, coming indeed from a quite independent quarter, but conducted in a manner almost exactly similar. My critic now was an English scientific lady, who has by this time devoted two essays[3] in the *Nineteenth Century* to the exposure both of me and of my sophistries and to meeting all future doubt by a 'definite scientific utterance.' My fair enemy in England covers far less ground than her sterner cousin in America; but, when upon the same ground, what the two urge is identical. It is not, however, with these only, or indeed mainly, that I have had occasion to concern myself. Since the publication of my own volume there has appeared a third, and a yet more weighty reply to me—a reply not indeed designed to be such, but turning out so practically. I refer to Mr. Herbert Spencer's latest work, the *Data of Ethics*; which the writer implies,

[1] *Is Life Worth Living?* London: Chatto & Windus, 1879.

[2] *The Value of Life, a Reply.* New York: Putnam's Sons, 1879.

[3] 'Modern Atheism and Mr. Mallock,' by Miss L. S. Bevington, *Nineteenth Century*, October and December 1879.

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and his disciples believe, to be the final and formal statement of the new philosophy of life. Now, of both my other critics Mr. Spencer is the avowed or evident master; all that they urge is virtually a repetition of him; and thus their own personal attacks on me may be fairly looked on as merely the special channels through which the condemnatory merits of his philosophy are applied to mine. Considering, therefore, Mr. Spencer's high repute, and how he has localised the scattered speculations of our modern non-theistic thinkers, such criticisms as those I have just alluded to have seemed to me full of deep significance, and worthy of my best attention.

My best attention has been given them, and not without result. They have strengthened my belief in all that I have urged hitherto, and in the ultimate helplessness of all that can be said against it. The views of life they embody are doubtless in some ways plausible, or they would not have found advocates amongst trained and instructed thinkers; and under certain special conditions of thought and feeling they may for a moment perhaps impose on any one. But let reason and common sense and a common knowledge of history be brought to bear on them, and their baseless fabric slowly melts away like a vision.

But though my critics have not convinced me of any flaw in my argument, they have shown me that something has been wanting in my own way of stating it. They have shown me that in certain places I have not been full or clear enough, or that I have trusted too much to the co-operation of their own intelligence. They have shown me also certain slight confusions of language, which I thought at the time were harmless, but which, it seems, have for some readers completely obscured my meaning. All this they have done directly; and indirectly they have done more than this. They have suggested fresh questions, which before I had not even glanced at, nearer, more definite, and more perplexing than any of those dealt with in my last volume, and which they themselves, though certainly almost touching them, seem to be altogether unconscious of. I see, therefore, a new task before me, which may take me some time to accomplish. A part of it, however, which is both easy and important, it has been suggested that I should at once proceed with. It has been suggested that I should apply to Miss Bevington, my late critic in the *Nineteenth Century*, such of my own remarks as may happen to bear on hers. And I do this the more readily because not only would the lady's talents make her doubtless a serious foe for any one, but because she for this very reason embodies something far more serious than herself. She represents, I think, in her two essays every main characteristic of the positive school of moralists, such, at least, as we know them in England and America. She represents their high average intelligence, combined with their strange intellectual confusion; their set determination to be virtuous, and above all

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respectable, and the tangled lines of argument by which they declare that their determination supports itself.

Now there is much in this school that we ought all to treat with deference; and I should regret seriously having given scandal by my writings to any one of its members. And yet such is, I fear, the case with my critic of the *Nineteenth Century*; for not only have I roused her intellect against me, but in a still greater measure her wit and her indignation also. Not content with explaining at the outset how she will treat my arguments, she proceeds to explain further, how she will treat me. She believes me, she says, to be personally a most marvellous and unlovely portent. She believes me, if I may put together her own scattered epithets, to be a 'glib,' 'airily-assuming,' 'thoroughly unscientific,' 'clever,' 'young,' 'insinuating,' 'sinister' 'conjuror,' who is attempting by his 'tricks' and his logical 'hocus-pocus' to do a dark deed, and for a yet darker reason. My attempt is to deprive my critic of her 'inducements to live righteously;' my reason is that I may myself reap 'advantage' from my critic's unrighteousness, and—more curious still—that she herself may be 'amused' at it. At any rate, she says, if this be not a true description of me, she finds it 'the best way to treat me as if' it were so. The import of this quaint indictment is to be found later on, in the wonder which she says she feels as to what possible 'cause, social, moral, or religious,' I could expect to serve by arguing in the way I have done. No conceivable good, so far as she can see, could come of it: and my only possible motive, as she strongly hints, must be either a degraded or perverse one. Others, perhaps, may also think as she does—indeed, my censor in America is even more severe than she is—and it may therefore be well briefly to say a word or two on the matter. To me the answer to the question seems sufficiently obvious: indeed, my critic has herself given a part of it. My arguments, she confesses, are of value to all scientific writers, who would know at what points in morals men were asking for 'definite scientific utterance.' Surely one would think that this was no superfluous task, to browbeat the reluctant oracle, by whose responses we are told that the whole world is to guide itself, and to force its lips to utter some definite and coherent sentence. And the task would be of equal use, whether its aim were to make the oracle help us, or to make it reveal its helplessness. Surely here is a motive that one would think is plain and sane enough. And is it not equally plain that there may be yet another also, springing out of and completing this one? What good, exclaims my critic, can I think to gain by elaborate attempts at reducing unbelievers to despondency, and at loosing their hold upon hopes which they are still struggling to cling to? The answer is near to hand. For those who hold that on theism the hopes of the human race depend, and that this alone can sustain it in the unexampled trial or transformation to which

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it seems about to be subjected, it may be of the utmost moment to strip from the unredeeming philosophies all the fragments of truth which for a moment disguise their nakedness; and to show, though at the cost of pain and despair to many, that the end of these things is death. Whenever a fight grows hard between a false belief and a true one, there will be found worthy soldiers fighting on either side; and the iron will go through the souls of many, who, so far as we can see, have little deserved to feel it. But such pain in the present case does not seem needless. To the eyes of the believer, a large and leading body of men are entering an Inferno, which they honestly mistake for Paradise. At present they are only on the confines of the 'brown air;' and they trust that it will grow brighter as they dive further into it. To call them back by the way they have gone seems hopeless. The one course is to plunge them as quickly as may be to the lowest circle, where the God they have denied is most completely absent; that so at last they may emerge on the other side, and again see the stars.

And now having said this, let me proceed to what lies before us —to the special points that I am about to deal with now. The main questions that my late volume has treated have been, roughly speaking, two: first, the relation of human life to theism; secondly, the relation of theism to exact knowledge and thought. It is the former of these only that my fair critic has touched upon; and what I am about to say will accordingly be confined to that. Let us define more closely the exact scope of the argument. It is concerned with the truth or falsehood of two statements of my own, which my two critics, English and American, have, for precisely the same reasons, formally contradicted. I have maintained that theism, with its attendant doctrine of man's personal immortality, 'has a practical effect upon practical life—upon what men do, and what they forbear to do—what they think of themselves, and of one another.' Without these beliefs, I have said further, 'there can be no standard by which the quality of pleasures can be tested; that truth as truth, and virtue as virtue, cease to be in any way admirable.' And should these beliefs ever quite vanish from the world, I have predicted a catastrophe as the result, that might be not unfitly spoken of as the second fall of man. My critics maintain, on the contrary, that not even in its most modified form is such a catastrophe possible. That a vast change is imminent, they indeed admit readily, but it is a change, they say, that does not touch virtue, nor any of the great emotions that are at present connected with it. There is, they assure us, to be no lowering of life; our highest hopes and pleasures, and all our profoundest consolations, are to still remain to us; and 'so long as man is man,' says Miss Bevington, 'virtue, as *virtue*, will never cease to be admirable.'

Such are the counter-statements that I am again about to deal

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with, and which I trust to end by setting in a far plainer light. Here and there, perhaps, I shall have for a moment to repeat myself; but I agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer in not much regretting this. 'For only,' as that writer says, 'by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced upon reluctant minds.'

What I have to do chiefly, however, is not to repeat, but to correct myself. In parts of my former writings there has been a certain ambiguity, with which both my critics have very justly taxed me. It lies in my use of the two words *virtue* and *morality*, which on certain occasions I have seemed to confound with happiness; and, indeed, in the cases I am referring to, they practically were inseparable. In thought, however, at any rate, they are always distinct things; and we shall save much confusion if we transfer this distinction to language, and resolve always to retain it there. Let us begin with this: and we cannot do better here than refer to the positive writers themselves. Mr. Herbert Spencer shall speak first. 'No school,' he says in his latest volume, 'can avoid taking for the ultimate moral aim a desirable state of feeling called by whatever name—gratification, enjoyment, happiness. Pleasure, somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception. It is as much a necessary form of moral intuition as space is a necessary form of intellectual intuition.'[4] And 'if,' he says further, 'we call *good* the conduct conducive to life, we can only do so with the implication that it is conducive to a balance of pleasures over pains.'[5] Morality, or goodness itself, says my American critic, repeating my own words, 'is not the prize of life.' That prize is happiness; and 'morality,' he says, 'only furnishes the negative conditions.'[6] Miss Bevington is even more explicit. 'Every one else,' she says, 'knows and affirms, and no positive moralist attempts to deny, that virtuous conduct is only to be achieved at all for the sake of what lies beyond it.'[7] And, finally, I may add to this a former remark of my own, that all those actions which my critics praise as virtuous, are only the 'creatures' of the happiness they lead to, 'and can have no more honour than the latter is able to bestow upon them.'[8]

What follows then is this, and all our positive writers will do well to remember it. The entire worth of life—the dignity, the glory, or whatever we please to call it, of humanity—rests on the fact that humanity is capable, not of virtue, or of heroism, not of truth, or purity; but that it is capable of pleasure, of gratification, of enjoyment, or of happiness. The former are of value only because they lead to the latter, at some time, and for some certain persons; and we only praise or felicitate those pursuing them, in so far as the gratification they lead to has been in some way tasted by themselves.

[4] *Data of Ethics*, p. 46. [5] *Ibid.* p. 45. [6] *The Value of Life*, p. 229.
[7] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 598. [8] *Is Life Worth Living?* p. 57.

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Thus all our interest in humanity, and all our ardour in behalf of it, must rise and fall with the fortunes of one belief—our belief that humanity does secure, or that it some day will secure, a preponderance of pleasurable over painful feelings; or, in other words, that certain human brains shall at all events some day, and perhaps do now, exist in a certain state. The one and only thing in the universe that, according to the positive system, can *per se* be adored or valued, is, as Mr. Spencer expresses it, 'the balance of pleasures over pains'—the aggregate of agreeable states of consciousness that shall be ours between our births and death-beds.

Now all this, with but a single difference, the theist admits quite as fully as any one; and indeed so far as it goes, it can be denied by no sane person. Of the difference in question we shall come to speak presently; but there is another point that we must first go on to deal with. We must first ask how, since the ultimate aim of action is nothing but unalloyed gratification, not gratification but virtue is the foremost thing that the positive teachers commend to us. The answer, of course, is easy; but none the less will it be well to re-state it clearly. It lies in the fact that we are, as Miss Bevington expresses it, 'all helplessly social.' In other words, we each need some help or some self-restraint from others; we each owe others some help or some self-restraint in return; and it is on the gradual adjustment of these mutual offices that all human progress depends. It is the voluntary rendering of such help, or the voluntary practice of such self-restraint, that is called by the positivists indifferently virtue, righteousness, or morality. Now the acts that these names are applied to are all of them, in their primary nature, an unmixed pain to us. They are the foregoing of what is directly pleasing to ourselves, that others may obtain what is directly pleasing to them; and as such, though the laws could of course in some measure enforce them, it is a psychological impossibility that they would ever be voluntary—sought, that is, for their own sake, as a gratification. To be voluntary, or, in other words, to be virtuous, these painful acts must become flavoured with a taste of pleasure for the agent—with, as Mr. Spencer would say, 'some state of feeling that is desirable.' And there is in all of us a certain natural sense, by which such pleasure can, within limits, be given. This sense is the sense of sympathy, our possession of which not enables only, but, within limits, compels us, to rejoice and suffer with others, as well as with ourselves; and makes their welfare in some degree traverse our own. It is this sense of sympathy, and this alone, that, for the positive thinker, makes virtue possible. It alone consecrates the beggarly elements of our own pain, changing the substance of it, although it leaves the accidents, and makes us partakers sacramentally of the agreeable feelings of our neighbours, and even of our remote posterity.

It will be seen that, thus analysed, a virtuous act is this. It is an

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act whose necessary concomitants are two distinct feelings, a feeling of personal pain, and a feeling of vicarious pleasure that outweighs it. Each of these two is equally necessary. Without the first, the act would not be virtuous; without the second, it would not be possible. But yet more is implied than this. In producing the clear balance of vicarious pleasure, in securing its final victory over personal pain, it is understood always that there is a struggle, never easy, and in some cases desperate; and the one end and object of all moral systems is neither more nor less than to succour and guide the combatant. When the triumph is won, says Miss Bevington, it is a triumph of '*will*;' '*will*,' she says, 'and I use the word advisedly.' We may therefore define the virtue, the morality, or the righteousness with which we have to deal in the two following ways. It may be defined, by the analytical spectator, as the will, when it so intensifies sympathy, that the pain an act gives to self is more than neutralised by the pleasure it gives to others. It may be defined, by the virtuous agent, as personal pain, over-balanced by vicarious pleasure. Such is the definition of it in its completeness. But viewed as a thing to be desired and striven for by the agent—viewed in the only light that can make its attainment possible—the definition will be yet shorter. We must define it only as the balance of vicarious pleasure, without any account being taken of its near connection with pain.

I will now check this account of the matter by reference to the critic to whom for the present I am more specially adverting. Virtue, from the positive thinker's stand-point, is defined formally by Miss Bevington as 'such conduct in another as forwards his own interests at that other's cost;' and she adds further, as a second ground for praising it, that it is not thus good in its outward effects only, but it is also 'a good achieved with difficulty.'[9] She is here in entire agreement with Mr. Herbert Spencer; it will be plain, therefore, that I am not misleading the reader.

Now that virtue, thus regarded, is a good when tested externally, may doubtless be true enough. But this theory of it does but take us a very short part of our way. 'It is,' as Miss Bevington herself truly says, 'null and void even as a theory, unless it can be married to existing human emotion, and can so sway the motives which underlie conduct.' In other words, the first practical task of the moralist is not to present virtue as agreeable to others—that for the present we may take for granted—but to present it as an end for personal action; that is, as an end agreeable in some way to ourselves. Virtue, to be virtue, must be followed voluntarily—nay, with ardour; and an agreeable feeling of some kind is, therefore, in Mr. Spencer's words, 'an inexpugnable element in our conception of it.' There must, if I may borrow his phraseology yet further, be 'a particular mode of (agreeable) feeling, temporarily existing as a concomitant of

[9] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 591.

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each kind of beneficent action;' or the beneficent actions would never be done at all. It is only such feeling that, in the absence of outward force, can make any action possible. Nor does it matter that the pleasure the virtuous act produces may pass in its course through others. The important point is that like an electric current, no matter how long the circuit, it returns without fail to ourselves. Virtue, therefore, for the practical, for the preaching moralist, is neither more nor less than a particular mode of pleasure, for which he has to cultivate a taste amongst disciples professedly reluctant. That the rudiments of the taste exist is admitted by all; but the reluctance to have these developed is admitted also—indeed, not admitted only, but, as we have seen, emphasised as essential by the positive thinkers themselves. Enormous difficulties stand in the way of our conquering it—difficulties so great that the whole history of mankind hitherto has been little else but an ever-baffled struggle against them.

This struggle, which religion has sustained so painfully, our new philosophers tell us they will undertake with a better heart; and this for two different reasons. One is that the course of human events, independent of any conscious effort on our part, tends of itself to evolve that general happiness which it is the essence of virtue to aim at consciously. Such a theory, however, taken by itself, is rather a sedative to virtue than a stimulant; and the moralist, as a moralist, has nothing at all to do with it, unless he can 'marry it,' in Miss Bevington's language, to a quite other set of considerations. It is nothing to him that, whether we will or no, there are certain impersonal forces that are inexorably moving all of us in one direction. The thing precious in his eyes is that with these forces the will of each of us should co-operate. It is his one task to induce the will to do so; and the task, he admits himself, is a very hard one. Still the positive thinker maintains that it is no harder for him than for the religious thinker; indeed, in some ways easier. It is with his reasons for this confidence—not with his theories, however true, about the tendency of impersonal forces—that we first of all have to deal.

Let us inquire, then, what this confidence means. It means a confidence that he can do some particular thing. But what? It can be defined very narrowly. We have seen that his general task is so to present virtue that the will shall seize on it always as the chief end of action: and he must present it, for this end, as essentially a balance of pleasure outweighing a load of pain. It is on the character of this balance, as related to the virtuous agent, that the whole question hangs; and the power of the positive moralist, and the entire meaning of his system, are determined by how he handles it.

The task before him is indeed formidable. What he must prove,

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and what he engages he will prove, is that this balance of pleasure is, for the agent himself, of all pleasures, the intensest—that it is for him subjectively the most agreeable of all sensations; so agreeable indeed, that all others, matched with it, are, as George Eliot expresses it, 'dross for ever,' and that in so far as he fails to secure it, he really has nothing, although he possesses all things. That I do not exaggerate the sentiments which my critics engage to justify, can be shown by extracts from the words of Miss Bevington herself. That lady shows a nervous zeal in proclaiming that 'every word' I have said on this head 'is emphatically true.'[10] She speaks of virtue as 'that thing we love so well . . . and which we hug as our choicest treasure.'[11] 'It would be a terrible thing,' she says, 'to be equally happy, and equally prosperous, supposing such a case were possible, without a *belief* in right and wrong *as such*;'[12] and the results that would follow the destruction of this belief would be, she says, 'thoroughly dismal and sickening.'[13]

Nor is this unique intensity of the pleasures brought by virtue ascribed to them, by the positivists, through any kind of bravado. They are obliged to ascribe it. Their system makes them do so, as we can soon readily see.

We will illustrate the whole case by a short and homely parable. Bill and James, we will say, are two tourists, whose keenest personal pleasure is in cutting their own names on the roofs of public buildings. They take a long and toilsome walk, that they may perform this feat on the highest pinnacle of a certain cathedral tower. Having climbed at last, however, to the lofty scene of action, they find, to their horror, that they have only two minutes to spare, that the leads of the coveted pinnacle are some distance out of reach, and that if either is to cut his name at all, it can only be one of them raised on the other's shoulders. There is, for a moment, a struggle in the minds of both. Then Bill's will triumphs, and, lifting James up, who cuts his name in rapture, Bill's only pleasure, the only reward of his walk, is such of James's pleasure as, received by himself vicariously, is in excess of the pain consequent on his own self-denial.

Now, in this short drama, of which Bill is the moral hero, we have all the elements of virtue, as conceived of by the positivist, in their immediate bearing on the agent. We see what is virtue, we see what is not virtue, and we see that which, while resembling it, yet is not it. The delight of the two tourists in cutting their respective names stands here for the logical end of life, and the vindication of it as being worth the living. But the separate pursuance of this end by each of them is not virtue; neither is the suffering undergone by each in his long and toilsome walk. This last, as Miss Bevington

[10] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 587.
[11] *Ibid.* p. 602.
[12] *Ibid.* p. 587. The italics are in the original.
[13] *Ibid.* p. 586.

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puts it, is 'but disguised personal expediency;' and so far from being identical with virtue, is, in her opinion, in strong contrast to it. We find virtue only in one place; that is, in the foregoing by Bill personally of the one end of his existence, and choosing instead, as it were, only such a margin of it as, conveyed to him at second hand, is not eclipsed by the pain of his own personal loss of it.

Or let us have recourse to yet another parable; and compare the gladness of life to some splendid opera, which all the musical world is thronging eagerly to hear. Were there enough seats to accommodate all the applicants, there would indeed be unmixed pleasure; but there would be no pleasure that could be praised as virtuous. Virtue arises only through the theatre being too small for the audience, and through me, for instance, resigning willingly a seat already reserved for me. I am not virtuous in this case because I drive to the theatre in a draughty hansom. I am not virtuous because I enjoy to the full the opera. I am virtuous only in so far as I enjoy nothing of what I came to enjoy, but am yet happier than if I had done so, because I know my friend is enjoying it; though I may myself be catching my death of cold in the passage, and hear no more classical music than the barmaids' voices in the refreshment room. I say I am virtuous only because I get my enjoyment thus, and under these conditions—because the indirect end of life, largely deadened by pain, is more agreeable to me—to me personally—than the direct one ever could be, even with no pain to detract from it.

Let us consider well these two parables; for they are all the more instructive because in their details they are so trivial. The severe moralist may say that my pleasure in the opera is only a selfish luxury; and that the tourist's pleasure in cutting his own name is only an offensive vulgarity. But yet when we each of us, respectively, secure these ends for others, and, at the expense of pain, get the despised pleasures at second hand, these despised pleasures are held to change their character, and they become the one thing in life we are 'to hug as our choicest treasure.' My friend has not this pleasure when he sits entranced in the stall that I have given up to him. James has not this pleasure when, knife in hand, he is cutting his name delightedly. It is I who have it, as I stand shivering in the passage. It is poor Bill who has it, with James's boots resting on his coat-collar.

Having thus far defined virtuous happiness as a conception, we must now see how it is to be turned into a reality, how it is to be hoisted into the lofty niche designed for it, how it is to be made practically operative with those who we desire should seek it. As conceived of by the theist, it has three essential characteristics by which in his system it gains its hold on man—its inwardness, its importance, and (within limits) its absolute character. I have pointed these out in my former volume; and have declared that the theist could alone

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invest it with them. That the characteristics are essential both my positive critics declare loudly; but they declare also that they are quite independent of theism, and that the positive philosophy leaves them as marked as ever. Let us now proceed to examine again the two first of them, leaving the third to be dealt with later on, and see how the positive moralists try to make good their premisses.

First, then, as to the inwardness of virtue, as *virtue*—what do both parties confessedly mean by that? They mean that its excellence results in the will, not in the outward act. The virtue, *as a virtue*, with the special pleasure it brings with it, is complete when the will has triumphed; and it is regarded as good with reference to the person willing, not with reference to those others on whose behalf he has willed. Professor Clifford has declared this as loudly and as plainly as any one. The virtuous act, in the acting of it, has its distinctive character 'for ever,' he says, 'and no accidental failure of its good or evil fruits can possibly alter that.'[14] And the language of Miss Bevington herself shows that she quite agrees with him. When we call virtue inward, therefore, we mean that as a pleasure, as a possible end of action—in other words, *as virtue*—it is self-regarding. We mean that we are enabled to pay a certain debt to our neighbours, only because we make ourselves feel that we owe a certain debt to ourselves.

Next as to its special, its incalculable importance, our meaning is precisely similar. When, as an end of action, we declare that it is important a man should follow it, we mean that it is important to himself; important indeed by the way to others, but of special and incalculable importance to himself alone.

Let us now see how my positive critic defends herself, in continuing to ascribe to virtue these two special characteristics; and it will be plain at once that she and her school in common with her, instead of defending their position, are in reality utterly and for ever abandoning it; and that they only seem to be not doing so because they retain certain marked words, though they have completely reversed the meaning of them. Thus, instead of vindicating for virtue in any way the inwardness we have above spoken of, she merely 'emphatically maintains' the here meaningless truism that virtue initiates in a certain 'set of . . . sensibilities in the individual'[14]—a thing which is not peculiar to virtue, but is at once common and essential to all free action whatsoever. Whilst as to its importance, she here not so much misses but inverts the meaning; for referring it not to the agent, but to the vast sum of events present and to come, external to him, she does indeed show this importance to be, in the case of each man, incalculable, but incalculable not because it is so large, but because it is so infinitesimally small.

It will be thus seen, and no one can more clearly though more unconsciously confess this than Miss Bevington, that virtue, as a

[14] Professor Clifford, *Ethics of Belief*.

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personal end of action, is placed by the positivists in a completely new position; that everything supreme and special in its pleasures altogether evaporates, and that, were their account of it a true one, there would be no means of 'marrying it to existing human emotion.'[15]

It will be here again urged that the sympathetic appetite, or the motive power in virtue, even if not to be roused by argument in the individual man now, will be evolved to the needed strength amongst the individual men of the future. This theory, however—itself open to dispute—would, were it never so true, be nothing to the point here. The business of the moralist is not scientific prophecy, though he will doubtless call that to his aid. His business is with living men and women, and lies in educating their wavering and wayward wills; nay, unless he can manage to do this, the prophecy just alluded to must, he believes, be falsified. 'Positivism,' says my American critic, 'recognises that beyond a certain stage of development, changes in human destiny depend immediately on the combined knowledge, desire, and will of human beings.'[16] 'It is well aware,' also, he adds, 'of the feebleness of the sympathetic instincts; and . . . it proposes therefore to develope such sentiments by every practicable means.'[17] This development produces, when accomplished, virtue; and virtue, to make plainness doubly plain, we will define yet once more. It is, says Miss Bevington, 'a special meeting of two characteristics,' and these two characteristics are 'use and difficulty.'[18] It is, therefore, not only the intensification in the individual of the sympathetic appetite, but it is such an intensification when secured with a struggle by the will.

I repeat again, then, that to produce this struggle, still more to secure the final success of it, is a thing that the positive theory makes a logical impossibility. What that system professes to do, is, when stated nakedly, neither more nor less than this. Starting with unalloyed happiness—with a balance of pure gratification, as not merely the only right, but the only possible end of action, it professes to show that, as reaching us directly, this happiness is a thing to be despised and renounced by all of us; and that whilst despised as the subject of our own enjoyment, we are to fall down and adore it as an object of contemplation. But to show this is plainly a quite impossible feat. If the delight of James is in itself despicable, this delight does not become noble in Bill's case, because it reaches him at second hand, and because personally he has foregone all share in it. If it is good in itself at all, it must be best at first hand. If it is great at all, it must be greater when there is no pain to detract from it. The positive system can indeed prove one thing with regard to

[15] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 600.
[16] *The Value of Life*, p. 235. [17] *Ibid.* p. 205.
[18] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 592.

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virtue; but this is the exact opposite of what it wants to prove. It can prove that we should each of us be glad if the rest of the world was virtuous; but that we should each of us avoid to the utmost being virtuous ourselves. Let me consult Miss Bevington, and see if she does not agree with me. 'Virtue, as *virtue*,' she says, 'will never cease to be admirable, and for this reason. Man will always accord a very special kind of admiration to such conduct in another as forwards his own interest at that other's cost. . . . When, moreover, he receives the benefit of such struggle, without himself encountering its difficulty—in other words, receives his own good fortune as the result of his neighbour's struggle—not the death, burial, and oblivion of a thousand creeds will avail to hinder the *instinctively special* force of his admiration.'[19] In other words, our liking for virtue lies in this, that its presence in another saves us from the needing it in ourselves.

Now I am aware that the above account of the matter will seem at first sight to be nothing more than a parody. And that it is essentially absurd is without doubt true. But its absurdity does not prove that it is not a true analysis of the positive theory; but that the positive theory is not a true analysis of facts. That virtue, as a fact, may be in many cases possible without any assent to theism, or any conscious thought of it, is plain enough, and is denied by nobody. But this is just what the theist would expect; and, as we shall see presently, he can perfectly well account for it.

We must first note, however, that though such instances of virtue *might* be adduced in numbers by the positive writers, those which they do adduce generally are not true instances at all. They consist almost always in abstentions from three crimes or vices, murder, theft, and drunkenness. But such abstentions, though containing in them, as virtue does, a personal desire over-balanced by a desire not personal, for all this are yet not virtues. They lack, at least in most cases, the essential element, struggle. They are useful, but they are not difficult. A selfish nephew, desiring the death of a rich uncle, is not praised as virtuous because he does not kill him; nor, supposing he forbears to do so, although he could do so safely, do we conceive him to experience any virtuous rapture. Or let us take an instance that is yet more suggestive—one connected not with murder, but with what is next door to it—vindictive cruelty. A man in a rage with his wife yields to his passion, and begins to kick her wildly. This at first gives him unmixed gratification; but he finds in a few seconds that he is more annoyed by the scratches she inflicts on him than he is gratified by the kicks that he inflicts on her. He therefore at once checks his passion; and though it often again disturbs him, he never again yields to it. It is yet plainer here, that, in spite of his self-restraint, the man in question is not virtuous.

[19] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 591.

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And we have in this case a type of a large number of actions, which, though they all of them resemble virtues, yet could some of them never have been such, and have, some of them, in the course of progress long ceased to be so.

We are here brought to the question of virtue and evolution; and we are now in a position to appreciate two important facts about it. The first of these is that when virtuous conduct comes, through evolution, to be spontaneous conduct, it loses altogether its special character *as virtue*; and so, as far as such virtue is concerned with it, 'our choicest treasure' vanishes. The second point is that such evolution has brought us but a certain way; and, without conscious endeavour on our part, it cannot, as my American critic admits, take us further. We are standing now, as it were, on the stepping-stones of a dead savagery, and are asking both how and why we should painfully climb higher; at all events, we are only capable of virtue, in so far as we are in this position.

And in this position it is that positivism fails to help us. To this how? and why? it can give no coherent answer. The only answer it can give has a radical flaw in it—a flaw, indeed, which its exponents at times perceive, but which, as we shall see presently, they utterly fail to remedy. What we want, as virtuous agents, to have scientifically made plain to us, is that certain pleasures that lie for us on the far side of pain are greater for us beyond comparison than those that lie on the near side. The supreme amount of their pleasurableness is an 'inexpugnable element,' as Mr. Spencer says, 'in our conception of them.'

Now the pleasures in question are, as we have seen, vicarious; they are, so to speak, not self-luminous. What we require then in a satisfactory answer must be one of two things. One of these might be a proof that those pleasures which *are* self-luminous, that is, which are secured by us for others, so far exceed any that could be self-luminous for ourselves, that the mere reflection of the former will outshine the sunlight of the latter. But this, we see at once, is an impossibility. No such pleasures exist. Nor, even if they did, would their existence meet the needs of the case; for though they might, no doubt, excite virtue in a minority, yet, from the very terms of the proposition, they could do so in a minority only. Those who enjoyed them directly would not be virtuous at all; whilst virtuous pleasure, so far from being the highest, would be nothing but a poor substitute, good for those only who could not get the original.

What we require to have proved, then, must be plainly something different. I must be shown, not that the moonlight that is reflected on me from my friend's pleasure, is brighter than any candle-light I could get from my own; not that it is brighter than my candle, but that it is brighter than what seems to be its own sun. Such is the nature of the phenomenon that we really have to account

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for. We get more out of the sack than we, as yet, seem to have put into it. And here at last we are getting near the secret. We here see that, as yet, we have not the whole matter before us, but that there must be some new element that remains to be taken account of. When Bill, in lifting James on his shoulders, is happier than James thus lifted, his greater happiness must have some source beyond its seeming one. Its only seeming source is the delight of James; but that delight is despicable and vulgar, and Bill is vulgar also, in so far as he thinks it delightful. But Bill's balance of pleasure which his self-bestowal brings with it, is of a character very different. On this the moralist will bestow all his best praise; and it is typical, for the positive moralist, of the pleasures of all virtue. And what has happened in producing it? A few pains and pleasures, all objectively trivial and unworthy of a refined man's notice, have been arranged together in a certain way by a *will*. And the result is, that, as a modern poet has said of music,

> Out of three sounds are framed, not a fourth sound, but a star.

Whence then—from what alien source, does this star-like pleasure come—this 'choicest treasure,' this 'blessedness,' which, as Mr. Spencer takes several pages to tell us, can be only some form of personal, of subjective gratification?[20] It is clear that it cannot derive its value from those enjoyments which the virtue, that alone secures it to us, shuffles from hand to hand. It must derive it from something else that can yield far greater pleasure than these; something that, through all our thoughts for others, we must each 'covet earnestly' for ourselves, and in which, through all denials of self, we are each to the utmost to indulge self.

The positivists admit, though they continually lose sight of the fact, that such a something is essential; and they declare, with much pomp of language, that their system supplies us with it. According to their account of it, it is this. It is an intense, a passionate, an adoring joy at the fact of the human race existing: or, to put it accurately, and in Mr. Spencer's language, at the fact of its presupposed existence having a 'balance of pleasures over pains,' as a 'necessary concomitant.' This balance is presented to us by the positive system, as, for us, the one august and precious thing in the universe; as a vast treasury of the highest possible rapture, in the whole of which we may every one of us share, if we only contribute faithfully each our private mite to it. On this conception the positivists have bestowed the greatest pains. They have used every means at their disposal to make it splendid and alluring, and it seems, in many cases, to be actually doing the work it is designed to do. They seem actually to have aroused by it an emotion that can be 'married' to their 'theory of virtue,' and 'so sway the motives that underlie con-

[20] Vide *Data of Ethics*, pp. 41–44.

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duct.' This last fact we may admit readily; and it is not unnaturally conceived by many to be a conclusive and practical proof of the validity of the positive system. Such, however, is very far from being the case. In the first place, as we shall see by-and-by, the final object of emotion we have just been speaking of, though impressive enough under the limelight of the imagination, is disenchanted instantly by a touch of logical daylight. Whilst as to its reality being proved by its apparent efficacy, we will first proceed to see how the theist replies to that.

When the positivist points out to him the emotion in question, as not existing only, but existing efficaciously, the theist replies that the emotion is doubtless there, but that its analysis is very different from what the other thinks it is. It is, says the theist, no mere delight in the fact of the human race existing, though under one of its aspects it may coincide with that. Primarily, he says, it is a delight in the will of God, and a conformity with it, more or less impassioned. Whatever else the individual takes it for, it really is this. Man is, on this theory, the child of God, and part of the child's nature is an innate love for his father, and an innate longing to please him, though these very often may not rightly understand themselves. The theist goes on to say, that, unless they do understand themselves, they will not indeed lie dormant, still less be extinguished; but that their action will be uncertain and wayward, and will never give their possessor either true peace or guidance. Thus what they are always craving for, always goading him to seek for them, is a logical account of what they really mean and aim at. And what the theist maintains is, that his system can alone give them this; not that it is alone in, to some degree, touching them; still less, that it is alone in finding them at hand to be touched.[21]

Let us now see what the theistic system is; remembering, as we do so, that the propositions we shall find it to consist of are not to be here discussed as true statements of facts, but as true translations of a belief in facts that is already latent in us, under the form of feeling. The feeling in question is that of the supreme value of virtue, in other words, the supremacy of the pleasure it is attended by. Now, as the theist and the positivist both here agree about much, we will start with their points of agreement, and we shall so the better signalise the point where they part company. The theist, then, agrees with the positivist in accepting as virtues all those acts

[21] Miss Bevington and others completely misrepresent the matter, when they speak of the theist as maintaining that religion, or belief in God, has created conscience or virtue. What the theist maintains is that God, not the belief in God, has created them; and that the belief in God has developed them. When the relations between religion and virtue are spoken of, the others fail to distinguish the simple and obvious difference between the logical connection and the historical; and to see that though historically virtue may be prior to religion, religion logically is prior to virtue.

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which the latter defines as such; and he agrees that they all tend, as Miss Bevington says they do, 'to the slow amelioration of man's condition upon earth,'[22] or, as she explains herself more distinctly, 'to the securing him a maximum of comfort, and a minimum of friction,' and this, too, for the largest number of generations possible. Here the positivist stops, and the theist goes on alone. The former says that the virtuous appetite has now met with its proper and sufficient object, in such vague happiness, as is called comfort, for an indefinite number of human beings. The theist altogether denies this. The virtuous appetite, he says, is not satisfied that these human beings should be happy. This is an object that not only does not satisfy the appetite, but barely even excites it. It is not enough, he says, that these human beings should be happy, but that their happiness should be of one special kind. And for such special happiness he has a special name, and that name is holiness. Granted that man as man is capable of this, it at once becomes his duty to labour for man's existence; and a new meaning shoots for him into that result of virtue, which Miss Bevington can describe only as its 'life-ward tendency.'

What, then, is holiness, that such should be the result of our recognition of it? In the answer to this question we have all theism in embryo. Holiness is a form of happiness so apart, and by itself, that it can be described, to those who have not felt it, no more than any simple taste can. To those who do not feel it, the theist is dumb; for morally such men are, for the theist, deaf. But for those who do feel it, or can remember once to have felt it, what the theist says is sufficiently plain and moving. They will know what he means, however vague his language, when he tells them it is a feeling,

> Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
> Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum;

and that life, except as a selfish and contemned pleasure, is of value only as being the condition of this. They will know what he means when he tells them further that this feeling unites in itself two qualities, which in all the positive virtues are of necessity in antagonism—selfishness and unselfishness; that there is here a perfect marriage and balance between the pair, and that neither of them is afore or after the other. They will know what he means when he tells them finally that the one cause and source of this feeling is the vision and the fruition of God; and that the saint when he exclaims, 'My Lord, I desire nothing but thee,' is exclaiming in the same breath, 'and that my brother may desire thee also.'[23]

[22] *Nineteenth Century*, December 1879, p. 1012.

[23] Another characteristic error may be here noticed in Miss Bevington's second paper, which so vitiates nearly all its reasonings, that, regarded as an answer to myself, they are absolutely of no import. All the propositions of mine that she

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In this desire, says the theist, in this supreme desire, though it often does its work in secret, and in ways past finding out, is the real motive for all those painful acts, which the positivists praise as virtues because of their 'life-ward tendency,' meaning only by this that they conduce to general 'comfort.' The theist values life, and he values life-ward tendencies, not as subserving comfort, but as subserving holiness. That men should live and be holy, is, he believes, God's will; and to co-operate with that will in all ways is the essence of holiness. It is thus that the theory of life-ward actions is for him 'married to the emotions,' and 'so sways the motives that underlie conduct.'

But what, then, of those direct pleasures of life, which it is but fair to suppose that Miss Bevington includes in 'comfort?' What of the pleasures, the excitements, and, above all, the affections, with which for most of us the entire daily landscape is occupied, and amongst which exclusively our active work lies? What account does the theist give of these, that is in harmony with common sense, and with the common estimate of them? The account he gives is complete; and it is the only account that can justify the manner in which they are regarded at present, and in which the positivists declare they shall never cease to be regarded. All the pleasures, he says, and all the comforts in question, are arranged in a scale, ascending and descending, according to their relation to the supreme pleasure of holiness. Some of them are incompatible with it, and from their very nature, quench it. These are the fleshly lusts that war against the Spirit. Others, though not it, are yet imbued with a portion of it, some in a greater degree, some less; until, into the thirst for knowledge, and into chastened human affection, there seems to have been transubstituted the very thing itself.

But we must here note this. These pleasures, even the highest of them, though they may be granted to us as sacraments of holiness, are yet in themselves distinct from holiness. The good man may long to acquire knowledge; the good man may long to receive love. But he may be called upon, also, to forego both; and if he respond to this call of God willingly and with his whole heart, he will be not

there engages to refute, are based primarily by me, she says, 'on the following fundamentally erroneous assumption: that the full value of life depends upon a belief that it will last for ever.' (*Nineteenth Century*, December 1879, p. 1001.) My critic in writing these words has had before her eyes the following passage of mine: 'By a curious confusion of thought the positive school have imagined that what religion adds to life is the hope of prolongation only, not of development also. . . . The positivists have confused the true saying that the pleasure of painting one picture does not depend on the fact that we shall paint many, with the false saying that the pleasure of beginning that one does not depend on the belief that we shall finish it. On this last belief it is plain that the pleasure does depend, largely if not entirely; and it is precisely this last belief that positivism takes away.' (*Is Life Worth Living?* p. 98.) These remarks were originally applied to human love; but they are equally applicable to the case of holiness.

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the less holy, but the holier. It is essential to the entire position that we remember this. For were this not the case, the system of the theist would be as faulty as the system of the positivist. Each system requires alike that we should, if asked to do so, surrender all pleasures but one. But the theistic system alone can supply such a pleasure, which, through all self-surrender, will still remain for ever with us.

This system, however, whilst denying any pleasures but this one to be necessary, yet admits others as good in a deep, though secondary, sense; not despising those even, which as related to holiness, seem at first to be most indifferent. I speak of those very pleasures which alone Miss Bevington and her school dwell upon—those pleasures or comforts, on the general distribution of which the continuance of the human race, in the long run, depends; and with which alone, on their theory, virtue has to deal. The pursuit of holiness does not force us aside from these; for these, so far as they are 'life-ward in their tendency,' are all of them in accordance with the will of God. Nor does the pursuit of holiness fail to give a meaning to the allaying at our own cost of the slightest pain in another; or to giving another, at our own cost, the slightest innocent pleasure. The theist agrees with the positivist that such actions are virtues, and that they bring a pleasure with them that far outweighs their pain. But the virtuous pleasure that lures us to such self-bestowals, comes not from the pleasure foregone, which *ex hypothesi* is indifferent, but from the oblation, conscious or unconscious, of our self-bestowal, to God. If its after-consequences have been really life-ward, well and good. We shall so have been forwarding His will. But even should they fail entirely, our act is not in vain. It is good in itself, in its own nature. In Professor Clifford's words, 'no accidental failure of its fruits can possibly alter that.' It is good in its effect on ourselves, as a surrender of ourselves to God. It is the giving Him the best that the moment has enabled us to give Him; it is what He values most, the conforming of our *will* to His. And such an act in one single man is an exemplar of what should be the acts of all men—an exemplar, not because its results as a fact are valuable, but because with all earnestness they have been meant to be so. For the positivist the only measure of virtue is the objective success of it; or, as Miss Bevington puts it, its active realised 'use.' But the theist, should God deny all such use to it, can rest in faith; and should it prove useful he will rest in thankfulness. Paul has planted, Apollos watered; but it is God that has given the increase.

Here we see what the theist means when he says that virtue is inward; here we see what he means when he says it is all-important. And now we can see what he means when he says its character is absolute. He does not mean the poor truism of the positivist, which

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no one contradicts or ever dreamed of contradicting, that the conduct conducing to certain social advantages cannot be altered by the changing caprice of each of us. He means that amongst the pleasures of which these advantages are, by the other's confession, the negative conditions only, there is one pleasure supreme over all the others, and to whose throne the others are precious only as steps. We now see what and whence is that pure and perfect passion, which, when once sure of its end, gives a meaning to all virtue.

And in seeing this, we must also have seen more than this. We must have seen that whilst the theist admits, as virtues, all the acts that positivists define as such, he includes a further set that the positivist cannot include. He includes not only the subjugation of our own pleasures as warring against others' happiness; but the subjugation of our own lower pleasures, as warring against our own holiness. And *logically*, in our conception of virtue, it is this last-named part of it that is the first. My desire for holiness must first make my life precious to me, before I can attach much preciousness to the lives of other people. Thus the meaning of the word virtue is at once immeasurably widened: and its present popular use is explained naturally. I will but quote one instance, and that shall be the commonest and the most significant—the popular identification of virtue with sexual continence. What is implied here is, not that chastity is a virtue, because externally it is of social use to others, but because internally it prepares self for God; because it is a part of the payment of that same debt to Him, of which subserving the welfare of others is another part, and a part logically subordinate.

Here is the explanation of that ambiguity in my language, which I said just now I would correct—my use at times, in my former volume, of the words virtue and morality as synonymous with the highest happiness, and with the final end of life. I should, to have been entirely accurate, have named that end not virtue but holiness; and, for the sake of entire clearness, let me do so now. Let me restate my former proposition, with its meaning unchanged, but only with its terms amended. Let me say that what positivism subtracts from life, utterly and for ever, is primarily not virtue as virtue, but holiness as holiness; to which I add, in what is here only a parenthesis, that, in destroying the latter, it also destroys the former; leaving us indeed, as its objects, many reasons to wish for it; but as agents, no motive that can make us practise even a part of it.

Holiness then, let me remind Miss Bevington and all those who agree with her, is the real name of the thing that their system takes away from them. And indeed, though they do not use the word in question, they make no secret that there is some such loss. But what they fail to see is the extent and the result of it. Miss Bevington-

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ton in her last Essay informs us that we have lost nothing but 'a moral sofa.' This is her simile for the sense of trust in God.[24] But I can tell her that the loss she speaks of is indeed a loss, not only of 'spiritual cakes and ale,' but of food and drink—and of food and drink without which the soul dies of starvation; producing those results, during its lingering, painful death, which my critic herself describes as 'thoroughly dismal and sickening.'

If she and her school deny this, out of their own mouth I can judge them; and for such witness I need go no further than the words of my present critic herself. Throughout the whole of her two essays, what she is really appealing to, is no sense on our part that virtue produces comfort, which, besides its difficulty, is the only characteristic she gives it; but a sense that it is precious as connected with that hierarchy of ascending pleasures, which are ranged in due gradation about the throne of holiness. Thus 'greedy seizure on handy pleasure' she thinks need be named merely to be at once condemned by us; and she puts the 'bliss of the moment' in contrast with 'the strength of the morrow:'[25] although bliss and pleasure are, she affirms, the only things to live for; although strength has no value except as a means of bliss; and although the value of bliss, she says, depends on itself, and not on the 'hours or the years' for which it is or will be present. Again, there are two classes, she says, for whom we must labour; one is 'sufferers,' and the other is '*sinners*.'[26] Sexual passion she describes as in itself a 'reeking miasm:'[27] and yet more significantly she says she has 'not the least *fear*'[28] that its admitted pleasures will ever receive the approval of positivism. Why, let me ask her, should she use the word 'fear'? Surely on her own grounds she should have said 'hope' instead. The pleasures she alludes to are for many men very keen pleasures. Could they then only be found not injurious to the general 'comfort,' the world would, on her own grounds, be so much the richer for enjoying them. My critic is plainly quite sincere in her feelings; but they belong to the creed she denies, not to the creed she is defending. She really hates vice because it wars against the spirit of holiness; not because it wars in any way against the spirit of comfort. But she makes this plainer yet in another place. Fortunately, as an illustration of the present condition of the positivists, she has published a small volume of verse, in which the restless movements—I might almost say the antics—of theism are pathetically visible under the stifling

[24] 'Our "unbelievers" know what they lose in losing religion. They lose their moral sofas, their spiritual "cakes and ale;" but the solid ground remains for spiritual exercise, and the bread and meat of success and survival will continue to reward that exercise wherever faithfully performed.'

[25] *Nineteenth Century*, December 1879, p. 1006. [26] *Ibid.* [27] *Ibid.*

[28] *Ibid.* October 1879, p. 591.

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skin of positivism. The following lines are from the most prominent and the most powerful of the poems:—

> But now—what says philosophy of Self?
> What thinks her follower of the man he is?
> Can he, in presence of the symphony
> That rolls around him, played by viewless cause,
> On suns for instruments, with life for key. . . .
> Can he revert to his small destiny
> As worth a moment's stopping of his ears,
> While that sweet thundering of the huge 'Not Self'
> Challenges him to listen while he may?[29]

Now what do these lines mean as explained by the professed theories of their writer? The 'huge Not Self' seems here to mean what she calls in another place 'nature's large impersonal workings;' and in these she says 'we do like to think there is an end, that we may make our special personal *own*.'[30] But 'the unbelieving moralist,' she goes on immediately, 'must resign the luxury of such a belief.' If this be the case, in what possible sense can the 'huge Not Self' be said to 'thunder' at all, still more, to 'thunder sweetly'? In Wordsworth's ears it is quite true it did: for him it was a shell that murmured with the voice of God. But Miss Bevington's case is altogether different. Perhaps, however, the 'huge Not Self' means what she elsewhere calls 'many-millioned humanity.' But in that case her meaning is no more satisfactory. If every self is paltry, so are all selves put together. If the talking of one man is senseless babble, the united babbling of a million men may indeed 'out-thunder' it; but the 'thundering' will be neither 'sweet' nor sensible. Let us take a case of a like confusion in her prose, to which the mention of 'Humanity' at once conducts us. 'The evolutionist,' she tells us, 'feels (through virtue) the glow of a calm blessedness in contemplating a mass of human beings'—and why? Because 'his own smallest achievement in self-education and self-elevation cannot but affect them beneficially. There is no small and great for him, since all is effectual.'[31] In this language we have a still more evident survival of theism, for in the mouth of the theist it has a distinct meaning; in the mouth of the positivist none. Let the will be good, and for the theist there is indeed no small and great objectively. But for the positivist the case is otherwise. The 'mass of human beings' cannot thus take the will for the deed; and our virtues are great and small in exact proportion to results they accomplish severally. For the positivists to say that there is no small or great in them is as if a railway company were to say to the public, 'Pay us with two pence or two pounds for your tickets; there is neither much nor little with us, for all is effectual.'

[29] *Key Notes*, by L. S. Bevington, 1879, p. 16.
[30] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1879, p. 601.
[31] *Ibid.* December 1879, p. 1008.

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What Miss Bevington has here had in her mind is what Christ said of the widow's mite; but in attempting to transplant this from His system to hers she shows not the difference only, but the antagonism of the two. The 'mass of human beings,' as an object of work and ardour, can never supply the place of God, nor does it go even the smallest way towards doing so. Every effort made by the positivists to invest it with the divine glory and to raise it to the divine eminence fails. They attempt to perform the feat in many ways, but each effort ends in its own discomfiture; and the logic they invoke to aid them by and by turns round and confounds them. We are to adore humanity, they say, as a vast corporate Pleasure, and our emotions are to make us serve it by our each doing our all to add to it. But the coin, they proceed to tell us, in which our several shares are to be paid is self-denial, and toil, and difficulty. And thus the idol they hoped to show us as a gigantic pleasure confronts them as nothing but a sum-total of pains. Then, again, if swerving from this conclusion, they seek to fix the mind on life's direct and personal pleasures, they find that they are already pledged in each case to speak of these as contemptible; and their system thus demands of them the new paradox that the sum of countless negative quantities is a vast positive total. Whilst, finally, if they appeal to the feeling they find existing for virtue, and trust to rouse a response, when they call it 'our choicest treasure,' they are confronted by their system with this blighting doctrine, that the one final end which it bids us hope for is that virtue shall work itself out of, not into, the great human entity. That, unconsciously, they feel all this themselves is apparent whenever they forget their logic, and trust themselves for a moment to utter their own emotions; never more so than when they fly off at a tangent, and appeal to 'stars' and 'suns,' and 'æons,' and all the fine things in the extra-human universe.

That the emotion that prompts such language is genuine, none need doubt; nor will the theist deny to it all fitting reverence. But the more reverend he considers the emotion of the positivists, the more completely ludicrous does he consider their own analysis of it. What he sees in it is a survival of the religion they deny; not the first fruits of the irreligion they profess. Positivism, as preached in France, has been called by Professor Huxley 'Catholicism minus Christianity.' As preached in England and America, it may be called similarly 'Methodism minus Christianity.' That Methodism contains it in the sense of holiness, the sense of sin, and the longing to co-operate with God's will—we all of us know this. But this is not positivism.

What is positivism, is the theory true or false that, independent of our own wills, or in defiance of them, our race is tending steadily to get rid of its own discomforts. And the positivists present this

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race to us as one single individual, whose vast career it imagines will inflame and move us. But this 'huge Not Self,' presented to the lover of virtue, so far from being better than the small 'selves' that compose it, must really seem but the type of what is worst and lowest in them. Humanity, regarded as a single being, is a being without any aspirations that are not selfish, and without any duties at all. It has been bestial at its infancy, savage in its youth, unutterably impure in its manhood; and as a worthy crown of a worthy life, it is to simper at last through an unrepentant dotage into an hopeless and unremembered grave.

I have alluded in this essay to Miss Bevington's remarks on myself, only in so far as they seem convenient examples of the reasonings of the school she is representing. I have had no such unchivalrous or useless purpose as to show that a gifted lady may personally be at fault in her logic. But if I may say at parting a single word to herself, I would remind her that all that her new teachers can tell her about virtue has been told the world long ago by Christianity. They have not contributed a single new truth to it; though doubtless to prove its truth they may have subpœnaed new witnesses. All that they have done new is not to add to the Christian teaching, but to subtract from it; and to subtract from it the one part that alone gave the whole vitality.

Oh the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a touch suspend the blood's best play—
And life be a proof of this!

W. H. Mallock.

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WAR CORRESPONDENTS AND THE AUTHORITIES.

THE profession of war correspondent may be said to have been definitely founded in the Crimean War. Since that struggle there has been no war, at least in the old world, permission to chronicle the events of which has been denied to the representatives of Journalism, until the recent advance on Cabul, following upon the massacre of our forlorn-hope skeleton of an embassy to that turbulent capital. During the advance on Cabul, permission to correspond for newspapers was accorded only to officers. When Cabul had been reached, the stringency was colourably so far relaxed, as that civilian correspondents were no longer to be hindered from being present with the forces in the field, who were willing to comply with a code of regulations, which has since been published, in all its disgraceful entirety, in the journals of this country. When that code first appeared in India, it was believed to be a grim hoax. The Anglo-Indian press hailed it with contemptuous derision. The Indian authorities who promulgated it, who, it may be assumed, asked for it from the Home authorities, and who are now acting upon it, quailed from the courage of their opinions, in that they were fain to disclaim the debasing responsibility of its conception. That bewildering anachronism, the Indian 'Press Commissioner,' shambled into deprecatory publicity with the following official *communiqué*:—

SIMLA, Oct. 29.

The rules for the guidance of editors of newspapers and of correspondents with an army in the field, recently communicated through the Press Commissioner to the Press, were prepared in the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department at the Horse Guards, and have received the provisional approval of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War. The only alterations made in the text, as received from the Horse Guards, are of a purely formal and trivial character, such as the substitution of the words 'Government of India' and 'General Officer Commanding in the Field' for the words 'Commander-in-Chief' and 'military authorities.'

It is clearly intended to be inferred that the Indian Government has been merely the instrument of the Home authorities in enforcing the rules specified. These rules have not been recalled or formally altered; and they are still, at all events, nominally and potentially operative. The Home authorities cannot be ignorant of the fact that the Indian Government has shuffled its responsibility in regard to them on to their shoulders. They have not disavowed this responsibility. I know not, indeed, whether from shame, from cynical

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indifference, or from timidity; they have, nevertheless, refrained from specifically acknowledging it. No reply has been vouchsafed to two formal requests for information on this point addressed to the Horse Guards by the conductor of one of the Service Papers. I have a serene confidence, based on experience, that the thumbscrew of Parliament will by and by succeed in the enterprise in which the missives of the journalist have failed to achieve success. Meanwhile I am anxious to lay before the public some arguments and considerations bearing on a subject which cannot seriously be regarded as one of insignificant importance. It is difficult to state a case with befitting calmness and impartiality when one is conscious of thrilling indignantly with a sense of insult that is almost brutal; and yet, since I have the fullest realisation that this subject must be regarded neither wholly from the view of the insulted journalist, nor from that of an hungry and unsatisfied public, I can easily conceive that in dealing with it I may subject myself to the imputation of being but a lukewarm vindicator of the position of my order, and a philistine indifferentist to the cravings of a reading public.

It may seem wasting discussion on a foregone conclusion, to set forth the arguments for and against the permission of war correspondents with armies in the field. That this would have been so six months ago, I readily admit; the man who would have solemnly gone about such an undertaking might have been regarded as a feeble Rip van Winkle. But during the past six months, war correspondents have been altogether prohibited from accompanying a British army in the field. A code of regulations has been issued and acted on which, whether intentionally or not, has the effect of prohibiting from accompanying an army in the field every war correspondent who possesses a tittle of that sense of self-respect which must have deserted alike those who drew it up, those who promulgated and acted on it, and those who, in dogged, sullen shame-facedness, decline to own and to commit infanticide on the scandalous bantling which has been sworn upon them. In such a juncture, I submit, we are forced back upon first principles. Let me essay to argue the matter on these, bringing to bear on the subject the somewhat rare experience of one whose military instincts are certainly not less keen than are his aspirations to be an effective and faithful war correspondent (the two impulses being perfectly compatible), and of one who has served as a war correspondent with the armies of at least six diverse nationalities.

It is not easy to conceive any other objections to the presence of war correspondents in the field than the three following:—

1. That they may detrimentally affect public opinion at home either by unpleasant and inopportune truth-telling, or by wanton lying.

2. That they may produce discontent and want of confidence in an army in the field, by hostile criticisms on its leader.

3. That they may give information to the enemy, by revealing prematurely intentions and combinations, or by forwarding for publi-

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cation details of strengths, fortifications, means of, or shortcomings in, transport, supplies, &c., of which the enemy may take advantage.

In respect of the two first of these objections, it may well be imagined that a section of British journalism would summarily set them aside, on the plea of the 'liberty of the press.' The argument would run in this wise: 'We are free to make what strictures we please, so long as they are neither libellous nor seditious. By leading articles we can, without check, essay to influence public opinion. We can say bitter true things; nay, if we are so minded, we can lie that our distribes may have the more effective purchase. We can fulminate against a general with ink dipped in gall, nor can any man make us afraid. We have a right, by acknowledged use and wont, to send our representative with the army, and no man has a right to infringe the liberty—or call it license, if you please—of the press, to influence or curb the tenor of his comments on what he sees. If this position is disputed, you touch the palladium of British freedom, the liberty of the press; and you have as much, or rather as little, right to establish a censorship on our leading articles as on our war correspondence.' This reasoning is doubtless specious, but it has a fatal defect. The right to publish leading articles, so long as they are neither libellous nor seditious, is indefeasible. No such right exists in relation to war correspondence, or at least in relation to the fountain of genuine war correspondence, the correspondent in the field. By consuetitude, he accompanies armies, but always on conditions implied or expressed, mostly the latter. He is there on privilege, and on his honest behaviour as a good citizen and a truth-telling man. There is no getting over this. I have no ruth for the lying war correspondent, who happily is a very rare creature. A case occurred the other day in Afghanistan, in which a correspondent branded with atrocious cruelty the soldiers of a noble regiment. He has owned to his lie, and he would be a strange man who would grieve over his deserved expulsion. The Nemesis in such a case is inexorable. Nor is it any matter that it may be somewhat tardy, because the regulation is none the less crushing that it comes late. As for the truth, the telling of it can never be detrimental to a nation. A nation is entitled to know the truth about its own business; because, if the truth is disastrous, it is afforded the opportunity of urging with the force of knowledge the necessity for efforts at retrieval or reformation. On this point, the occasion will occur for speaking later with more detail. As regards the objection of the untoward influence on an army in the field of hostile criticisms on its chief, it collapses, to make a bull, before it is set up. The leader in a recent campaign thought proper to put it forward, else it would not have demanded notice. I ventured to reply to that general with the simple remark, that 'an army in the field does its own criticism.' The ablest penman, even supposing that his work came quickly back into the force which it concerned, could no more depreciate in its eyes the chief in whom it believed, than he could

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inspire confidence in the chief regarding whom it had already, with unerring instinct, formed its own unfavourable conviction. He might wound or flatter, as the case might be, that chief's self-love; but I should not think highly of a leader thus defective in the *mens æquus* which is one of the highest attributes of generalhood, nor could the welfare of the country hang on this impressionability of his.

There is vastly more weight in the objection that the war correspondent with his head loose may give information to the enemy. It is, however, obvious that this objection can only have weight were it possible that his information can reach that enemy; in other words, in wars in which a modicum of civilisation and accessibility is the attribute of your enemy. Now this condition has been applicable to but one enemy of England since Waterloo. Barring the Russians in the Crimea, although we have been fighting off and on ever since Wellington confronted Napoleon, we have never had an adversary of whom it was possible that, in the nature of things, he could learn anything from journalistic sources. The *Saturday Review*, whose eccentric *rôle* is to vituperate war correspondents, while making no scruple to avail itself, very much without thanks, of the fruits of their toil, gave to its world the ludicrous suggestion that the Afghans were being supplied by the Russians from Central Asia with intelligence concerning our forces operating against them telegraphed to the English newspapers. When one reflects on the distance between Cabul and Charjui, the Russian telegraphic terminus, one hardly knows whether the more to scorn the rancour, or smile at the geographical ignorance, of the paper I have named. With a free thoroughfare for spies from the seething city of Peshawur all the way to the mal-odorous Bala Hissar, the Afghans have never had any need to lean upon Russian enterprise for efforts to accomplish physical impossibilities.

Ketchwayo was reported to take in the *Natal Witness*, but the nimble runner who brought him a stale copy of that print could 'wipe the eye' of its out of date 'latest intelligence,' by the information gathered by his own powers of observation. If that only be war, in its true sense, when the adversaries are reasonably fairly matched in point of equipment, resources, and the general appliances of civilisation, including tactical and strategical intuition, then England has never been at war, save once in 1854–5–6, since Waterloo. We have only been slaughtering barbarians, with the occasional alterative of being slaughtered by them. The wanton inapplicability of the present rule to the contest now occurring in Afghanistan is therefore glaringly apparent.

But these rules were drawn up in view of a real war, and it is in relation to a struggle of that description that the question of the danger that correspondents may give information to an enemy has seriously to be considered. Fairness compels the acknowledgment that such a risk does exist. I have known the evil done. One

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journal, during the recent Russo-Turkish war, published wholly unjustifiable details of the defences of Kars, and its information was actually and naturally taken advantage of by the assailants of that fortress. Another journal printed, from its correspondent, particulars of the defences of Rustchuck, which I personally know were regarded as extremely opportune by the force contemplating its attack. I can easily imagine cases in which the simple name of the place, whence a wholly innocent communication might be despatched by a correspondent known to have his wits about him, would be calculated to inspire an adversary with the suspicion of an impending movement in a region otherwise unheeded. Blinking of facts will never help a case. But the experience of nations who have made wars on a large scale is in favour nevertheless of taking the risks for the sake of the advantages resulting from the presence of war correspondents with the armies. The Germans are the warriors of modern Europe, according to the modern conception of warfare. In 1870–71 they freely admitted correspondents, imposing upon them no censorship whatsoever. As a rule, I think they trusted most to the ignorance of correspondents, and simply left them out in the cold in the matter of information, relying on the likelihood that a combination would have come off, a blow been struck and done with, before the correspondent could have grasped the situation, so as to give it injurious publicity, had he been ever so willing.

To some correspondents intentions were guardedly indicated just sufficiently to allow of their following events intelligently; and there were occasions on which a correspondent who had proved himself trustworthy was taken into full confidence in the safe assurance of his fidelity. It was understood, rather than definitely expressed, that indiscretion would be summarily dealt with, and when indiscretions were committed, they were summarily dealt with. The fieldpost was open to every correspondent; to use the military telegraphic wire was a favour sparsely accorded, owing to the pressure of army work; and all telegrams so sent had first to be approved. But the German wires from the frontier were open without let or hindrance, nor was there any restriction, as in the present rules, to specified modes of conveyance, nor any prohibition against special couriers. The correspondent had his head loose, with the full fore-knowledge that his head would journalistically be taken off if he wrote what he ought not to write. I have no reason, but the contrary, to believe that the experience of the Franco-German war has had any tendency toward inducing the General Staff in Berlin to impose more stringent regulations on correspondents for the future. And there is every reason to believe that the French military authorities are keenly alive to the detriment wrought on the impulsive and spasmodic idiosyncrasy of the French nation, under dire strain, by the withholding from it of plain truth, with the inevitable result of *omne ignotum pro terribili.*

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The Russians in the recent war admitted all comers decently vouched for, on very simple stipulations. An officer was appointed to give authoritative information to correspondents on application, but correspondents were not prohibited from finding their information elsewhere. They were free to go where they listed; they were warned that indiscreet revelations would subject them to expulsion, but otherwise they had 'their heads loose.' 'You may criticise and abuse us as much as you please,' was Colonel Hausenkampf's formula, 'only don't tell anything about us that would be of use to the enemy.' True, that in one instance they failed to act up to this fine wide charter, but when they sent Mr. Boyle away, their tempers had been sorely wrung by misfortune. They, too, seemed to trust a good deal to their power of keeping a secret, and although, when the crossing of the Danube was impending, every correspondent was free to make for the spot of his own unaided selection, only one succeeded in hitting off the scent in time to witness the event.

I do not imagine that we are likely to be more strategic than the Germans, or franker than the Russians; and if they have succeeded in making war without inflicting on correspondents with their armies a code of rules so stringent, so debasing, and, indeed, so impossible as the one I am discussing, I think a failure to do the same on the part of British commanders, if such an event were unfortunately to occur, would not be obviated by the muzzling, or rather the prohibition, of intelligent, competent, and loyal correspondents. And there is the consideration, too, that a resort to this expedient would deprive the failure of a specious excuse, a very convenient thing to have.

The advantages of the presence of correspondents with armies in the field are, to my thinking, multitudinous. If it were merely to gratify a nation's curiosity, one might refrain from pleading. There is a great deal too much irrelevant curiosity about, for which there can be no sympathy. But to know how our arms are faring in war is no mere irrelevant curiosity. Great heaven! is it unreasonable to require that we should learn from impartial and unbiassed lips how goeth the day with our brothers, our heart's-blood, the fathers of our children? Is it in the cold official words alone that we are to be told how our countrymen, our dear ones, toil and thole, vindicate Britain's manhood, and joyously expend their lives for Queen and fatherland? Are our gallant ones to be denied the noble recompense of knowing that a record of their steadfastness, their unmurmuring fortitude, their flashes of buoyant heroism, their gallant manhood, their blythesome cheeriness, go home to kindle and to console the anxious hearts by the quiet firesides? Is this craft of ours, not less noble than that of the clergyman himself, not less patriotic than that of him who gladly dies for his country, not less tender than that of

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the poet, in that our theme throbs and glows, and dares and dies, under our very hand, not less reciprocative to the beating heart of a nation than is the devotion of a sister of mercy in the field-hospital, to be stamped out on the pretext of a narrow utilitarianism that is as fictitious as it is short-sighted?

But let me betake myself to more prosaic reasoning in favour of the contention that war correspondence is not baneful but beneficial. If the authorities of a State owning an army in the field are honest, and mean honestly by the nation, the observation of impartial spectators of military events ought to be the reverse of distasteful. If affairs are progressing well, the correspondents are eager to accentuate the prosperity; if there is an element of hollowness in the good fortune, if luck rather than skill has stood our friend, if it be apparent that success would have been doubtful but for the incapacity of the enemy, it surely advantages the commonwealth, the advent of the millennium being uncertain, that such matters should be frankly, but not rancorously set forth. To elect to live in what is called a fool's paradise is worse than folly; it is imbecility. And if failure unhappily occurs, it cannot be hurtful that the springs and the circumstances of the failure should be candidly set forth, with firm finger on the errors, with glow of warm commendation for the brighter features. The Russians are wise in their generation. At Plevna, in July 1877, they sustained a terrible reverse. The generalship was contemptible, the fighting virtue nobly conspicuous. It fell to the present writer to record that event in its sadness alike and its unavailing heroism. The record neither spared blame nor stinted praise. Its author did his work in the full conviction that his candour would cost him his permission to witness the succeeding episodes of the campaign. But the Russian military authorities, recognising the solid virtue of truthfulness, accepted his narrative of the battle, and authorised its publication in their home newspapers, with their imprimatur on it as an accurate record of a miserable failure relieved by gallant courage. Independent war correspondence has become a necessity to the contentment of the nation. It placates the just uneasiness that is occasioned by meagre, unexhaustive, and not always wholly candid communications from official sources. These are the spoon-meat of a nation in its intellectual babyhood; and if the nation is so supine as to tolerate that for the future they are to be its main pabulum, and that independent correspondence is to be throttled, it may lay its account with pitiful degeneracy from adult intellectual robustness into limp, sycophantic credulity, feebly dashed with impotent, querulous suspiciousness tempered by moody indifference.

If affairs are going seriously wrong, the nation, whose interests are surely of more importance than the prestige of an ephemeral satrap, or the fortunes of the Ministry of the day, have a right to know the worst, honestly and fully told. Not for the mere gratification of quidnunc curiosity; but that it may, if need there

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should seem, take its fortunes into its own hands, and urge, full-throated, on its servants—not its masters—the authorities of the hour, that their care be not wholly for their own petty prospects, but for the broad national weal. But that the *Times* had an outspoken representative in the Crimean war, the cruelly needless mortality would have been indefinitely multiplied. When the strain of that terrible struggle had relaxed, who among all that shared its vicissitudes deserved better of his country than William Howard Russell, in that his pen, vivid as truthful, stimulated successful efforts to rescue the army from that direst of all maladies, red tape in a state of collapse? The cause of military science is benefited by the presence in the field of intelligent and impartial correspondents. While soldiers are fighting they are watching. Theirs it is to note not alone that here the attack hangs, that there it marches with bounding swiftness, but the circumstances, the differences in the methods, the distinctions in the character of the preparations, that bring about the discrepancy. Theirs it is, standing aloof as they do from professional jealousies and professional prejudices, free from the traditions which so tend to narrow the field of observation, to suggest reforms in transport, in medical appliances, in formations, in methods of effective command. With their all but universal share of acquaintance with the armies of foreign nations, correspondents bring to bear on such matters a breadth of varied experience, the expressed outcome of which cannot always be wholly valueless. But this acquaintance of theirs with foreign armies on campaign cannot be expected to be further extended. When our authorities have proclaimed the virtual exclusion of correspondents from their camps, the foreigner at war will be hard to convince that it can be for his good that England should see how his soldiers fight, and should investigate his military system under the strain of war, through the eyes and by the brains of her war correspondents. It may be that, in a purely military sense, such a deprivation will be of insignificant importance. But if this be so, how has it come about that, not a few times, the scientific *élite* of our military service have crowded into the lecture hall of the United Service Institution to listen to lectures from war correspondents, on the abstrusest technicalities of the strategy and tactics of foreign armies?

It is quite probable that a considerable section of readers will scarcely be inclined to attach much weight to an argument in favour of war correspondents, which to me seems of no small moment, that their work, worthily done, should tend to stimulate the martial ardour of a nation. When we are fighting, say I, let us fight with a will, and not with intermittent prostrations before the shrine of Mr. Henry Richard. But at all events, it is well that when we are at war, there should be recruits galore to furnish fuel for the fire; and I am convinced that war correspondence, with the right ring in it, is one of the most potent encouragements to the production of the

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class of recruits that are most wanted; adventurous young fellows, with a throb of fighting enthusiasm in their blood, who enlist, not because they have become feckless waifs and strays, but because they are spoiling for a fight.

I will conclude this paper with some comments on the new rules taken seriatim, and it will conduce to lucidity that these rules be here quoted. It is to be noted that, as explained in the *communiqué* of the Indian 'Press Commissioner,' the few minor alterations that make them applicable to a force serving under the Government of India are interpolations.

1. All correspondents desiring to write for newspapers at the seat of war must be furnished with a licence granted under the authority of the Government of India. This licence shall state the paper or papers to which the correspondent is agent.

2. On no account may a correspondent write for other papers than those mentioned on his licence. If he desires to do so he must get leave, the fact being duly registered on his licence.

3. No one may write for a newspaper without a licence. The Government of India will not grant licences to those whom they consider undesirable to have as correspondents in the field. Retired officers will be preferred.

4. All correspondents in the field are placed under the Mutiny Act during their stay with the army.

5. All correspondents shall wear a distinctive badge; they must also on all occasions carry their licences with them.

6. It may be necessary on certain occasions not to allow correspondents to roam about the theatre of war at pleasure. If so, an order will be issued to that effect, and they must obtain passes to go from one place to another. It must be understood that, even if they have a pass to view a certain position, they may still be prohibited from approaching it by the local military authorities; on all occasions they must conform to the military exigencies of the time and place.

7. Correspondents will not be allowed to go to the outposts without special permission, which will not, however, be generally granted.

8. The use of any cypher is forbidden to correspondents. English is the only language permitted.

9. A military staff officer is appointed to act as press censor. He grants licences subject to the approval of Government; he is the channel through which the general officer commanding in the field communicates with correspondents; he supervises the intelligence sent by them to their newspapers; and he is charged with the duty of preventing the press laws in the field from being broken or evaded.

10. The military censor has the power of obliging all communications sent by correspondents to their newspapers to go to their destination through him; and should he deem the intelligence to be dangerous to the good of the army he may stop it or alter it. In the case of telegrams the military censor will generally exercise this power.

11. The military authorities will give to correspondents as much information as they may consider advisable and consistent with their duty; the latter are, therefore, invited to get their news from that source as much as possible.

12. The military authorities will facilitate, as far as they can, the despatch and the conveyance of the messages of correspondents.

13. Should the means of communication at the disposal of the general officer in command not be sufficient to take the intelligence of correspondents, the latter

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may, under the sanction of the military censor, arrange for a special means of transmitting their messages. It is, however, to be clearly understood that these new arrangements are to be entirely under the control and surveillance of the military censor.

14. It is, therefore, illegal for correspondents to organise any special means of communication under their own control and management, or to employ telegraphic or post-offices beyond the radius of military jurisdiction; neither may they secretly employ railway officials or others to carry their letters for them.

15. All newspapers having correspondents in the field must send regularly a copy of their paper to the head-quarters where their correspondent is.

16. Correspondents who infringe the field press regulations are not only liable to punishment according to the military law in force, but their licences can be taken from them and they themselves sent to the rear out of the zone of military operations.

17. Should a correspondent be expelled, no other will be allowed to take his place in the service of the newspaper which he represented. Editors of newspapers are held responsible for the conduct of their agents with the army.

18. Editors of newspapers desirous of sending out agents to the theatre of war, and the correspondents whom they propose for that purpose, will be required to sign the following declaration:—

'We have read the rules for the guidance of editors of newspapers and of correspondents with an army in the field, and we hereby agree to abide by the same.

'Signed, ——, Editor of the ——

'Signed, Proposed correspondent to the —— to accompany the army.'

To Nos. 1 and 3 in principle no valid objection can be taken. It would be unwise, and, indeed, impossible, to legitimatise all comers, irrespective of character and specification. It may be assumed that the force of public opinion would deter a Government from refusing a license arbitrarily or resentfully. The most satisfactory licensing machinery would be a Board consisting of a military officer of rank, a senior official of the War Office, and the President for the time being of the Newspaper Press Fund.

No. 2 is perfectly fair. No man ought to be ashamed of his work wherever it may appear, and he is simply present under false pretences who writes surreptitiously for a paper other than the one which accredits him.

No. 4 enacts nothing that is not already enacted, as a reference to the 'Army Discipline and Regulation Act 1878' will show. A correspondent comes under the category of 'all persons not otherwise subject to military law who are followers of, or accompany Her Majesty's troops, or any portion thereof, when employed on active service beyond the seas.' Under the provisions of this act, the correspondent who 'knowingly does on active service any act calculated to imperil the success of Her Majesty's forces,' or who 'misbehaves in such manner as to show cowardice,'—in other words, who on occasion does not stand up to be shot at with affable and unconcerned demeanour—is liable 'on conviction by court-martial, to suffer death.' If he commits the offence of 'spreading by word of mouth, or in writing, reports calculated to create unnecessary alarm or despondency,' he subjects himself to penal servitude, and if he 'knowingly makes,

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or is privy to the making of, any false or fraudulent statement,' he is liable to imprisonment on conviction. No fair-dealing man can object to underlie provisions which are essential to the well-being of an army in the field. If he does not relish them, he can stay at home with his mother; he cannot reasonably expect to be the chartered libertine of the force.

No. 5 has excited great wrath in the Indian press; to my thinking causelessly. An officer is defined by his uniform; a badge may be taken as the correspondent's uniform, serving to distinguish him from that most flagrant of all campaigning nuisances, the proverbial T. G. We wore them with the Russian army in Bulgaria, and they were invariably useful, obviating the necessity for the production of papers, and saving a world of preliminary circumlocution. I am not ashamed of my profession, and therefore have no objection to any device that indicates it.

No. 6 is simply self-evident to reasonable men conversant with military exigencies. It has practically been always in force. If an officer chooses to stop a correspondent, what can the correspondent do? My advice to him is to keep his temper.

With No. 7 the correspondent may put up without feeling greatly aggrieved. It is a bore to get shot, especially to your editor, and the outposts are likely places for that dispensation. Besides they are mostly uninteresting, and generally when they become interesting they cease to be outposts, and the right of way is free if there haply be stomach for the journey. I would not have the correspondent captious.

No. 8. No honest man needs to resort to a cypher in newspaper correspondence, which, further, all experience shows to be abortive and unpurposeful. A press censor cannot be expected to know foreign languages.

Nos. 9, 10, 13, and 14, are the degrading and intolerable paragraphs. No general in the field has the right thus, vicariously, to 'supervise the intelligence sent by correspondents to their newspapers.' He can shoot them, or send them to prison, if they transgress, but the despotism of burking is not to be tholed. But to burke their work is not the limit of the powers of his creature, the press censor. To that functionary is accorded the right to 'alter' that work, if he thinks that to pass it would be 'detrimental to the good of the army.' In other words, it is in his power, if the correspondent perversely declines to lie, nevertheless to make a liar of him! Why not prescribe the torture till he lie at first hand? Why descend to the nefarious baseness of authorised forgery?—for virtual forgery it is thus to alter, to warp, to overturn. Who, among my colleagues, could those who 'provisionally authorised' this Jesuitical code, have imagined so lost to honour as to bow their necks to a yoke so insulting and so ignoble? I will not retort insult on them by regarding it as possible that they expected to find any man base enough to have the literary offspring, for which he stands responsible to his fellow-countrymen, thus sur-

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reptitiously changed at nurse. I prefer to hold that they desired to make the position of a war correspondent untenable by a gentleman. At all events they have done so. Against No. 14 I may perhaps be allowed to entertain a special grudge. I have not uniformly been in the habit of tarrying for the despatch of posts; and a variety of personages, from the Emperor of Russia to Sir Garnet Wolseley, have declined quite to give expression to disappointment that I have not been thus supine.

The four paragraphs specified are conceived not only in an insulting but an erroneous spirit. The field telegraph wire is the property of the military authorities. No man can claim to use it. No man can reasonably object to the stipulation of the military authorities that by it shall be transmitted only what they choose to pass, and he will regard it as a privilege that they allow anything to pass at all. Thus they are masters of the items of intelligence to be instantaneously transmitted; and it is open for them to fence or to supervise telegraph offices other than military for a certain distance in their rear. These measures would amply suffice to prevent the only real danger that indiscreet disclosures can give rise to, the risk of giving information to an enemy. Conditions change so rapidly in warfare that the fresh news of to-day is dead, stale and useless to an enemy two days later. Thus no injury can be wrought by leaving individual enterprise open to correspondents in a rayon outside the limits indicated. The Russians allowed scarcely any press telegraphy from Bulgaria, exercised a censorship at Bucharest, whither converged all telegrams from Roumanian out-offices, but left enterprise free to devise courier systems to Kronstadt and Orsova, inside the Hungarian frontiers. Their expressed view was that intelligence so retarded could not well hurt them with the enemy, whatever its nature. With correspondence by post they never interfered. They regarded that species of leverage as too remote. It has been reserved for English functionaries to 'provisionally authorise' regulations which chastise correspondents with scorpions, whereas the Russians but tickled them with whips.

It remains to be said, if, indeed, it did not go without saying, that any correspondent who chose could drive a coach and four through these rules, and indeed through any rules. The authorities may accept the assurance that any man so destitute of self-respect as to take service under them would promptly utilise his convenient lack of that commodity, in devising schemes for their facile circumvention. It is curious that the present people will not recognise that straightforwardness is wiser than wriggle, that it is better policy to be honourable than Jesuitical. It has been hinted that these rules are intended for show rather than for use, and that there is no intention of their being systematically enforced. If this be so, the insult is only the more gratuitous.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. XXXVI.—February 1880.

THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

It is certain that great anxiety prevails at present throughout the country respecting our position in Afghanistan, and the probable issue of events in that quarter. The unreasoning scare, indeed, which arose last month both in India and at home, in consequence of the interruption for a few days of telegraphic communication with General Roberts's force, testifies to the feverish state of public feeling. Prophets of evil, on one side, alarm the country with their weekly homilies of curse and commination. Political orators, on the other, improve the occasion by magnifying the dangers of the situation for party purposes. If I venture, then, under such circumstances, to appear again, pen in hand, before the public, I think it right to explain that I do not come forward as a controversialist or a prophet. I make no claim to be the apologist of the Government, or the exponent of an occult policy. I write simply as an independent observer who, by applying his long experience of Central Asian affairs—extending now over a period of fifty years—to passing events, is able to form an opinion on the present crisis at least as worthy of attention as that of the amateur critics of the public press, and who is desirous, at a period of great national interest, to place that opinion before the public, to be taken for what it may be worth.

I shall not revive the vexed question as to which party in the State is to be held responsible for the Afghan war, though some new light has been thrown upon the subject by recent discoveries at Cabul. It is asserted, for instance, in the Indian papers, and apparently on

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the best authority, that Yacub Khan has been very unreserved in his communications with our officers, and has made disclosures of some moment with regard to his father's dealings with the British and Russian Governments respectively. He is said to have described Shir Ali as having left Amballa in 1869 in some degree disappointed, but not to have been offended or hopeless till 1873, when, on the return of his messenger from Simla, he resolved to throw in his lot with Russia, and accordingly formed an alliance with that Government, which continued uninterrupted till the final catastrophe in 1878. Now, although this explanation contains to me no unexpected revelation of Shir Ali's feelings, but is, on the contrary, a mere confirmation of the views which, in common with many others, I had always taken of the respective results of the Amballa and the Simla conference, it does, I confess, suggest some important considerations in stating that the Amir's alliance with Russia was continued uninterrupted from 1873 to the termination of his career: an alliance, as I understand the statement, not dependent on strict treaty engagements, but cultivated and maintained by the constant interchange of friendly and confidential correspondence, and in evident substitution of a previously existing good understanding with England. The importance of this admission is twofold. It authenticates, in the first place, the charge that has been so often brought against Russia of sustained duplicity in keeping up political relations with Cabul through her most trusted officers in Asia, while in Europe she repudiated any such connection, and asserted over and over again, in the most solemn manner, that 'Afghanistan was beyond the scope of her political action.' And, in the second place, it points to the conclusion that the Peshawer conference, and the various negotiations which preceded it, were mere shams, encouraged by Shir Ali for no other purpose than that of gaining time, while he matured arrangements with his Russian allies. Yacub Khan's brief explanation, indeed, of his father's policy compared with the provisions of the treaty negotiated by Stolietof at Cabul, which are also given in the Indian papers, as communicated by the subordinates employed in the negotiations, enable us for the first time to comprehend with distinctness and certainty the true position of affairs at the Amir's court at the close of 1878, a position which, in my view, gave to the Afghan war a strictly national character, and rendered it quite independent of the engagements or predilections of parties competing for power in England. I have no wish to waste time in controversy, but as this view of the question, which would raise the Afghan war beyond the sphere of party debate, is, I know, much contested, I would ask leave briefly to state the heads of the argument as it presents itself to my deliberate judgment. I am quite free to admit, then, that the necessity for armed intervention in Afghanistan might have been obviated by better statesmanship in bygone years.

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We might probably have attached Shir Ali to our interests as completely as we had attached Dost Mahomed Khan towards the close of his career, by a timely and efficient support against the competitors who, when he first entered on his birthright, challenged his supremacy and for years obstructed his path to power; or at a later period—at Amballa, for instance—we might have expiated our previous shortcomings, and secured Shir Ali's loyalty by a personal and dynastic guarantee; or, if we hesitated to commit India to liabilities of this magnitude, we might have reassured the Amir as to his political safety and have at any rate secured his respect, by showing a bolder front to Russia after the Khiva campaign, and arresting, under a threat of war, her further advance towards our Indian frontier. Any one of these lines of policy would, it may be admitted, have rendered the present war unnecessary; but we have now passed beyond such speculations, and any recurrence to the subject is useless, except as an historical lesson for future generations. The only question for present consideration is whether at the close of 1878 it would have been possible with a due regard to the safety of India to avoid declaring war with Cabul. The position at the court of the Amir, as we have learnt from our later experience at Cabul, and from the insight we have gained into Russian proceedings, was simply as follows:—Shir Ali had cultivated for the preceding five years close and confidential relations with Russia; he had deliberately renounced the hope of preserving the friendship of England; in the meantime he had prepared a most formidable armament: he had collected sixty-eight regiments of regular infantry, armed for the most part with serviceable rifles, and sixteen regiments of cavalry; he had at his disposal about 300 guns and an enormous amount of powder, ammunition, and material of war; and, to crown all, his influence over the border tribes, who constitute the chief element of Afghan strength, was at least as powerful as his father's, and was liable at any moment to be employed against us. Under such circumstances, he received with distinction a Russian Envoy and concluded a treaty with the Russian Government which guaranteed to him the protection of the Emperor in regard both to foreign and domestic enemies, and virtually placed the whole resources of the country at the disposal of his Russian ally. Shortly before this critical period our own relations with Russia had been strained to the utmost, and in view of eventualities a considerable Russian force had actually marched from the Turkistan headquarters towards the Afghan frontier, for service beyond the Oxus. It was quite possible, too, though the Treaty of Berlin had been signed, that local misunderstanding or collision might impede its execution, and that we might thus be obliged after all to confront Russia in the field. Let me ask if any British Minister would have ventured under such circumstances to leave Russia in the undisturbed enjoyment of her vantage-ground in Afghanistan. Even without her

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co-operation the position of Shir Ali in respect to the Punjab would have been very similar to that of Cetewayo in respect to Natal; but with that co-operation—Russian officers being available to lead the troops and fortify the passes; Russian money being forthcoming to replenish the Cabul Treasury; and Russian science being at hand to supplement the Afghan wants—the danger which threatened British India was, I contend, of the gravest character. It is my firm conviction that no British Minister, whether Liberal or Conservative, could have remained insensible to such weighty considerations. If the Duke of Argyll had been at the India Office in 1878, he would, equally with Lord Cranbrook, have recognised it as an imperative duty for the safety of British India to break up the Russo-Afghan confederacy, and he would have further felt himself obliged, as the only means of accomplishing this end—after the attempt to send a friendly mission had failed—to push an army up the passes and threaten Cabul.

It seems to me that this point once admitted there is no room for further argument; and moreover that, since the resolution to embark in war was first taken in defence of the national interests, our proceedings have been marked throughout with singular moderation and consistency of purpose. Events have certainly hurried on in a most rapid sequence, and have carried us further than we either contemplated or desired; but we have done our utmost in the past and are doing our utmost at the present time to restrict the area of action, and if in any case the limit of our original lines should be transgressed, our misfortune, not our will, must bear the blame. After the advance, for instance, on Jellalabad and on the Piwer pass had been accomplished—an advance which was as skilfully planned as it was brilliantly executed, and which impressed not only the Afghans, but their Russian protectors also, with a very high estimate of our military strength—we halted in mid career to allow time for a possible settlement. There can be no doubt that Roberts, after defeating the enemy at the Piwer pass, might have marched directly upon Cabul, and have occupied the city, there and then, either with or without the co-operation of the Jellalabad column, but it was judged that so sudden a collapse of the Afghan power would embarrass rather than benefit our future prospects. We preferred accordingly to wait, and in due time negotiated the Treaty of Gandamak, our special object being, not to ruin the Afghan monarchy, but to banish Russian influence and Russian intrigue from Cabul and its neighbourhood once for all; while at the same time we provided for possible difficulties in the future by strengthening our Indian frontier, and by establishing at the Afghan capital a permanent mission for observation, for counsel, and for support.

It has been the fashion, judging after the event, to denounce the Treaty of Gandamak, as a notable example of diplomatic pedantry, as a project, indeed, wrong in principle, cumbrous and un-

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manageable in its details, and aiming at impracticable results. I have always maintained, on the contrary, that, except in regard to the abandonment of Candahar, it was a sound political compact, and shadowed forth a fairly reasonable scheme for the future government of Afghanistan, consistently with British interests and with a due regard to the rights and feelings of the inhabitants.

In reality the success or failure of the treaty depended on the character of Yacub Khan, which was a dark element in the calculation. There were many who doubted his power and foresaw local troubles ahead, but had no reason to mistrust the estimate that had been formed of his personal capacity and loyalty. It may have been an error to allow Cavagnari—fearless, self-reliant, and admirably fitted as he was to acquire, if time had been allowed, a commanding influence in the country—to proceed on his mission, attended by such a moderate escort; but it must be remembered that the fatal catastrophe —a catastrophe which will remain as a dark spot in our annals to all time—did not arise from the smallness of the escort. There was ample time to relieve the Mission after the first alarm was given, had there been a vigorous and loyal ruler in the Bala Hissar to second the gallant efforts of the Guides. As it was, an escort of a regiment, or even of a brigade, would not have sufficed, without support from the local authorities, to hold the Mission-quarters till succour arrived, against the forces united in the attack. But no good can arise from pursuing this painful subject further. I merely wish to point out that this deplorable incident of the Afghan struggle was alike independent of the political grounds on which the war was undertaken and of the principles on which it was conducted, but was due to causes over which the Government of India had in reality no control whatever. We have, in fact, had more than our due share of misfortunes since the war began. It was most unfortunate for us in the first place that Shir Ali was persuaded to fly prematurely from Cabul, for had he remained at his post long enough to test the hollowness of the Russian promises, it is not at all unlikely that he might have been reclaimed from that most unnatural connection, and have thus proved to us in the sequel an ally as honest and trusted as he would certainly have been powerful to protect our interests. But it was still more unfortunate that on leaving his capital he transferred his power to so weak and irresolute a character as Yacub Khan. There had been disquieting rumours, long previously, that Yacub Khan's imprisonment at Cabul had impaired both his mental and his physical faculties, but Cavagnari's intercourse with him at Gandamak did not confirm the story. Our envoy, on the contrary, believed him to be well disposed and sufficiently docile and sagacious to profit by the counsel he was prepared to give him. It was not, indeed, till after some weeks' experience at Cabul that there was any reason to mistrust this estimate of Yacub's powers. Latterly the

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envoy had occasion, it is believed, to complain of Yacub's inertness and indecision, but whether to these shortcomings the Amir added the more serious offence of disloyalty, has been the subject of inquiry, the result of which has not yet transpired. The Treaty of Gandamak can thus, I submit, be hardly held responsible for the Cabul massacre, or for the long series of embarrassments it has brought in its train. That the said treaty, indeed, was an honest endeavour to protect our interests with as little disturbance as possible to existing rights, and did not, therefore, merit the obloquy and ridicule that have been cast on it, is proved by the conviction which now presses on all practical men, both in England and in India, that in any new arrangement of our Afghan relations, the closer we adhere, as far as Cabul is concerned, to the Gandamak engagements, the better for the peace and security of India.

It may now be convenient to take a rapid survey of the events which have led up to our present position. General Roberts's advance upon Cabul from the Shutar Gardan Pass during the first week of October is admitted on all hands to have been as brilliant a military movement as was ever executed. Its rapidity and dash seem to have completely disconcerted the Afghan plan of resistance, which was further neutralised by the flight of the Amir, who, in a frenzy of bewilderment and fear, joined the British camp with his principal Ministers as our troops debouched upon the Loghar Plain. The political position, however, was embarrassing enough even at this early period. Our immediate object was to avenge the treacherous murder of the British Envoy and his suite; but could the Amir be trusted to co-operate in measures of severity which must irretrievably compromise him with his subjects? In General Roberts's first proclamation of October 3, on approaching Cabul, he put boldly forward the authority and interests of Yacub Khan as identical with our own; and even on the 13th, on appointing a British Military Governor to the city, and imposing stringent penalties on the townspeople, he assumed to be acting with the full consent of his Highness; but on the following day, Yacub Khan walked to the British camp, accompanied by only two attendants, and threw up the Amirship, saying that 'his life was miserable, and he would rather be a grass-cutter in the British camp than ruler of Afghanistan.' It was in vain that General Roberts urged him to reconsider the serious step he was taking. Yacub never faltered in his resolve, and is now an exile in India.

It occurred to some at the time that it might possibly be to the public advantage that the British Government should thus be relieved of so very doubtful and inefficient an ally, but consequences soon made themselves felt of such extreme gravity, on the other side, as entirely to dispel any such illusion. The immediate effect of Yacub Khan's disappearance, and the virtual extinction which it in-

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volved of the Baruckzye dynasty—for there was no available member of the family qualified in any way to take his place—was to necessitate the disintegration of Afghanistan, thus scattering to the winds the prospect we had so long entertained and clung to, of a 'strong, friendly and independent power' on our north-western frontier. As a first result came forward the obvious necessity of retaining our position at Candahar. We had only promised to withdraw from that province in the hope of preserving a united Afghanistan. If such an object were no longer attainable, a permanent military occupation of the Western Afghan capital became indispensable to our safety; and with an arrangement of this nature were inseparably connected further considerations of the utmost moment in regard to the future government of Herat. The more immediate object of solicitude, however, was the state of affairs at Cabul. No one—not the extremest optimist—could doubt, after the experience of General Roberts's occupation of the capital, that we were objects of intense dislike to the Eastern Afghan population generally. The Hindoo traders of Cabul, it is true, and perhaps a certain portion of the Tajik shopkeepers and the agricultural peasantry, might appreciate the benefits of order and good government, and thus welcome our presence; but to the great majority of the population, to the disbanded soldiers and tribesmen, to the priesthood, the nobles and the landowners generally, we were infidels and aliens, enemies to their faith and freedom, whom it was incumbent on them to resist to the bitter end. No one, indeed, can read the depositions of the few Sepoys of the escort who survived the massacre, without feeling that there exists a great gulf of hatred and mistrust between us and the Eastern Afghans which it will take years of careful and conciliatory treatment to bridge over. As soon, indeed, as General Roberts entered upon the very difficult task of executive government which had devolved upon him in consequence of Yacub Khan's abdication, he was made sensibly aware of the intensity of the feeling against us. Two Sirdars of note, Shahbaz Khan Baruckzye, and Abdulla Khan, who had been sent as local governors respectively to Kohistan and Loghar, were compelled by a rising of the people to retire precipitately to Cabul, while a third chieftain, Mahomed Hassan Khan, a half-brother to Shir Ali, who was a great favourite in the British camp, from his kind disposition and his hearty frankness of manner, and who was employed as our representative in the Mydan district, was murdered by a body of men from the hills, in revenge, as it is said, for the previous burning of their villages.[1] It is not likely that the feeling of the Cabulis towards us will have been improved by

[1] These villages, which belonged to Bahadur Khan, chief of the Omar-Kheil division of the Ghilzyes of Mydan, were burnt on November 24, as a punishment for having fired on Captain Turner's detachment which had visited them on the previous day in quest of forage and supplies.

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the severe fighting which took place on the hills around the city upon the 13th and 14th of December, or by the heavy loss inflicted on the insurgents in their subsequent assault on the Shirpoor entrenchments. We may now accept it as an undoubted fact that, although our military character stands higher than ever in Afghan estimation, although neither the tribesmen nor the disbanded soldiery will probably again make a determined stand against us, except under exceptionally favourable conditions, still we are as far off, or farther off than ever, from the pacification of Eastern Afghanistan. The inhabitants of the Kohistan of Cabul upon the one side, including the numerous valleys which run up from the Kohistan into the Hindu-Kush range and its branches, together with the warlike Ghilzye population stretching from Laghman to below Ghazni, are our implacable enemies, and will continue to be so through many long years, probably, of conflict and disorder. It is a poor consolation to me personally to know that I always protested against meddling with such a hornets' nest as Cabul, that I counselled indeed bestowing our undivided attention upon Western Afghanistan, while we left 'Cabul and Ghazni, the scene of our old disasters, to struggle on in isolated anarchy.'[2] Destiny has been too strong; we have been forced on by a train of adverse circumstances, by a concatenation of events which we could not control, into our present position as 'conquerors of Cabul;' and the question now is how we can convert a tenure of so very undesirable a nature into a lasting bulwark of defence to India.

There are two courses which we may pursue, and two courses which we may not pursue. We may decide in favour of annexation *pur et simple*; or we may be content with control and protection without annexation. On the other hand, *we cannot retire altogether*, nor can we long maintain our present position, in military occupation, and yet not in possession. If we decide to annex the country and hold it *vi et armis*, as the Moghul Emperors of India held it for two centuries, we must submit to many sacrifices. The expense of such an annexation, in the first place, would be serious, for the annual revenue of Cabul is small, not above eighty lakhs of rupees all told, and we should for many years be only able to realise a small portion of that revenue, and even that small portion at the cost of constant bloodshed; our civil administration, indeed, for a long time to come would be beset with difficulty; our officers would meet with opposition from the Moolahs, from the Maliks, from the tribesmen and villagers alike. To disarm the country generally would be quite beyond our power, and we should have infinite trouble in repressing disorder and establishing an efficient police. That the task, however, would be impossible, I will not pretend to assert; and, in some respects at any rate, there would be compensating advantages.

But there are many in England to whom annexation is utterly

[2] See *England and Russia in the East*. 2nd Edition, p. 209.

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distasteful, as implying outrage, territorial greed, and national dishonour, not to speak of the very serious complications that might arise from extending our Indian frontier to the north, so as to become immediately conterminous with Russian dependencies. Politicians of the broadest views on other questions of frontier defence recoil, indeed, with dismay from the idea of placing British garrisons in Mymeneh, in Balkh and in Kunduz, 600 miles beyond the Indus, a measure nevertheless which would infallibly follow on the annexation of Cabul, unless we adopted the still more dangerous expedient of a common frontier with Russia along the crests of the Hindu-Kush. To such politicians it would seem far preferable that Afghan Turkistan, and Cabul should not be annexed, but should be ruled by native chiefs, politically dependent on the British Government, but uncontrolled in their administrative functions. General Roberts is about to experimentalise in this direction, by sending Hashim Khan, the son of our pensioner, Mahomed Sherif Khan, who resides in India, to Balkh as provincial governor, and we must patiently await the result. The Uzbeg population of the province will accept probably without a murmur a British nominee, but the allegiance of the sporadic Afghans, Ghilzye settlers, and Durani military retainers, can hardly be counted on. If British support is too obtrusive, it will certainly excite opposition; if kept entirely in the background, the authority of the Governor will be reduced to a shadow, especially if, as we have reason to believe, a candidate with the claims of Abdur-Rahman Khan should appear upon the scene ready to strike in for power.

How the responsible authorities will ultimately determine this knotty question of the future government of Eastern Afghanistan, I shall not venture to predict; but if, as appears probable, they decide against annexation and recur to the familiar model of a protected Indian State, if in fact they resolve to withdraw from all executive detail, leaving to the native chiefs as much liberty of action as is compatible with the dependence of Afghanistan upon Great Britain, then I would venture to submit that, in order to confirm our supremacy and guarantee our right to an exclusive political control over the nation, it would be of the first importance to establish a strong nucleus of power at the capital, and to retain in our hands a complete command of the military organisation of the province. Undoubtedly if we were prepared to maintain a permanent garrison of 2,000 British troops of all arms in an unassailable position at Cabul, amply provisioned and stored, so as to bid defiance if necessary to the whole power of Eastern Afghanistan, and if we further raised a contingent of 20,000 men from the Hazarehs, Kizzil-bashis, and Parsiwans, furnishing them with arms of precision and placing them under British officers, as in the case of the Hyderabad Contingent, then we might safely allow the local Sirdars to levy revenue and exercise all the functions of executive government; our Resident in the mean time remaining in the British

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citadel, from whence, secure against all personal danger, he might direct the Afghan councils, watch the northern frontier, and act as referee between rival interests. Under such a system there would be friction at first starting, and to a very serious extent. The jealousy of the chiefs who had formerly held military command, but were now unemployed, would keep alive disaffection among the peasantry, and it would be long before the country settled down into anything like order or content; but still patience and firmness will do wonders, and looking at the results obtained in other quarters where our officers have undertaken to civilise communities not less fierce and untamable than the Afghans, it would not be presumptuous to expect an ultimate success. At any rate the experiment of introducing a native and quasi-independent civil authority throughout the province in substitution for the direct military pressure which we now exert, must surely be tried before we resort to the more drastic and extreme remedy of annexation. General Roberts's recent nomination of Wali Mahomed Khan as Military Governor of Cabul, following on his proclamations of general amnesty, are steps in the right direction. If this Sirdar, who is the most influential member of Dost Mahomed's family now remaining at Cabul, should be able to make his authority generally respected in the capital and immediate neighbourhood, he might be subsequently promoted to the government of the entire province, and the experiment of native rule would thus be commenced under the most favourable auspices.

It would be useless at present to indulge in further speculations. If our positive duties in the future are difficult to foresee, our negative duties are at any rate sufficiently well defined; we cannot in the first place prolong for an indefinite time our present anomalous position in military occupation of Cabul but without assuming the responsibilities of permanent government. We cannot leave it an open question whether we are lords of the soil or merely visitors. The expense, indeed, of maintaining a force of 10,000 men at Cabul with a perfect line of communication to Peshawer, is too great to be borne without grudging; and it must further be remembered that this heavy expenditure must continue unabated until our line of policy is finally declared, while the effect of our indecision in the mean time must be to keep alive in the country a state of feverish expectancy and unrest.

Nor, I submit, as another negative duty equally certain and well defined, can we possibly retire within our Indian frontier, as we did in 1842, without any material guarantees or other tangible results of the war: we should simply by so doing make ourselves ridiculous to our friends and contemptible to our enemies. We should aggravate tenfold the dangers from without with which we were threatened in 1878, and we should weaken our hold on our Indian subjects to a perilous—nay, I do not hesitate to say, to a fatal—extent. *Coûte que coûte*,

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we must now hold on, either as the possessors or the protectors of Cabul. We must, I submit, under any circumstances, incorporate Jellalabad in our Indian territory, and extend the Punjab railway to that point; and even if we were presently to withdraw our British force from Cabul, with the exception of the permanent garrison located in the *place d'armes* to which I have before alluded, we must be prepared at any moment to reoccupy the place if our garrison should require support, or if serious danger threatened us from beyond the Oxus.

And now, having thus cursorily glanced at the Cabul difficulties, I turn with a feeling of relief to other portions of the subject, where the prospect is less hazy and indistinct. The disintegration of Afghanistan following as a matter of course on the abolition of the Amirship at Cabul, it becomes necessary to consider the position of the other portions of the Afghan state. Badakshan, the most easterly Afghan province, may for the present be left to itself. Its importance to India may be estimated from the fact that it was the appanage of the Crown Prince Humayún in Baber's original distribution of the frontier provinces. Being peopled by Tajiks, who are equally hostile to the Afghans and Uzbegs, it may be diplomatically dealt with from Cashmire by way of Gilgit and Chitral without reference to complications at Cabul or in Turkistan, and the sooner it is so dealt with the better, since the scions of the old royal house, who at the commencement of Shir Ali's troubles threw off the Afghan yoke, and have since, among themselves, been struggling for supremacy, have also, for their own purposes, engaged in close communication with Samarcand, and are thus liable to some suspicion.

There is no denying the fact that in regard to the future settlement of Cabul the position of Afghan-Turkistan is most embarrassing. Notwithstanding that there is an identity of race between the inhabitants of the Bokhara territory to the north of the Oxus and the population on the southern side of the river from Kunduz to Mymeneh, it would be, I submit, a grave error on our part to allow that community of race to decide the political distribution without reservation or restraint. It is well known how indefatigably Russia worked throughout the long-protracted frontier negotiations from 1869 to 1872, in order to detach Afghan-Turkistan from Cabul. She failed at the time, mainly through the firmness of Lord Mayo's Government, but since our appearance above the passes, her inspired press has revived the subject with such marked persistency that we may take it for granted, if negotiations are reopened with Russia as to our mutual relations on the frontier, she will claim to confine the Afghan rule to the plateau of the Paropamisus, the jurisdiction of Bokhara extending, according to this distribution, over the northern slopes of the range where the Uzbegs of the plains replace the Hazareh and Eymack tribesmen. An arrangement of this nature, however, would bring the Russian frontier, or at any rate Russian influence, inconveniently near many of the

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strong places of Afghan power. Mymeneh, for instance, which is an Uzbeg district northward of the great chain, is the key of Herat and has been for many years dependent on that city. Sir-i-pul again, which also belongs to an Uzbeg chief, commands the easiest passes to the upper plateau; while Yeka-Ulang, peopled by Hazarehs, and even Bamian itself, would, if the geographical rule were strictly carried out, be severed from Cabul. Russia has done much by establishing a steam flotilla on the Oxus, by surveying the course of the river, and by conciliating the tribes and villagers on the right bank, to realise her hold upon the adjacent country, but to abandon Afghan-Turkistan *in its entirety* to her insatiable grasp would be, in my opinion, most seriously to impair the value of our Afghan defence and to render our Indian frontier almost as faulty as it was before.

The Paropamisan range itself need not much concern us. The Shiah Hazarehs, who occupy the eastern half of the range, are thoroughly well disposed to us, and will be most valuable allies, whether we annex or merely protect the Afghan state; while the tribes further west, the Firoz-Kohis, Tymenis, Tymooris, and Jamshidis, will naturally follow the fortunes of Herat.

South of the range, we have first to consider Ghazni. It was unfortunate that we could not spare troops to garrison this town before our recent occupation of Cabul. A regiment thrown in as Roberts was marching from the Shutar Gardan pass, and strengthened in due course by another regiment detached from the Candahar force, would have saved us in the sequel much trouble and expense. It may now become necessary, as the season opens, to storm the place in order to expel Mahomed Jan and his puppet prince. In 1842, when Shamsoddin Khan held the city, our engineers undertook to make a practicable breach in three days, from our battery of 18-pounders on the Bahlûl Hill, so that if an attack be now ordered, the operations, in a military point of view, need not be of a very serious character; but we are in the mean time suffering much inconvenience and loss of prestige from the fact that Ghazni, situated in the immediate vicinity of the most turbulent Ghilzye tribes, offers a rallying-point for the disaffected, and thus keeps up the appearance of an organised national resistance. Ultimately Ghazni must, it would seem, be treated like Cabul, confided probably to an independent native chief, who would be dominated from our permanent camp at Ali Kheil or Kuram.

The Candahar question affords the most pleasing topic in the whole chapter of our Afghan relations. Here, whether we are acting rightly or wrongly, the horizon at any rate is clear and we can look ahead with little misgiving or doubt. When in August last I wrote an article on Afghan affairs in this Review, I ventured to express a doubt whether the orders for evacuating Candahar early in the following month would really be carried out. They were not carried out.

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The main column of the Candahar force had already left for India, and Sir Donald Stewart and the head-quarters were to follow on the 7th of September. On the 6th telegraphic orders arrived to stand fast, in consequence of news of the Cabul outrage. The troops returned, the British flag was again hoisted, and, though there has been no formal transfer of jurisdiction nor assumption of sovereignty on the part of the British Crown, I trust we may assume that Candahar has now virtually passed under our rule. All the proceedings of Sir Donald Stewart and Major St. John, his invaluable Political Assistant, have been marked by consummate skill, by a rare combination, indeed, of prudence with firmness and decision. Shir Ali Khan, the son of one of the old Candahar Sirdars, who has been familiar from his childhood with the local politics, with tribe feelings, with revenue details, with all the intricacies of Durani management, has been appointed Governor of the province by proclamation, and allowed all reasonable scope for asserting his authority; while British intervention has been hitherto most sparingly used, and only to prevent abuses, to check extortion, and generally to promote the wellbeing of the population. The present administrative arrangements are understood to be only provisional, but I see no reason why they should not be permanent. There will be difficulties no doubt in overcoming the antipathy of the *Moolahs* and *Peers*, who resent the appearance even of infidel intrusion in their affairs. There will be difficulties in equalising taxation between the privileged Duranis and the servile agricultural peasantry; but it will, I believe, all come right in time; and I can see no reason why in the course of a few years Candahar should not be as easily and as profitably governed as the districts in the Indus valley. The railway will no doubt in due time be extended from Sukker through Sibi and Pishin to the plain of Candahar. The agricultural productiveness of this plain will be increased fourfold by a more scientific distribution of the waters of the Arghendab. Trade will flourish. A large immigrant population will be attracted from the neighbouring hills. Local levies both horse and foot, composed of Hazarehs, Beluches, and Parsiwans, will replace the greater portion of our Indian garrison, and I make no doubt that, as far as Western Afghanistan is concerned, our administration of the country will be made self-supporting.

In recommending, on so many previous occasions, that we should concentrate our attention on Candahar and leave Cabul to take care of itself, I have been guided not merely by the consideration of the immense superiority of the former position in regard to climate, supplies, accessibility, and above all in regard to the comparative docility of the population, but I have also more especially based my arguments on strategic and political grounds, maintaining that Herat is the only really vulnerable point on our north-west frontier, and that Candahar is by far the most favourable standpoint from whence to observe and

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if necessary to protect that outlying exposed position. If Russia should ever seriously menace India, her approach, whether directed from the Caspian or from her Samarcand base, would certainly be by way of Herat and not by way of Cabul. It is, as has often been said, the line of least resistance, and although, therefore, I do not contemplate anything like a direct invasion of India, in this generation at any rate, I am not the less disposed to urge preparedness at what I may call the natural point of attack. So long as we are in strength at Candahar, Russia will hesitate about marching a column on Herat, though she may have already occupied Merv, or even established her posts upon the Oxus confronting Mymeneh.

The consideration of the Herat question naturally follows on that of Candahar. Shir Ali Khan, whose services, as already noticed, are simply invaluable, might well be entrusted, under our political supervision, with the government, not only of Candahar proper, but of the country west of the Helmend, including Girishk and Zamindawer and extending as far as Farrah, which is too important a position to remain a 'derelict' as at present. Beyond that point the jurisdiction of Herat must commence, and it becomes a very serious matter to determine what Power is to be thus our immediate neighbour. Herat is at present held by Mahomed Ayub Khan, own brother to Yacub, who has been recently deported to India. Ayub, who was a refugee in Persia during his brother's imprisonment at Cabul, has had a troublous time of it since his return to Herat. Sometimes held a prisoner by his rebellious troops, sometimes obliged to witness the massacre of his best officers and the spoliation of his city, he has looked in vain for counsel and support to Persia, to Cabul, and perhaps to Russia. Anarchy now reigns supreme in his capital, and any day the news may arrive that he has been murdered or has fled into the mountains. What, then, is to become of Herat? Persia, as it is well known, has during the last forty years made repeated attempts to obtain possession of the place, regarding the lower valley of the Herirúd as an integral portion of her own province of Khorassan. We have as steadily resisted the encroachment, not from mere jealousy of the extension of Persian power, but because we believed that the occupation of Herat by Persia was equivalent—or at any rate a prelude—to its passing under Russian dominion. Under the influence of such feelings we have at various times suspended relations with Persia, we have even gone to war with her on the subject of Herat; and we have finally concluded with her a solemn treaty which debars her from all interference with the district. But the aspect of affairs is now very materially altered. There is no longer a united Afghanistan which we are required to protect. Our own position at Candahar renders it of the first moment that we should have a friendly and orderly neighbour on our western frontier, instead of a weak, disorganised, and intriguing State, unable to resist pressure from any quarter that might

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be brought to bear on it. Persia at the same time has been aroused from her self-satisfied dream of security by the persistent efforts of Russia to envelop her north-eastern frontier in the direction of Merv. Under the influence, as it would seem, of an instinct of self-preservation, she has accepted the allegiance of the principal Tekkeh chiefs of Merv, and will probably soon proceed to realise her territorial claim to the oasis on the Murghab—a claim, be it observed, which though dormant has never been abandoned at Teheran, and which, indeed, as far as I am aware, has never been contested *de jure*, either by England or Russia. In connection with this proposed rectification of frontier, the possible Persian occupation of Herat becomes a very serious and important question. If the 6th Article of the Treaty of Paris (March 4, 1857) were cancelled, it is probable that a Persian garrison might gain an entrance into Herat without much difficulty, either by common consent of Ayub Khan and his subjects, or, at worst, after a brief struggle with the mutinous Cabul regiments who now hold the city, but who could not rely on the support of the townspeople; but, it may be asked, would this transfer of jurisdiction consist with our interests, not only at the present juncture, but in the proximate future? The first consideration that arises is what guarantee have we that Persia would not abuse our confidence, and sooner or later make use of Herat to our injury? In reply to this, I inquire what is the alternative? Herat cannot remain as it is, a hotbed of anarchy and violence, and a nuisance to the surrounding districts. Are we prepared to occupy the city ourselves as an outwork to our position at Candahar? If not, there is positively no resource, it would seem, but to confide it provisionally to the keeping of Persia. As for guarantees, there are, first, Persia's own interests; secondly, the popular feeling, which is altogether in favour of England, and which is strong enough to control the possible inclinations of the Shah in the other direction; and thirdly, we are fully as competent as Russia to exert pressure upon Persia in case of necessity, her whole seaboard being as open to attack from India as are the Caspian provinces to attack from the army of the Caucasus. Altogether I am disposed to revert to the position from which I was driven in 1853, and, notwithstanding all that is past, to counsel the transfer of Herat to Persia. It is a maxim which I have long held, and the truth of which is, I believe, beginning to dawn upon statesmen both in England and Persia, that the common interests of both countries in the East point to a defensive alliance against Russia. That the co-operation of Persia would be most valuable to us in checking the further extension of Russian power towards Afghanistan and India needs hardly to be insisted on; while it is equally certain that we are fully as well able to protect Persia as to protect Asia Minor against renewed aggression from Russia. Looking, indeed, to the improvements in the communications between Teheran and the Persian Gulf both by means of railway and internal river navigation

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which may be expected to follow on the establishment of really cordial relations between the Persian and British Governments, it seems to me that the country is singularly accessible, not only to our influence, but to our material aid, and that we might thus at no great cost succeed, if so minded, in converting Persia into a permanent and impregnable bulwark of defence to India. In the mean time of course, if we did acquiesce in the Persian occupation of Herat, it would be necessary to make special provision for possible local requirements. Our Candahar frontier would require to be strengthened by the Farrah outpost; we must have the right of throwing a British garrison into Herat, to support the Persians if the place should be really threatened from the north; above all, satisfactory arrangements must be made for the control of the Eymack tribes, for the permanent tranquillisation of the Seistan frontier, and especially for the safety of Mymeneh, a point of the utmost strategic value in the future of Afghanistan.

And now, although it hardly falls within the scope of the present paper, which treats especially of the situation in Afghanistan, to scrutinise the general policy of Russia in Central Asia, still a few remarks on her proceedings as connected with the Afghan frontier can hardly be dispensed with. There can be no doubt, then, but that Russia, so far as Central Asia is concerned, is profoundly dissatisfied with England's policy, and not without some reason. She ascribes, in the first place, her Turcoman failure of last year in a great measure to the want of Persian co-operation, the result, as she presumes, of our growing influence at Teheran. To our counsels may be also due, she thinks, the revival of the Persian claim to the allegiance of the Tekkehs of Merv, and though she can hardly take exception, as a question of policy, to the possible transfer of Herat to Persian jurisdiction, inasmuch as she has fostered and stimulated Persian ambition in that direction since the days of Graf Simonitch and Vitkavitch, still the arrangement would be undoubtedly distasteful to her as an evidence of the good understanding existing between Teheran and London. But her main grievance at present centres on the Oxus. Our Afghan successes have disconcerted her policy, diminished—perhaps for a time destroyed—her prestige, and, as she asserts, become a source of danger to her Central Asian dominion. She is deeply irritated, and will infallibly try to right herself. Possibly the Austro-German alliance and its consequences may find her full occupation in Europe. Possibly she may be paralysed by internal troubles; but supposing her to be in any degree at liberty to follow her inclinations, we may expect reprisals on a large scale during the current year. It will be incumbent on her in the first place to strain every nerve in order to retrieve her Turcoman disasters. Should it be really true that she has been driven out of Chikishlar and her magazines destroyed, including the supplies and war material already stored at Chat, she may find it beyond her power to resume imme-

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diately offensive operations in the Steppe from the Caspian base; but she has at any rate an alternative line of attack, and, according to all the information which reaches Persia and India from Turkistan, she is thus already making the most strenuous exertions to advance on Merv by the direct line of approach from the Oxus. Doubtless this would be a hazardous operation, as the intervening desert of above 100 miles can only be crossed in detachments, or by flying columns, in consequence of the very limited supply of water at the wells; and the Persian claim to Merv, if persisted in and supported by us, would also raise a further diplomatic difficulty; but, in spite of such drawbacks, in spite of all that England or Persia can do to the contrary, I have the gravest misgivings that the fate of Merv is sealed, and that sooner or later the Russian flag will be planted on the Murghab. In the meantime, it is only natural to expect that Russia will do all she can to impede our Afghan settlement. Abdur-Rahman Khan, the only surviving member of Dost Mahomed's family who has any strong personal influence in the country, has been already launched, well supplied with funds, from his Samarcand seclusion, and may be expected ere long to make his presence felt upon the frontier. The chief Sirdars of Shir Ali's government, such as Gholam Hyder Khan, the late Naib of Turkistan; Nek Mahomed Khan, Shir Ali's brother; and others who now find themselves unemployed, are received with open arms when they cross the Oxus. Unless, indeed, we can come at once to an understanding with Russia as to our common frontier,—whether, as I should greatly prefer, the river line be retained, or whether Kunduz, Khulm, and Balkh be detached from Cabul and formed into a neutral zone—we shall be kept no doubt in a state of turmoil and agitation which will be most prejudicial to the restoration of order at Cabul, and which may even necessitate a campaign upon the Oxus. At present the outlook in this quarter is most unsatisfactory, and although it does not portend immediate or actual danger to India, remedial measures of a decided character are loudly called for.

My sketch would be incomplete without a few parting words on the condition of the tribes, the true Afghan tribes of history, who dwell upon the Indian border. It has been observed—and with truth—that the aggregate strength of these tribes is so considerable, amounting to at least 100,000 fighting men, that their due control forms the most important feature in any general scheme of Afghan government. Fortunately, they are without the means, without even the desire, of combination. They are actuated by divergent in many cases by conflicting, interests. They have been for so long a time virtually independent of Cabul, that it can make but little difference to them whether we annex the upper country, or whether it continues to be administered by native chiefs acting under our supervision. In either case we should have to deal with the great

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tribes separately, and probably on dissimilar terms. In some cases we must apply the strong hand of coercion, and punish raids by retaliation or blockade. In others we may, like our predecessors for centuries back, purchase immunity from attack by blackmail and subsidies. I have seen no reason, indeed, in the events which have transpired since we resumed hostilities with Cabul, to modify the opinions I expressed in August last regarding the tribal clauses of the Treaty of Gandamak. It is, I think, surprising, and bears grateful evidence of the care and skill with which our political officers have conducted relations with the great Afghan tribes, that, notwithstanding the stirring events that have occurred at Cabul, and the incentives thereby offered to insurrection in the passes and around our advanced posts in the mountains, so very little annoyance has been hitherto encountered by us at their hands. It is true that the Shinwaris, the Mangals, the Zaimushts, and others have been severely punished for attacks upon our outposts, and that more recently it has been necessary to chastise the Eastern Ghilzyes for their attempt to interrupt our communications at Jagdallak, as well as to attack the Mohmands at Dakka, who have resented the deportation of Yahya Khan to India; but up to the present time the Khyber and Kohat passes have been open; and, strange to say, the Viziri frontier has been undisturbed. Much will depend in the future on the firmness, tempered with moderation, that may be displayed by the officers who control and execute our frontier policy. I am entirely averse, on principle, to burning villages and shooting men merely because they resist invasion, but I have seen too much of war in barbarous countries not to know that military exigencies in the field override all other considerations, and that what often looks like needless severity is, after all, mercy in disguise. Whatever may happen at Cabul and Ghazni, we shall never, I trust, abandon our positions at Jellalabad and Kuram, and it becomes, therefore, of the more importance so to regulate our dealings with the tribes of the Suliman and Sufid Koh ranges as not only to provide for present emergencies, but to pay due regard to the future pacification of the mountains, and the condition of the inhabitants as permanent and, it is to be hoped, contented British subjects.

P.S.—I take this opportunity of correcting an error which I committed in my last Afghan paper (*The Nineteenth Century*, No. XXX. p. 385), and which, I understand, has given pain to the friends of so distinguished an officer as the late Sir Herbert Edwardes. Misled by a confused quotation in Macgregor's *Afghan Gazetteer*, I attributed to Sir H. Edwardes the famous Report on Kuram which advocated the occupation of that valley as early as 1857, a Report which was in reality drawn up by Sir Peter Lumsden, the well-known Quartermaster-General of the Bengal army. To Sir H.

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Edwardes, as a loyal disciple of Sir John Lawrence, such a scheme would have no doubt appeared heretical; but even the united condemnation of all the statesmen of that school will now hardly persuade us that the advance to Piwer was premature or indiscreet. To my mind, at any rate, the wisdom of Lord Lytton in taking so bold a step in advance has been amply vindicated by the ease and celerity with which Sir F. Roberts was able to advance from Ali Kheil to Cabul to avenge the murder of our Envoy; and although, of course, with railways to Candahar and Jellalabad, the Kuram route from India to Ghazni will be of only secondary value, I still look upon a military post in the valley—commanding as it does the districts of Dawer, Khost, and Furmúl—as of very great importance in preserving order and tranquillity through the central mountain region of Afghanistan.

H. C. RAWLINSON.

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LORD CHELMSFORD AND THE ZULU WAR.

LORD CHELMSFORD is an incomprehensible person. His conduct of the Zulu war offered the keenest temptation to adverse comment, and criticism of that description was freely brought to bear upon it while as yet his Lordship remained at the head of affairs. But this criticism was in its nature perfunctory, and the appropriate complement of it was obviously a comprehensive *résumé* of the errors of the campaign up to the period when he resigned his functions of command. It was apparent that such a *résumé* would be in itself a useful contribution to our critical military annals. Nor did there lack other stimulants to the production of a paper of this sort. At Cape Town, after his resignation, Lord Chelmsford cast the imputation upon the commentators who had accompanied the fortunes of his invasion, that their adverse remarks had been dictated by political bias. No more overwhelming refutation of this unworthy aspersion could well be conceived, than the categorical proof that hostile criticism had emanated in a unanimous chorus from the representatives of journals of every political colour alike. But just resentment against an aspersion so defamatory prompted naturally, human nature being what it is, to the production of a comprehensive criticism, the warrantable severity of which should punish a wanton calumny on an honourable profession. For myself I may say that I had numerous solicitations to undertake this task. The natural impulse of one whose idiosyncrasy has a family resemblance to that of the sturdy borderer who would 'tak dunts frae naebody,' of one, too, who delights in writing on military topics, was to consent. But other considerations interposed. The heart warms towards a man whom one has seen carrying his head high and displaying worthy demeanour when the air throbs with the roar of the foe, and when the angry bullets are flying thick. Nor was there wanting another incentive to silence on the part of one who knows that what he may write is noticed by and has weight with foreign critics, who are not slow to rejoice over the home-demonstration of a British general's incompetency. Accordingly, I, for one, held my peace; or rather indeed held it not, having portrayed to many audiences Lord Chelmsford's gallant bearing on

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the battle-field, and refrained from one word of allusion to his errors as the director of a campaign.

But it apparently is not given to Lord Chelmsford to hold his peace, and, in the words of a familiar proverb, to 'let sleeping dogs lie.' In these days men read fast, think fast, and forget fast. The remembrance of the criticisms which Lord Chelmsford's conduct had incurred was fading away into that limbo of oblivion for which there are few men who have not reason to be grateful, when, with unaccountable error in judgment, his Lordship must needs recall to life the dry bones. At a dinner in the City last December he spoke as follows:—

> There can be no one present who has not read the rather severe criticisms which have been passed upon the conduct of the campaign. But war is not one of the exact sciences in which every move can be laid down with mathematical precision; and I believe that was the idea which the Duke of Wellington had in his mind when he said that he was the best general who made the fewest mistakes. . . . I think it only fair that those who are deputed to follow the army, and to describe to you what it is doing, were obliged, whenever they deem it their duty to find fault with and to criticise the conduct of the general who is entrusted with the command, to say what they themselves would have done under similar circumstances. . . . There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence. I trust I shall not be misunderstood if I ask you to remember that the reputation of a general officer is just as dear to him as that of any other officer or soldier. I would, therefore, conclude with these words from Shakespeare:—
>
> 'Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, &c.'

In the same month, speaking in Hertford Corn Exchange, Lord Chelmsford remarked that 'success was not always the criterion of a general's efficiency, but it threw the onus of proving the contrary on his detractors.'

In the observations quoted, Lord Chelmsford proves himself to labour under a curious variety of misconceptions. In the abstract, it is no part of a critic's task to suggest preferable procedure; the proposal that critics of a campaign in progress should be compelled to do so is absurd, as having no possible practical advantage. It is natural that the reputation of a general officer should be as dear to him as is that of a newspaper writer to that contemned member of the community; but neither, it is obvious, has an indefeasible right to the retention of that reputation. The former stands to forfeit it by his incapacity; just as the latter by any proved unworthiness, such as malevolent detraction, a baseness which Lord Chelmsford has ascribed to his critics. To no attribute or belonging has any man an indefeasible title, not even to his life; and Mr. Marwood would scarcely be seriously influenced by the representation of a malefactor he is about to pinion that life was as dear to him as to any other member of the human family. Further it may be pointed out that criticism is not detraction; if this were so, adverse comment on anybody and anything would be simply inadmissible.

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But such reflections are a mere waste of words. Let me clear the ground at once. Deliberately and, I may say wantonly, when all things are considered, Lord Chelmsford has thrown down a challenge. Reluctantly and compulsorily I take it up. I aver that the conduct of the campaign by Lord Chelmsford was one series of errors, broken only by the combats of Gingihlovo and Ulundi; and, accepting the Duke of Wellington's saying quoted by Lord Chelmsford, I point to its inexorable converse. While repudiating the imputation of being his detractor, I undertake the duty of proving that Lord Chelmsford neither merited nor achieved success in his operations against the Zulus.

His Lordship's conduct of the campaign conveniently divides itself into four distinct periods:—

1. From the inception of the preparations up to and including the catastrophe of Isandlwana.

2. From Isandlwana till the completion of the relief of Etshowe.

3. From the relief of Etshowe up to and including the combat of Ulundi.

4. From the combat of Ulundi until the acceptance of Lord Chelmsford's resignation by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Let me deal with these periods in their sequence, directing attention, then, first to the period from the inception of the preparations up to and including Isandlwana.

The problem which confronted Lord Chelmsford was by no means one easy of satisfactory solution. The task lay before him of invading Zululand with such success as would compel Cetchwayo to beg for peace on such conditions as might seem satisfactory to the higher authority, or in default to prosecute the war to the final discomfiture of the Zulu King. It behoved him none the less, if possible with the means at his disposal, to guard the adjacent colonies from Zulu counter-irruption. The means at his command were limited. Excluding Rowlands' force watching Sekukuni away in the far north-west, a force which for sundry reasons it might have seemed unwise to withdraw from the Transvaal region, he could dispose of but about five thousand regular infantry, perhaps fifteen hundred irregular cavalry of varying efficiency, and an indefinite number, say seven thousand, of black auxiliaries, whose value in actual warfare was, to say the least, dubious. The season enforced on him for the commencement of operations, with the ground a quagmire and every hill torrent a river, was most inappropriate; but a general acting under instructions from a superior who holds extra-official or rather supra-official instructions to hasten events so as to anticipate official orders to be evoked by the inevitable awakening of public opinion, must take the season as he finds it. This is the only excuse for Lord Chelmsford's commencement of operations when he did. On all other

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considerations he was bound to wait until his rivers were fordable and his roads passable. He had but one advantage in beginning when he did: that the full boundary-rivers were calculated to hinder in some degree a counter-invasion of the colony by the Zulus.

A strong general would have demurred to obey orders that committed him to an undertaking so manifestly precarious. Further, a strong general, recognising that the force at his disposal was apparently inadequate for the double duty of offence and defence, would have been firm in his demand for adequate reinforcements and in his declinature to move until they had reached him. But Lord Chelmsford accepted the task assigned him, and had to look it in the face with the means to his hand. His apology for his collapse was that he underrated his enemy and the difficulties of the country he had to invade. The pleas are inadmissible. Under his auspices there had been compiled a synopsis of the Zulu army, enumerating its regiments and their several strengths, giving details as to its discipline and manner of manœuvring, and proving, if any weight was to be attached to the document, that Cetchwayo was the reverse of a contemptible foe. Virtually, then, under his own hand, Lord Chelmsford had announced that the country he was about to invade was defended by a disciplined army over 40,000 strong. Dozens of Natalians knew Zululand well; there was a regular wagon trade between the colony and Ulundi by the lower road—a road studded with mission stations, whose supplies were all drawn from Natal. It only needed, then, due inquiry to ascertain the character of the country to be invaded, even were there no such provision as reconnaissances within the scope of the military art.

These premisses being set down, what course of invasive action did it behove Lord Chelmsford to pursue? With his scanty force, he could not both adequately assume the offensive and maintain the defence of his frontier. He had to invade; it remained then but to let the frontier take its chance, at least in a great measure. And how to invade to the best advantage? In all warfare, the aim is to strike quick, hard, and decisively; when the war is against savages, the force of the axiom is tenfold intensified. In a sense Lord Chelmsford had but one base, the seaport of Durban; but there was a sense in which Utrecht, on which might converge the produce and transport of the Transvaal, should constitute another base. Now Durban is little more than sixty miles from the Zulu frontier near the Tugela mouth, with a railway over part of that distance and a good level road for the remainder. From the crossing of the Tugela on this line, the Zulu king's kraal, Ulundi, the manifest objective of the invasion, is distant, *viâ* Etshowe, about seventy miles. The road by this route was the one habitually taken by traders from Natal, by the wayfarers to and from the mission stations, and by the other sparse visitors to the Zulu realm. Clearly every consideration

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pointed to it as the most eligible line of invasion. But no doubt there were arguments in favour of a double line of invasion; and, if these were to be yielded to, the advantages of the line from Utrecht, the Transvaal base, were obvious. An advance from Utrecht in the direction of Ulundi, athwart the north-western region of Zululand, offered the inducements that it would cut off the Zulu retreat into the country of the Swazis, inspire useful confidence in that fighting race, distract the concentration of the Zulu attention on the advance from the south-east, and open up the obscurest parts of the hostile region. To lead it was available Colonel Evelyn Wood, an officer of proven conduct and prudence. With the 80th from Pretoria, and the reinforcement of another battalion, this column might be relied on to hold its own and make good its advance. With the rest of the force at his disposal, numbering some 3,500 white men, it remained for Lord Chelmsford to make his direct advance by the nearest route from Durban over the Lower Tugela Drift, Etshowe, St. Paul's, Kwamagwasa, and Etonganeni, on Ulundi.

Instead of doing this, he, weak as he was, weakened himself yet further, by chopping up his forces into four separate columns, each to enter the hostile territory at a separate point. I am not aware that he sent a request to Cetchwayo that he should be annihilated in detail; but indeed he almost might as well have done so. To No. 1 column, about 1,600 strong in white men (I discard the black auxiliaries as trash), he assigned the direct road, *viâ* the Lower Tugela; No. 2 column, almost wholly black, was to have crossed at the Middle Drift, but was scattered on the ineffective defensive, and disappeared; No. 3 column, about 2,000, was to have crossed at Roorke's Drift, and No. 4 column, about 1,800 strong, had the line of advance from Utrecht. One error was in the subdivision of the force, and consequent individual weakness of the columns; another was in the impossibility of intercommunication and mutual support, the British columns standing around a great semicircle, with long intervening distances and no lateral roads; and a third was in the utter ignoring of the consideration that the enemy occupied the 'interior lines,' and could strike one column after another without let or hindrance. The event showed the faultiness of the strategy. No. 1 column stood blocked for two months thirty miles from the frontier; No. 3 suffered more than semi-annihilation; No. 4 had to betake itself to the defensive, suffered some misfortune, and worked out its own salvation by hard fighting. Yet another objectionable feature accompanied this unsoldier-like subdivision—the multiplication of transport and the increase of distances traversed and traversable. Roorke's Drift is two hundred miles from the Durban base, as against the Lower Tugela sixty miles; it is one hundred miles distant from Ulundi, as against the latter seventy.

The argument of 'friction,' viz., overcrowding and undue prolonga-

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tion, by a large force moving on one line of communication, has been put forward in favour of Lord Chelmsford's plan of detached columns. The argument fails in the face of proven experience in South African marching, and has weight only in the case of much larger bodies. Pearson reached Etshowe from the Lower Tugela in a few days; a brigade of equal strength marching a day behind him would have maintained the proportionate and mutually beneficial closeness of distance, and Pearson and another brigade would have comprised the whole invading force on that line. Wood and Newdigate later found no difficulty in marching at a few hours' interval on the same line, in greater strength, and infinitely more cumbrous as their *impedimenta* were.

Active hostilities opened on the 11th of January, when No. 3 column crossed the Tugela at Roorke's Drift; No. 1 crossed next day at the Lower Drift. Obviously, either for strategical purposes or purposes of respective comparative safety, the advance of the columns should have borne due relation to each other. But it at once became apparent that No. 3 column must halt for roadmaking on the very threshold of its advance—a strange commentary, by the way, on the judgment that selected such a line of advance. No. 1, however, was allowed to pursue its career of invasion with what speed it might. It was isolated indeed from the first, but was now liable to the whole brunt of a hostile attack. There is no other reason than God's providence why Pearson's column might not have been annihilated on its march to Etshowe by the massed Zulu army, three days earlier than the catastrophe which befel Glyn's column at the same hands.

On the day of the crossing at Roorke's Drift Lord Chelmsford had an insignificant brush with some outlying people of Sirayo's tribe, and he will recollect in what terms of premature over-exultation he telegraphed its result to Sir Bartle Frere. On the 20th, No. 3 column, with Lord Chelmsford and the headquarter staff, marched to the Isandlwana position, and camped there. I will appeal to the deliberate judgment of any soldier who has seen that position, whether one more inherently vicious could have been found on the most industrious search. That site Lord Chelmsford selected. No wonder that Glyn and Dartnell represented to him the obvious advantage of fire-zone that would be attained by locating the encampment more out into the open, instead of huddling it with its back up against the treacherous Isandlwana hill, covering the centre of the rear indeed, but leaving dangerously bare the rear of both flanks. Their remonstrances were disregarded, and the camp was pitched on a long frontage, with the wagons in line behind the tents, as if the business in hand were perchance a race-meeting, and the space in front of the tents the run in. Not so much as a sod was set on end in the way of entrenchment, and the deployment of the wagons proved the absence of even a rudimentary idea in favour of a laager formation.

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There seems no need for going deep into the details of the controversy so keenly waged regarding the responsibility for the catastrophe of Isandlwana. It is plain that, on the broad admitted facts, that responsibility rests on the shoulders of Lord Chelmsford. To prove this it is almost unnecessary to seek evidence outside his Lordship's own despatch on that sad occurrence. It was certain from Dartnell's message, received in the early morning of the fatal day, that the enemy was in strong force in the terrain through which lay the line of advance. Weak as No. 3 column was by the fatal policy of subdivision of the invading force, every military consideration was in favour of keeping it concentrated, and thus retaining its maximum of offensive power or defensive potentiality as the case might demand, always in combination with adequate front and flank scouting. How little attention this latter duty met with is proven by the Zulu testimony recorded by Lord Chelmsford's intelligence officer, that Cetchwayo's army on the night between the 21st and 22nd January reached and bivouacked in a position only a mile and a half to the eastward of the Isandlwana camp. The former military necessity was ignored, and the process of disintegration pursued with a recklessness that seems simply astounding, when Lord Chelmsford on the morning of the fatal day marched off a dozen miles to the front with rather more than half his force, leaving the balance of it in camp. Regarding the safety of that camp he appears to have had no misgivings. What orders for its protection, such as they were, were given, emanated not from him, but from the staff officer of Colonel Glyn, in nominal command of the column. Lord Chelmsford was very wise after the event. He wrote in his despatch:—

> Had the force but taken up a defensive position, and utilised the materials for a hasty entrenchment which lay near to hand, I am confident that the whole Zulu army would not have been able to dislodge them. It appears that the oxen were yoked to the wagons three hours before the attack took place, so that there was ample time to construct that wagon-laager which the Dutch in former days understood so well.

Putting on one side the considerations that the force in the camp was certainly taken by surprise, and that the teams were yoked in obedience to Lord Chelmsford's order sent back by Captain Gardiner, that the camp of the troops he had out with him should be sent on, one is entitled to ask why Lord Chelmsford should have left to Colonel Pulleine, in the throe of a sudden emergency, the task that had been incumbent on himself, as the most obvious and commonest military precaution, when deliberate leisure availed for its adoption. Two nights had Lord Chelmsford spent in a defenceless camp which it behoved him to have made defensible when taken up, in face of the enemy as it was. It was not subsequently to the catastrophe that Lord Chelmsford first acquired his knowledge of that 'wagon-laager

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which the Dutch understood so well;' and if it were poor Pulleine's duty to have essayed its construction under the brunt of an attack, how much more had it been Lord Chelmsford's duty to have so disposed his wagons in the abundant cold-blood leisure at his command? There is no need to lift further the bloody shroud of Isandlwana; on the mere hem of it is bordered the stern legend of Lord Chelmsford's responsibility, in that he yet further disintegrated his already unduly subdivided force, and in that he violated the most rudimentary principle of warfare, by omitting to make a camp defensible that was located in an essentially vicious position and in face of an enemy in force.

The situation, then, at the close of this first period of the war is accurately set forth in the following true and trenchant quotation:—

> In ten days from the commencement of operations, the whole plan of campaign has fallen through; the commander-in-chief has been surprised and defeated, and has lost the whole of his reserve ammunition, arms, clothing, and food; Colonel Wood is completely isolated and *en l'air*; Colonel Pearson's fate quivers in the balance. For these disasters Lord Chelmsford is responsible.

The second period of the operation extended from Isandlwana to the commencement of the final invasion. The early days of this period were spent in aimless despondency; in an effort to fix on Colonel Glyn the responsibility for Isandlwana, on the ground that Lord Chelmsford was but a visitor with that officer's column—an attempt which was frustrated by the wary prevision of Major Clery, Colonel Glyn's staff-officer, and whose futility stands exposed by the tenor of Lord Chelmsford's own despatches; and in the institution of the Court of Inquiry, which did *not* inquire into the circumstances of the 'disastrous affair of Isandlwana.' This tribunal was a solemn mockery. It took the evidence, in some cases not even orally, in all without cross-examination, of eight witnesses. Neither Lord Chelmsford, nor any members of his staff, surely most significant witnesses, were examined. One of the members of the court, Colonel Harness, stood in common decency precluded from that position, in virtue of being the repository of most relevant evidence, which his appointment shut out. Major Gossett and Captain Lonsdale, whose evidence would have been of the utmost value, remained unexamined, as did numerous other available witnesses, such as Colonel Pulleine's interpreter, whose important testimony, shown to me by Bishop Colenso, subsequently, I understand, found its way into the *Standard*. Lord Chelmsford himself was fain to express his sense of the perfunctoriness of the inquiry. 'I regret,' he wrote in the despatch covering the proceedings, 'that more evidence has not been taken, and I have given instructions that all who escaped, and who are able to throw any light whatever on the occurrences of the day, should be at once called on for a statement of

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what they saw.' What has been the outcome of these instructions, then? Not a scrap of supplement to the admittedly imperfect evidence has ever been published, and the public has languidly contented itself with the handful of dust thrown in its eyes.

The lesson of misfortune was clear. Wood, reinforced by the 80th, was available for invasive purposes on the line originally assigned him. Pearson at Etshowe was well on towards Ulundi. The line that had been marked out for the 3rd column, inherently vicious, had been branded by disaster. Reinforcements were arriving, and were on the way. The policy of a direct advance in concentrated force, along the Lower Tugela-Etshowe-Kwamagwasa line, from the outset the simplest, easiest, and best, recommended itself now more strongly than ever. Every argument was in favour of its adoption—proximity to the base, shortest distance to the objective, a *point d'appui* already existing at Etshowe, accessibility from the landing-place at Port Durnford, which was as available then as it was later. If transport difficulties threatened some delay, there was no stress of urgency to be stirring. Pearson was quite safe behind his entrenchments at Etshowe, and in no overwhelming straits, either in regard to supplies or to health. The *Times'* correspondent accompanying the relieving force testifies of its garrison, that he found the soldiers in full rations of beef and coffee—'they have never wanted for plain food,' he says. Pearson from Etshowe had given his advice so early as the 2nd of February. 'Now that we are here,' wrote that officer, 'it would be a fatal mistake to abandon the post, which will be required as a forepost when you are ready to advance again.'

It would be a waste of time seriously to comment on the feeble and incoherent missives which Lord Chelmsford sent and caused to be sent to Pearson, during the period of the latter's isolation. He expressed his trust that 'any attack made by the Zulus on Etshowe and Roorke's Drift may be simultaneous,' as if that were likely. On the 6th of February, Colonel Crealock, Lord Chelmsford's military secretary, enjoins Pearson, in the advised reduction of his garrison, to 'bring the sick back in empty wagons;' on the 8th he inculcates on him that he is to 'bring no wheeled vehicles.' These be thy gods, O Israel!

Lord Chelmsford found himself ready to 'advance again' on the 29th of March, at the head of 3,300 European troops. Pearson's contingent would have furnished 1,000 more; making up a stronger force than won the battle of Ulundi. But, alas! the advance was not to be on Ulundi, but only to Etshowe. He carried a month's supplies for a 'new garrison' of 1,200 men, and ten days' supplies for the marching column. Concentrated effort on the Lower Tugela base would have furnished him—I say this on the best authority—with a month's transport and supplies for the whole force at his disposal, including Pearson's. Reinforcements were steadily arriving, available for strengthening the posts in the rear of his advance. Supplies and

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transport were gathering, so that no apprehension need have existed as to a current of means of subsistence. Not much bracing of that nervous system which Lord Chelmsford had confessed was enfeebled, was needed to stir him to the emprise of retrieving, by a prompt, not rash, stroke at the heart of his enemy. But having chosen instead the weaker part of simply exchanging the garrison of Etshowe, he finally fell away from that half-hearted resolve, and that too after his success at Gingihlovo, in that he determined to abandon the position altogether, and take another fifteen miles further back, for the curious reason that the road to Etshowe was not so good as he had expected!

Lord Chelmsford remained obtuse to encouragements that would have surely stimulated most men to enterprise. On the 28th of March, Wood, at Kambula, had defeated and dispersed, with great slaughter, a Zulu force, estimated at over 20,000 strong. On the 2nd of April, Lord Chelmsford himself had the good fortune to inflict a crushing repulse on some 12,000 Zulus who assailed his laager at Gingihlovo. Ever in war the defeat of the vanquished is the opportunity of the victor, if he but like to grasp it; but the axiom is especially applicable when the vanquished are savages, lacking the elasticity and *morale* of more regular troops. The two blows together could not well have borne less heavily on the Zulus for the time being, than did their final discomfiture at Ulundi. Had Lord Chelmsford started from Etshowe on the 4th of April, with three thousand men, with bare necessaries for a month, he could have reached Ulundi in a week by forced marches, and once there, he would have been master of the situation, and could have been reinforced and re-provisioned from behind as occasion demanded. But Lord Chelmsford preferred the abandonment of Etshowe, the establishment of a futile post at Gingihlovo, and the postponement of further operations in the enemy's country for two months longer.

The third period extends from the relief of Etshowe till the combat of Ulundi. On the 20th of April, Lord Chelmsford had over 20,000 men under him in the field, of whom about 14,000 were white men. Of these, 6,500 men, comprising the 1st Division under General Crealock, Lord Chelmsford, according to his own statement, deliberately pigeon-holed on and about the Lower Tugela, restrained from discretional offensive, and inoperative, from its position, for the defence of the long frontier line. This strange disposal of a whole division of British soldiers can be proved out of Lord Chelmsford's own mouth. In his despatch on the relief of Etshowe he says:—

> Every advantage, from a military point of view, in our present intention of destroying the Mangevane and Undine kraals, can be gained equally by occupying a strong post on the coast road. This will be done, and the future operations on this head will be entrusted to Major-General Crealock, who will receive special

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instructions from me in regard to the future operations of what is now the 1st Division of the South African field force.

What were these instructions? If there were indeed any, it devolves on General Crealock, in the interest of his own reputation, to take steps that they be produced. For three months General Crealock remained stationary, inspecting latrines, cultivating laying poultry, and clamouring for pepper; were such, then, his instructions? That Lord Chelmsford wished to have it believed that they were not essentially of a more active character may be gathered from his Lordship's statement at Cape Town after the campaign.

I have seen it stated (he then said) that I had always reckoned on receiving direct assistance from the coast column, and that the advance on Ulundi was therefore a desperate undertaking, against the express wish of Sir Garnet Wolseley. The difficulties of an advance on Ulundi by the coast line had been brought to my notice soon after my arrival in Natal by those who knew them well. I therefore never calculated that the upper column would receive more than indirect support from the troops on that line, and I felt quite satisfied that the former would be strong enough to carry out the task which lay before it.

If Lord Chelmsford had indeed this conviction, then he merits censure in its strongest form, for requisitioning from home a division for which he could find no other sphere than sickening around the Tugela mouth while its chief badgered the commissariat for pepper. The difficulties Lord Chelmsford speaks of may be estimated by the facts that he himself advanced in five marches from the Tugela to Etshowe, and retired from Etonganeni to Etshowe on his homeward route in the same number of marches; while Clarke's brigade, marching from Port Durnford, reached Etonganeni without difficulty in a few days.

But I venture respectfully to question Lord Chelmsford's expression of his deliberate intention to dispense with the co-operation of his first division in offensive operations. I do so on two grounds. First, Lord Chelmsford himself told me in Durban, before he set out for the front, that it was quite on the cards Crealock might reach Ulundi in advance of himself; and I have information from a source entitled to implicit credence that Lord Chelmsford 'left the 1st Division entirely to the independent direction of its general.' Secondly, I affirm that for some time previous to the afternoon of the 16th of June, while he lay in camp at the Upoko river, it was Lord Chelmsford's intention, instead of marching direct on Ulundi, to strike away to the south-eastward on Kwamagwasa, there to give the hand to Crealock, and thence to advance on Ulundi in co-operation with him. It may be interesting to narrate how this intention was frustrated. It had come to the knowledge of an unofficial person accompanying the 2nd Division that this *fainéant* intention had been conceived. Burning with anxiety that it should not be carried out, and casting about for a means to upset it, the individual in question rode back to Fort

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Newdigate, to meet an officer in high command, coming up with the escort of the great supply column. To that gallant officer he ventured to address himself, with all but despairing entreaty that he 'would take his Lordship hard by the head and cram him at the fence.' He undertook the enterprise, and succeeded in it the same afternoon, strenuously supported by another, who, as he rode away from the headquarter camp, remarked quaintly that Crealock 'should be told that either he must advance, or that his health would be improved by a sea voyage in the direction of home.' When Lord Chelmsford speaks of certain persons as his 'detractors,' he is not aware that to one of these persons he primarily owes it that he, and not his successor, commanded in the combat of Ulundi.

There remains, then, but to dismiss the 1st Division as a non-efficient factor, intentionally or unintentionally so on Lord Chelmsford's part, in the scheme and execution of the campaign. What one authoritative critic thought of its inertness—and the Field-Marshal commanding-in-chief has read a paraphrase of the outspoken condemnation—may be gathered from the following quotation:—

> If I had had General Crealock's division, I would have now (June 6th) been as far as Lord Chelmsford would have let me go into Zululand, and ready at a moment's notice to rush forward to the king's kraal. The delay at the Lower Tugela has been as ruinous to our troops, to our transport, and to our supplies, as it has been shameful and unnecessary.

I do not propose to occupy space by detailing the fleeting phases of vacillation that characterised the period between the rendezvous at Dundee, and the final concentration at Koppie Allein previous to the crossing of the frontier. To those who were on the spot, this period must now be like a bad dream. The intention to constitute Conference Hill the advanced base, the choppings and changings, the futile conveyance of convoys to Conference Hill finally to reach Koppie Allein after being dragged futilely round the two long sides of an isosceles triangle, the feeble shams of reconnaissances, the drifting, the chaos and the friction—to have lived through all this grim burlesque on military operations, was ordeal sore enough, Heaven knows! for once in a lifetime, without recalling in detail the damnable iteration of vague vacillation. It may be, however, that I am in error in using this latter word. I once ventured on it in conversation with a leading member of Lord Chelmsford's staff, under the invitation to speak, given by the question how I thought affairs were proceeding. He triumphantly corrected me, and explained, that the rapid and perplexing changes of intention on his Lordship's part, which rendered nothing certain within his command for a quarter of an hour at a time, sprang not from vacillation and inability to make up his mind, but from very exceptional promptitude in doing so. At first sight it would appear that the results are much the same, whether

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a commander cannot firmly make up his mind at all, or whether he is addicted to making snap shots at hasty decisions which are no sooner made than they have to be revoked and altered; but in reality this is not so. The man whose mental tissue is so flaccid that it but tardily braces itself to decisions, at least does not expose himself. If he can only look moderately sagacious and keep his own counsel, he may get credit for profound wisdom and for having within him schemes of ultimate brilliancy and conclusive efficiency. But the man who spasmodically jumps into decisions which he is fain to alter with equally spasmodic speed, fatally lays open his weakness, and indeed performs in himself, in public view, the operation of mental vivisection in every decision he snaps at, and in any order emanating from that decision.

Deliberately ignoring alike the lesson of the past, the dictates of common sense, and the emphatic protests of the higher officers who had come out with the reinforcements, Lord Chelmsford, having put his 1st Division to bed, obstinately clung to the policy, or rather impolicy, of invading Zululand from round the corner. With a force strong enough now for the double duty of defence and of invasion, he shunned the former almost entirely, and having disposed of Crealock's force as has been described, he applied himself to the concentration of his 2nd Division, under General Newdigate, at a place called Dundee, almost in front of the extreme south-western angle of Zululand. The peculiarity of this angle is, from the strategic point of view, that, being more than two hundred miles from the sea-base at Durban, it is the point of all Zululand most remote from Ulundi. What would be thought of the man who, standing at the Duke of York's monument, and having for his object to reach Stafford House as speedily as might be, should consider he was best accomplishing his purpose by fetching a compass round by the Horse Guards, Storey's Gate, Birdcage Walk, and Buckingham Palace? Lord Chelmsford's 'advance' from Durban on Ulundi *viâ* Dundee and Landman's Drift was no whit a less needlessly circuitous pilgrimage than would be this fatuous tramp. It was, indeed, even less distinguished by purposeful wisdom. The circumambulator of the Green Park would have but himself to carry. But Lord Chelmsford had to convey every ounce of supplies from his sea-base, along rough and cruel roads, with transport scarce and costly, and time infinitely precious. It befell him then, by his own act, that, the last of his reinforcements having been landed at Port Durban by the middle of April, he was not able to give the word to his 2nd Division to cross the frontier until the first day of June, and even then with so serious a deficiency in the quantity of supplies which he regarded as necessary, that a halt of some ten days was enforced when as yet it had made but four short marches into the enemy's country.

I have alluded to Lord Chelmsford's staff. Its inadequacy was

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flagrant. He commanded what was virtually an army corps, and an army corps, too, in detachments, and therefore demanding the services of an exceptionally efficient staff. Modern warfare has made apparent the inestimable value, to a general in command, of a good chief of the staff. But Lord Chelmsford would have no chief of the staff. He had indeed a military secretary, a man of proved capacity—in originating, stimulating, and perpetuating friction. His Adjutant-General was respectable, and it may have facilitated the despatch of business that throughout the campaign he and the Military Secretary were not on speaking terms. Until the eve of the invasion, Lord Chelmsford had no functionary discharging the duties of Quarter-master-General, and when at length an able officer was nominated *ad interim* to that appointment, he had no adequate or stated assistance, and had to content himself with such casual service as was rendered by the poor lad who fell at the Ityotosi river and the man who left him to his fate. His intelligence officer was a man who palpably, and indeed confessedly, knew nothing of the region through which lay the line of invasion. It was not until a day or two before the march from Landman's Drift that Lord Chelmsford thought proper to brigade General Newdigate's division, and he saw nothing incongruous in leaving later one of the brigadiers whom he then nominated, in command of a wayside post garrisoned by a few companies. But indeed Lord Chelmsford not only was the Commander-in-Chief, but essayed to be his own chief of the staff, his own division general, his own brigadier, his own sergeant-major, his own road-mender, his own ox-driver, his own mealiecob-collector. A Nasmyth hammer is a wonderful instrument: it will punch a hole through an armour-plate, and it will fashion a pin. But it is of no account, and children may mock it, when the motive power is lacking.

Had the direct line of invasion from the Lower Tugela been chosen, there would have been ample troops for that enterprise, for disposition along the Tugela to cover the colony, and for furnishing Wood with reinforcements that would have so strengthened him as to have enabled him with confidence to follow his original line athwart the north-western region of Zululand upon Ulundi. The advantages of that line have been already set forth. But as it was, Wood had to converge on Newdigate for purposes of mutual support, looking to their common weakness when divided; and this enforced convergence on Wood's part signified the final abandonment of what was the only good strategical feature in Lord Chelmsford's original dispositions at the opening of the campaign. Thenceforth Wood's undeniable attributes in quasi-independent command were merged into the mediocrity of his superior officer. But this was not all harm; Wood had his uses in his new sphere.

With an efficient staff, and a clear perception of the task that lay before him, Lord Chelmsford, having committed himself to an advance

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from the Dundee base, might have been a long way into the heart of Zululand, while he was himself wasting time at Utrecht, and while Newdigate's division was supinely producing noxious effluvia in its standing camp at Landman's Drift. It will be remembered that his infantry reinforcements, landing earlier than his cavalry, were available considerably sooner. Let me put the alternative procedure open to him in the words, written at the time, of one who knows war well, and contributed by arduous labour not a little to such success as was attained by the invading columns.

> My watchword would have been, 'Advance! advance! advance!' Yes, advance, if only for a few miles, into the enemy's country; advance our infantry to posts safely established on Zulu soil. If Lord Chelmsford *would* have his three months' supply, only a burden and an injury to him, he ought to have sent in his infantry weeks ago, as it came up, while his cavalry and heavy supplies were on the road. He should have sent that infantry on with small convoys of Divisional Transport (lying idle) with strong escorts into Zululand, forming depôts as they pushed on. One would then have felt that we were doing something, that we were not eating up weeks and weeks of stores, brought out at enormous cost from England, and that we were not wasting money on transport, by massing on one spot vast supplies that, when massed, would require an enormous transport, got together regardless of expense, system, and organisation, to move this mass of stores into Zululand to impede our movements there. We should not be the laughing-stock of Europe: our men would feel that they were being made of good use, and be training themselves by daily practice in convoy, camping, and patrol duties. Then, when the cavalry came up, all would be ready for a move forward at once.

At Fort Marshall on the 18th of June, the 2nd Division, having been marching most of the time since leaving Landman's Drift with its face set towards its base at Durban, on a directer line than that by which it had marched up through the colony, and having traversed some fifty miles, found itself within twenty-five miles of Roorke's Drift, a point considerably nearer that base than was Landman's Drift. Thus it had taken a wide circuit with no other result than the production of wholly needless delay. Nor must it be forgotten that the road from Roorke's Drift to Fort Marshall had already in January been improved by several days' hard work, as far as Isandlwana. But the extraordinary peculiarity of the circuitous mode of invasion became still more eccentrically apparent a few days later, when the division reached the 'Jackal's Neck' camp on the 27th of June. From the elevation above it men, looking due south, saw at a distance of some twenty-five miles the flats of Etshowe. Lord Chelmsford, then, from his Durban base had journeyed close on 300 miles to find himself, on the 27th of June, five-and-twenty miles nearer Ulundi than he had been on the 4th of April. Barring these five-and-twenty miles, he had completed such a circle as we read of men making who have lost their way in the bush or in the wilderness. And pray think, not alone of the waste of valuable time, but the reckless cost and waste of thus futilely marching a division with its huge supplies round

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eleven-twelfths of a circle of such a circumference! Shade of Wellington! to think that a man should have ventured to invoke that name, who has such a fiasco of perverse pedestrianism on his military conscience, scarcely, surely, to be deadened by postprandial plaudits! From that height, too, was visible the sea, hard by where at Fort Durnford, some five marches off, stores were being landed that might have been even more easily landed two months previously, thus rendering still more grimly ludicrous the wandering in the desert, not indeed of forty years, but for two useless months.

But Pisgah was at length attained, and the promised land, from whose milk and honey we were precipitately to run away, lay at length before us, across the Jordan of the White Umvaloosi. Lord Chelmsford had great good fortune there. It has never been explained why, having departed for a good reason from the original intention of sending Wood across the river on the afternoon of the 1st of July, to occupy the Kopje and cover the crossing place, cramped and dominated as it was, he abstained from carrying out that intention altogether, to the manifest risk when advancing on Ulundi of being taken at a disadvantage on the rough ground between the river and the Ulambo-Bogemma Kraal, where first the nature of the ground allowed the square formation, in which alone safety lay, to be taken up. Ulundi was a soldier's, not a general's fight; but while it lasted Lord Chelmsford was every inch a soldier. Out of the splendid brigade of British cavalry Lord Chelmsford had so urgently requisitioned, three weak squadrons took part in it: the remainder he had frittered away along a frontier the safety of which was no longer threatened.

The fourth period under consideration dates from the combat at Ulundi, until Sir Garnet Wolseley's acceptance of Lord Chelmsford's resignation and the retirement of the latter from the army in the field. A simple statement of facts will demonstrate that, while up to the commencement of this period Lord Chelmsford's conduct of the operations had been erroneous, weak, and capricious, the manner in which he acted after the battle of Ulundi involves him in a yet graver culpability—a culpability that threw to the wind the results of the victory of Ulundi, devolved on another the work of finishing the campaign, and involved the country in a needless expenditure.

On the afternoon of the combat of Ulundi, Lord Chelmsford retired his force into the laager on the Umvaloosi; on the next day he set forth on his return march. From Etonganeni he led the flying column back on St. Paul's over Kwamagwasa, which he reached on the 11th of July. Newdigate's division he sent back towards the frontier by the line along which he had advanced. He made a clean evacuation of the whole theatre of his late operations beyond Fort Evelyn, in which he left his furthest advanced garrison; Fort Evelyn being some thirty-five miles short of Ulundi.

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A critic is not called upon to guess at the solution of a conundrum, and we are entitled to look for the key to conduct on the face of it so singular in such explanations as Lord Chelmsford has thought proper to tender. In his Ulundi despatch he writes: 'As I have fully accomplished the object for which I advanced, I consider I shall now best be carrying out Sir Garnet Wolseley's instructions by moving at once to Etonganeni and thence to Kwamagwasa.' He writes to Sir Garnet Wolseley on the 6th of July:—

> I have returned to Etonganeni, as, the Zulus having dispersed in all directions, it is not possible to strike another blow at them for the present. I was also anxious to get the men under canvas again. The best grass lands are in this part of Zululand, but they are beginning to fail.

He had previously announced to Wolseley that the state of his supplies would not permit him to remain at Ulundi beyond the 10th of July. And finally in his Cape Town speech he stated (before the capture of Cetchwayo):—

> After the crushing defeat inflicted at Ulundi, there would have been no advantage gained in endeavouring to penetrate the difficult country to the north of the king's kraal, even had the state of the supplies permitted it.

We have thus on Lord Chelmsford's part certain explicit statements in justification of his retreat. He had accomplished his object: in retiring he was carrying out his instructions; the condition of his supplies rendered his retreat compulsory; grass was beginning to fail him. Each and all of these averments are erroneous.

Ulundi was but a means to an end; that end was the determination of the Zulu trouble by a satisfactory peace, the capture, the surrender, or the expatriation of Cetchwayo. None of these things Ulundi had achieved. If 20,000 Zulus attacked Lord Chelmsford at Ulundi, and if 2,000 of them were put *hors de combat*, manifestly 18,000 remained available for further mischief at the bidding of the monarch who obstinately refused to take or ask for terms. Suppose that Wolseley had not pushed up Clarke on the enterprise which in Lord Chelmsford's estimation was at once impossible and offered no advantage, Cetchwayo would have been still loose, the Swazis would have assumed we had been beaten, and the Zulus would probably have gained heart to stand the fortune of another campaign. I venture to think that Lord Chelmsford, if he still has the hardihood to retain it, is absolutely alone in his belief that on the evening of Ulundi he had 'fully accomplished the purpose for which he advanced.'

If Lord Chelmsford had ordered his tents up from Etonganeni, he would have got his troops under canvas again with no less certainty than he attained that object by falling back on Etonganeni. An army and its tents do not occupy the relative attitudes of Mahomet and the mountain. Whether the grass was failing, as he reported, may

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be judged of from the following extract of a letter from the highest authority, written in September last:—'The valley of Ulundi, where we were encamped for nearly four weeks, was a vast meadow of grass, and the kraals were stored with grain. A cavalry brigade might have remained there for months, and their horses got fat and sleek as ours did.' As to a dearth of supplies, Lord Chelmsford conclusively disproved that by arriving at St. Paul's on his return march 'with more than a fortnight's supplies.' The truth is, he was lavishly rationed. When he left the Upoko river on the 18th of June, both columns carried six weeks' full rations; a mass of food was left behind at Fort Newdigate, within easily accessible distance; Marshall was hustling proviant columns up along the line of communications; and stores were being landed, virtually *ad libitum*, at Port Durnford, some six marches distant.

There remains Lord Chelmsford's avowal of his belief that he was best carrying out Sir Garnet Wolseley's instructions, by imitating the dirty little boy who chalked an opprobrious epithet on the shutter, and then ran away. Strong as is public apathy in regard to 'bygones,' I do think that, if the communications which at this time passed between his Lordship and his superior officer were now in the hands of the public, Lord Chelmsford, instead of swaggering about success, would probably be somewhat nervous lest the *vox populi* should compel his official friends to put him on his defence under military law. There can be no valid pretext for withholding these documents, and I trust that they will be moved for when Parliament reassembles. Without the light they throw on events, this phase of the campaign remains a discreditable enigma.

Immediately on reaching the colony, Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphed to Lord Chelmsford instructions to send him full information, to report daily what he was doing, and to concentrate his forces; there was no limitation of his freedom of action. Lord Chelmsford's tardy response on the 30th of June was to the effect that he was negotiating, that his supplies would not enable him to keep the front beyond the 10th of July, and that he wanted to know 'Where is Crealock?' Wolseley's reply contained the incidental instruction that, 'if forced to retreat,' he was to fall back on Crealock by way of St. Paul's; obviously a simple detail of precautionary injunction, in the contingency of untoward events. Now, the simple question that every soldier has to ask himself, is whether Lord Chelmsford could consider himself 'forced to retreat' immediately after having won a victory, the fruits of which lay to his hand if he would only stretch it out, and while still so well rationed that more than a week later he reached St. Paul's carrying a fortnight's supply, and while large reserves were within easy reach. It was a time, most men will hold, that might encourage a chief to harden his heart and ask his soldiers, if need were—and such need

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would hardly have occurred—to submit to some stinting of the full ration, to do without lime-juice for instance, and go without pepper while beef held out, to try mealie meal for a change if fresh bread were not to be compassed. Writing of the winter campaign in Bulgaria, Lieutenant Greene says of the Russian soldiers who marched under Gourko and Skobeleff from Plevna to Tchatalda: 'As for the luxuries of the ration—such as tea, sugar, spirits, vinegar, soap, cabbage, &c.—the men had simply to do without them. The campaign was made on a precarious ration of a pound of hard bread and a pound and a half of tough, stringy beef driven along the road. Yet, in face of these hardships and privations, there was not a single case of insubordination; the men were usually in good spirits, and the number of stragglers inconsiderable.' We need only recall the Peninsula and the Crimea for proofs that the British soldier can thole as well as can the Russian soldier; and Lord Chelmsford might have kept the field without requiring of his troops any privations of a serious kind.

Immediately on receiving a telegram from me on the evening of the 6th of July, detailing the combat of the 4th, Sir Garnet Wolseley, without waiting for further information, despatched to Lord Chelmsford an urgent demand, that he should maintain an advanced position in the heart of the country into which he had penetrated, sending also hearty congratulations on the success of Ulundi. It is for Lord Chelmsford to explain why he refrained from making any apparent effort to fulfil that injunction, and why he disregarded the representations made to him on the spot in favour of leaving Sir Evelyn Wood's column behind, with the ultimate *rôle* before it of cutting Zululand in two by marching back towards Utrecht along the White Umvaloosi. Temper, as a token of weakness, is a mistake; but its indulgence, when the outcome is detriment to the public weal, becomes a crime. It remains, as it is, that Lord Chelmsford attained a final climax of incapacity by nullifying his success at Ulundi, in relinquishing its fruits when they were within his grasp; and that his needless and precipitate retreat involved our arms in what, save in actual fighting, was, to all intents and purposes, another campaign. And it remains, further, for his Lordship, no longer to quote irrelevant Shakespeare in abortive disparagement of those whom he considers his 'detractors,' but to find a coherent reply, if there be such a weapon within his reach, to the strictures of his critic.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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THE PRESENT CONDITIONS OF ART.[1]

In a recent article in this Review the question was asked, 'Is a great school of art possible in the present day?' In other words, are our modern conditions such that not only individual genius can exist—genius which overrides all outside influences and creates distinguished work under any conditions—but are they such as would encourage and create a school, a group of painters, sculptors, and architects, whose work collectively would have a force marking the age in which they live, becoming part of the history of the country to which they belong, and existing in the future as a lasting monument of the best feelings and thoughts of the present time? Will the people, say, of the twenty-third century be able to read what is best in our English history of the nineteenth century, its highest feeling, its purest and subtlest thought, by the light of those monuments of art now being produced or capable of being produced, as we read the history of Egypt, Greece, and Italy in the legacies of art those countries have left for us?

The question is, do modern conditions create or destroy the possibility of such a school? It is to be feared that only on the ground that all things are possible is a great school of art possible.

It must be distinctly understood that a great *school* is spoken of and intended. The position of individual artists, or the claims of individual artists, are not for a moment questioned.

It is certainly probable that in purely artistic qualities we can never again rival the productions of the men so highly gifted, so fortunately surrounded, and so earnest in their way of working, as were the great painters, sculptors, and architects of past ages. It is not necessary to take into consideration the gifts of these great men. There are men in all times who are gifted; but the nature of conditions will direct the stream of thought, and develope or repress peculiarities of intellectual activity. A great school cannot exist unless beauty is cared for for its own sake, and this is not a consequence of modern civilisation, certainly not in England.

All modern conditions are nearly as unfavourable to art as they can

[1] Written last summer, and referring to an article in the *Nineteenth Century* of April 1879.

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be. It is not uncommon for the hard-headed practical man to pride himself upon his insensibility to beauty with regard to material forms, even when he accepts poetry as a legitimate utterance. We do not want beauty for its own sake and because it is a good thing in itself; we may tolerate it when we have leisure, and even desire it as a proof of prosperity; but the active mind, or that condition of society which represents progress, cannot lend itself to such trifled *Trifles*—which have been the vital spark that has rendered the resuscitation of apparently dead nations possible!

Our modern art, in spite of the money given for pictures and the crowds that throng to the many exhibitions, enters into no natural life of the time. This is proved by the utter ignoring of it in all '*serious matters*.' When the question of what belongs to the class of sensations appertaining to beauty comes into competition with the smallest amount of money interest, it is seldom a matter of a moment's consideration which shall be sacrificed. Few people hesitate to cut down a tree or grub up a hedgerow if twenty shillings a year will be gained by so doing. Moreover, utility and charm appear to be intentionally disconnected. To some one speculating upon what a mediæval designer would have made of a steam-engine, and lamenting that no attempt was made to take advantage of its suggestiveness, the answer given (by a man of refinement and collector of works of art) was, 'Oh! we don't want beauty in a steam-engine or an ironclad'—which meant: 'We only want beauty in playthings, as so many of us only want religion for Sundays.' The untiring interest, the pains, the love bestowed formerly upon the perfecting and decorating of almost all objects of daily use, even when the service required was most material, is one of the most striking points of difference between ancient or mediæval and modern life. Armour is an example. In unaffected, unconscious artistic excellence of invention, approaching more nearly to the strange beauty of nature, especially as presented to us in vegetation, mediæval armour perhaps surpasses any other effort of human ingenuity.

Our confirmed habit of regarding art and all that belongs to it, all the delights that come to us through the medium of the noblest of all our organs, as necessarily separated from the serious business of life, must be fatal to art. The necessity for, and instinctive delight in, beauty must be felt before we can hope to see great art flourishing healthily. The eye must appreciate noble form and beautiful colour before the jar consequent at the sight of ugliness is felt which would as a rule prevent its existence. In our modern life the cultivation of the eye is sacrificed to all kinds of meaner considerations. Other organs of taste are respectfully treated. Few people lightly value the importance of the cook's preparations. The well-dressed dinner is not put off till Sunday; to be indifferent to bad smells would be to confess defective organisation. Sounds are serious

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matters. We make efforts to escape discordant noise, or submit with grumbling. But with regard to the eye we submit habitually to conditions which are equivalent to tearing raw meat with our fingers and teeth, living in the midst of vile odours, and complacently enduring abominable discords.

Sight and hearing are the two senses which the natural man, in common with the lower animals, possesses in great perfection, and it is evident that, in addition to its usefulness to him as a mere animal, the eye affords him interest and delight long before his other senses become intellectually developed. In the very earliest stages of his existence we have proof in scratched outlines of animals that he observes with curiosity and pleasure the varieties of animal form which surround him. In his progress towards modern civilisation he rejoices in beautiful combinations of line and gorgeous arrangements of colour. All through the long ages till the seventeenth century this is distinctly visible, but growing fainter from the sixteenth, and it is when modern discoveries and appliances in the nineteenth have placed almost unlimited means in his power of gratifying this instinct that it disappears altogether. Costume vanishes, utensils and weapons cease to be ornamented, or are ornamented with a conscious effort instead of natural impulse, beauty of form and colour no longer has any charm, and the eye becomes indifferent. The ugliness of most things connected with our ordinary habits is most remarkable. A well-dressed gentleman ready for dinner or attired for any ceremony is a pitiable example—his vesture nearly formless and quite foldless if he can have his will. His legs, unshapen props—his shirt front, a void—his dress coat, an unspeakable piece of ignobleness. Put it into sculpture, and see the result. The genius of Pheidias might be defied to produce anything satisfactory. We see without disapproval ugly, shapeless, ignoble forms, and it must be remembered that these form the language in which the artist has to speak. The human form, the noblest and most interesting study for the artist, is distorted in the case of men's dress by such monstrous garments, and in the case of women's dress by extravagant arrangements which impede all simple nobility and refined grace of movement.

If in our public schools any attention were bestowed upon the cultivation of the sense of beauty, the educated gentleman would not encourage by his admiration the vagaries of feminine fashions, not because of its changes—'variety is charming'—but because all the changes revolve round a centre of radically bad taste, formed by two fixed ideas, viz. that the waist and the foot cannot be too small. Amid all the changes there is no being rid of the stiff contracted waist, really ugly, always so low down as to suggest the positive deformity of short lower limbs, and cruelly destructive to health, nor of the straight compressed shoes, destroying the form of the foot, and turning the beautiful structure into a crippled bunch of bunions.

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To the eyes of Plato or any ancient Greek accustomed to see the human form and to understand its excellence and beauty, an Eton boy would be a thing to wonder at. To admiring mammas the ridiculous get-up is perfectly lovely, and the boy himself values it beyond measure. A thoughtful mother says, in one of Dumaurier's pictures published in *Punch*, 'Remember it is not the coat that makes the gentleman.' 'Oh, I know that,' replies the boy; 'it's the hat.' This is really not a caricature. The traditions of the boy stick to the man, who would rather be smitten with leprosy than commit a sin against the sacred laws of society. Accustomed to the ignoble arrangement which has been a glory in his eyes since he was old enough to envy his elder brother, he cannot know how far he has departed from a sense of the natural; it is pure perversion of taste, for which convenience cannot be pleaded. The Eton boy does not play cricket in his tall hat, nor does the member of Parliament choose his ordinary costume for tramping over the moors, or for lawn tennis. The Eton boy grows into the man, dispensing judgments and influencing events. What can be expected from his habits of mind in matters of taste? He will perpetuate the pot-hat and the shapeless costume his second nature has taught him to believe in, and all that is unusual or the least grateful to the eye in colour or shape will be regarded as 'bad form.' Yet it is from him as an educated gentleman that encouragement to art should be expected. Under such conditions taste must suffer, and no great art can have a natural spring. One side of national character will be arid without art, for that absence implies the absence of sense of beauty, and of enjoyment in natural loveliness. The greatest purity in morals, and the highest attainable intellectual elevation, will still leave wanting much that is essential to a nation's greatness and happiness. Philosophers in future time may come to contend that among the objects of wise government should be the developing of contentment, not alone by encouraging the arts of becoming rich, but also by providing as much as possible for natural enjoyments. Even the poorest, accustomed to take pleasure in what is gratifying to the natural sense of beauty, would, if beautiful objects were among them, as they were in the Middle Ages, find moments of relief infinitely grateful to them in their habitual weariness. The plea for art rests on much wider and more solid foundations than mere amusement for moments of leisure. In the economy of civilisation its place must be beside poetry, a place that should be recognised by those who write upon it. Nothing is so likely to cure the wide spread of habits of intemperance that disgrace the nation as taste for art and music generally developed. Probably nothing but the general practice of the latter can now effect anything in that direction. The taste and practice were common in England in the Middle Ages: and the artistic sensibility was not wanting. This is proved by old songs and habits now

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becoming obsolete and discouraged. Pleasure in natural beauty is distinctly indicated by constant allusion to objects agreeable to the sight, and the carrying about of flowers on May Day, &c. No such habits could grow up naturally now. While still in possession of these sensibilities, the miserable condition of the peasant was to him more bearable than it is now. Never perhaps in the history of mankind has the peasantry been so unoppressed, but the divergence between the landlord and the agricultural population is rapidly increasing. The somewhat morbid sensibility which would abolish field-sports and the change that has taken place in their character will tend to place the landlord and tenant more and more in opposition, by destroying a connecting link of great value, and this will probably be felt at no very distant time. Most of us have seen how willingly the mounted farmer allowed his fields to be ridden over, and the keen enjoyment of the farm labourer as he followed on foot for half a mile, marking the vicissitudes of the chase, laying in a stock of enjoyment for the next three days. Civilisation looks coldly on mere animal enjoyments, often seeming to forget that man is after all an animal. It may be right in its direction, but while it represses on the objectionable side, it should be even more active to develope a counterpoise.

The tendency to discourage our natural safety-valves for superabundant national energy will only leave open the fields of manufacturing and commercial enterprise, neither in these days favourable to gaiety—one, manufacturing by machinery, most unfavourable—and the nation must become more and more a prey to gloom and sullenness, more and more seeking refuge in the intemperance that so disgraces us, more and more distracted and disaffected. People dissatisfied with daily home life cannot be satisfied with any possible government. As our foreign policy must in a great measure be governed by the action of the foreign Powers we are brought into relation or collision with, and therefore cannot, beyond the establishment of certain principles, be wholly under our control, it might be wiser to consider home legislation for the moment as more important, and by earnest endeavour, among other means of improvement, to infuse more pleasure into the daily life of the community at large, to increase or preserve a healthy state of mind among the wretched many whose voices in reality do, and must more and more govern— to which end art and music are efficient agents. What cannot be achieved in this direction by the State, might be in a great measure brought about by widely spread and judicious co-operation of those who have leisure and other means at their disposal; and art, pressed into the service of general education, as once it was into that of religion, might again be great, and become a vital power.

The dying out of the natural sense of pleasure derived from sight

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of beauty cannot be wholly accounted for by the activity of modern life and its want of leisure. In highly civilised Europe there is always a large and cultivated class that finds a difficulty in getting rid of its time. Is it indeed a law that gain and loss should always be balanced? If, with increased acuteness in some directions, sense of beauty is passing away as a natural possession (and the ugliness of modern life points to it), art must die in spite of every conscious effort that can be made. Yet at no time in known history has it been regarded as a pursuit with so much approval; it is the fashion for youth of good education and family to take up art as a profession, a thing unknown till now. Plutarch, looking at the incomparable work of Pheidias, and rightly estimating these most perfect productions, then to be seen in all their perfection, and speaking of them in the highest terms and praising the effect as it deserved to be praised, goes on to say that, beautiful and noble as they were, it was not desirable that ingenuous youth should devote its time to such occupation. There spoke the mind of antiquity, ruling that intellect should be devoted either to abstract philosophy or the business of government, whose only notion of governing was through law or arms, setting aside the emotional element in human nature, and to which the 'tender grace' of the worship of the Virgin would have been incomprehensible.

It must be remembered that the artist, no less than the poet, should speak the language of his time, not only because he can only naturally find expression in it, but because of the direct appeal it makes to those whom he addresses. To compel him to invent his material language is like asking the poet to write in Hebrew or Greek, yet the alternative to the artist in these times is analogous to restricting the poet to slang or words of one syllable. If the visible language by which alone an artist can make his thought intelligible is out of tune with beauty, the painter or sculptor, who is prompted by aspirations outside material life, is forced to invent his language or imitate what has been done in, for art, happier times, for he cannot press into his service what is around him.

The poet has an immense advantage over the modern artist, using in every-day life a noble and nervous language in which his best thoughts can find ready expression. But modern civilisation has sadly distorted that aspect of life which is the painter's language. Nature, as the poet deals with her, remains not fundamentally changed by time, but in these days great poetic ideas belonging to the past, present, and future, must either be expressed by the painter as a Greek or Italian would have rendered them, or he must invent a new method, or he must take what will suggest no noble effect whatever—modern costume and custom. It is too much to expect that he should tax his powers to overcome difficulties that do not legitimately belong to his art. Joachim can play admirably on one

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string, and that perhaps a bad one, doing infinitely more than an ordinary fiddler can with four; but we cannot therefore say that the other three are not necessary, or that a great composition can be done justice to if played on a penny whistle; great effects demand proportionate means, though extraordinary ones can be produced with small.

We do not ask from the poet linguistic feats, difficulties overcome. We expect to be delighted, entranced, even inspired, so that we also, his readers, feel for a time that we too are of the prophets. In each mind lie enchained or sleeping 'tricksy Ariels,' spirits of the imagination. The poet is the magician who, liberating them, imprisoned by ignorance or choked by the dust of daily life, leaves these delicate spirits free for a while to rise into purer atmospheres. With the language of beauty in full resonance around him, art was not difficult to the painter and sculptor of old as it is with us. No anatomical study will do for the modern artist what habitual acquaintance with the human form did for Pheidias. No Venetian painted a horse with the truth and certainty of Horace Vernet, who knew the animal by heart, rode him, groomed him, and had him constantly in his studio. Every artist must paint what he sees, rather every artist must paint what is around him, can produce no great work unless he impress the character of his age upon his production, not necessarily taking his subjects from it (better if he can), but taking the impress of its life. The great art of Pheidias did not deal with the history of his time, but compressed into its form the qualities of the most intellectual period the world has seen; nor were any materials to be invented or borrowed, he had them all at hand, expressing himself in a natural language derived from familiarity with natural objects. Beauty is the language of art, and with this at command thoughts as they arise take visible form perhaps almost without effort, or (certain technical difficulties overcome) with little more than is required in writing—this not absolving the artist or the poet from earnest thought and severe study. In many respects the present age is far more advanced than preceding times, incomparably more full of knowledge; but the language of great art is dead, for general, noble beauty, pervades life no more. The artist is obliged to return to extinct forms of speech if he would speak as the great ones have spoken. Nothing beautiful is seen around him, excepting always sky and trees and sea; these, as he is mainly a dweller in cities, he cannot live enough with. But it is, perhaps, in the real estimation in which Art is held that we shall find the reason for failure. If the world cared for her language, Art could not help speaking, the utterance being, perhaps, simply beautiful. But even in these days when we have ceased to prize this, if it were demanded that art should take its place beside the great intellectual outflow of the time, the response would hardly be doubtful.

As grace of speech is incompatible with slang and vulgar pro-

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nunciation, so grace of manner is shorn of its effect by ignoble costume. The dignified reserve of the Eastern potentate or Venetian senator looks like chilling want of sympathy or empty supercilious-ness in the dress-coat and chimney-pot hat. Social habits have become too level and regular to have any interests, pictorial suggestions, or picturesque surprises. Any approach to splendour on the part of the wealthy or illustrious in position is eschewed as in bad taste; it is 'better form' for a nobleman to go about in a cab, and dress like his own tailor, than to display any magnificence. There are some good reasons for this; display of fortune's advantages might seem to be a sort of insult to those less fortunate, and simplicity has always a charm of its own; and if this simplicity be real, and carried out in the spirit of Christian meekness or philosophic serenity, it is a good exchange for magnificence. But if the high principle be not carried through, there is some loss sustained; the poetic side of life suffers, some industries are discouraged, the world is rendered unnecessarily grey, the unconscious hypocrisy is so much loss to its dignity. The result on art is serious. Portraiture, now its most real expression, is deprived (speaking of masculine portraits) of nearly all that from an artistic point of view can render it valuable to posterity. It will not do to say that a portrait picture cannot be made a good and interesting piece of work, but a man's portrait can scarcely be made as a picture beautiful, or be cared for in the future as we now care for a Venetian or Vandyke portrait, without knowing anything about the original. With all these opposing conditions how is a great school of art, standing by the side of great literature, possible? It is the more a pity, for the age has become so hysterical that every gracious relief to the work-worn soul, every natural source of tender and ennobling pleasure in a climate so unfavourable as ours to enjoyment in mere existence, is priceless. Poetry and literature have with us always well sustained their parts, and it is a habit to expect they should do so: it should be an acknowledged habit to expect as much from art.

It can hardly be affirmed that supply always equals demand, but man can obtain nothing assuredly, excepting what he has in common with the inferior animals, that he does not ask for. What he really wants and really demands he gets, whether it be of good or evil. But the present Englishman neither wants nor demands what is noble in art, and consequently he rarely gets it. In Cenini's quaint book on learning to draw and to paint, he gives the receipt for producing pictures. Before beginning one, go down on your knees and implore the aid of the Virgin. In those days of unquestioning faith that was, probably, the actual habit of the workman; in these days, when everything is questioned, this is not to be expected. What ought to be demanded is that the artist should throw his whole being into his work, that the religious fervour he may not give to the creed that

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saints and angels take visible interest in what he is about, he should bring to bear upon what he ought really to believe—namely, that he is practising a noble and beautiful art that is worthy of all his heart's love and devotion, to be thought of first when he rises in the morning and last when he closes his eyes at night. If this is not so, let him never hope to stand with those who are identified with all that is worthiest in the history of nations. It is hardly too much to claim for art that to it modern Greece chiefly owes that she is more than a name—a place of tombs like Babylon and Nineveh—and that even more than to her literature she owes to her art the preservation of her vitality, so preserved as to be capable, perhaps, of reawakening; nor that to it Rome, though still the centre from which the pulse of the Christian Church beats, owes scarcely less of her present existence. It is to be lamented that a nation which has distinguished itself as England has, in arms, in adventure, in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in philanthropy, and in all else that relates to progress, should have no art that can fairly be placed on the same level. There must be some reason for this, and it may be possible to find it. Art is poetry manifested by science. We are second to none in poetry or science: why in the necessary combination? It is probably because the earnest endeavour recommended by Cenini is not called for by earnest interest in its doing on the part of the nation; its soul is not really felt, nor its presence desired; it is not regarded as the companion of serious moments, or as having anything to do with our material welfare, that welfare which has become so engrossing a religion in modern life. Art is treated as a plaything, nothing more. While this is the case, artists will employ themselves in making toys, and the annual exhibition will be cared for by the nation pretty much as a Christmas tree is, not so important an institution by half as the Maypole formerly was.

Now it might be well to ask whether great art is really a necessity in the development of a nation's history—if it be a necessary constituent in general social perfection. We cannot question the progress of civilisation, for it is easy to point to conquest over inferior races, impatience of injustice and extension of sympathy; but it is a melancholy truth that progress is not all clear gain. It destroys as well as constructs. Decay follows up behind advance, and many things hourly drop out of existence which humanity can ill spare, though at the moment it may set little store by them. Modern habits of investigation have sapped unquestioning faith, and have not supplied anything more consoling. Material prosperity has become our real god, but we are surprised to find that the worship of this visible deity does not make us happy, and more than begin to suspect that we cannot, by any earnestness of sacrifice, bind him to us. The one thing which is more than ever clearly perceived is the density of the veil that covers the mystery of our being, at all times impenetrable,

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and to be impenetrable, in spite of which conviction we ever passionately yearn to pierce it. This yearning finds its natural expression in poetry, in art, and in music. These are ministers of the most divine part of our natures. Materialism may sneer at imperfect utterance, but through the incoherence will often thrill that note which awakens a responsive chord in the best side of humanity. Among the best gifts bestowed upon us is the sense (in the widest acceptation of the term) of beauty, and first among the servants of beauty is art. As before said, in an age so given to look only for material, industrial, and self-evident advantages as the present, all elements that are not immediately concerned in the production of material advantages are too commonly set aside, as belonging to the fanciful and unpractical, only to be thought of in intervals of breathing-time, rarely permitted in the real struggle of life. Yet that possible state of social harmony, of well-being of humanity, which even common philosophy is beginning to have a glimpse of, can only be attained by the activity of all the intellectual faculties working harmoniously together. The importance of demands upon activity which provide occupations and consequently means of sustenance for different classes of hand-workers is obvious, and they are naturally estimated at their worth; but it is less clearly seen that the promotion of social sympathies is of not less importance, that the activity which secures the satisfaction of the physical requirements alone will by no means secure the happiness of the individual, still less of a family, least of all of the widely extended social correspondence to which progress points as its object and end.

From a sufficiently elevated point of view, the eye of the philosopher may perceive that all things are tending to bring about the social brotherhood which shall eradicate purely personal and selfish interests, when each shall understand the necessity to do or suffer for public good, when each shall realise himself to be part of a whole, not merely of a family, of a state, or even of a world, but of the great scheme of creation, dust or oil helping to retard or impel the grand machine. The present warfare may be left to burn itself out, and optimists are perhaps right in feeling confidence that all will end well; but, except materially, the present age is rather destructive than constructive, and, unless counteracting influences can be brought to bear, England may be found left, when the time for more enlightened cravings shall come, without a tree or a hedgerow—a mass of unsightly shells of uninhabited houses, a hideous network of unused railways; and, as we now lament the destructive work of the Puritans, we may in a future day lament too late, as Rachel weeping for her children, the things that are not—the beauty nature gave and materialism ruthlessly destroyed, blindly refusing to see her wholesome use.

The age is analytical and unsatisfied. Childlike enjoyment in

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anything for its own sake has almost departed, giving place in art at least to querulous questioning or frantic admiration. The fever of the great Revolution still infects the blood of Europe, and still through the dread *malaise* there is an ever-gathering sense of what man owes to man, a feeling little recognised and wholly undirected as a governing principle in the Middle Ages; and it is this consciousness which is perhaps the great characteristic of modern time. Pointed to distinctly in the scheme of Christianity, it formed a very slight part of the dogmas of the Church, and its development later is due rather to philosophical culture than to the teaching of theologians. This, in thinking minds, has created a suspicion of claims to divine inspiration—a feeling that, if so large a truth has been left to natural religion to develope, there is something outside and beyond the Church, or that the Church has neglected her work. Peace and good will—these were the first and new principles announced by the tidings, and should have been, and should be, the first principles carried out by the Christian Church. The success of all Church teaching has been in proportion to appeals made to the imagination in one of two directions, dread of punishment or sympathy with fellow-men—Dominic or Francis. The first is most active, and has shaped the course of events since the abolition of paganism, but the second has the most real root; the noblest natures will always secretly doubt or openly defy the first, the second will have every shade of opinion going with it. Intellect will acknowledge its divinity; ignorance, if not absolutely brutal, will feel its natural truth.

Beautiful as was the groundwork of her institution, and mighty as are her claims upon the gratitude of mankind, it is to be lamented that the Church of Rome too often ignored the mainspring of her mission. The deadly penalties of excommunication rigorously enforced in the eleventh century to crush out the domestic life of the virtuous Robert and Berthe of France, to avenge a probably unpremeditated slight, were soon in the same century suffered to fall into abeyance when the great seigneurs found the *trêve de Dieu* inconvenient; though this *trêve* was one of the most holy efforts made by the Church during those long cruel centuries in the direction of the general good, of humanity, and of Christian principles.

Had the Church known the source of her real power, and relied more upon this deep root of tender sympathy, it is probable that most of the evident success of the theological revolutions would have been avoided. 'How these Christians love one another,' should have been extended into 'How those Christians love humanity.' The noble principle of love of God, taught to natures spiritually uncultured, was sure to become in practice obscured by fantastic dogmas, whereas the simple principle of love of their fellow-men, going straight to every heart, and using every natural and beautiful human instinct in its service, becoming habitual

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from habitual teaching, would have harmonised their thoughts and lives with inspiration, and led up to the highest without any shock to intellectual independence or vanity. Upon such foundations the Church might have defied any irruption of opinion and assertions of freedom of investigation. Although it is true the greater contains the less, it is no less true that man only arrives at what is of practical and permanent value by upward steps from the lowest ground. Imagination may first sweep the range and take in the sublime principle, but all that is most solid is ever built of the simplest material and upon the level ground. Human sympathy, though the simplest and most distinct principle of Christianity, has been far more insisted upon by philosophers and lay writers than by theologians.

The invention of printing having given to the world the rich harvest of accumulated thought, this comparative neglect of the first principles has become apparent, and distrust and opposition have been the consequence. Natural religion has become antagonistic to revealed religion, which never need have been. This antagonism has had the fatal result of developing a materialistic tendency which does not make life more satisfactory, and which seems to have sapped all chivalry and beauty out of modern social habits; daily social life losing, with its former ceremoniousness, almost all dignity and grace, and with its various superstitions, almost all fancy. Art of the highest kind is deprived of its very breath, and must die. Chivalry was infinitely gracious, not unpractical, nor in any way inimical to any consoling or Christian faith, nor, if widely practised, to any just worldly interests. Had it been encouraged to pervade all ranks in the army of life, many of our greatest social difficulties might never have arisen. Most certain is it that, for the good of modern society, all the refining influences and elevation of feeling which the highest thought of the time can give should be encouraged to battle successfully against the selfishness, brutality, and dishonesty, which the worship of the false god, the Golden Calf, has created.

John Albert de Mandelso visited Japan and China, A.D. 1639. Of the former he says: 'They are so ambitious and highly *conceited* of themselves, that it is seldom seen a Japanese does anything wherewith he might be reproached. But, on the contrary, they would rather lose their lives than betray their honour.' What have they to gain from modern European civilisation?

The development of social sympathies can alone restrain the fierce struggle for personal interest natural to man. This might be overcome, in the course of time, by the inevitable action and reaction of consequences; but poetry and the fine arts, with their softening and ennobling influence, are necessary, more than ever necessary, during the war of matter interest, to keep awake the holy fire of loftier impulse which, if lost, would be difficult to rekindle.

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It should be felt that for a nation there is no surer road, no other safe road, than trustworthiness and honour. For this end the whole community should become convinced that what is possessed of intellect, of dignity of position, of acquirement, of wealth, and of strength should be held in trust, and used for general benefit and advantage, by no means implying that it should not also be used for personal and present enjoyment. Life should, by all possible right means, be made enjoyable and beautiful to every one. To make the hand-worker take interest in his work, it is necessary to give him as much pleasure as possible; each should encourage each not to outwit but to do better than others, the handworker to be afraid not of doing too much work, but of not doing it well enough. Such trades-unionism would not drive away trade from British shores, an ideal perhaps impossible, but at least not impossible of aim.

It is probable we shall no longer be able successfully to compete with some nations in material conditions; therefore, if we would not be beaten in the great battle of life, we must shift the contest to higher ground, where pre-eminence will be still more glorious. Could we but have 'Japanese conceit,' governed by the principles Christian peoples profess, and directed by the spirit of chivalry, the hand-worker cheered by sympathetic appreciation of his labour and help in his need, and those placed above such struggle for life alive to the duties of their advantages, actively instigated by the sense that what is possessed by the strong should be held in trust, a possible Utopia is discerned. How often must our sense of the perfectibility of things sigh over improbable possibility! To such as are placed high the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus should never be forgotten, and the friends of the people, still teaching to the people what is owing to them, should, at the same time, teach what they owe to themselves, their country, and to human nature.

All this is trite enough, and may seem to be out of place in an article upon art, but, in the widest sense, it is not, as it is claimed for art by elevation of character to be in harmony with the most extended views, and it is especially contended that such harmony should be expected and demanded.

Even the most hardened materialist has some latent instinct of poetry and beauty, and should feel that these elements in life help on his 'serious work,' as music is necessary to lighten physical labour, the spirit-stirring march renewing energy in the weary soldier as he struggles exhausted and foot-sore to his camping ground. Certainly the influence of poetry and the fine arts is more than ever valuable; but, to have any worthy influence, they clearly must not be trivial. It is desirable that heroic art, noble and beautiful in thought and execution, should be demanded, fostered, and seriously treated, certainly not exempted from criticism, but in this, as in other respects, placed by the side of the highest literature. It should be expected

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from the artist that the sentiments, requirements, and aspirations of his country and age should find worthy expression in the character of his work.

One of the unfavourable conditions in modern life which hinders the production of such art is undoubtedly the manner in which art is criticised. Criticism in modern times has become a profession, and should be exercised with the regard due to the dignity of a profession; from the moment a standing army is organised, there should be no marauding free lances. No real artist will object to manly honest criticism, however severe. If he rather wishes to do well than be thought to do well, he will value help from any quarter. He wishes to stand on a level with the great thinkers and producers of his country, and any who will help him to achieve this he will regard as benefactors; but he will expect to be judged by principles and not by individual opinion, by reflection and not hasty conclusion. Sir Joshua Reynolds confesses that he was at first quite unable to appreciate the cartoons of Raphael, and if he had at the time given his opinion to the world after the manner of ordinary critics, it would have condemned them utterly. There are many who would still do so, and from their point of view they would be right. There is in them no more appeal to our sympathies through a realistic channel than there is in Spenser, nor any appeal made through our knowledge of historical probability.

Payne Knight condemned the Parthenon fragments. It is not to be supposed he was in reality incapable of perceiving, at least in some degree, their excellence, if time had been given to unlearn and outgrow preconceived notions: but they were presented to him in a cellar, and were unlike what he had expected. Obvious qualities were absent. Missing the evident anatomical combination of cords and pulleys, and the hard geometrical marking of the Roman-Greek workmanship, the fine distinctions between bone and muscle and sinew—to eyes unaccustomed to such delicacy—looked like want of precision. With the critic's (we will not say arrogance, but) haste, he flared and sputtered, and if Pheidias could have been put down by the critic, there was an end to him; nay, there very nearly was an end of him as far as our possession of these immortal works is concerned. (Much influence have they had in art!) All honour to Haydon, who dashed like a Paladin to the rescue and put the critic out for ever. But both in the case of the cartoons and the Parthenon fragments, the public has had the opportunity of maturing its judgment.

The modern habit of gathering immense numbers of pictures together, to be hastily viewed and dismissed, cannot but be very injurious.

It is not with the artist as with the poet, who writes with a consciousness that his work may have an appeal to posterity. The painter's works are not in the hands of the public, revisited and

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reconsidered till opinion is sifted and judgment matured. He is expected to make the same sudden effect that is expected from an actor, and even the actor is not approved or condemned after five minutes' attention. His pictures are not seen after exhibition, and the injury done to him is permanent, at least for a year. A picture published in one of these exhibitions and condemned is done for; it finds no purchaser, and the public, seeing it no more, never has an opportunity of reconsidering its verdict. It is not contended that unfavourable criticism must necessarily be wrong; it is only required that, considering the amount of injury that may be done, it should be remembered how often opinion has been at fault. Had it been possible to destroy Wordsworth and Keats, the early criticism on their work would have certainly annihilated them. *Sartor Resartus* was so unpopular, that many subscribers to the magazine in which it was published withdrew their names. The critic may be right; all that is asked is, that he should have the good sense, good taste, and good feeling to admit, while disapproving, that there are difficulties in the way of judgment, and that possibly a longer acquaintance might induce some change of opinion. The artist has no right to quarrel with criticism, however hard it may hit him, provided it be honest and sufficiently thoughtful, but he has a right to feel dissatisfied with crude opinion expressed with an assurance that nothing but the most consummate taste and real knowledge could justify. The artist does not produce for artists only or mainly, and the claim of all cultivated intellect to sit in judgment must be allowed; nay, the artist will often profit by the opinion of the uncultivated. The ordinary critic points out, for the admiration of the ignorant, and as if possessing the highest importance, those things which the ignorant can admire without teaching. He constantly asks for one set of probabilities likely to be the result of a condition the artist is not dealing with, and altogether forgets others really important. He is impatient of anything like reticence in form and colour, and thinks the same manner of work equally good for any subject. Much as we admire their genius, we should not wish Hogarth to illustrate the Book of Job, or Dickens to translate Dante; but many an art critic writes as if he could confidently undertake to illustrate the Pentateuch and rush in where angels fear to tread. The only thing the ordinary critic can really judge of in his hasty view is exhibition force, and this he naturally applauds, till the one great object of the modern exhibitor is to make his work telling among new frames and crude colours. This, however much praise may be justly given to force, is hardly the way to call out the higher qualities of the painter. Surely firmness, precision, and loudness, however valuable in instrumentation, would hardly be insisted on by musicians to the almost entire ignoring of time and tune; still less would such qualities influence the great composer in the combination of his score. What

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will become of poetry and literature generally when vigour of expression comes to be almost exclusively valued? In olden times the picture was painted for a church or public building to be constantly in view of the public, or, if painted for a king or a great noble, hung amidst surroundings which had their influence upon the artist. In each case the artist's best self was imported into his work consciously or unconsciously. Now, consciously or unconsciously, he feels that he is working for an immediate and transient effect, that his work will stand a peculiar competition, that it will be criticised, hastily at best, and will have, as far as the public is concerned, no future beyond the exhibition in which it appears.

Till art is regarded from the same kind of standpoint as literature we can have no great art in England; and till the same feelings are enlisted in the matter as have nerved our courage for adventure, steadied it to bear and prompted it to resolve—till our pride as a people, the sentiment that made us great, and, ceasing, will leave us indeed a nation of shopkeepers—till the exaggerated patriotism that the philosopher may smile at and the cosmopolitan condemn, but which no great people have ever been without, is brought to bear on the subject of art, there can be none to stand by the side of our literature. When art is the subject of discussion, we at once drop upon a lower level. It is rather understood to have reference to a collection of pictures exhibited during what is called the season. Applause is bestowed upon superficial excellence, and the painter is encouraged to depend upon it. The highest qualities of art appeal to the finest powers of judgment, the most difficult to exercise under the conditions presented by modern exhibitions. An Academy Exhibition room is no place for a grave deliberate work of art. It is seen to no advantage there, being out of place. An after-dinner speech must not be an essay, still less an epic. We are elated by champagne and light buzz of talk, the room is hot, and the smell of mixed viands confounding to our senses. We must have something light, epigrammatic, not too long, or we shall be bored to death. Imagine the bard or historian giving out his inspirations under these conditions and restricted to them, what would be the result? Yet it is art that corresponds to the highest literature, both in intention and effect, which must be demanded of our artists, poems painted on canvas, judged and criticised as are the poems written on paper, which the public caring for art ought to call for and encourage. The work which has in it all the heart and brain and serious life of the artist who does it, is at least worthy for these reasons of very serious consideration, and under the conditions of heterogeneous exhibition just judgment would be impossible even if sufficient time were given.

A glance backwards at the history of art-students will show us one man after another starting with high resolve, to sink exhausted

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for want of encouragement and be known no more, or subside into popularity by responding to popular expectation. Modern public exhibitions are most unfavourable, it may be said disastrous, to the best interests of art—good perhaps for industry, but injurious to art as art.

The analytical intricate mode in which modern thought works has perhaps something to do with the real want of interest in serious art. Art can never be an appeal to our reason, it cannot even be an appeal to our knowledge of complex human nature; therefore the working out of intricate emotions and conflicting passions must be beyond it. Again, subjects for the painter are not those that appeal to the memory, however connected with noble events, but those appealing to the finest sensibilities and loftiest emotions. Ordinary historical pictures, which are little but costume pieces, make a call upon the memory, religious subjects upon the emotional side of the mind. The phrase 'religious' must be understood to mean all subjects that can make this appeal. The treatment of such subjects will often involve, to the purely analytical mind, ludicrous combinations, such as wings growing where they are quite impossible, material drapery upon beings altogether of another element, and many other such-like things. But these considerations may be put aside if the result be majestic and beautiful, capable of enlisting the imagination and making a poet of the spectator. This indeed should be the test, alike in pure poetry and poetic art—that the mind of the reader or spectator should be so drawn up and tuned as to respond to and carry on the strain.

All intellectual works, whether dealing with words or forms, literary or artistic, are to be valued in proportion as they supply us with ideas, or delight by beauty; for the literature that does not add something to our intellectual store, the poetry that does not make us feel, while we are under its influence, like poets, the picture that does not fan into a glow our sense of beauty, whether as connected with charm or glory, has no sufficient reason for existence. This is said with reference chiefly to serious efforts; light amusing writing and playful art are not undervalued, these being often admirable, and having a very wholesome influence not to be spared in a hard-working world. In an ordinary historical picture, the recollection of the spectator is awakened and carries on the story; in the intellectual and poetic work, the mind carries on the poetic idea; and this is high art, and this alone. The subject may be a dog leaning his head on his old master's coffin, or the creation of Adam. A subject of comparatively slight interest may be easily turned into one adapted to let loose a flood of thoughts. The man with the iron mask in his cell would make an ordinary pot-boiler, but the figure laid out in death, with Louis the Fourteenth, the mask in hand, looking at the dead man's face, perhaps for the first time, certainly for the last, would be suggestive of a host of ideas—not cut

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and dried by the historian, but springing spontaneously out of the subject. It may be too much to say that art has no right to exist unless it is beautiful, but it is not too much to say there is, in that case, no use in it. A squalid subject treated in an ugly manner, or a terrible one in a brutal manner, whatever may be its power, will never take a first place; it will be a brawler outside the temple of Fame. As far as regards the highest art and poetry, the atmosphere of that temple is serene and untroubled. It will not do to say that the goddess shuts her gates upon all violence; on the contrary, atrocious deeds do often shape events which fill the world with calamity and clamour, violence ever to be renewed, the means defeating the end. These are remembered but too well, become only too famous. But art affects impressions only, and does not create facts, and it is instinctively felt that the real province of art is to deal with what is beautiful and ennobling. It may not do to insist too strictly on such limits, especially in times when the material conditions the artist must use are not beautiful or noble; but if what he has to represent fails in this respect, it cannot be less imperative that he should get what beauty he can into his production as a piece of hand-work. Perfect workmanship should always be required. This unfortunately ceased with Vandyke,[1] though vigorous and almost always noble workmanship is to be found in the works of Reynolds, and dexterous workmanship in Gainsborough, but for pure beauty it will be necessary to go back to Lippi, Van Eyck, Bellini and his school. The clear edge, the purity of colour, the serene precision of the touch disappear even in the later works of Titian, supreme as they are; in the arrogance of power the serene perfection that can accompany humility only retires from the turmoil of splendour. The power of Titian and Tintoret might console perhaps for the loss of the more exquisite workmanship, but till that is possessed the painter should hold by the latter, which the critic should ever insist upon. The notion of power is a baneful idea to get into a painter's head. It is an effective quality, but one to which too much should not be sacrificed. The sustained power that gives one the idea of reticence is the quality that retains a permanent hold upon the spectator.

Setting aside the wider and more generous question of universal importance, the natural interest of family and country should create a regret that the nation so distinguished, materially, intellectually, and morally, as the English nation may fairly claim to be, has created no art of the highest poetic reach that can be placed on a level with its other achievements. England has realised a position unparalleled in the history of nations; her race, language, and institutions are spread over the whole habitable world. Let us be proud, but proud with anxious sense of responsibilities that make demand for the active

[1] It must be understood that these remarks, and all remarks of a critical nature, are intended to have only a most general application to contemporary art.

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exercise of all the highest qualities of human nature. Proud of being Englishmen we may justly be, for the position we hold implies that, with all our faults, we possess many of the greatest endowments. One of the greatest proofs—as great a proof probably as can reasonably be looked for—of innate worth to explain great success, is to be found in the fact that Englishmen applaud well-earned victory over themselves. A Frenchman wins the Derby, a Canadian the scullers' race; Australians win in the cricket-field amid deafening cheers. (All these victories, it must be remembered, are in things which the Englishman thinks are his special property.) This, it may be asserted without much likelihood of contradiction, would be found nowhere else in the world, and is true nobility, the nobility of feeling that prefers worth to self.

Fortunate accidents may place an unworthy individual above his fellows on the pinnacle of greatness, and he may die before Nemesis overtakes him. The life of man is but short at the longest, but the life of a nation is long enough to permit the halting goddess to come up. That great qualities have been the source of our influence cannot be doubted, but it will require greater to preserve it—greater in the greatest sense, courage and honour, truth and widespread sympathy. The highest patriotism is to perceive what constitutes the real greatness of the nation, how far its grasp and influence are beneficial to humanity and in accordance with true progress—courage to hold, greater courage to let go her hold when justice demands, or nobler hands can take the guidance. These things are more or less widely, more or less dimly felt, and we should be encouraged to feel just pride in taking the lead in material social progress, that we may understand and desire a just pride in taking the lead in higher developments. No one will dispute in theory that the fine arts belong as much as science and literature to these higher developments, but practically, as has before been said, that application of art which alone can claim this power is not demanded, and therefore is most rarely produced. It is not contended that it is desirable to encourage specially any particular direction of art genius: that may be left to national character and the age to determine, but it is necessary that the qualities that have made us great in other manifestations of mind and character should be demanded, else it is useless to expect that art can maintain a first place in the world's serious interests.

We have had a great and eventful history, but, better than that, we still have, with all our faults, as a people, earnest and even noble aspiration. The national heart beats right, we are uneasy under a sense of wrong-doing, and feel strong desires to act justly. Such qualities do inspire our literature, and should inspire our art. Matthew Arnold, in a recent criticism on Wordsworth, says: 'Poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he

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comes nearest being able to utter the truth. . . . Noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness;' and, quoting from Voltaire, he continues: 'No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy than the English nation.' To assert that art is able to make such application distinctly would be foolish, but the noblest art can and does maintain the elevation poetry has lifted the mind into, and is therefore an agent of almost equal value, and it is this energy and depth Voltaire speaks of that it is so desirable to cultivate in the pursuit of art. We should expect it and demand it, or art cannot become serious, and to obtain this effect upon us heroic art must be noble in its treatment of the means at its disposition, line, colour, and texture, and must have a correspondingly noble subject, though subject has perhaps less to do with it than character of utterance. The San Sisto Madonna at Dresden may be cited as the highest example of art, but the same subject treated on a Dutch tile would hardly belong to the same category. A great work of high art is a noble theme treated in a noble manner, awakening our best and most reverential feelings, touching our generosity, our tenderness, or disposing us generally to seriousness—a subject of human endurance, of human justice, of human aspiration and hope, depicted worthily by the special means art has in her power to use. In Michael Angelo and Raphael we have high art, in Titian we have high art, in Turner we have high art. The first appeals to our highest sensibilities by majesty of line, the second mainly by dignified serenity, the third by splendour especially, the Englishman by a combination of these qualities, but, lacking the directly human appeal to human sympathies, his work must be put on a lower level.

In discussing high art it is well to compare it with literature of the same kind, for this has a language much more generally understood in modern times than the language of art. Also, in estimating the different positions which literature and the arts take, we must put written poetry first. Art and music touch it with the spear of Ithuriel. Art approximates nearest to poetry or music according to its subject and treatment. The *Bridge of Sighs* and *Luck of Roaring Camp* belong to high art in poetry because they touch profoundly the highest and deepest feeling, though grotesque in style. The work of Hogarth is an almost identical example in painting. But all these belong to high art in spite of, not because of, their grotesqueness. Bret Harte and Hogarth are not greater masters of their art because they make their attack upon our feelings by surprise rather than by solemn order of battle. The conquest may be as complete, but the victory is not greater because it takes us unprepared. For it must be owned our natural sense of propriety makes some demands. Diogenes unwashed and unkempt cannot sit beside Alexander splendid from conquest without some shock to our feelings. Hence it is that the highest subjects

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demand the noblest treatment; otherwise there results some shock to our sense of congruity. The highest art in intention and most admirable embodiment is to be found in Hogarth; but because the material conditions did not permit of an appeal to a sense of nobility, no appreciation, no loudly expressed opinion of his just claims by the best writers will ever be able to place him by the side of the greatest painters. Though he was in reality greater than most, he was forced to speak in a dialect, and cannot therefore compete with those poets who had the command of all the treasures of language. In Cruikshank the same will be found. The 'Bottle' should make a stronger appeal to our hearts than the San Sisto Madonna at Dresden, but it lacks nobility and dignity of character, and does not fulfil one of the first requirements of great art. But though the first and greatest, the characteristics of epic utterance cannot be popular. This is but natural. *The Luck of Roaring Camp* touches one's sympathies more than the *Iliad*. *The Wreck of the Hesperus* is more affecting than the death of Dido. Measured by popularity, the highest dramatic composition we know of cannot be compared with *Our Boys*. Yet, as long as humanity is humanity, man will yearn to ascend the heights human footsteps may not tread, and long to lift the veil that shrouds the enigma of being, and he will most prize the echo of this longing in even the incoherent expression of literature, music, and art.

G. F. Watts.

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PAGANISM IN PARIS.

THE religious question, whatever may be said or done, is the reigning question of our epoch. It is true we hear numerous voices demanding the separation of politics and religion, of Church and State, and, in the actual age of the world, I have no objection to the demand. I will merely remark that the only country in Europe which, without having realised that separation, has at least approached to the ideal of it—namely, Belgium—is the very country where religion and politics are confounded more than anywhere else, and where, so to speak, they contaminate each other.

As regards France and the Republic—and I do not separate the Republic from France, for, in the situation in which they are placed, they have no other alternative than to live or die together—as regards France, then, and the Republic, it is more and more evident to any one who has the slightest perspicacity that the question they have to solve under penalty of death—and of a death not far distant—is precisely the religious question.

I will not, therefore, separate what is united in the public mind as in public events, and I shall here study the religious struggle not only in the public conscience, but also in society.

Let us go back, first of all, sixteen hundred years—about the year 250 of our era. Paris was then Lutetia. It had originally been a small town built by Gallic seamen upon what we call to-day the Island of the City. Later, after the conquest of Cæsar, it became a Roman city and an important centre of the administration of the Empire in these regions. The situation was admirably chosen in the midst of the Gauls, with an aspect rather to the north than to the south, in a topographical position both advantageous and charming, just below the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, and above the meeting of the Seine and the Oise, in the midst of graceful and fertile meadows bordering the river. It was by its situation admirably disposed for maritime commerce, and, in fact, history tells us that that commerce soon extended to the distant countries of Syria. Everything foretold that a great future was in store for Lutetia. And yet history

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was to surpass all expectations by making it—I will not say, with more conceit than truth, the capital of the world, but the capital of France and the Latin Occident. That is sufficient for its glory, and also for its responsibility. Such was Lutetia.

As I have indicated, the Roman Empire had its magistrates and its jurisconsults there, and it was one of the centres of its administration; but we are occupied not with these, but with the religious question, and I must therefore add that it was one of the religious centres of the Empire.

Christianity had reached some of the southern cities of Gaul, and in particular the metropolitan city of Lyons, the city of Pothinus and Irenæus; but it had not yet invaded Lutetia and the north. Paganism reigned there uncontested. But what paganism? That of Rome. And, I if mistake not, it was one of the most perfect of paganisms the world has ever seen, and, as such, one of the most powerful.

I am well aware of what has been said of the barrenness of the Roman genius in particular, and of the Italian genius in general—of their native inability to produce a great religious and national epic, or to create a powerful native mythology; but I also know—and it is Cicero who tells us—that, in the time of the Tarquins, it was not a small drop, but a large torrent, of Hellenic civilisation which flooded Rome.

Greece had sent thither her mythology, the most brilliant and most perfect of all mythologies; and with this precious foreign heritage Rome possessed by birthright that energy, solidity, and dominating power which belonged to the character of the Romans.

It was therefore a mythology remarkable and perfect in itself; it was moreover a cosmopolitan religion. While continuing to be the paganism of Rome, it had opened her temples to all the vanquished gods as it had opened the Forum to all vanquished heroes. Rome had no doubt preserved her political domination as well as her religious domination; she was still Rome, but she was not exclusive; she opened her Pantheon to all the religions of the world, thus realising a reconciliation more difficult than that of peoples—the reconciliation of the gods. It was a cosmopolitan, in fact I may say a human, paganism.

In the same way as it embraced all races in humanity, it embraced all faculties in the individual. It was an elastic paganism; it had no dogma or morality of its own: it was, as has often been said, simply composed of myths and rites—myths and rites which had nothing to do with reason, and still less with the conscience, and which were entirely confined to the imagination and fingers—*ritus ad solos digitos pertinentes.* But this very infirmity of the Roman paganism, this vague character of its doctrine, or rather this absence of doctrine and morality, rendered it eminently supple and com-

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prehensive; it responded, on the one hand, to the most vulgar wants of popular superstition, and, on the other, to the most elevated interpretations of reason and philosophy.

It was thus that, while it satisfied religious sensualism, which is to be found in the masses and even in the cultivated classes—while it satisfied them by its most absurd and most impure myths, extending, as it did, to sacred prostitution—it accommodated itself also to the dogmatic principles of the school of Alexandria and the austere precepts of the Portico. At the very epoch of which I am speaking—in the middle of the third century—a school of philosophy, perhaps the highest and noblest under the sun next to Christianity, was founded at Alexandria; and this school comprised such men as Plotinus, Proclus, Julian, and Porphyry. Without going beyond the sphere of the official religion, in which it had large latitude, it transformed all her myths into the prismatic ideas of Plato; it imparted to them a sublime signification; and the Julian whom I have just mentioned—the Emperor Julian, whom our fathers called the Apostate—dreamed of making this philosophy, which was both rational and mystic, the almost miraculous remedy which was to restore life to the imperial and pagan Beast which was wounded unto death by Christianity; and while the philosophy of Plato and his descendants accommodated itself so well to the rites and fables of paganism, the same thing must be said of the morality of Zeno. The Stoical school was a moral school, and reckoned among its members men like Zeno, its founder, like the admirable Epictetus (whose moral writings St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, read with respect and profit), like Seneca, Cato, and finally, as I have mentioned, the Emperor Julian among the Platonists. I will also mention Marcus Aurelius among the Stoics, as the type of the philosopher and prince without the pale of Christianity—he who realised during one pacific and benevolent hour the dream of Plato. 'The people,' said Plato, 'will never be happy until they are governed by philosophers.' Thus we see that the austerity of the precepts of the Portico, of Zeno, and Epictetus, all equally accommodated themselves to paganism, and to that human paganism which embraced the whole of man by his baser nature as by his sublimer being—in short, religious and social paganism.

Our ideal to-day is, if not the immediate separation of Church and State, at least to limit in a more and more precise manner the frontiers of temporal society, which is the State, and those of spiritual society, which is the Church. And we are right. Everything commands it—the liberty of conscience, the independence of the temporal power, whether it be in the hands of a monarch or those of a people, and finally the very dignity of the spiritual power, which is never greater than when it commands in the name of liberty without appealing to force. And though we may not claim a complete and

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entire separation of Church and State, we should demand rigorous distinctions.

We must not forget what history teaches us, that Church and State, religion and society, whether of the Jews, pagans, or Christians, were never on a more regular and stronger footing than when firmly upholding each other. Now that is just what Roman paganism did; it had become, if I may be allowed the expression, incarnate—flesh of the flesh, and bone of the bone, of the Empire. The Empire was one vast democracy. Ah! we in France are now striving in our turn to realise a truly liberal democracy, and we have a right to do so. But history shows us that Cæsarism was the most powerful and lasting form of democracy in the past. The Roman Republic was autocratic—it perished with Pompey. Roman democracy was imperial—it rose with Cæsar, who was made at the same time a pontiff and a deity! Statues of him extant in Rome still bear the inscription *summus pontifex*. How strange! Julius Cæsar, the depraved and immoral, he who scoffed at the gods in private and at virtue in public, was proclaimed by the Roman Senate, in his lifetime, first a demigod, and ultimately a god.

Thus empire and religion were one; and, as if to have deified Cæsar was not yet enough, the Senate and people themselves were deified. The goddess Rome, *dea Roma*, was not only the Eternal City, with Jupiter absolute at the Capitol, or Cæsar reigning at the Palatine; she embodied also—authentic records are there to testify to it—the worship of the Roman Senate and people. The Empire itself was deified.

Never, I repeat, had the sun risen on such a mighty empire. That is what existed at Rome, while a more humble reflection of it obtained in Gaul, in Paris; and this it is which a handful of obscure men, all of whose names have not even come down to us through history, came to battle with, A.D. 250. St. Denis, our first bishop, St. Rusticus, St. Eleutherus, and a few more unnamed—they were obscure Christians sent by the bishop of Rome. The Papacy did not then reign in Rome, though it taught the primacy of the early ages, the humble and edifying primacy of the Apostolic Church. It was St. Fabian of Rome who sent hither the man who was to become St. Denis. But what social force, what human allies, could be relied on in the battle against such a power, against that paganism he was to encounter in Gaul? There were three forces: I have just mentioned one—Rome. The Christians were its loyal subjects—true Christians have ever been the faithful subjects of established authority—and at that time Rome was relatively a beneficent power. They were the subjects of Rome and at the same time its heroic victims—victims sacredly rebellious in their conscience. There was no dependence upon political Rome to fight religious Rome, for they were one.

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Apart from Rome, the old Celtic vindications and the young Germanic invasion had to be taken into account. And what were the old Celtic vindications? Ah! men were dreamers in those days, and as they dreamed they strove by fire and sword for the restoration of a Gallic nationality, or rather the founding of a Celtic empire in opposition to the cosmopolitan empire of Rome, that should comprise alike Gaul, Spain, and Great Britain. There were men among the emperors of Gaul—men such as Posthumus, Victorian, and Tetricus; there were heroic struggles, but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the Gauls, soaring high above all parties in the regions of conscience and eternity, sought not their strength in Gallic vindications.

But on the other side of the Rhine, five or ten years before the advent of our apostles, there was being formed the first League of the Franks, a barbarous but high-minded people, destined to bring to us a few drops of their warm blood to mix with that of the Celts, our ancestors, and with that of the Romans, our civilisers—a barbarous but generous race whose name, we glory in, has clung to us; for that name is synonymous with frankness, the foe of deceit, and liberty, the enemy of servitude. The Frankish league and the Germanic invasions were already beginning to disturb the land of Gaul; but the apostles of Paris, the apostles of the northern region, did not trust to the Franks any more than they did to the Celts. Upon whom, then, did they rely? What forces did they summon to the aid of their apostolate? Were they themselves possessed of any strength appreciable in a human sense? I am not declaiming, but relating history; I am not putting forth a verbose apology on behalf of Christianity, but exposing facts for candid appreciation. The Christian apostles in that golden age of Christianity, and more particularly the apostles of Lutetia, brought with them to the struggle with paganism no appreciable human force. They certainly had not recourse to the force of arms. At a later period this force did soil and dishonour the hands of Christians, for it was by the force of arms that Christianity was spread in Northern Europe, and we Frenchmen are forced to remember Charlemagne and Witikind and the compulsory and sanguinary baptism of the Saxons. I need quote no other examples. Were I to run through the annals of the history of the Catholics as well as of the Protestants in the middle ages and during the sixteenth century, I should encounter everywhere the sight or smell of blood. But in those early times the hands of the Church were clean: she had not yet grasped the sword by the hilt—nay, it was its point that was buried in the breast of her martyrs. Therefore it was not the force of arms.

Was it the power of gold? Bishops and priests of those days were not paid by the State; and they had not yet invented that other source of revenue, which I shall not perhaps call simoniacal, but which nevertheless is not edifying—viz., fees, fixed by tariff, on prayers, on

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the sacraments, on the means of grace, and therefore, one may say almost, on the blood of Christ.

Sceptical conservatives were not wanting in those days, any more than in ours, but they at least offered the insult of munificent almsgiving, prompted, it is true, not by faith, but by interested motives, and intended to extract from religion immunity if not influence; and they laid their largess on other altars than that of the true and living God; they gave to other priests than those of Jesus Christ. Those early Christians counted no more, therefore, on the power of gold than on that of the sword. What then was that strange power which served them in their warfare? Was it that of science or of eloquence? History brings down to us no mention of these; and if we consult Paul the apostle, the master and model of them all, we find him saying to the Christian communities of his day:—'Look well around ye, my brethren, and behold, there are not many rich or noble among you, nor many learned according to the world. I myself,' adds the apostle, 'have not come with the eloquent words of human wisdom; but because the world would not know God by the wisdom of God himself, God has resolved to save the world by the foolishness of preaching.' This is what they brought with them, the madness of their preaching, the heroism of their martyrs; and they hid themselves in subterranean chambers, for they dared not appear in Paris in the light of day—the intolerance of the times would not have suffered it. So they descended into crypts and vaults, and there they founded, there they erected, those two monuments, so humble yet so sublime—the pulpit and the altar. A pulpit from whence they taught not human science, but the divine law; an altar whereon they realised not social justice, but infinite love. In Rome, human science and social justice were pre-eminent, and yet they sufficed not to save her. All science that had been acquired down to that epoch, Rome possessed, and we laugh at her to-day, as they will laugh at our infantine science of to-day in two or three centuries hence. But as we look back and smile at the science of Rome, we should be respectful, remembering that it was illustrated by philosophers, literary men, and artists. But, then as now, science was not enough for the world. There was justice, and it was given to Rome to commence here below the building up of social justice; and even to-day, at the close of the nineteenth century, I am not afraid to render homage to Roman law, which has helped us to live so long, with which we shall continue to exist for a long time to come, and of which the great St. Augustine said: 'As supernatural wisdom came from God through the mouth of the prophets, so also natural wisdom, social justice, came from the same God through the mouth of the Roman legislators (*leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt*).'

No! Justice and wisdom were not sufficient; faith was necessary,

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love was required. Faith, that is to say, that enlightenment which does not contradict reason, but sees beyond it; that divine flame which lights up the midnight of internal darkness—sin—as well as the all-pervading shadow of Heaven—misericordia; that flame which renders evident to man the corruption dwelling unknown within him, and which shows him the mercy of God bending down and extending over him.

What was necessary then for this conquest of Gaul? Simply this—the folly of their preaching; the story of this Man, Son of a virgin, risen from the dead; but above all that story between the virgin and the sepulchre—the gibbet—was necessary: this Man, Son of man and Son of God; this Man in whom the human and the divine natures were united, blended together, ascending the cross in order to save the consciences of all from the yoke of sin and all societies from the yoke of slavery. Therein lies the madness, the scandal, the preaching of the cross.

And by the side of this long pulpit an altar was wanted, that the toiler in the town and the toiler in the field might offer up the produce of their labour, the bread and wine of creation, the two substances watered by the rains of heaven, bathed by the rays of the sun, and bedewed by the holy sweat of the toiler's brow. The two substances which sustain our life—bread which is strength, wine which is joy—the two royal and sacerdotal substances must be brought to this altar, and by means of a mystery entirely spiritual and yet quite real, by a mystery which concedes nothing to the senses, but gives everything to the soul, are to become the body and the blood of the immortal Martyr, realising the living union, the direct union, the immediate union of man with his God, and of man with his fellow-man, of whatever caste or race or nation he may be; for, as St. Paul had said, 'there are no longer amongst you either Jews or Gentiles; there is no longer a people of the narrow and selfish revelation; there are no longer peoples of vainglorious and corrupt civilisation; there are no more Greeks and barbarians; there are no more rich and slaves; there are no more men and women, and you are all one in Christ Jesus.' That is how paganism was vanquished here in Paris—the word of faith in the pulpit of St. Denis, the mystery of love on the altar of St. Denis.

And—I will not say a few centuries, but only a series of years had passed, and the Seine, as it embraced the point of the island where now rises the majestic façade of Notre-Dame, and where then stood a temple to the Roman and Gallic gods, saluted, as it murmured past among the sweeping meadows, the first but definitive trophies of the victories of Christ—the victories of the Gospel and of Christian civilisation.

As we approach and touch the actualities of our own time, I feel the lines of justice stronger and straighter. But within these lines

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and with the actualities of to-day we breathe, thank Heaven, the beneficent atmosphere of liberty. I shall therefore speak my mind freely, recounting what I see in the region of free-thought, as it is called. But the word is badly chosen. We Christians also, we desire and we are bound to think freely. We are between two parties—I should say armies—that of Rationalism and that of Ultramontanism. I respect them both. I respect the Roman Catholics, because they are especially my brethren; I shared for a long time their delusions, and I still share their faith, as expressed in the Nicene Creed. I am and intend to remain Catholic. I also respect the free-thinkers. I know how sincere a great number of them are, and moreover I feel myself moved by a painful and respectful sympathy for the sufferings which it has been my lot to discover in many of their consciences. And far be it from me to willingly wound—I will not say any conscience—but any person, and, if I unwittingly do so, I retract beforehand.

Returning to my subject—we will pass from the third to the nineteenth century. I will not say that in the interval of these sixteen hundred years Christianity has perished: on the contrary, I think that in more than one sense it has more life than ever in the world, and that, too, in Paris. What I will say is that the official and divine institution which is represented among us by the Catholic Church has been shaken. Twice in the history of these centuries the see of St. Denis has abdicated, and twice it has abdicated before two rival paganisms, mortal enemies each of the other, and yet leagued together against the Gospel—against the pure and entire Gospel. Such is my thesis. I will now deal with the facts.

Let us begin by speaking of the first of these two paganisms—of that which I will call the intellectual paganism, or rather the irreligious, I should almost say the impious, paganism—for it is that which suppresses religion. The other paganism is the superstitious paganism, which distorts religion. In speaking of the first of these paganisms—first chronologically, but not in power—I can repeat what we have learned from Leibnitz, and what experience has confirmed, that each new affirmation of superstition or fanaticism is met by a negation of incredulity and irreligion, and that each new manifestation of incredulity encounters a new affirmation of superstition. Extremes meet—nay, they do more—they unite and propagate; and this is precisely the tragic, the formidable aspect of the situation.

To deal with the paganism of incredulity, of irreligion, we must go back to the troubled dawn of our French Revolution.

It was before an assembly which had had its days of glory, but which, at the time I am speaking of, was not worthy of France—the National Convention. At its bar appeared the successor of St.

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Denis, he who, invested with the episcopal tiara, occupied the see of Paris—the constitutional bishop, Gobel. On his brow, which had borne the mitre (mysterious symbol of the august and pacific power which comes from Jesus Christ), he had placed the red Phrygian cap—emblem of the bloody demagogy. He appeared before that assembly without having been called, and, in base, despicable language, said: 'The will of the people has always been my first thought, and my first duty is to obey it.' But the cowardly apostate confounded the respect of the people with the fear of the scaffold, as he confounded the respect of God with the terror of hell. Tormented by day by the vision of the guillotine, tortured at night by infernal visions, actuated by the basest cowardice, and possessing no religion, neither that of the Stoics nor that of Christians, he had come there, surrounded by the meanest of his priests, to abjure at one and the same time his Christian faith and his episcopacy. 'Citizens,' said the president of the Convention to them, 'in laying on the altar of the Republic these Gothic baubles, you have deserved well of the nation.'

Frantic applause burst forth from most of the benches, while Robespierre, isolated in his disgust, meditated the sentence which a few days later was to send Gobel to wash out, if he could, his shame by the guillotine.

This was the first abdication of the pulpit of the see of St. Denis.

This abdication was not made, however, into the hands of paganism: the Convention was not pagan, it was deist. Robespierre proclaimed it in language which was perhaps strange and ridiculous, but which has also its sublime aspect—he proclaimed the official belief of the French people in the Supreme Being and in the immortality of the soul. Would that all the Republicans of to-day had preserved the orthodoxy of the National Convention!

The Convention was deist, but it was already outstripped by atheism. Robespierre was classed among the champions of the old *régime*. The Supreme Being was a myth to be banished with Jehovah and Jesus. The Commune of Paris was in the van of progress, and the procurator—ringleader—of that Commune, Chaumette, stood in front of the altar of Notre-Dame to inaugurate the most disgraceful of all paganisms—the religion of atheism. On the altar of Jesus stood a courtesan; she personified in her barren and corrupting flesh the profaned reason of man. A shameless woman, a reason profaned—this was the goddess of Reason; and to her were offered adorations which we are willing to forget on the condition that we are not forced to remember them.

It was therefore a new paganism which arose; but, to the glory of the French people, I can say that the goddess of Reason threw off her vile trappings and cleansed herself of the mire into which she had fallen. And yet, alas! to be faithful to truth, I am forced to say

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that the goddess Reason is still standing erect, and that her throne is neither in Berlin nor London—at Berlin, in the German universities, where there are no doubt powerful lucubrations of rationalism and irreligion; in England, where flourishes to-day the most radically sceptical school in the world—but the irradiating and powerful focus is Paris.

Not only is the goddess Reason still living in our midst, and not only are we living witnesses, but we are living actors in a veritable paganism.

Paganism is vast—it stretches from the African fetishism to the pantheism of the Brahmins and the atheism of the Buddhists, for atheism itself has its religion. There are those to be found in our day who imagine that religion can be uprooted from the human soil and a great people made to live without adoring. But religion is a thing so great, so subtle, so deep-rooted in man, that even when the very idea of God has disappeared, as in Buddhism (which contemporaneous *savants* affirm, although I myself doubt it), there still remains a religion, the most powerful and sometimes the most fanatic. Thus, from the fetishism of the Africans to the atheism of the Buddhists and the pantheism of the Brahmins, there are all the degrees and shades of polytheism. But these numerous forms, opposed to one another, all enter into the great sphere of paganism. We must not, however, confound paganism with any of these forms, and if we wish to obtain an exact definition, we must go to the essence of it. What then is the essence of paganism or idolatry? Bossuet has told us in a single word: *everything is God except God Himself.* Paganism consists essentially in the substitution of the relative for the absolute, of the finite for the infinite, of man for God. I say 'man' rather than nature, for in modern times we do not adore nature, especially exterior nature, for we know it better than our ancestors; we have analysed it by our science, we have conquered it by our industry; we simply make it our slave. But when God has disappeared—when the Living Infinite and the Personal Absolute have gone—when, as Hamilton says, we have succeeded in exorcising the spectre of the absolute, we find ourselves before another spectre—man: man beholding only himself, man adoring himself, sometimes with the calculating designs of a cold egotism, sometimes with the sudden passions of voluptuousness, ambition, or pride; but it is always man that adores himself. If he adores himself in his individual person, it is egotism; if he adores himself in the person of some or all of his kind, it is what is called to-day, in rather barbarous French, *l'altruisme* (other-selfism); or when, finally, withdrawing himself from individuals or from his own person, he adores himself under the ideal of humanity, and when man adores himself in humanity, as Auguste Comte, a man of great talent, almost of genius, said, 'in the continuity of convergent

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beings,' it is still man adoring himself. And, I would ask, did not Auguste Comte himself, while summing up and crowning a scientific life by mystic conceptions, pass from pure philosophy to religion, and inaugurate in Paris, at No. 10, Rue Monsieur le Prince—it still exists—what he called 'the sanctuary of the religion of humanity,' of which he was the first high-priest, and for which he created a calendar and sacraments? These are living facts of to-day.

Do not overlook the fact that, while pointing out what I call the paganism of the Positivists' school, the adoration of man, I render to it the homage which it deserves. I have spoken of its founder: what should I not have to say of him who has been *par excellence* the continuator of the system of the founder of Positivism, whose conscience is as upright as his intelligence is penetrating, of whom it has been said that he is 'a saint who does not believe in God,' and who is such an eminent representative of modern science and of French patriotism—Littré?

There are at this moment in France two schools, distinct, though having a certain connection, and which carry all before them—the Positivist school and the Materialist school. I shall certainly not say that they resume in themselves the whole of French mind. There are in France a great many Christians in the Roman Church, for Roman Catholics are very often far better than the Ultramontane system that holds and binds them. There are great numbers of Christians among the Protestant confessions; and then everything beyond the pale of Christianity is not pagan. Two religions possess the free and open right of profession in France: Judaism, which proclaims Jehovah, the personal and living God; and Islamism (for Algeria is a part of France), proclaiming in a no less earnest and passionate manner a personal and living God, Allah! Therefore everything is not pagan on the soil of France. And in the realm of philosophy, in the different spiritualistic schools which still uphold the banner of God, of the human soul, of hope, or rather of everlasting truth—the banner of spiritual philosophy—all these in France comprise Christianity, Judaism, Islamism, and the spiritualistic school. But it must be confessed that they do not all bask in the sunshine of success and popular favour. The two schools which nowadays hold sway over the scientific realm, and would fain attract within their grasp all methods of teaching, and encroach on private and social life, are the sciences of Materialism and Positivism.

But I will not hesitate to tell these schools that they, in fact, are the embodiment of paganism in the sense of the substitution of man for God. It is true that it is a very pure paganism, for indeed there could be no other within a Christian society. Jesus Christ has spoken of worship in spirit and in truth. I say that it is idolatry in spirit and in truth. It is the creature usurping the place of the

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Creator; the constant substitution of the finite for the infinite, of man for the personal and living God. That is paganism; and we find it in the three orders of human life—knowledge, ethics, and society.

In the order of knowledge, it is reason severing itself not only from Christian revelation—that would be already too much, for human reason has need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—but extinguishing on the very heights it occupies the effulgent rays of dawn, the breath of the early day about to break. It is reason forgetting all metaphysics as well as all religion; restraining, crippling itself in the order of outer and material observation, and in the order of inner and psychological observation. 'There is but nothingness beyond observation and facts,' says the Materialist; nothing but hypothesis, says the Positivist. But this is the mutilated reason of man, the science of observation set in the place of the natural sense, of the rational intuition of things spiritual and eternal. Such is the first characteristic of paganism.

If we enter into conscience, we find an absence of the absolute elements, because God is no longer there: God is nothing, or at least an hypothesis. The human conscience, bereft of its absolute elements, is necessarily bereft of all divine elements. What then remains? Three laws, from which a man may choose according to his taste or fancy, according as his mind is of an austere or a depraved character—the law of conscience, but of a conscience wholly relative and contingent, a conscience based on self, which is but self communing with self in its own dignity; the law of duty, a beautiful law, inasmuch as it sometimes gives rise to real virtues, admirable self-sacrifice in inconsistent men, who are better than their systems. And yet this is but a relative, contingent conscience, devoid of all value but that of human self. By the side of the law of conscience there is the law of the heart, with its fervid enthusiasm, its beautiful ideal of the imagination as well as of sentiment. Need I add that underneath conscience and heart lies what has been called 'the law of physical members,' as expounded by that great Saint-Simonian school which taught the rehabilitation of the flesh.

If conscience be not an element superior to man, and law not a light existing within him, but coming to him from above, it is left to man to choose, to calculate in his wisdom the measure of his conscience which bids him sacrifice himself, the measure of his heart which bids him love, and the measure of his flesh which counsels his enjoyment. That is logic. Man may be better than logic, but nevertheless this is logic. It is man, principle and end of morality, as it is man, the principle and end of conscience.

In the social order we have democracy, a most noble form, and perhaps the definitive form of human societies. Let us use no

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ambiguities here. The democracy which I admit is that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the initiator of contemporary democracy; and though often a false prophet, he was true and sublime when he qualified democracy as 'God's people governing itself,' *i.e.* the sovereignty of the people acting only as agent of the superior sovereignty of reason and justice. But the democracy of human affairs which ignores God and His divine law in all things is a democracy which renders nugatory all laws it can make itself, and powerless all human action. If the value of laws, of political constitutions, of the constitution of society itself—if the value of property and of the family tie are not founded on absolute reason, but are merely the arbitrary result of the popular will;—if man, the majority of the people—for it is a majority, never a whole people, that speaks—declares that such and such a law is a true or just one because it has so willed it, and such and such a constitution wrong or bad because it will have no more of it—I maintain that such a democracy is but tyranny under a new form. It matters little to me that I am governed by one man or millions of men. As a man I owe obedience direct only to reason and divine justice, indirectly to the social agent established in the name of this reason and of this justice. In a traditionally monarchical society this agent is the prince, and I acknowledge the monarch. But, I repeat, behind and above the monarch I bow only to divine crder and supreme law, whose agent he, the king or the emperor, is held to be. In a democratic society it is the people—I should say the majority of the people, since we must be arraigned before that law of numbers which is becoming the constituted agent of justice and law. I accept willingly the majority of the people; but that majority can claim my allegiance only so long as it shall represent the principle of a higher order, the principle of absolute justice—God. Thus, in the social as well as in the moral and intellectual order, it is ever man arraigned before his fellow-man. In other words, it is paganism.

We will now turn our attention to the second form of paganism—superstition. I will not go back so far as 1793, but will approach much nearer to us, to 1870; and not now amidst the great parliament of the nation, but amidst the grand assembly of the Church of Rome. In my mind's eye I stand within the Council of the Vatican. A man is there whom we have loved, whose memory is still cherished and venerated throughout the French people—ay, throughout the world—the then Archbishop Darboy. During the strife of that troubled session he wrote to me—for I will say that, without encouraging me in the line my conscience had marked out for itself, he never withdrew from me his esteem and his affection—he wrote to me, who had protested against the Council before ever it was holden, in these words: 'Victory is but too often on the side of the

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heaviest battalions.' Well, he fought through that deplorable battle, and soon after, in another revolt, opposed not his convictions, not even his faith, but his breast, his life, like the hero that he was, like a martyr; and, like a saint, he gave his blessing to the murderous bullets of the impious Commune, where he was already opposing his eloquence and conscience to the moral and, in one sense, no less terrible onslaught of Ultramontane fanaticism.

I must now speak of another bishop whom I respect because his private life is spotless, and his personal character worthy of respect, but I claim the right to judge him by his acts. The present Archbishop of Paris was likewise present at the Council, and he in advance abdicated the episcopate of St. Denis. True, he did not give up Christian faith, but he surrendered the creed of the Gallican Church. He was persuaded to throw off his episcopal character derived from God by consecration, and which, too, came, at least in former times, from the people through the election of the magistracy, which in itself embodies alike divine and popular rights. He consented to divest himself of his Catholic character in advance, that he might introduce into Paris the new episcopate, a mere lieutenancy of the Pope; and from that see he brought and introduced a new dogma —and what a dogma!—into our catechism. Ah! let us not pass this over inconsiderately. The catechism is the most important of books, for in the teaching of our children it is as the maternal breast, either overflowing with pure and life-giving nourishment, or full of insidious poison. The archbishop has introduced into the Paris catechism, hitherto unsullied by this error, the antichristian dogma which suppresses the Church—that is to say, the faith of all—and substituted for it the Pope, or the will of one man. That ancient primate, Gregory the Great, said boldly: 'He who shall ever proclaim himself universal bishop will become, through his arrogance, the precursor of Antichrist.' He further said that 'should the universal bishop fall the whole fabric of the Church will fall with him.' Well, the universal, the infallible and absolute bishop, the man before whom all consciences sink into error and perdition—the infallible Pope—is written in this catechism. And this is not all; for the doors of our temple, so long closed against the Roman liturgy, have at last opened. The voice of the old and sound traditions has become mute; and fables, unworthy of reason, and but too often unworthy of conscience, are celebrated before God. A Catholic mythology —it is no longer Catholic faith—has arisen, in aid of superstition on the one hand, and of spiritual tyranny on the other. This has come to pass in our day.

Paganism is still alive in our midst, and as if in response to a law of human nature, a law to be discerned in all mythologies, paganism has become incarnate, has taken the form of two idols, one male,

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the other female; the male idol is the Pope, the female idol the Virgin Mary. No one could venerate the Pope more than I do, so long as he remains what he was originally—the living symbol of the unity of all Christians. No one could have more respect for the Holy Virgin, the Virgin of the Gospel, the august mother of the Son of God, the model for all women, maidens and mothers, the humble but sublime Jewess who emancipated her oppressed and humiliated sex, and who has done more for civilisation than all philosophers and legislators; and I do not hesitate to say that in profaning both Pope and Virgin they have made idols of them. The death-bed words of M. de Montalembert, an ardent Catholic, concerning the Pope, will never perish—'the idol they have set up for themselves at the Vatican.' Acting in the name of the speaking idol of the Vatican, the present Archbishop of Paris went up unto the dumb idol which people worship at La Salette, and on the brow of that statue, which the Gospel repudiates, he set a crown of gold. I love and venerate the mother of our blessed Lord as the first among all the saints, but this pretended Virgin—this false mother who appears to a poor deluded fanatic giving divine commandments in the worst of provincialisms (*affreux patois*)—I will none of. No: there is no possible reason to believe that the Holy Virgin is permitted to come to this earth in diverse ways and places as a second Saviour claiming adoration that can only be given to her Divine Son. This Mariolatry is idolatry. And—we blush as we say it—there were bishops present, the successors of the apostles of Jesus, Christians who worship in spirit and in truth, and thousands of French people. This ceremony occurred in one of our most enlightened provinces, and but a few months ago, in the year 1879! What else is this but Paganism? and is it strange that I speak with deep and holy indignation at seeing my country rent in twain, one half given up to that abstract idol called human reason—which simply means science separated from absolute truth, progress isolated from its divine principle—and the other half given up to new-fangled and strange fetish, which is offered to its worshippers in the name of the Gospel? This is paganism, and its end has not yet come. Nor is it inactive. What spectacle meets our gaze on the heights of Montmartre, rising out of and overlooking Paris—on the very spot which St. Denis and his companions watered with their blood? A church is being built there; but to whom? To Jehovah? To Christ, His Son and our Redeemer? To Him of whom John the Evangelist said: 'The Word, everlasting light of the Father, was in the beginning; the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have beheld His glory'? Ah! He is veritably the God become manifest in the flesh, the God whose fulness has dwelt among men, has lived and lives

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eternally in Christ. With clasped hands, on bended knees do I worship Him. I can truly say that I am second to no Christian, by whatever name he may be called, in my passionate adoration of Him: but He, the Christ, is not the God of Montmartre. The God of Montmartre is the one who appeared, so it is said, to Marie Alacoque during hallucination. It is he who, in these visions, himself ordained that the Jesuits should be the apostles of the new dispensation. And, indeed, it is the Jesuits who, in the last century, overawed the Gallican episcopacy in spite of their protestations, and Rome itself in spite of its wise misgivings. It is they who, in an unguarded moment, wrung from the Assembly that pretended national offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And who is this new apparition, this strange figure presented for our adoration? Instead of the Word, the Λόγος, made man, we have a youth of insipid beauty, sensual and mystic, appearing to a deluded nun and exhibiting to her eyes a lacerated viscus—a heart dripping with blood, and surrounded by a red flame. These misguided Christians have, in their audacious fanaticism, done what it was not permitted the cruel executioners of Calvary to do: they have broken His sacred body, they have torn out His holy heart, and parade it about the world on banner, cross, and halberd! Ah! is it not true that paganism is still in our midst? And I dare assert that the day when Catholic France shall go up to the shrine of Montmartre—should she ever do so—that day will witness the definitive victory of Jesuitism. Paris, conquered by the Prussians and burnt by the Communists, will be trampled under foot by the triumphant Jesuits.

But little space is left for me to explain minutely, as I have done in the case of irreligious nationalism, the character of Ultramontanism. However, I will sum it up in one word, in its relation to knowledge, morality, and society.

In the order of knowledge it is still man substituting himself for God. Is it the Bible, that supernatural word of God to the world? Is it reason, natural light of God to man? No: now the Bible is closed; reason is abased. While the pious and learned Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was pursuing those philosophical studies of his to which we are indebted for the treatise on the *Existence of God*, he suddenly recoiled on his own reason, the reason of man, and viewing in it not the faculty, born shallow and defective, but the object which illuminates it, the absolute ideas which people it as with a starry firmament, and the eternal laws which govern it in its contingent evolutions, 'Reason! Reason!' suddenly exclaimed the great Christian thinker, 'could it be that thou art he whom I seek?' Yes; in its object reason is God, not in itself, but in its object; and long before Fénelon, St. John had said, 'That word is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' Well! reason is in bondage, the Bible is closed: these

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two communions—the one natural, the other supernatural, but both direct—of man with God are interrupted. What then remains? Man —man of the same flesh and blood as we are, who is often full of good intentions—it is the case of the present Pope, it was the same with his predecessor, but to the goodness of intentions Leo the Thirteenth joins a wisdom relatively considerable in idea and action—a man who may be virtuous, but who also may be (history bears proof of it) reckoned among the weak, sometimes even among the wicked. And yet it is on his lips that the permanent and lying miracle of infallibility is made to dwell. This man, placed between his equals and God, will henceforth be the alpha and omega of moral and religious certitude. Has not the leader of this party, or rather sect, dared to write, 'There is only one man in the world who knows anything, and he is the Pope'?[1]

Such is the intellectual paganism. The moral paganism is that which also places a man between conscience and God. I do not wish to say any harm of Catholic confession; when it is freely and morally practised, when it proceeds from a conscience which opens itself in the full possession of its liberty, dignity, and modesty, and when it is received by a man of enlightened religion and disinterested devotion, who does not wish to dominate over souls, but to serve them, who does not seek to supplant God, but to prepare the ways to Him—then the confessional is a blessing, a real blessing, and I would not for my part diminish the respect or the practice of it. But this is not the Jesuitical confession. The Jesuitical confession implies the abdication of personal will, of individual responsibility. Man in the hands of a confessor must be—these are the very words of the book—'like a corpse which can be moved about in all ways, without a resistance, like a staff in the hands of an old man.' Not only obedience, but blind obedience, must be practised. This is what I call an immorality—the faculty which ought to enlighten man blinding itself, the moral agent discharging itself of its terrible but glorious responsibility on to a stranger. Even supposing this strange abdication, this monstrous substitution, took place in behalf of all virtues, it nevertheless constitutes a fundamental immorality.

There are certain things which are heavy for man to bear: among them we may class the weight of truth in his reason and the weight of justice in his conscience. It is most convenient to say, 'I will think no more, I will not even believe any more, but I will submit myself;' and it is also convenient to say, 'I will struggle no longer for justice; I will listen no more, according to the words of St. Paul, to my thoughts which accuse and defend me in turns; I will read no more with the lamp of vigilance and sometimes of anguish that written law, of which St. Paul says "Everybody is to

[1] *L'Illusion Libérale*, by M. Louis Veuillot.

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himself his own law, everybody will be judged by the law which he bears in his heart;" and I abdicate my conscience into the hands of a confessor.'

This is paganism—man substituted for God, man intercepting with his fatal shadow the light which comes from above. It is pretended that all this is done in the name of the Church. As regards myself, I shall always distinguish the Church, not only the Catholic Church which is more vast than Rome, but the Roman Church itself in its generous elements—I shall always separate them from what M. de Montalembert called in a letter to myself 'the odious sect which dominates and traffics on the Catholicism of our days.' The sect which dominates and trades on the Catholicism of our days, the sect which has attached itself to the Church like an ivy which exhausts it, like a cancer which devours it, some think is an absolute enemy of the Republic. It is a mistake. What it is the enemy of, is political and social autonomy—the communication of the conscience of citizens and magistrates with justice and superior reason, directly, immediately, face to face, a people of God governing themselves. But if it can find anywhere—and such things have been seen in South America and elsewhere—if it can find a Republican or Cæsarean democracy, no matter which, that will consent to place above justice, above the rights of one and all, and consequently above God, the canonical Ultramontane right—that is to say, the arbitrary will of the Pope—that sect will be contented with it, it will acclaim it, it will sprinkle holy water on liberty-trees, and even, if necessary, on red Phrygian caps. All it desires of man is one thing: to abdicate direct relations, in the social order as in the moral and intellectual order, with supreme reason, with absolute justice, with God, and to place between earth and heaven a priest—that Italian priest who is called the Pope.

Such are the two paganisms which I point out to my contemporaries, and in concluding this very imperfect article I ask of them: Now, what do you desire? Will you choose between them, or will you reject them both? Will you be Ultramontane, kneeling before the Pope, or will you be sceptic, straying in the midst of your dreams, tottering in the midst of your doubts? You feel that a choice must be made, and you know not how to make it. In your hours of religious sentimentalism you incline towards Ultramontanism; in your hours of philosophical independence you incline towards negation, or at least towards doubt. You know not how to say yes or no decisively. Weak souls, powerless reasons, the majority hesitate, till on the point of death, between the affirmation of their cradle, whose echo awakens in their tomb, and the negation of their youth or the doubt of their manhood. You divide yourselves in your own conscience between two extremes which are equally impossible, without being able to discover the

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luminous and pacific medium. You divide yourselves in your homes, where you place superstition and incredulity side by side. You send your wives and daughters to the school of a superstitious religion which teaches them to think no longer. You go with your sons to a school of a heartless science which renders prayer and love impossible. France will be the loser if this schism continues. Republic or Monarchy, she will descend into the byways of decadence, and perhapt into the abyss of catastrophes.

What we must do, and I continue to appeal to my dear fellow-citizens, my dear co-religionists—for, after all, we are all Christians, and when we go to the bottom of our souls we all feel Christianity there—we must, amid all these errors, raise aloft the banner of the Gospel. Instead of isolating ourselves, instead of firing on one another in this civil war, in this criminal and mad war, we must unite together. We must labour in that work of which Mr. Gladstone, one of those statesmen who do not blush to be real Christians, remarked to me one day that the greatest idea of this century was Catholic reform and the unity of the Church. Above Protestantism and ts divisions, above Roman Catholicism and its oppression, above Greek Catholicism and its somnolence or isolation, let us endeavour to arouse a great organic and living Christianity, a vast superior and integral Catholicism, a free and strong federation of churches and consciences; and let us oppose to the two enemies—to the one who says to man, 'Thou hast no soul or immortality, and consequently thou art only an ephemeral and suffering animal;' and to the other who says to him, 'Give me thy soul, leave to me thy conscience, I alone can save them from Satan and lead them to God'—to these two paganisms let us reply with a restored Christianity. Ah! this is what must be done. Will you do it? I am asked. Are you a St. Denis? No, I am not a St. Denis, but I am one of his disciples. Nor am I alone, for there are legions of his disciples hidden away throughout my beloved country, hidden and timid from this long reign of terror to conscience. But when help and liberty are assured, they will come forth strong in the strength of the Lord, and we shall fight the good fight together—the peaceful battle of Christ's love. Yes, we can do this, we can and we ought. And if they do not, and if I fall and die enveloped in my solitary flag, I shall not die alone discouraged. No, because I shall have fought for the truth, believing that the future will sooner or later realise what the present is not worthy of accomplishing. No—and my friends will allow me to speak thus personally of the course in which all my life and being are engaged—no, I shall never be discouraged by the opposition or the indifference of men, by the delays of time and God. I shall not be like those who seek only immediate success. I shall not be like those who stop before duty and sacrifice, saying to themselves, 'If I

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go further, I shall not be followed.' There are disciples of Christ who, alas! speak thus in our days. I shall march alone if I am to be alone. I shall say, like the poet philosopher, 'I am a citizen of the centuries to come;' or rather I shall say, as the symbol of our faith: 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead,' in the resurrection of dead consciences, till that of dead bodies shall have taken place. I believe in the rejuvenation of worn-out institutions, but which must revive because they are necessary; in the triumph of vanquished principles, of truths obscured by those who combat them, and often by those who defend them. I believe in the final victory of truth and justice, and in the reign of God for ever on this earth.

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

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AN EYE-WITNESS OF JOHN KEMBLE.

In May, 1817, Ludwig Tieck, critic, dramatist, and poet, visited England. He was then forty-four years old; his powers of mind and body at their best. Shakespeare was the one great object of his worship; and he justly regarded a personal acquaintance with the country and countrymen of the poet as indispensable for the systematic study of his works, and those of his contemporary dramatists, in which he was then engaged. Probably no Englishman, then living, was more conversant with the history of the English stage than Tieck. Of Burbage and Shakespeare's other fellow-actors, of Betterton, Booth, Quin, Macklin, Barry, Garrick, through whom its early traditions had passed, he knew all that the scanty records of our theatre had preserved; and he came to England with the natural hope that some traces of what their genius had done for the illustration of the supreme poet might be found in the great theatres with which their names were identified. It was hard—and it might well be so—for a German enthusiast for the drama to believe that the great histrionic power in the actors of his own time, on which Shakespeare had relied to interpret his works to his countrymen, unaided by the splendour of scenic appointments, should not have left its mark upon their successors. In any case he might hope to see such of the poet's works as kept their hold upon the stage treated with the sympathetic reverence, which the loudly proclaimed admiration by the English for their greatest poet led him to expect, and which he had been accustomed to see applied to the acting of Shakespeare on the stages of Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna.

Tieck's first inquiry on reaching London was, whether the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane were still open. It was late in the season, but, fortunately for his purpose, he was not only in time, but had come just as John Kemble was playing a series of his Shakespearean characters at Covent Garden, previous to taking his final leave of the stage. The great actor had begun these farewell performances on the 22nd of April, and had been playing on alternate nights up to the 30th of May, when Tieck first saw him. Never a very strong man, his health for some years had been a good

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deal broken. A succession of thirty performances, within less than two months, which included King John, the Stranger, Coriolanus, Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, Penruddock in *The Wheel of Fortune*, Hotspur, Cato, Hamlet, Zanga, Cardinal Wolsey, and Octavian in *The Mountaineers*, was enough to have exhausted the forces of a much younger man. Tieck, therefore, saw him at great disadvantage; and in reading the German critic's remarks, this circumstance must, in justice to Kemble, be kept steadily in view. Much of the languor and slowness, which he found in the great actor, was due not so much to his habitual style, as to the constitutional asthma and physical weakness, which compelled him to husband his resources. The passages in his impersonations, which, as we shall see, wrung from Tieck a reluctant admission of their splendour, would be sufficient evidence of this, had we not known it from the lips and writings of others, who had the good fortune to be familiar with what Kemble had been, and to know him as he then was.

Tieck, whose own reading of Shakespeare subsequently became famous, had studied the actor's art in the critical school of which Lessing was the founder. He had, moreover, seen all the best acting of the German stage at a period rich in actors and actresses of great gifts and accomplishments. He had a right, therefore, to speak with authority; and before turning to what he has to say of the English stage it may not be amiss to illustrate, by his account of the great German actor, Fleck,[1] the high standard of excellence to which he could refer in judging of the leaders of the English school.

Fleck was slender, not tall, but of the finest proportions; he had brown eyes, whose fire was softened by gentleness, finely pencilled brows, a noble forehead and nose, and in youth his head resembled that of the Apollo. In the parts of Essex, Tancred, Ethelwolf, he was fascinating, especially so as the Infanta Don Pedro in *Inez de Castro*, a part written, like the whole piece, very feebly and vulgarly, but every word of which as spoken by him rang like the inspiration of a great poet. His voice had the purity of a bell and was rich in full clear tones, high as well as low, beyond what any one could believe who had not heard them; for in passages of tenderness, entreaty, or devotion, he had a flute-like softness at command. And, without ever falling into the grating bass, which often strikes so unpleasantly on our ear, his deep tones rang like metal, with a roll like thunder in suppressed rage, and a roar as of a lion in the unchecked tempest of passion. The tragedian for whom Shakespeare wrote, must, in my opinion, have possessed many of the qualities of Fleck, for those marvellous transitions, those interjections, those pauses, followed by a tempestuous torrent of words, no less than those side strokes and touches of

[1] Johann Friedrich Fleck was born in 1757, appeared on the stage in 1777, rose rapidly to the first rank in his profession, and retained it till his death in 1801. He had the qualities of a fine figure, eyes, and voice, and of an expressive face, without which no actor of the poetic drama can be great. Humour, that other essential of the great actor, he seems also to have possessed in an eminent degree. His distinction among the actors of his time was the thoroughness of everything he did. He was not fine in passages, but left upon his audience the impression of a great whole, of characters, true and consistent as life itself.

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nature, spontaneous, naive, nay sometimes verging on the comic, which he threw into his performance, were given with such natural truth, as to make us understand for the first time all the subtlety and peculiarity of the poet's pathos. When he appeared in any of his great impersonations, there was a halo of something supernatural about him, an impalpable horror went with him, and every tone, every look went through our heart. In the part of Lear I preferred him to the great Schröder, for he dealt with it more poetically and more truly to the poet, inasmuch as he laboured less visibly at the indications of coming madness, although when it came he exhibited it in all its appalling sublimity. To have seen his Othello was a great experience. In Macbeth Schröder may have surpassed him, for he gave the first Act without sufficient significance, and the second Act feebly, and with a want of decision, but from the third onwards he was incomparable, and in the fifth grand. His Shylock was full of a weird horror, never commonplace, but on the contrary noble throughout. Many of Schiller's characters were quite written for him: but the triumph of his greatness, however great he might be in many of them, was the Robber Moor. To this Titan-like creation of a young and daring imagination he gave a terrible reality, a noble elevation; the ferocity was mingled with tenderness so touching, that the poet, when he saw it, must unquestionably have been struck with wonder at his own creation. . . . Even the so-called character parts in the drama of everyday life Fleck played with distinction and spirit, infusing a humour into them, which made them most attractive.

For the sake of dramatic history, as well as of Kemble's reputation, it is a pity that so competent a critic as Tieck should not have seen the actor at his best. His report might then have claimed the same authority as the admirable account of Garrick in the last year of his public life, which is to be found in the German philosopher and critic Lichtenberg's letters from London to his friend Boye. Still, after making every allowance, there is 'much matter to be heard and learned' about Kemble and his contemporaries from the sketches, composed in a great measure from his London letters, which Tieck published in his *Dramaturgische Blätter* in 1826, but which have not hitherto been made known to English readers.

Barren although our stage unhappily is, for the time, of the powers, natural and acquired, which can alone do justice to the Shakespearean drama, Tieck's account of what he saw is not wholly without consolation for us. All was not so perfect in those so-called palmy days of the stage as some would have us believe. Bad acting was not uncommon then any more than now—as indeed, how can it ever be otherwise than common—the art being so difficult as it is? And although there were actors of great natural gifts, and who, by a lifetime of study and observation, had trained themselves to grapple with the great characters of the poetic drama, and to portray the 'high actions and high passions' by which they lifted delighted audiences into that ideal world, which after all seems to be the only real one, the stage of that period was far behind our own in this—that liberties of excision and addition were taken with the text of Shakespeare which would now be impossible, and that those accessories which give life and variety to the action of the scene were neglected to an extent as culpable in one way, as the excess in scenic splendour

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and elaboration of costume to which we have of late years been accustomed, is objectionable in another.

The first play which Tieck saw at Covent Garden (May 30) was *Cymbeline*, which he justly calls 'the most charming of the poet's dramas.'

I was prepared to find (he says), owing to the length of the piece, and want of capacity in the actors who could not fill all the parts, much less fill them all well, that I should not see the whole play, and that much of what I should see would be performed in a mediocre style, for we are accustomed to this sort of thing, even in the case of weaker plays; but that there should be an absolute want of connection, and of illusion in many of the finest scenes, nay, that not so much as an attempt at this should be made—for this, I confess, I was not prepared. The whole was treated as a series of declamations, in which some things were spoken admirably, many gracefully, and much, very much, as stupidly as could be, without regard to the poet's meaning, or even to the elementary rules of elocution.

It frequently struck me as strange and ludicrous, that the performers should have adopted any costume, as they seemed in truth to ignore the fact that they were acting altogether. I felt this chiefly in those scenes, assuredly among the finest which even Shakespeare has written—I mean, those of that marvellous solitude, in which old Belarius, and the king's two stolen sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, appear. All the more that the poet has given peculiar richness of colour, and a glorious freshness to these scenes, did one feel outraged by seeing these youths deport themselves like two young Englishmen, who had dropped into the theatre for their amusement from the nearest tavern. This revolting kind of commonplace made havoc of these scenes, but the audience appeared to be unconscious of anything amiss.

The curtailments and alterations in the arrangement of this play for the stage have been made in the most reckless way, according to a prevailing usage with the English in such matters; for since adaptations of their poet (like Dryden's of the *Tempest*, and Shadwell's of *Timon of Athens*) are no longer represented, they are content with arbitrary abridgments, in which the play often becomes unintelligible, and the meaning of the poet is always sure to suffer. A general knowledge of the work is assumed; the most celebrated passages are allowed to stand; undue prominence is often given to the leading actors; unimportant scenes and speeches are taken from their place, and given to some favourite. One scene is lengthened out, by interpolations or dumb show, to very weariness, while other scenes are shortened or wholly omitted, although they are to carry on the action—in short, such violence is done to the author, that an unprejudiced observer finds it hard to reconcile this tyranny with the reverence and homage which the English seem to pay to their great poet whenever they can.

Those whose studies have not shown them, how deeply the vice here denounced by Tieck had penetrated into our acted Shakespearean drama, will read his statements with amazement. It was not, indeed, until long afterwards, when his management of Covent Garden, and subsequently of Drury Lane, enabled Mr. Macready to introduce a thorough system of reform, that the scandal was effectively abated. When, among other revivals, *Cymbeline* was produced by him, the play was probably, for the first time, seen upon the stage in something like its true proportions. Local colour and correct costumes were introduced, with a skilful reserve, to set off the fine acting of his powerful company. How reverently and beautifully

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the forest scene, alluded to by Tieck, with the two young men of royal breed, was handled, must still be a delight to many to remember. But to return to our chronicler.

On his first entrance John Kemble reminded me by his noble presence, his stature, and speaking expressive face of our excellent Heinrich Jacobi. . . . The English themselves admit that, even when he was young, the part of Posthumus was one of his weakest; how much more now! His voice is weak and tremulous, but full of expression, and there is a ring of feeling and intelligence in every word, only much too strongly marked, and between every second and third word there comes a pause, and most of the verses or speeches end in a high key. . . . In consequence of this tedious style of delivery the piece, even though probably one half of it was cut out, lasted an unusual time. This, so to speak, musical declamation was incompatible with all real acting, nay, in a certain degree made it impossible; for when everything is made to depend on little *nuances* of speaking, and every monologue and every single passage is sought to be rounded off into an artistic whole, any delineation of character, of the ebb and flow of passion and feeling, is out of the question. Here and there one saw the great master; for example, in the second Act, when Iachimo after his return tells how he has succeeded; the despair, mingled with rage, the kindling of fresh hope, and the falling back into comfortless anguish, were admirably given, and one could see clearly that if Kemble had not succumbed to mannerism, and a one-sided school, he would have been a truly great actor.

The Iachimo of the evening was Young, who threw, says Tieck, no character into the part. He was probably not actor enough to be a villain of a stamp so abhorrent to his own honourable nature. Miss Foote was the Imogen. 'She was graceful,' is Tieck's criticism, 'in the boy's dress; but she was not really equal to the part.' How could she be? she, the airy, graceful, fine lady of comedy, how was she to depict all the pathos, the passion, the ineffable mixture of womanly grace and power and dignity of this paragon of Shakespeare's women?

Liston's Cloten, we are told, 'was the part played with the most spirit and intelligence. His stuttering bullying manner was full of meaning, and the uncouthness of his nature was extremely well expressed.' But there follows a qualification of a very serious kind. 'The actor fell into the mistake of not letting the somewhat heroic side of the Prince peep out through his boorishness. He was all through too thoroughly the clodpole. Thus,' continues Tieck,

my longing to see a play of the great national poet performed in London has been at length fulfilled, but not satisfied. Schröder and Fleck, and their brother performers, did much more towards adequately representing the poet; and, fallen though at the present moment the German stage is, were *Cymbeline* to be attempted there, there are undoubtedly many places where a more complete performance would be aimed at, and this wondrous poem would not be so mercilessly mangled. If Shakespeare must be abridged and cut to pieces, let those who set about the task remember what Brutus says of Cæsar:—

> 'Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius!
> Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.'

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The next night Tieck saw John Kemble in Brutus.

As my anticipations (he says) were no longer vague, so was my enjoyment greater. The play itself, too, being narrower in its range, and more easily understood, was altogether better given. Brutus, it is true, was not acted, but only declaimed with intelligence. The celebrated quarrel scene between him and Cassius (Mr. Young) produced but little impression; for scenes of this kind Kemble's voice is much too weak. The orations were well spoken. Charles Kemble, brother of the famous actor, delivered his speech as Antony with great energy, only there was too much malignant bitterness in his laugh at its close, when he saw the people roused, showing a false interpretation of the poet's purpose! Here was an instance of what we often see—that an inferior talent infuses too much of itself into the poet, and thereby drags him down to a lower level. Much may be introduced well and properly in the plays of other writers, which is quite out of place where Shakespeare is concerned.

The scene of the mob, with its rising turbulence and its calming down again, was very well given. On this occasion, too, the costumes were satisfactory.

Tieck had found great fault with the costumes in *Cymbeline*, which appear from his description to have been ludicrously inappropriate. He also objects strongly to the vastness of the stage, which seemed to him to make the effective arrangement of groups upon it almost impossible. And certainly he had good reason for this complaint, if no more skill was shown in grappling with this difficulty, than in the scene of Cæsar's assassination, as he describes it:—

The stage was deep, and Cæsar sat upon a chair in the extreme background. When the petition was presented, and rejected by him, the conspirators arranged themselves in a well-defined pyramid, of which Cæsar formed the apex, while Brutus stood well forward in the proscenium to the left. Casca is the first to stab him; then Cæsar turns to the right and receives a second blow from the second of his enemies; again he staggers in affright to the left, a few steps forward, and receives a fresh wound, then the same to the right: now the free space on the stage grows larger, and this strange movement of the mortally wounded man becomes more extraordinary and unnatural, but he still goes on staggering across the stage five or six times, so as to be stabbed by the conspirators, who remain quietly standing, until he receives his death-blow from Brutus, and falls forward, exclaiming: '*Et tu, Brute!*' This scene, arranged like the most formal ballet, lost all dignity; and it was rendered outrageous by its pretentious solemnity. It was even impossible to laugh at it. . . . To what will not men become accustomed! I believe, of all the native audience there was not one who was disturbed by this grotesque piece of stage business.

The First Part of *Henry V.* was the next play in which Tieck saw John Kemble, and his disappointment breaks out in the following prelude to his criticism of the great actor's treatment of Hotspur.

Again I let myself be deluded with the hope that I should see real acting, real impersonation, penetrating truth, and grasp of character, that infusion into noble poetry of life and action, which by exalting all our faculties and rousing them into harmonious exercise, offers to us perhaps the highest enjoyment which man is capable of receiving from art. But all I got for my pains was to hear some passages finely spoken, with a total breakdown and failure, as a rule, in all that is most essential. . . . Where was the humour of Hotspur, the young fiery hero, who

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is as brave as he is unmannerly, who out of vanity hates vanity in others; who, himself the head of the conspiracy, with the best resources in his hands, has so little self-command that he scares away the most powerful of his confederates, and who, as general, as husband, and as friend, by his fiery temper and good-humour, shows characteristics so marked and peculiar that the most careless reader never fails to have them vividly stamped upon his fancy? John Kemble declaimed leisurely, intelligently; making frequent efforts at the humour of the part, but never grasping it. Here, too, he spoke quite as slowly as in the parts I had previously seen, made two or three considerable pauses, now drawled (*klagte*), now emphasised every second or third word, one could not say why, and then ended so frequently in a sort of sing-song in all, that I thought I was again listening to one of those Protestant preachers whom one used to hear twenty years ago in provincial places indulging in this wailing, tedious *tempo*. Percy's first long story to the king Kemble seemed to take as serious earnest, only exaggerated by youthful violence. To this solemn, almost torturing slowness the ear became so accustomed, that when Percy came to the passage—

> 'In Richard's time—what do you call the place?
> A plague upon 't!—it is in Gloucestershire—
> 'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,' &c.,

and he all at once spoke it with a quick, sharp utterance, like a man who suddenly cannot call a name to mind, and seeks for it with impatience, the whole house broke out into vehement applause at the sudden drop of the voice and alteration of the *tempo*. It is something noticeable when a thing of this kind, which is a mere matter of course, and which can be easily hit off by the mediocre actor, is received by the public with such marked admiration. This mannerism, which often shows itself in Kemble, as in other actors, capriciously and without cause, reminds one of the tragic recitation of the French, who in every scene fling out some verses at a galloping pace in succession to passages spoken with measured and exaggerated emphasis.

Tieck, however, in summing up his criticism, is compelled to admit that Kemble 'gave a noble and manly portraiture of the young and impetuous Prince; although without the attractiveness, and the gaiety of spirit, which the poet has assigned to his hero.' In judging of this criticism, one must keep in view, that if the critic had seen Kemble in his best days, or even on some other night, when he was less fatigued, or less out of health, he might have found in his performance the very life, the vivacity, the wayward charm, which he missed on the evening in question. Actors are but mortals, and, the finer their sensibilities, the more apt are they to be at times unstrung. Kemble, it is well known, during these last performances, taxed his powers unfairly. In Mr. Macready's autobiography, an account is given of the performance of *Macbeth*, two nights after Tieck saw him in Hotspur, where the same flatness through much of the play was obviously due to this cause. It was contrary to Kemble's principles as an artist, as it was to those of his great sister,[2] to slur any

[2] 'You never,' are Charles Young's words, 'caught her slumbering through some scenes, in order to produce, by contrast, an exaggerated effect in others. She neglected nothing. From the first moment to the last she was, according to theatrical parlance, *in the character*. . . . There were no pauses protracted until

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part of his work. Had he been himself, he would never have languished through the first four acts of the play, as we learn from Mr. Macready he did, that he might electrify his audience in the fifth.

Through the whole first four acts the play moved heavily on: Kemble correct, tame, and ineffective; but in the fifth, when the news was brought, 'The Queen, my lord, is dead!' he seemed struck to the heart; gradually collecting himself he sighed out, 'She should have died hereafter!' then, as if with the inspiration of despair, he hurried out, distinctly and pathetically, the lines:—

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' &c.

rising to a climax of desperation that brought down the enthusiastic cheers of the closely packed theatre. All at once he seemed carried away by the genius of the scene. At the tidings of 'the wood of Birnam moving,' he staggered, as if the shock had struck the very seat of life, and in the bewilderment of fear and rage could just ejaculate the words, 'Liar and slave!' then, lashing himself into a state of frantic rage, ended the scene in perfect triumph. His shrinking from Macduff when the charm on which his life hung was broken by the declaration that his antagonist was 'not of woman born,' was a masterly stroke of art; his subsequent defiance was most heroic; and, at his death, Charles Kemble received him in his arms, and laid him gently on the ground, his physical powers being unequal to further effort.

The performance in which Tieck saw Kemble as Hotspur was for the benefit of Charles Young, who, following a bad habit, which used to prevail on such occasions, of playing a part that in an ordinary way the *bénéficiaire* never would have played, or been allowed to play, undertook the character of Falstaff, which belonged to Fawcett as the leading comedian of the theatre.

Little did Young imagine, that among the audience was one of the most accomplished critics in Europe, who disposed of him, no doubt with entire justice, in a contemptuous sentence. 'Young made a dry jester, who laughed at himself at every third word of Falstaff, the indescribable, the wonderful, the never-sufficiently-to-be-admired Falstaff.'

When a few nights afterwards (June 17), Tieck saw Kemble in *Henry VIII.*, he was compelled to acknowledge that the genuine power of the actor threw the defects of his somewhat too measured and grandiose style into the shade.

In the performance on this occasion (he writes), there was far more to praise than to blame, and John Kemble as Wolsey was admirable. My ear had at last become somewhat habituated to his inordinately slow, wailing mode of speaking, and as most of the performers spoke more rapidly than usual, especially the king, one grew more readily reconciled to the solemn tones of the old cardinal; and thus the play made the right impression as a whole. Kemble showed himself

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they became unintelligible. What was passing in her mind was read in her changing countenance. Each character became a perfect picture, in which, through all the changes of passion, a harmony was perceived.'—Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, vol. ii. p. 383.

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to be a truly great artist, especially after his fall, when the nobles, gathering round him, rejoice at his misfortune, and he, in the pride of his grief, but stately to the last, gives full vent to his emotions. The majesty in profound sorrow, the heart which is already broken, but gathers itself together once again in all its power to confront its malignant adversaries, the trembling of the voice, which, after a severe struggle, regains its firm, manly tone, all this was incomparably fine, and of the most consummate excellence. And then, when the old man is left alone with Cromwell, and takes leave of this faithful servant, he breaks down, and pours out as friend to friend the grief which now, despite his efforts, overmasters him, and afterwards gives voice to the lessons and warnings of experience with a father-like earnestness, consoling himself in a grand way, and bidding adieu with genuine greatness and composure to the stage, where among statesmen he had played the foremost part. These fine scenes were performed throughout in a way that left nothing to be desired, that satisfied the imagination to the full, and revealed to those who were most familiar with the poet new beauties in nearly every verse. It is difficult to express the delight one feels, when a great poet and a great actor come together in this way.

It is difficult indeed, for the pleasure is the most intense, the most satisfying that art can give. But all the more is our gratitude due to the fine observation and the skilful pen which has preserved such a picture for us as this of the great actor in one of his most impressive parts.

The mature years of Kemble (he was then sixty), which were suitable to Wolsey, necessarily told against him in Hamlet, the next part in which Tieck saw him.

It was obvious (are his words) that the artist must have played this part in his youth with very different power, but no doubt he played it then upon the same lines. It would hardly be possible for any man of talent altogether to fail in this infinitely suggestive character, which reveals almost every aspect of humanity, and gives expression to the most diversified emotions in scenes of such various interest. What Kemble brought prominently out was the sad, the melancholy, the nobly suffering aspect of the character. He gave way to tears much too often, spoke many of the scenes—that with the players, for instance—admirably, and moved and bore himself like a man of high blood and breeding. But, as usual, there was almost no distinction between the lighter and heavier parts of the play; and then, again, the distinction between prose and verse was nowhere marked. The great passionate scenes passed off almost flatly;[3] at least, that where the ghost appears was quite ineffective. In such passages as the opening of the first monologue—

'Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!'

Kemble lingers for some seconds on the 'Oh!' with a strongly tremulous cadence.

When Hamlet, speaking of the rugged Pyrrhus, says:

'If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see!
The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast—
'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus——'

there was a general burst of applause throughout the house, because this forgetfulness, this seeking after the beginning of the verse, was expressed in such a natural

[3] This, again, was manifestly due to the state of the actor's strength. These scenes had never been accused of want of vigour, when he was in full possession of his powers.

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way. And, indeed, when one has been listening for a length of time to a slow, measured, wailing rhythm, regularly interrupted by considerable pauses, and by a succession of highly pitched inflections, one is quite taken by surprise on hearing once more the tones of nature, and the manner of everyday conversation.

I have seen nothing new in this impersonation, neither have I learned anything except that Hamlet, after he has stabbed the king, while saying—

> 'Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
> Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?'

thrusts the poisoned chalice to the king's mouth, and forces him, as he dies, to drink it, which I take to be the right thing. A good effect, too, was produced in this scene by the king being seated some steps above the stage. These words, so explained and acted, brought vividly to my mind Macbeth's imagery in the monologue of the last scene of the first Act:

> 'This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips.'

The Ophelia of the evening was Miss Stephens, in accordance with the absurd stage usage, which continued for long afterwards, of giving to the singing lady of the theatre a part, for which a sensitive imagination and the most subtle delicacy of treatment are indispensable. Most of us will echo Tieck's words: 'I have never seen this part played as the poet conceived it, instinct with life, movement, and charm even in her madness.' Ophelia is very far from being the colourless insipid personage, which our modern stage generally presents, and which critics are ready to accept as the embodiment of that type of clinging virginal sweetness, 'blasted with ecstasy.'

When, two nights afterwards, Mr. Kemble appeared for the last time upon the stage, Tieck could not be expected to share the enthusiasm and the excitement, with which the public watched every gesture and intonation of the favourite to whom they owed so much. The event excited so much interest that it found a record in an elaborate *brochure* well known to bibliophiles, in which all the incidents of the evening, and of the public dinner given to Mr. Kemble a fortnight afterwards, are preserved in full detail. Some words from a criticism by Hazlitt in the *Times* (June 25, 1817) give vivid expression to the prevailing sentiment.

> There is something in these partings with old public favourites exceedingly affecting. They teach us the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures. Our associations of admiration and delight with theatrical performers, are amongst our earliest recollections—among our last regrets. . . . It is near twenty years ago since we first saw Mr. Kemble in the same character—yet how short the interval seems! the impression appears as distinct as if it were of yesterday. . . . The petty and personal, that which appeals to our senses and our interests, is by degrees forgotten, and fades away into the distant obscurity of the past. The grand and the ideal, that which appeals to the imagination, can only perish with it, and remains with us, unimpaired in its lofty abstraction, from youth to age; as, wherever we go, we still see the same heavenly bodies shining over our heads! We forget numberless things that have happened to ourselves, . . . but not the first time of our seeing Mr. Kemble, nor shall we easily forget the last!

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The *Times* critic found in the Coriolanus of that evening no falling away of Mr. Kemble's powers, no diminution of fire or force. 'He played the part,' he says, 'as well as ever he did—with as much freshness and vigour. There was no abatement of spirit or energy—none of grace and dignity; his look, his action, his expression of the character, were the same as they ever were. They could not be finer.' The colder judgment of Tieck, while making some deductions for occasional feebleness, was compelled to bow before the indisputable genius of the great artist.

On the 23rd of June (he writes) Kemble appeared upon the stage for the last time, and took leave for ever of the public, which held him in the highest honour, in his most celebrated part, the Coriolanus of Shakespeare. The house was fuller than ever, for no friend of the artist would have missed this evening. Again I must express my regret, that the piece was so unmercifully mangled, and its finest passages cut out; a proceeding the more childish, seeing that they had interpolated a superfluous pageant for the hero's triumphal entry, in the shape of a procession with trophies and eagles, which, entering at the back of the stage, and extending over its whole expanse, consumed a great deal of time.[4] If I cannot agree in regarding the performance as the artist's masterpiece, as his admirers here do, his Wolsey in my opinion being quite as fine, still it is past all question, that Kemble proved himself once more a great actor in many of the scenes. Nobler or more marked expression could not be given to the proud nature of Coriolanus, and figure, look, and voice here stood the artist in excellent stead. His heroic wrath, indeed, seemed too feeble, and his fury failed altogether, because his organ was too weak for these supreme efforts, and the actor had to economise it for the most important passages. Greatest and most exciting of all was the close; without exaggeration it might be pronounced sublime.

When Coriolanus exclaims, 'Hear'st thou, Mars?' and Aufidius says, 'Name not the God, thou boy of tears!' the exclamation 'Ha!' to which Coriolanus gives vent in the height of his rage was

[4] This was in the second scene of the second Act, after the victory at Corioli, No fewer than 240 supernumeraries were introduced into the pageant. It was regarded at the time as a marvel of scenic splendour. When Mrs. Siddons was the Volumnia, she illustrated that power, which only the greatest actors possess, of 'filling the stage with her presence,' with an effect of which the following eloquent description by the Rev. J. C. Young in the memoirs of his father (2nd ed., p. 40) enables us to form some conception. 'In this procession, and as one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. Had she been content to follow in the beaten track of her predecessors in the part, she would have marched across the stage, from right to left, with the solemn, stately, almost funeral, step conventional. But at the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book, or trammelled by old traditions. She was Volumnia, the proud mother of a proud son and conquering hero. So that, when it was time for her to come on, instead of dropping each foot at equi-distance in its place, with mechanical exactitude, and in cadence subservient to the orchestra, deaf to the guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbbings of her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye, and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly on her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all around, and rolled, and almost reeled across the stage, her very soul, as it were, dilating and rioting in its exultation, until her action lost all grace, and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque, and so descriptive, that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of an original conception.'

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terrible. The power and the tones of the following speech, as well as the look and bearing, were indescribable:—

> Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
> Too great for what contains it. Boy! oh slave!
> • • • •
> Cut me to pieces, Volsces! Men and lads,
> Stain all your edges on me! Boy! False hound!
> If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
> That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
> Fluttered your Volsces in Corioli.
> Alone I did it! Boy!

'This is the grand feature in the art of the stage,' the critic goes on to say—and who, that has ever had his heart stirred and his imagination kindled and enriched by the genius of a great actor or actress, will not feel the justice of his words?—

that it can bring out, nay, can create effects so vast, that for the moment our remembrance of every other pleasure that art can give seems feeble, and but a shadow of what the stage can do. True it is, that its manifestations also fleet away like a shadow, leaving no trace behind; and an unsatisfying remembrance of the great moments of delight and rapture fills us with sadness, for no memorial can restore these fleeting phenomena for those who have hung upon them with transport, because all that language or the painter's skill can do are inadequate to portray what the rapt spectator has seen and heard. Therefore it is only fair that the artist should in any case be requited, however poorly, by the loudest applause directly face to face, for he is powerless to preserve even for an instant the product of his genius to tell to a future generation of what quality it was.

Such were the plaudits, the cheers, the shouts of rapture and tears of emotion given to the noble veteran, the honoured favourite, whom the public were never to see again. The loudest outburst of applause I had ever heard, even in Italy, was but feeble, compared to the indescribable din, which, after the curtain fell, arose on every side. There were thousands present, packed closely together, and the huge area of the house was changed as if into one vast machine, which produced a supernatural clangour and jubilation, men and women shouting, clapping, smiting the sides of the boxes might and main, with fans and with sticks, while, to add to the tumult, everybody was making what noise he could with his feet.

After this unheard-of din had lasted for some time Kemble, deeply moved and in tears, again came forward. What seemed impossible nevertheless took place, the clamour grew louder and louder, until the tumult of sound aroused the feeling of something awful and sublime.[5] Kemble bowed, and attempted more than once to give utterance to a few words of parting; at length he regained his composure, but was frequently interrupted by his emotion. Not a sound was heard, save from many points a suppressed low sob. And, when he finished, the storm broke forth again with all its force.

The great body of the audience demanded (as they had done on Garrick's farewell night) that the after-piece, which had been announced, should not be proceeded with, but, a noisy minority

[5] On Mr. Kemble's reappearance, the critic of the *Sun* newspaper wrote next day: 'The acclamations were resumed, but in a manner that we never witnessed before, in all the long course of our theatrical experience. It seemed as if all hands struck in unison by a resistless instinct, and certainly never were military movements executed with more precision. It is impossible to describe the effect.'

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having resisted this, they were left in possession of the field, and it was gone through by the performers amid an uproar, which turned their acting into 'inexplicable dumb show.'

Tieck had been unable to secure a place for Kemble's last appearance as Macbeth (June 5), when Mrs. Siddons left her retirement to appear for the benefit of her brother, Charles Kemble, as Lady Macbeth. It was most fortunate that he was prevented from seeing the great actress in her decay. How bad must the performance have been, when Mr. Macready, whose admiration of Mrs. Siddons was almost idolatrous, could write of it thus:—'It was not a performance, but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign of her all-subduing genius!' Tieck was already, as we have seen, too much disposed to attribute to a radical vice of style the shortcomings in the only great representative of the Kemble school whom he had seen, which were in a great measure the result of fatigue and physical suffering. The spectacle of Mrs. Siddons, as Macready describes her, would probably have confirmed him in his prejudice. Still, startled though he was by a treatment of Shakespeare's great characters in a way to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, Tieck could not blind himself to the dignity and breadth of conception, and to the sublime effect of that stateliness of manner, that 'large utterance,' and rhythmical cadence, the echoes of a great and poetic soul, which won for Kemble so strong a hold upon the imagination of his countrymen. Had Kemble's impersonations been so wanting in life and variety and truth to nature, as Tieck would have us think, had he been a declaimer merely, and not an actor, he would never have taken the position, which he held to the last not merely with the public, but with the great critics of his day. As a set-off to Tieck's denunciations of his languor and slowness, let us turn to what was said of him by the *Times* critic, already quoted, speaking from a twenty years' knowledge of his efforts in the poetical drama.

> The distinguishing excellence of Mr. Kemble's acting may be summed up in one word—*intensity*; in the seizing upon some one feeling or idea, in insisting upon it, in never letting it go, and in working it up, with a certain graceful consistency and conscious grandeur of conception, to a very high degree of pathos or sublimity. If he had not the unexpected bursts of nature and genius, he had all the regularity of art; if he did not display the tumult and conflict of opposite passions in the soul, he gave the deepest and most permanent interest to the uninterrupted progress of individual feeling; and in embodying a high idea of certain characters, which belong rather to sentiment than passion, to energy of will rather than to loftiness or to originality of imagination, he was the most excellent actor of his time.

It is useful to turn back to these records, which remind us that, on our stage, as elsewhere in our history, 'great men have been among us, greater none,' and to see in what manner they grappled with the characters of Shakespeare, before which all others shrink into insignificance as tests of an actor's powers. By studying these records, we keep up to a fitting level the standard by which to estimate the

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dramatic artists of our own time. Fashions change upon the stage, as they do in the greater world, of which it is the mirror. The manner of one period will seem pedantic to another, its passion overcharged, its humour forced or vulgar. A John Kemble of the present day would be very different from the John Kemble of the past. The elements of his greatness would find a mode of expression less artificial perhaps, and more in harmony with the freer and more varied play of expression, which is demanded by the best culture of the present time. But, in reading such criticisms as those above cited, who can fail to wish, that we had upon our stage at this moment something of the high tone and breeding, the sinewy vigour, the articulate and beautiful utterance of which they tell us?

It was the possession of these qualities, vivified by cultivated intelligence and fine sensibility, rather than the fire of genius, which gave the charm to the acting of Charles Young. Tieck saw him play Othello, but says the performance was by no means to his mind. Why, he does not mention, further than that, handsome though Young was, he did not look well in his Oriental costume. His treatment of the part must, however, have been marked by high qualities when even Kean, who in Othello was pre-eminent, dreaded to have his performance brought into immediate contrast with it. They were to have alternated the parts of Iago and Othello at Drury Lane in 1822. They had never acted together before. Kean first played Othello, but he was so deeply impressed by Young's Iago, that he sent the manager to Young after the play to beg that he would not insist on his right to play Othello, and to say that he would regard his consent as a personal obligation.[6] Young, with characteristic courtesy, complied with the request, and he could afford to do so, for his Iago was in its way quite as fine as Kean's Othello. It had none of the faults which Tieck describes in the Iago of Booth, faults which long afterwards continued to infect the stage conceptions of the character.

Charles Kemble (says Tieck) played Cassio admirably, and with a certain lightness of touch; but far too much effort and false study were wasted upon the Iago, just as they always are in Germany. This emphasis of accentuation, this

[6] The Rev. Julian Young, from whose memoirs of his father we learn this fact, mentions an interesting circumstance with reference to Young's early impersonation of Othello. Speaking one day of the importance of the actor's possessing the abstract power of realising character, Young mentioned that, 'in his early theatrical career, while playing Othello, the struggle in his mind between his love for his wife and the sense of wrong she had done him so overwhelmed him with conflicting emotions, that, after he had smothered her, he was in such an ecstasy of remorse and misery at his crime, that he flung himself wildly on her bed, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and was only recalled to the fact of his having merely *represented* a murder, instead of having committed one, by the rapturous applause of the audience.' This power of 'forcing the soul to its own conceit' is indispensable to a great actor; the *personal* agony and the suffering has to be gone through, but this should be done in the study of the character, and not allowed to dominate the artist in embodying his conception.

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perpetual working of the features, this lowering of the brows, and leering and winking of the eyes, simply defeat and destroy the effect they are intended to produce. Except in some few passages, Iago cannot be played too simply and plainly, with that air of frank honesty and true-heartedness which everybody has known in fellows of his stamp, who under this habitual mask are often able for a time to mislead even the most acute. How much more, then, the impetuous Othello, who only discovers what his heart and true nature are, when they have wrought his ruin?

On the same occasion Liston, the play-bills of the day tell us, was the Roderigo. 'To my surprise,' says Tieck, 'Roderigo was played as a clown. The same clever actor, who had performed Cloten in *Cymbeline* so creditably on the whole, performed this young, elegant, love-sick Venetian in quite the same blunder-headed way, and with the same peculiar gait and ungainly gestures, causing numbers of the spectators to laugh heartily whenever he appeared. It would scarcely be possible to push misconception further. Yet this misrepresentation of the poet seemed to cause no dissatisfaction, probably because people had by long habit grown accustomed to it.'

But everything was made right—nay, more than compensated—by the glorious style in which Miss O'Neill played Desdemona. This part is considered an easy one, that almost acts itself; at least, that it would not be easy to spoil it altogether, or not to awaken some interest in it. But the large, simple, innocent, noble nature which was so touchingly and impressively brought out in this performance I have never seen presented in such perfection, nor any performance, in which profound feeling was combined throughout with so much grace. Although I know the play by heart, yet every verse became new to me, and disclosed to me an inner significance which I had not before surmised. Miss O'Neill's figure is fine, her face a pure oval, speaking in every line, her voice strong and clear, of a full penetrating quality. Once again I heard that pure, gentle, womanly cadence, which alone touches the heart, not that deep guttural ring, which is supposed to signify passion and grandeur. This lovely woman frequently reminded me of an actress whom I had often seen in Italy; who was not, indeed, so beautiful, but resembled her in the essential points, and who also had the same clear, full-toned voice, and played incomparably in Goldoni's comedies, and also with superb pathos in Werther's *Charlotte*.

Tieck saw Miss O'Neill again as Florinda in Shiel's play, *The Apostate*, which was produced on May 3, 1817, with a cast which included Charles Kemble, Charles Young, and Macready. It was a success, as successes were regarded in those days, and was played twelve times that season.[7] This was one of the cases, where the playwright owes his best fame to the actor's skill. The drama was intrinsically worthless.

It is (writes Tieck) a Moorish story, in which a noble maiden, who is deeply in love, is compelled to marry a villain (Pascara) in order to save her lover's life.

[7] Such runs as we are familiar with, fatal to actors, and to public taste, were happily then unknown. Milman's *Fazio*, produced in February 1818, was acted only fifteen times; Shiel's *Evadne* (February 1819) thirty times; while Pocock's *Rob Roy* (March 1818) was acted no fewer than thirty-four times that season—a run quite unusual.

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Her lover arrives to free her from the shameful union, but it is too late. All used-up incidents, and stale tragic exaggerations! The performance of the actress, however, so completely ennobled the poverty of the text, that the enjoyment of this evening will take its place among my most pleasurable recollections. The scene in which, being already married, she hears the trumpets of her approaching lover, the cry of exultation, the wild laugh in the extremity of her anguish, and her subsequent collapse, were of the very highest tragic power. People no doubt say that this adventurous stroke of the actor's art, which lies upon the very verge of what is possible and beautiful, is too often introduced; that this hysterical laughter in despair, and these convulsive movements and spasmodic jerkings, recur too often and too capriciously, frequently in passages where they rend the spectator's heart, and when they had better be omitted, so as not to degrade this appalling effect to a vulgar stage trick. If this be really the case, then it is to be regretted that a lady whose excellence is so exceptional should not do more justice to herself than to present anything but what is altogether worthy of a true artist.

A certain physical facility in presenting the external signs of grief, it is well known, frequently gave to Miss O'Neill's performances a semblance of profound pathos, which did not spring from depth of emotion. It naturally tempted her to abuse, in the direction indicated by Tieck, a power which stirred, with so little trouble to herself, 'the sacred source of sympathetic tears.' Edmund Kean fell into the same vice, till by repetition the trick made itself felt, and people became callous even to the hysterical sob, which used to make Byron weep, and sensitive women faint. One night, as the Rev. Julian Young records, on the authority of the elder Mathews, when Kean had been trying something of the kind upon the audience, and got hissed, he whispered, as he left the stage, to a brother actor (Wewitzer), 'By Jove, old fellow, they've found me out. It won't do any more. I must drop my hysterics.'

It was his performance of Pescara in *The Apostate* which made Tieck recognise in Macready the promise of a fine actor. And yet Macready in his *Reminiscences* (vol. i. p. 145) mentions, that when the part was given him, after the reading of the play to the actors, he received it 'mournfully and despondingly.' 'Why, William,' said Charles Kemble, with his wonted kindliness and good sense, 'it is no doubt a disagreeable part, but there is passion in it.' And this was just what Macready could turn to account, and he did it so effectively, that Tieck says of him: 'The villain, Mr. Macready, was so admirably acted, so impetuous, true, and powerful, that (what never happened to me in England before) I felt myself reminded of the best periods of the actor's art in Germany. If the young man [Macready was then 24] follows the lines on which he is now working, he is sure to make himself a name.'

At this time, Kean was in the full blaze of his popularity. It was his third season in London. He had got rid of some of his earlier faults of unevenness and want of finish, and was in full possession of the fine physical qualities of eye, and voice, and

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figure, to which his reckless habits afterwards brought premature ruin.

He is the stage hero of the present day (writes Tieck). Those who are ready enough to join in the censure of Kemble, and the mannerism of his school, start with the assumption that the favourite of their idolatry is far above criticism. Kean is a little, slightly built man, quick in his movements, and with brown, clever, expressive eyes. Many who remember Garrick maintain that Kean is like him; even Garrick's widow, who is still alive, is said to concur in this opinion; but she will hardly agree with the many admirers of Kean, who hold that he acts in Garrick's manner, and even surpasses him in many of his parts.

The town was then talking of Kean's Hamlet, which he had played for the first time in London, shortly before (March 14, 1816). Like all his performances, it had fine moments; but in the opinion of the best judges, Hazlitt included, it failed to impress the spectator with the pensiveness, the refinement, 'the weakness, and the melancholy,' the humour playing with a lambent light over the profound pathos, and the fitful but short-lived passion, without which they could not recognise the Hamlet of Shakespeare. The conflict of criticism which raged on every side, explains the anxiety which Tieck says he felt to see the new Hamlet.

All the playful, humorous speeches, all the bitter cutting passages, were given in the best style of comedy. But he could not touch the tragic side of the character. His mode of delivery is the very opposite of Kemble's. He speaks quickly, often with a rapidity that injures the effect of what he has to say. His pauses and excess of emphasis are even more capricious and violent than Kemble's, added to which, by dumb show, or sudden stops, and such like artifices, he frequently imports into the verse a meaning, which, in a general way, is not to be found in it. He stares, starts, wheels round, drops his voice, and then raises it suddenly to the highest pitch, goes off hurriedly, then comes back slowly, when one does not expect him; by all these epigrammatic surprises, crowding his impersonation with movement, showing an inexhaustible invention, breaking up his part into a thousand little frequent *bons mots*, tragical or comic, as it may happen; and it is by this clever way of, as it were, entirely recasting the characters allotted to him, that he has won the favour of the general public, especially of the women. If he does not weary the attention, as Kemble does, one is being constantly circumvented by him, and defrauded as by a skilful juggler of the impression, the emotion, which we have a right to expect. Now, on the artist's part all this is done in mere caprice, with the deliberate purpose of giving a great variety of light and shade to his speeches, and of introducing turns and sudden alternations, of which neither the part nor the author has for the most part afforded the most remote suggestion. This is, therefore, playing with playing, and more violence is done to an author, especially if that author be Shakespeare, by this mode of treatment than by the declamatory manner of the Kembles.

This criticism, in all essential points, agrees with that of Hazlitt (*Criticisms and Dramatic Essays*, 2nd ed. p. 178), who thought Kean's general delineation of the character wrong.

It was (he writes) too strong and pointed. There was often a severity, approaching to virulence, in the common observations and answers. There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in the cloud of his reflections,

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and only *thinks aloud*. There should, therefore, be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by any exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no talking *at* his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible infused into the part, and as little of the actor. . . . Hamlet should be the most amiable of misanthropes. There is no one line in the play, which should be spoken like any one line in Richard; yet Mr. Kean did not appear to us to keep the two characters always distinct.

Hazlitt admits that in the great scene with Ophelia the genius of the actor made itself felt even through his faults.

If there had been less vehemence of effort, it would not have lost any of its effect. But whatever minor faults might be found in this scene, they were amply redeemed by the manner of his coming back after he has gone to the extremity of the stage, from a pang of parting tenderness, to press his lips to Ophelia's hand. It had an electrical effect on the house. It was the finest commentary that was ever made on Shakespeare. It explained the character at once (as he meant it), as one of disappointed hope, of bitter regret, of affection suspended and not obliterated by the distractions of the scene around him.

Tieck does not seem to have been impressed to the same extent by this fine and then novel interpretation of a scene of crucial difficulty; but he thought it at all events worthy of the following minute description.

In the interview with Ophelia, after the famous monologue, overheard by the king and Polonius, Kean does not fall into the error of so many actors, who give this scene an entirely tender and sentimental colouring. He, on the other hand, is perhaps too bitter and severe. The words, 'To a nunnery! Go!' which he has to speak a second time after a long intermediate speech, having previously given the same counsel to Ophelia twice in different words, were accentuated by him with an ascending emphasis, till it took the tone of a vehement menace and command, rising almost to a scream, with an expression of marked severity (*Grausamkeit*) in voice, look, and action, after which he retires hurriedly, and has already grasped the handle of the door, when he stops, turns round, and casting back the saddest, almost tearful look, stands lingering for some time, and then, with a slow, almost gliding step, comes back, seizes Ophelia's hand, imprints a lingering kiss upon it with a deep-drawn sigh, and straightway dashes more impetuously than before out at the door, which he slams violently behind him. Peals of applause from all parts of the house rewarded this well-studied specimen of the favourite's art.'

Those who remember the Hamlet of Charles Kean in his best days will recognise in this vivid description the original of what made one of the most effective features of that performance.

The conflicting judgments of theatrical critics are a source of constant perplexity to those who cannot judge for themselves. But it is hardly possible to imagine how two men, like Hazlitt and Tieck, should come to such diametrically opposite opinions, as they have recorded of the performance of the Ghost by a Mr. Redmond. 'We cannot speak too highly of it,' says Hazlitt. 'It glided across the stage with the preternatural grandeur of a spirit.' His speaking, he admits, was not equally excellent. 'A spirit should not whine or shed tears.' Contrast this with Tieck's commentary on the deportment of this 'poor ghost.'

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Although with us in Germany, especially in the smaller theatres, the Ghost may not always be what it should be, still he is never seen tottering across the stage so absolutely without dignity and grace as here, without a trace in his appearance either of anguish or of majesty. If Hamlet is at a loss for words to blacken the King, after what epithets must he strive in order to portray a Ghost, that neither stands nor walks, and who carries himself as though he had just reeled from the nearest tavern, a Ghost that speaks with such absence of emphasis and meaning? . . . Worst of all is its appearance in the Queen Mother's chamber, when the Ghost with great complacency enters by one door, totters across the stage, and, not looking particularly either at Hamlet or the Queen, goes off through the opposite door, which closes behind him, while Hamlet, inaptly enough, hurries after him, and is only kept back by the door slamming in his face. At this passage it is difficult not to laugh. Quite lately a friend of mine in the pit could not contain himself when Kemble played the part in the same way and with the same absurd effect; but the English, who, although they do not believe in ghosts, do not like to have them laughed at, took his conduct much amiss. They are, however, mistaken if they really believe that ghostly apparitions at no time have inspired awe, and we can assure them that even now they would thrill with terror were they to see Schröder in this part, on which he has bestowed long and most careful study.

Up to a comparatively recent period the absurdities to which Tieck here calls attention kept their place upon our stage. They would not now be endured. But when will an English actor, of the first rank, like Schröder show his audience in the Ghost, or indeed in any subordinate part, that Shakespeare has put qualities into all his characters, which only an artist can thoroughly develope?

Tieck formed a very poor opinion of Kean's Macbeth. He found it a great deal feebler than his Hamlet. 'He has not,' Tieck writes, 'the gifts of mind nor the physique to produce a harmonious whole, but vibrates from one extreme to another, from want of imaginative grasp. Besides all the defects in his style, to which I have already adverted, he tears whole scenes to pieces in the manner of the French tragedians by speaking almost every word at the highest pitch of his voice, and with the strongest emphasis.' Even Hazlitt, with all his admiration for Kean, admits that he missed the poetry of Macbeth's character. He finds nothing to praise in it but his acting of the scene after the murder. 'The hesitation, the bewildered look, the coming to himself when he sees his hands bloody; the manner in which his voice clung to his throat, and choked his utterance; his agony and tears, the force of nature overcome by passion, beggared description.' But Tieck loved and understood Shakespeare too well to be reconciled, by occasional striking passages in a performance, to a fundamental misconception of a character, or physical unfitness for it. Besides, he was irritated—as what Shakespearean scholar has not been?—by the introduction of Locke's Witch Music into the play, with its motley horde of fantastically arranged chorus singers, and by other arrangements of the scene, which he discusses at great length, and denounces, not without cause, as tending 'to pervert the poet's grand conceptions, and to make them ridiculous.'

He was thus not in a mood to see such merits in Kean's perform-

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ance as it probably had. His judgment of that great actor's Richard III. was probably warped from the same cause. Instead of Shakespeare's play, he was presented with Cibber's perversion of it. He had some nights before seen Booth, an actor of shortlived reputation, who played the part in Kean's manner, but without his genius, and was shocked by the 'unwarrantable omissions,' no less than by 'the pitiful additions,' which in his eyes robbed the play of its distinctive excellence. The character of Richard was stripped of its heroic proportions; and he asks, with just indignation, what can be said of a play from which the impressive Cassandra-like figure of Queen Margaret has been omitted?

Kean's scene in the tent, when he wakes up from his ghost-haunted sleep, was regarded by his admirers as one of his greatest achievements. Our own boyish recollections enable us to vouch for the accuracy of the following description of it by Tieck. The best critics of the present day will probably agree that the German was not far wrong in thinking that true art was lost sight of in the attempt to produce a claptrap effect.

As the ghosts disappeared, Richard sprang up from his sleep. But how? He had a naked sword by his side, and, leaning upon this, he staggered forward, sank on one knee, then started back as if he wished to rise, holding high in the air his other arm, which shook violently even to the finger-tips; then trembling, staring with wide-open eyes, he advanced in silent anguish on his knees with violent gesticulations, and yet slowly, into the proscenium, still shaking with fright, and staring at the audience with wide-set eyes. I cannot say how long this idiotic dumb show lasted, which seemed to me a mere mountebank's trick; but when, after a long interval, he wanted to proceed with the monologue, he had to wait almost as long, on account of the extravagant peals of applause, before he could begin.

The great defect which Tieck found in the English stage was its want of completeness and *ensemble*. This was due, not as now to the way such good actors as exist are scattered up and down the theatres of the metropolis, and to the disappearance of permanent companies from the great provincial cities, but to the habit which prevailed of not regarding plays as a whole from a commanding central point, but 'thinking only of this or that character, of special scenes, and so forth.' We may fitly conclude this paper with some general remarks by Tieck upon what English acting was as he saw it, and what it ought to be, to bring it back to what it must have been, when it had no splendour of scenic accessories to rest upon, but was compelled to trust to its power of impressing the imagination of the audience by speech and gesture, and truth to nature, wisely tempered by art. They are not without significance at the present day.

I have found that the performance of English tragedy is not nowadays essentially different from the French, and that the two stages approximate each other in points where both are most strikingly wrong. In point of fact, we in Germany follow the same track, and consequently it must be owned that the French school

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and manner are the best and finest of the three, for in France they have carried to the ripeness of perfection what both English and Germans are still struggling to attain in a tentative and hesitating way. We must, however, not forget that the English had for a great length of time been in possession of a fully developed stage, when the French had scarcely made their first quite insignificant essays in tragedy, which did not assume a national character among them till a much later period. So in like manner the acting of English tragedians was completely formed, and of a marked individuality, before the other countries in Europe had anything similar to show. This histrionic art, as we know from authentic records, and may with the greatest certainty conclude from its effects, was so perfect that the finest performances of later times can have been at best only an approximation to it.

The *ensemble* in those days must have been no less excellent, because otherwise these great plays at their first appearance must have gone off as lamely as they do now, or rather they would never have come into existence at all. The acting of that time, however, I imagine, was very different in kind from that now employed by the French in their tragedies; true, simple, more or less coloured and interpenetrated by whim and irony, the very antipodes to all declamation and false emphasis—no rhythmic chaunting, no unnecessary pauses and falsetto accents. This spirited, living, natural style of acting, this just and simple manner of speaking, which alone gives scope for and makes every delicacy of gradation possible, sustained and elevated the productions of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; it was in this style that Burbage and Alleyne were great; as Betterton was in later days, and so on down to Garrick. Therefore it is not to be wondered at, if with that monotonous and inflated voice and action, which approach to the French mannerism, together with the exaggeration, which is due simply to the want of imagination and creative power, the works of Shakespeare in these days of ours often make but little impression. . . .

In the matter of acting, Schröder's universal talent laid the foundation of a genuine German school, which of necessity was akin to that old English one, to which I have just alluded. A firm reliance upon truth and nature, delight in a high tone of comedy, a freedom of opinion which stoops to no conventions, an enlightened emotional nature, which is not to be dazzled by bombast—all this, with an earnest striving after genuine and profound art, is, if we take the high point of view, our real German nature. And therefore Shakespeare, the incomparable, suits us better than any other poet. . . . True help is only to be found in that uniquely great poet, of whose creative power his country unquestionably still shows that it has glimpses, although often feeble glimpses only.

Tieck then refers to the salutary influence of Goethe in restoring a true dramatic style to the German drama, and of Schröder, Fleck, Reinicke, Scholz, and others in giving to his country a national stage. He then makes a remark, which the English, in their exaggerated estimate of the merits of foreign actors, would do well to remember. Let them think, for example, of what a French or Italian actress would make of Juliet, Imogen, Constance, Queen Katherine, Lady Macbeth, Isabella, Desdemona, Beatrice, Rosalind, and they will then appreciate the force of the following words. 'To rise to supreme excellence as a German' (let us add, or English) 'actor is, no doubt, infinitely more difficult than to become a great French tragedian; just as it is a much higher feat to write a play in the sense in which Shakespeare's or Goethe's are plays, than to write a tragedy on the narrow conventional model.'

THEODORE MARTIN.

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AND PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

We are on the threshold, as I believe and hope, of great changes in agriculture. The labourer is urging his claim for increased, or at least for undiminished wages; the farmer is embarrassed, and, in the corn-growing districts, is pinched by this pressure on the part of labour and by the low price of corn; the landlord, often with only a narrow margin of income after satisfying the incumbering charges upon his inalienable patrimony, is at his wits' end how to deal with entreaties for reduction of rent at a time when the cost of fashionable existence shows no sign of abatement. The agricultural labourer withholds his strength. An employer writes: 'I have known labourers decline to hoe turnips on piece-work, by which they might earn 4*s.* a day, preferring to receive 2*s.* 6*d.* per day, and to limit the amount of work done.' The farmer is less careful in his cultivation. A farmer has stated that weeds have been allowed to get such hold upon the land that an outlay of 10,000,000*l.* would not suffice to bring back the higher cultivation which existed three or four years ago; and another, also in a letter to the *Times*, dealing with the same subject—the increasing impoverishment of corn land—declares that 'it is well known among farmers and agricultural valuers that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of land in this country which, even if prices and seasons were favourable, are not worth so much for occupation by fifty per cent. as they were a few years ago, because labour has been stinted.' The landlord, too, has not been backward in contributing to the decline of British agriculture. He has in all directions given permission for the conversion of arable land into grass, involving in the large majority of cases a certain diminution from the attainable production of meat.

The President of the Local Government Board has felt called upon to speak 'with reference to the present depression in the agricultural districts.' I refer to his remarks because Mr. Sclater-Booth is the official representative of all the Poor-law guardians of England and Wales, and the Boards of Guardians include a majority of the landed gentry and a great number of farmers. Mr. Sclater-Booth is,

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moreover, an authority among County Members, who, when agricultural distress is prevalent, are especially concerned in searching for the cause and in pointing out the remedy. What did Mr. Sclater-Booth say? He intimated that the depression was only of a temporary character, and he said 'it should be remembered that the manufacturing interest had suffered from the effect of over-production, and that where one interest was affected all must suffer.' Why should depression be temporary? The hay-crop of 1878 'was magnificent; the harvest was, in Mr. Caird's opinion, the best we have had for some years. The *Times* says (November 3, 1879) there has been no such wheat harvest since 1870. Why should depression be temporary? Mr. Sclater-Booth believes we have 'peace with honour;' that European Turkey, sprinkled with blood during his administration, is now to be waving with corn; that all Turkey in Asia, under the beneficent protection of England, is to produce abundance; he knows, or ought to know, that water-carriage and land-carriage in America are everywhere being improved; that the Mississippi has been dredged and deepened so that corn-laden vessels can now pass direct from the Western States to the London Docks; that the completion of the Indus Valley Railway will draw still larger supplies of grain from Northern India. These things lie on the surface of the question, and they forbid the supposition that the price of corn will tend to increase.

Why should the depression be temporary? The United States sent out more than 40,000,000*l.* worth of breadstuffs and provisions in 1877, of which nearly the whole was consumed in this country. The cost-price of that food would be considerably reduced if there were, as many think there will be, an acceptance on the part of the United States of the policy of Free-trade. Protection in the United States has loaded the railways with excessive expenditure—estimated at 500,000*l.* for one trunk railroad from Chicago to the east coast for steel rails alone—from which they might be liberated by opening the Atlantic ports to the free entry of British steel. Another example of the extent to which carriage is taxed in America by that which many believe to be the transitory policy of Protection, may be seen in the statement of 'one of the leading car-builders of the United States,' quoted by Mr. Wells at a Cobden Club dinner, 'that the cost of an ordinary passenger railroad car is directly augmented by reason of tariff taxes on its equipment and material to the extent of from $1,000 to $1,500.' Then again, there is not an implement used by the American farmer the cost of which is not directly or indirectly raised by Protection, a policy which affects in the same way the cost of their necessary clothing, as well as that of many of the luxuries they demand. The farmers of the United States can together control the Legislature; they have a deep interest in promoting Free-trade, and therefore I ask again, Why should depression in British agri-

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culture be regarded as temporary? The Speaker has lent his great authority as a landlord and a practical agriculturist to the opinion that the depression of agriculture is of an exceptional and passing character, without, as I think, sufficient investigation.

Why should agricultural distress be temporary? The steam threshing-machine has gone east and west; and now the reaping-machine—of which one can do the work of ten men—is following it into all corn-exporting lands. There is no part of the world where the steam plough can be employed with greater profit or advantage than upon the flat corn lands of the Western States of America. I quite agree with Mr. Fordham, who in the *Times* signed himself 'Occupier of 600 Acres, and Vice-chairman of the Royston Board of Guardians,' that 'the price of grain and meat in this country in the future will be its price in the United States, with the cost of transport added.' My conviction is that the depression in British agriculture will not be of a temporary character unless the present system is abandoned; that it is not attributable in any great degree to the distress which has affected the trading and manufacturing interests; that there is no reasonable ground for expectation that this depression will pass away upon the revival of trade; in short, that it is due to faults in our agriculture, and to the maintenance of an obsolete land system, which has conspicuously broken down now that it has been brought, by the improvement of communication, into competition with the limitless agriculture of other countries of the world. My present purpose is further to demonstrate this position by a survey of the condition and prospects of British agriculture, and once more to point, with the illustration of fresh evidence, to the means by which the agriculture of this country may be rendered far more productive, be relieved from depression, and placed in advantageous competition with that of the distant lands from which the British people already obtain so very large a portion of their supply of food.

To enable us to judge fairly of the general condition of agriculture in these islands, we can hardly take a better guide than the treatise which was published in 1878 by Mr. Caird.[1] There is throughout it a very perceptible optimism, which however does not resist the admission of defects. His first sentence contains a test to which I should be willing to submit all the arguments and propositions I have ever advanced upon this subject. It is this:—'One of the most important functions of government is to take care that there shall be no hindrance to the people supplying themselves with food and clothing, which are the first necessaries of life.' Mr. Caird states that in twenty years the value of foreign cereal and animal food imported has risen from 35,000,000*l.* to 110,000,000*l.* 'The greatest proportionate increase has been in the importation of animal food, living animals,

[1] *The Landed Interest and the Supply of Food.* By James Caird, C.B., F.R.S. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.).

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fresh and salted meat, fish, poultry, eggs, butter, and cheese—which in that period has risen from an annual value of seven to thirty-six millions sterling.' Mr. Caird adds: 'More than half the farinaceous articles imported other than wheat are used in the production of beer and spirits.' His summing up with regard to the home and foreign supply of bread and meat is as follows:—'In the last ten years there has been a gradual reduction of the acreage and produce of wheat in this country, and a more than corresponding increase in the foreign supply; the result of which is that we now receive our bread in equal proportions from our own fields and those of the stranger. In regard to meat and other animal products, ten years ago the proportion of foreign was one-tenth of the whole; it has now risen to nearly one-fourth.' We are further dependent on the foreigner for all, or nearly all, the addition that may be required by increased demand from the existing population, or from the growth of population, which in this country is increasing. It is not Mr. Caird's design to reproach British agriculture; indeed, he does not seem to think there is reproach in the assertion that in the last ten years there has been little increase in the home production of meat. There has been a great rise of price, but British agriculture has completely failed with regard to increase. It is in his dealing with this part of the subject that I am least satisfied with Mr. Caird's exposition. The matter is of the very first importance in deciding how we ought to deal with the agricultural depression which is now prevailing. Mr. Caird says (p. 6): 'Excluding good lands capable of being rendered fertile by drainage, we appear to have approached a point in agricultural production beyond which capital can be otherwise more profitably expended in this country than in further attempting to force our poorer class of soils;' and later (p. 143) he says, with still greater precision: 'The production of bread and meat within these islands appears nearly to have reached its limit,' and as there has been little increase (p. 6) in the last ten years, we may assume that, in Mr. Caird's judgment, the production of meat within these islands nearly reached its limit ten years ago. If I regarded that statement as true, I should think it one of terrible significance. As it stands, coming from so cautious and thoughtful a man as Mr. Caird, I think it by far the most important statement that has been made for a long time, with reference to British agriculture. I do not know that there is any personal opinion in which I could find refuge or comfort against that of Mr. Caird, and therefore I rejoice the more to think that I can indicate the error of this statement by the words of Mr. Caird himself. He admits (p. 95) that 'nature has given us a climate more favourable to the production of meat than that of any other European State.' That is something towards the possibility of a large increase in production. It is pretty well known that thirty years ago only a very insignificant part of the agricultural land of this country was efficiently drained.

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Mr. Caird admits (p. 83) that 'the extent of work still to be done far exceeds that which has been accomplished;' and he affords abundant proof of the large profit which attends land improvement by summarising (p. 93) 'a return of forty cases of outlays, not picked cases, but taken as they happened to come, with the increased rentals, subsequent to the improvements. Upon an outlay in the aggregate of 195,000*l.* there was an increased rental of 31,000*l.* (nearly 16 per cent.). This increase had been obtained within seven to ten years.' Forty millions sterling would not suffice for the drainage of much more than 5,000,000 acres, and Mr. Caird gives 40,000,000 as the 'acreage under crops' in the United Kingdom (p. 158). Again, take what Mr. Caird says of Mr. Lawes' experiments in natural and artificial fertility. 'The average of the past twenty years shows that the natural produce (of grass land) may be doubled and even trebled, by the use of special manures.' With regard to arable land, Mr. Caird's report of Mr. Lawes' experience is still more striking. Mr. Lawes finds that on one plot to which no manure is applied weeds form fifty per cent. of the produce; and, as illustrating the benefits of high farming, which is very far from general in England, Mr. Caird gives Mr. Lawes' record of the production of two plots of land (p. 39), 'the soils exactly similar, and in the same field, strong land on clay with a substratum of chalk; the management is the same in so far as culture is concerned; both crops are kept equally clean and free from weeds; the same seed is used, and they are exposed to the same changes of weather. The only difference is that, in the one case, nature has been unassisted by manure, and in the other, the soil receives every year the various kinds of manure which have been found most suitable to the crop.' Mr. Caird gives the result with tabular precision:—

	Corn	Straw	Total
1. Wheat grown continuously, without manure	730 lbs.	1120 lbs.	1850 lbs.
2. Wheat grown continuously, with special manure	2342 „	4928 „	7270 lbs.

This is conclusive that the difference between the best and inferior agriculture on the same soil may be more than treble the produce. It must be remembered that in this case the inferior agriculture is by no means the worst agriculture. It is stated that in both cases the cultivation is the same; the only difference is in the expenditure for manure. If the land had been of the character which most requires drainage, and if, in addition to the want of manure, the first plot had been undrained, the crop would hardly have amounted to one-fifth of that upon the second plot.

From what has been stated we may consider Mr. Caird as willing to admit,—1. That not much more than one-fifth of the 'acreage under crops' has been drained; 2. That not more than 60,000,000*l.* have been expended in the improvement of the 40,000,000 acres 'under crops,' including the outlay in the erection of farmhouses and build-

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ings and cottages, in the last thirty years—an amount equal to no more than 30*s.* per acre; 3. That the capital value of the landlords' interest has increased by the enormous amount of 321,000,000*l.* in no more than twenty years; 4. That, taking average cases of land improvement, the consequent profit not rarely amounts to more than 15 per cent.; and, 5. That the gentleman to whom British agriculture is, in Mr. Caird's judgment, more indebted than to any other living man, has shown that on grass-land the produce may be trebled, and on arable land more than trebled, by special and suitable manures. I submit that these admissions are utterly irreconcilable with Mr. Caird's conclusion that 'the production of bread and meat within these islands appears to have nearly reached its limit.'

We may learn from the experiments of Mr. Lawes that industrious cultivation, aided with abundant capital, will, either upon grass or arable land, treble the produce which would be obtained when the cultivation was bad and the working capital insufficient. But to the consumer there is an essential difference between the product of grass and of arable land. What may the conversion of an acre of arable into grass imply to the community? I will place, as I ought to place, their interest first. The conditions of management being the same, it may mean the loss of at least one-half of the productive powers of the land. And it implies not only a reduced power of producing food, but also a diminished demand for manufactured goods—a diminished purchasing power abroad and a lessened demand at home. I will call Mr. Caird himself as a witness to prove the case by some of his earlier writings. Mr. Caird has stated, I think in his work on British Agriculture—at all events I have his words quoted in Mr. Mechi's book [2]—that 'it takes three acres of good land in the Vale of Aylesbury (see Caird) to keep a cow, winter and summer, in proper condition;' that is, three acres of some of the very best grass land in the country to produce the milk of one cow. Perhaps more land, or other food in addition to the grass, would be required to produce one fat bullock, yielding, without offal, 400 lbs. of meat. Of wheat, the average produce, in England, is, according to Mr. Caird, 28 bushels per acre (p. 157). But if we take land equal in quality and character of produce to the grass land of the Vale of Aylesbury, we must not assume that the average crop will be less than 40 bushels per acre, which, at 60 lbs. to the bushel, would give a total of 2,400 lbs., or, for three acres, of 7,200 lbs. In 1877 Mr. Caird [3] put forth very careful calculations as to the quantity of wheat consumed per head by the population of the United Kingdom. He arrived at the conclusion that 'the home-grown wheat annually consumed by each person is now 158 lbs., and the foreign 183 lbs.,' making a total of 341 lbs. for each person. We have, then, from

[2] *How to Farm Profitably*, p. 175.

[3] *Transactions of the Social Science Association.*

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these figures this result: that the three rich acres which would, under grass, produce the milk of one cow, would, under wheat, produce sufficient bread for the supply of more than twenty-one persons. A cow in 'good condition' would not weigh anything like 400 lbs., but let us assume that the three acres of grass would produce 400 lbs. of meat, what would be the daily ration of twenty-one persons? It would not be an ounce per day; a man could send his share in a penny letter by the post! Which would more nourish his body,—a pound of wheat made into good bread, or half an ounce of roast meat? Of course, the comparison is absurd. I have seen land no better than that in the Vale of Aylesbury, and in no higher condition, producing 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, which would give 9,000 lbs. for three acres, and would afford daily bread for twenty-seven persons. Now that which arable land can do for the bread of man it can accomplish for the food of animals, and thus we arrive at a position to see how injurious to the interests of the consumer is the conversion of arable land into grass. Arable land will certainly be converted into grass land if the production in the former condition is not more than sufficient to pay the cost of cultivation. It is, I think, beyond doubt, that the production of wheat in England is at present upon certain lands unprofitable. Taking 28 bushels as the average of England; knowing that some land produces 50 bushels, and much land 35 and 40 bushels per acre, there must be a wide extent under wheat which yields less than 24 bushels per acre. The cost of 24 bushels, or 3 qrs., of wheat of average quality at recent prices is about 6*l.* 6*s.* There must be a large extent of poor clay land, undrained and ill-farmed, which does not produce so much. But if we assume the rent of land which produces 3 qrs. per acre to be no more than 1*l.*, and take only another 2*l.* per acre for the cost of manure, the receipt of 6*l.* 6*s.* would leave the farmer in debt at least to the amount of his rent. What Mr. Mechi has termed the 'unescapeable expenses' even of such miserable farming—entirely exclusive of any manure and of anything like very careful cultivation—amount to 5*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* per acre. The farmer in this case would have the straw from which to pay his rent, to provide for the maintenance of himself and his family, and to renew the exhausted fertility of the land. But it is doubtful if he could sell the straw, as farmers are not seldom bound by conditions of tenancy to use all straw upon the land.

Now if I understand Mr. Caird's argument aright, we are to accept the disappearance of wheat crops upon this sort of land, or the continuance of such miserable production, as a matter due to economic laws; we are to accept his opinion that 'we have approached a point in agricultural production beyond which capital can be otherwise more profitably expended in this country than in further attempting to force our poorer class of soils.' It would be a national calamity if

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Mr. Caird's view of this matter were to become general. I should defer to his opinion upon any matter connected with agriculture, but, with his own figures before me, I am emboldened to say that I do not know any employment for capital in these islands, possessing equal security, which would yield anything like so large a return as expenditure upon the drainage and improvement of such lands. No one in England is better acquainted with land of this description than Mr. Mechi,[4] who asks himself the question: 'How are you to get a full crop on such soils? By drainage, by a good farm road, by deeper cultivation, and by a quadruple supply of manure.' He continues: 'But how is the latter (the manure) to be got? By selling all the produce of the farm (except wheat) to your animals. Make up your mind to manufacture 5*l.* worth of fat meat for every acre of land that you hold, and I will promise you a success that you never dreamed of.' If a man on such land made 5*l.* worth of fat meat per acre, his wheat crop would more nearly average forty than twenty-four bushels, and so the production of bread and meat, which Mr. Caird thinks has reached its limit, would be enlarged. Mr. Mechi goes on to say to the farmers of the undrained clay: 'It is all very well to say, Where is the money to come from? We all hold too much land, and I see before me a man who lost most of his money upon fifty acres, but now, keeping the same amount of stock upon ten acres, he is recovering himself and paying his way.' I like Mr. Mechi's view of the matter better than Mr. Caird's. I will venture to say it is a truer view, and that to enlarge immensely our production of meat and, if we please, of bread, in England, it is only needful that there should be security of tenure, and much more abundant capital, especially upon such lands as those to which we have been referring.

Mr. Caird is so candid that I have great confidence, when he next addresses the British people upon the general condition of their agriculture, he will confess that the system of large farms in this country has been overdone. The exclusive system of large farms was at no time the best system, either for landlords or tenants. Where there is not free land, there will always be a tendency to distribution in large farms, because it is suitable to the dignity and management of large estates. Of course, it has been and is lauded by land agents. At one time, not many years ago, when farms were being generally enlarged, it was said that farms must be large because of the rapid improvement in agricultural machinery. But, in fact, the machinery has outstripped the farms, and now, even upon what are called large farms, it is no uncommon thing to find that the steam-plough, or the threshing-machine, or the reaping-machine, is hired, and is really, just as is the case on peasant farms, the property of some one who is only thus indirectly engaged in agriculture. The

[4] *How to Farm Profitably*, p. 500.

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pressure of competition from abroad, the pressure of hired labour at home, and the demand for the more costly products of agriculture, to the best production of which the large farm system is unsuited, is bringing about the breakdown of the agricultural system of England. It will be happy for this country if the real and abiding causes of the depression which is observed in agriculture are understood and appreciated. The effect of foreign competition is plain enough: it tends to keep the price of wheat down to about 45*s.* per quarter; and but for that competition meat would certainly be 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound. It is less easy to mark the influence of the increasing demand of the agricultural labourer. But it must be evident to any one that the conditions of superintendence are—for the interests of the employer—at the worst in extensive agriculture. I have known the time when agricultural labourers could be forced, owing to the relation of supply and demand, to undertake piece-work at which, with the utmost exertion, they could not earn more than 2*s.* a day. Then, if a farmer had a hedge to trim and repair, a ditch to dig, a road to mend, manure to spread, or crops to hoe, it made no great difference in the day's work whether he stood over the men or not. He saw them once in his daily round. They did not work as men would labour upon land of their own, and as for himself, he did, as now he does, no manual labour. But now the price of piece-work is doubled, although the price of wheat is no higher than at the former period. The farmer of a large breadth of land is at a great disadvantage as compared with other employers, when the wages and conditions of labour have become, as they have in Great Britain, much the same in town and country. He cannot so easily overlook his operations. It is only upon land of certain quality and condition—and we may add, of position also—that a farmer can now-a-days earn a considerable percentage upon his capital in the shape of wages of superintendence, and what is still more important to observe, it is the fact that there are only certain men who can earn that percentage. Whether a man would have greater proportionate success as a large shopkeeper or a small shopkeeper, as a large farmer or as a small farmer, does not depend merely on the amount of capital he can command. Few unite the requisite habits of economy with skill in supervision; many can be stimulated to great bodily exertion and to the habit of small economies by self-interest.

There would be no depression in agriculture, but great prosperity, if in the spots where that depression prevails the land were divided into such areas as would quadruple the capital employed, and would enable the farmer to engage himself most profitably, and to overlook with no loss of time the assistance for which he paid wages. That is a change which the increasing strain upon the British farmer must in time produce; it is a change which will come quickly if the landlords refuse, as I trust, in the interests of production, they will refuse, to

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submit to a large reduction of their incomes. The farmers have two resources in these circumstances of depression, to which I have no doubt they will resort before seeking to enlarge their capital by diminishing their holdings—the conversion of arable into grass land, and a reduction of rent. The first has been and will be made available. Wages of superintendence can be most easily obtained by looking after cattle browsing upon pasture. It may be that the land is such, in point of convenience or quality, that it would produce double the quantity of meat if it were arable; but the farmer's capital is not sufficient and his farm is too large to admit of close and careful overlooking, and the margin of his profit is made larger by conversion into grass. He can better leave the pasture without manure; he has a quieter time, and under cover of the plea as to the depression of agriculture, he gets permission to convert the ploughed land into grass, or to sow with grass seed the land lately reclaimed, without any alteration as to rent—for of course, under ordinary circumstances, the rent of grass land is higher than that of arable land, and this is the point at which the landlord's interest is opposed to that of the consumer of meat. Grass land fetches, by what Adam Smith called 'the higgling of the market,' a higher rent, because labour does not demand so large a share of the profits. On arable land profits have to be divided between landlord, farmer, and labourer; on grass land the labourer is practically not in competition at the division of profits. 'Such lands,' says Mr. Caird (p. 38), with reference to the richest alluvial pastures, 'as they require neither labour nor manure, yield the largest rents to their owners.' Under existing circumstances the tendency to conversion must continue; production is diminished, and the recalcitrant labourer is discharged to make the dense population of towns yet more overcrowded; but, on the other hand, the farmer finds himself in easier circumstances as to capital, and the landlord, if he obtain no increase of rent, has at all events the knowledge that he has pleased his tenant and that his rent is more secure.

Mr. Lawes is much of Mr. Caird's opinion as to increase of production; but Mr. Caird has no doubt as to increase of demand. 'In ten years more,' said Mr. Caird, in 1877,[5] 'there will be another 3,500,000 to be provided for, if no check occurs, so that the question of still larger supplies of animal food is a pressing one. What is to be done?' Mr. Caird's policy for the reform of the tenure and transfer of land is scattered throughout his treatise. But I must not complain, for if the production of bread and meat cannot be increased, reform is a question of no great importance to an agricultural economist. I am indeed rather surprised that Mr. Caird has been at the pains to put forward so many distinct propositions if he believes that their enactment would have no substantial influence upon production. I must say I prefer Mr. Caird's propositions to his inferences; they

[5] *Transactions of the Social Science Association.*

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are all admirable, and coming from him in a report, or at the tail of a report, to the Royal Agricultural Society, they are of considerable importance. In order to see these proposals to the utmost advantage, we must take first Mr. Caird's statements with reference to the distribution of land in this country. He admits (p. 40) that this is 'constantly tending to a reduction in the number of small estates;' that 'this tendency is further promoted by the law which permits entails and settlements, thus hindering the natural sale of the land so dealt with, and also by rights of primogeniture, which prevent subdivision of landed property among the family in case of intestacy.' But he would have us learn from the 'New Domesday Books' that (p. 44) 'every twentieth head of a family' is an agricultural landowner. Mr. Caird can however hardly expect that with the figures before us we shall accept this statement, which is quite unworthy of Mr. Caird's reputation for accuracy. He assumes that all persons returned in those books as owners of land, the extent of which is not less than one acre, are 'properly agricultural landowners,' 320,000 in number. That is an unwarrantable assumption. There are tens of thousands of villas, with purely ornamental grounds of an acre or more, the proprietors of which are in no sense agricultural landowners; there are thousands of clergy included in Mr. Caird's misleading roll of 'agricultural landowners,' who are merely official tenants during good behaviour of a parsonage house and a large garden; there are thousands of Mr. Caird's 'properly agricultural landowners' who are returned as owners of an acre or more of land in a street covered with houses. Mr. Caird says (p. 44): 'They [the tenant farmers] are 1,160,000 in number, and, when added to 320,000 owners of one acre and upwards, make 1,480,000 altogether engaged in the ownership and cultivation of the soil.' Mr. Caird cannot doubt that these 320,000 include tens of thousands—I should say hundreds of thousands—of urban residents; and on p. 43 he writes of 'urban populations having little other connection with the land than that of affording the best market for its produce.' He is wrong on p. 44 and right on p. 43. What connection with agriculture have the thousands of proprietors of villas standing in one acre and upwards in the two counties of York and Lancaster? Mr. Caird is never accurate in his references to the 'New Domesday Books.' His are probably the most incorrect propositions that have been drawn from those fallacious volumes.

When Mr. Caird gets clear of the 'New Domesday Books,' his remarks about landowners and landowning are more valuable, and are always tending in the right direction. For instance, in dealing (p. 61) with the 'duty of property,' he asserts that 'a most important part of that duty is to see that no good land upon it is suffered by neglect or mismanagement to remain unproductive.' If that duty were strictly fulfilled, what would become of Mr. Caird's statement

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concerning the production of meat and bread? I wonder whether Sir Garnet Wolseley had orders to repeal the Turkish law in Cyprus which decreed that if any owner neglect this part of his duty for more than three years 'without good excuse,'[6] the State will claim his land. I am no advocate of such a law for England. But if there were a law decreeing that land must, in a reasonable manner, be subject to the best agriculture for the food supply of the people, and that if this were not done it should be forfeited, what millions of acres in England would yield double the present produce! If Mr. Caird's moral code were carried out, how unsound his economic prediction would appear as to the supply of bread and meat!

I am afraid the French economists who have read Mr. Caird's treatise with respect, have thought him somewhat 'insular' in his reference to the extent and value of agricultural property which changes hands annually in this country. Mr. Caird says that 'landed property of the value of several millions sterling a year changes hands, and as there is necessarily a larger body of persons capable of competing for small properties, there is a natural tendency to subdivision in sale.' What is the fact? Taking out the town houses and the landed estates selling for more than 10,000*l.*, do the annual sales of land in England amount to 5,000,000*l.* or to 2,000,000*l.*? In France the annual sales of real property reach 80,000,000*l.* Here we touch one of the typical points of our land system, and Mr. Caird whitewashed it so that the traces of feudalism should not appear among English 'exhibits' at Paris. If Mr. Caird had told the world that were the feudalistic laws and customs laid aside in this country—without imposing any form of compulsory distribution upon testators—the sales of real property in England would amount to ten times their present sum, which would then be distributed by the natural law he speaks of, at higher values than are at present attained, he would have said that which is incontestably veracious. His treatise contains not a few contradictions. On p. 66 Mr. Caird says 'there is a natural tendency to subdivision on sale;' on p. 67 he says: 'In short, our system is that of large capitalists owning the land.' Elsewhere he displays the fact that it is something else—that it is a system of large capitalists depopulating the land. Mr. Caird says (p. 51): 'It is worthy of note that the strictly rural parishes of England exhibit some decline of population. And it is quite certain that this continues.' And again, on p. 92: 'Within the period between the census of 1861 and 1871 there has been a decrease of the country population in every county of England except five; and it is only in the suburban counties and in the manufacturing and mining districts that an increase has taken place.' I regard all these facts as of the utmost gravity. Against Mr. Caird I contend that when the sales of land are thus restricted—as in Eng-

[6] *Times* Correspondence, October 24, 1871.

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land they are restricted by entail, settlement, and the difficulties of purchase—production must greatly suffer, for it is absolute truth that 'whatsoever facilitates land passing into new hands tends to increase its productiveness, and thereby its usefulness, to the nation at large; since those among the owners who are least provided with skill, enterprise, and capital are those who are under the strongest inducements to sell their land.'[7]

I am sad when I think of the harm which Mr. Caird's ill-judged opinions have achieved. No increase of produce possible! I have before me the particulars of the result of a purchase six years ago by a Manchester man of 200 acres of land that had been long settled in an embarrassed family, in the hapless condition of millions of acres in England at this moment. Fortunately for the interests of production, the male line in this noble family became extinct, and their Cheshire property was sold. When my informant purchased, there was barely food for thirty sheep upon the impoverished pasture, and there was not a load of hay—indeed, his expression was 'You could cart all the hay in a wheelbarrow.' In six years, by the skilful application of capital upon this land, so happily freed from that blight of settlement which more or less injuriously affects probably four-fifths of the United Kingdom, he had raised the produce to fifty loads of hay, and he had six hundred sheep upon the land which under 'the English system' barely afforded food for thirty. I see, too, the depopulation of rural England with deep sorrow and concern. Not only does it of a certainty imply diminished production of food, but also a reduction in the standard of health and vigour throughout the whole population. These are the most grave and menacing features in the social life of England, and I hope that the first action of the agricultural labourers on obtaining the suffrage will be to follow bravely and boldly the lead of those who will seek to render the land system in accord with the rational interests of the country. Mr. Caird alludes to the important matter of labourers' cottages. He admits (p. 65) that 'in many parts of the country there is much room for improvement,' and on p. 89 points to the difficulty that 'labourers' cottages are reckoned the least remunerative of all buildings.' Mr. Caird's remedy is that 'adequate cottages for the work-people, with the farm and all other necessary buildings, should be let to the farmer at a rent which should include a fair return on the landlord's capital, and the farmer and the labourer should be left to deal with each other on the basis of adequate remuneration for useful service, regulated by the ultimate rule of demand and supply.' I have seen that plan many times in operation, and in my opinion it involves a step backward in the direction of serfdom. The labourer's home is then at the mercy of his employer, and in bargaining for his labour he is placed at the greatest disadvantage, because his home, as well as his em-

[7] J. S. Mill.

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ployment, is at stake. That this should be the only remedy occurring to a mind so fertile as Mr. Caird's displays one of the permanent difficulties of the English land system. The agricultural labourers in England are badly lodged, and in some places overcrowded. We know that the Belgian peasantry are less crowded. From an official return made in 1856 we learn that the number of families for every 100 houses in the rural districts of East Flanders was 101, in West Flanders 102, and in the entire kingdom 104;[8] and we know why their condition is in this matter superior to that of the English.

Mr. Caird is not, as I have already intimated, insensible to those which I regard as abiding causes of agricultural depression. Nor is Mr. Caird unmindful of the large production, in certain circumstances, of small farms. On page 19 he admits that increase of produce is obtained where the agriculturist is free to follow a rational system of farming, and that the agriculturist has not this rational liberty is not only a fact which is patent upon the face of every county, but it may also be gathered from Mr. Caird's treatise. On page 107 Mr. Caird says that if landowners had ready powers of sale it would not be difficult to point out cases in which sales might be made with immense advantage to the landowner, the neighbourhood, and the public. It is not for me to explain why, if Mr. Caird believes we have so nearly reached the limit of production of bread and meat, he should be anxious for rational leases, for ready powers of sale, and, on page 109, for limiting settlements of land to 'lives in being' and for 'an improved system of transfer.' I do not see why he should denounce 'tenancy-at-will' (p. 148), and assert that, 'with a year's notice, however favourable the conditions of compensation for unexhausted improvements, it cannot give the farmer security beyond the year;' why, above all, he should declare that 'the sooner the principle of security of possession for a definite and lengthened term becomes generally recognised in England, the better will it be for the individual and public interest;' why should he plead, as he does plead (p. 150), for the extension of the 'Bright Clauses' of the Irish Land Act to England and Scotland? I do not however complain when I see that Mr. Caird's suggestions again defeat his argument, or that in undertaking to inform the Royal Agricultural Society of landed gentry and the world at Paris that the agricultural system of England scarcely in point of production admitted of improvement, he has marred his own success. Mr. Caird knows too much for thorough-going optimism, and those who read his treatise with care and with knowledge will find substantial indications of the need for reform, which though, as I think, very insufficient, must yet certainly lead to such changes in British agriculture as would in the end prove, to no one more surely than to Mr. Caird himself, that the power of production of bread and

[8] *The Land System of Belgium.* By M. Emile de Laveleye.

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meat at present prices within these islands is far indeed from having reached its limit.

Mr. Caird has again glorified our land-system by a comparison of the English produce of wheat with that of France, of Germany, of Russia, and of the United States. It is an easy victory, and no one knows better than Mr. Caird how very little it is worth. I am sure he must be aware that deplorable as is the starvation of much of the land of England for want of capital, the condition, especially of the larger farms of those countries, is still worse in that respect. What then is the use of such a comparison? I set no great value upon comparisons in agriculture, because in different countries there are different conditions of labour and capital. But I must say that comparison, where it is closest, and most in point, is dead against Mr. Caird. If he seek a true and valuable comparison, touching what might be the production of England, let him compare some of the Duke of Bedford's farms with those of the many embarrassed landed gentry; and if with the closest possible application he wishes to compare the English land-system with another, why go outside the limits of the United Kingdom? Comparison with the Channel Islands is far more scientifically accurate than with France. In Jersey there are 30,000 acres of land, with little of very superior quality, subject to British rule, but not to British laws. I would rather be Governor of Cyprus in summer-time than Governor of Jersey with orders to introduce the English land-system. Just as much as the farms of Kent are the farms of Jersey cultivated for the supply of produce for the London market. Why, then, do not the farms in Jersey grow large, why does not the rural population decline, why are not the cottages wretched, why is the farming capital per acre three times and the price of land at least twice as high as in England; and, lastly, why are the crops of all kinds so much heavier than those poor averages of England, which Mr. Caird does not do well or wisely to boast? It is not because of the law of compulsory subdivision; that in Jersey is restricted, and has practically little operation; it is not because of peculiarities of climate or soil, for the land of Jersey is hardly so well suited for general production as is the land in many parts of England. It is because the conditions of tenure and transfer of land are such that the price of land forbids aggregation, with all its evil consequences. The farms are small, but the steam-engine is more often seen at work in Jersey than in England; the reaping-machine, too, is there; and a Jersey farmer whose crop of wheat does not yield on an average more than half as much again as Mr. Caird's highest average for England would be regarded by his neighbours as one who was on the road to ruin. An Englishman is astonished to find the house of a Jersey farmer of 15 acres generally as good as the house of an English farmer of 150 acres, and when his operations are investigated it is seen how

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large a number of English would be benefited by reducing their holding to as small an area.

I do not say that England will ever be a country of small farms, but I am certain that when we obtain adequate reform, the time will not be distant when the largest average produce in the island will be gathered from small farms. An Englishman, it is quite proverbial, rarely succeeds as a Jersey farmer; he has been trained in a land where, as a rule, the example of frugality has never been before his eyes. The Jersey farmer, unlike the British farmer, is never idle, and as a sample of his industry, I may mention that in the 5,000 acres which in Jersey are every year planted with potatoes, there is not a potato put into the ground which has not, after a careful handling, been 'sprouted' in boxes, stored one upon another either in the farmer's barn or in some out-building. Jersey is prosperous because the people have free land; because, with insignificant exceptions, the land is saleable, because insolvency is followed by sale, and the price is high because there are many buyers. The cost of commodities is generally greater in Jersey than in England. But the soil is not, as is ours, blighted by entail and settlement, and by a system of conveyance and mortgage made to suit entail and settlement. Perhaps some one will say that by their toil the Jersey people do no more than employ and feed the greater labour which is devoted to their land. Let us see. The total area of Jersey is 28,717 statute acres. The cultivated portion is 20,623 acres. The number of occupiers of agricultural land is 2,309,[9] giving an average of about 9 acres for each holding. If we take each occupier, as Mr. Caird does (p. 44), to represent 5 persons, we have at least 11,545 engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The total population of Jersey, according to the census of 1871, was 56,627, of whom more than 34,000 were resident in the parish and suburbs of St. Helier's. An estimate of 15,000 for the agricultural population, including the labourers, cannot be very incorrect, because in each of the other eleven parishes there is some non-agricultural population. In addition, the agriculture of Jersey supports during the summer months an average of about 4,000 visitors. My assertion concerning Jersey is this: these 15,000 farming people produce a far greater quantity of food from 20,000 acres than any other equal number of people upon any equal and continuous area in the United Kingdom, and with greater profit; all of which is, I think, proved, if further proof be needed, by the fact that in addition to supplying this very large non-agricultural population and visitors, Jersey exports agricultural produce to the value of more than 150,000*l.* a year.

I have often used the term 'free land,' and for the attainment of free land I have put forward suggestions, which it is necessary to repeat because of the supposition advanced by Lord Salisbury and

[9] Parish Returns for 1876.

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others as to wild proposals for compulsory subdivision of agricultural lands. The suggestions are the following :—

1. The devolution of real property in cases of intestacy in the same manner which the law directs in regard to personal property.

2. The abolition of copyhold and customary tenures.

3. The establishment of a Landed Estates Court for the compulsory sale of encumbered settled property.

4. Completion of the Ordnance Survey.

5. Registration of fee-simple title; compulsory upon the sale or transfer of property (the registration of lesser interests to follow that of the freehold), and a reduction of the limit for investigation of title to twenty years.

6. Abolition of entail and settlement, with exception as to settlement in the case of widows and infant children.

No writer, with whose work I am acquainted, has suggested direct measures, except the extension of the Bright clauses of the Irish Land Act, for the establishment of peasant proprietorship in England. There is, however, no matter connected with the ownership and occupation of the soil which is the subject of more thoughtless dogmatism and ill-considered judgment. If in any ordinary company one were to express an opinion favourable to the results of peasant proprietorship, there is a probability almost amounting to certainty that some one, in a tone of authority, and with the air of superior knowledge, would expect the topic to be quashed by reference to some scarce examples of small proprietorship carried on in the midst of that which Lord Ripon has lately condemned as a system for centralising the ownership of land in huge estates. No one, so far as I am aware, with the slightest claim to authority, has ever supposed or suggested that a peasant proprietary can flourish where the land is not free; that a population will display the methods and habits indispensable to the success of small farming, where the general condition of the soil is the opposite of freedom, and where, consequently, peasant proprietary can exist only in a few and isolated cases, always tending to decay and disappearance.

Lord Beaconsfield, although he has evidently no taste for agricultural pursuits, has thought it his duty as a landlord and a county magnate to study the economic laws which regulate the productiveness of agriculture. But is it not astonishing to find Lord Beaconsfield, at Aylesbury in September last, framing an argument against peasant proprietorship in this country from observation of the agriculture of Canada and the United States of America? It seems almost incomprehensible that a statesman in the position of Prime Minister should on the one hand ignore the very disadvantageous extent to which we in this country are dependent upon the Continent of Europe for fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce, and on the other hand should appear so unsuccessful in mastering the economics of

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agriculture as to propound the obvious fact that small farms are not adopted in a new country. Last autumn, upon inquiry in London and in many southern towns, I found that a very large quantity of cabbages, lettuces, and other green vegetables were imported into this country, than which there is no part of the world better suited for the production of such commodities. In London a vast import of potatoes is received from Germany. The German farmers, like the Jersey farmers, are more successful than the British in the production of potatoes. We have seen what is the careful method of Jersey husbandry in dealing with this delicate crop, and it is easy to understand how impossible it is for equivalent success to be achieved by farmers who, in British fashion, give nothing but superintendence to agriculture. In the production of vegetables, the minute details of husbandry are all-important, and there can be no equal competition between the farmer who superintends these details upon an area so large that he can rarely be upon the spot, and one who has a personal interest in the proper handling of every plant and of every potato. The people of England are paying to foreigners for fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce, a heavy sum—for foreign butter alone we pay 10,000,000*l.* per annum—of which a great part is a tribute to the peculiar institutions of this country affecting the distribution of the soil. It is in a country such as ours, where the demands are of this kind, that a peasant proprietary—the proper meaning of which I take to be a proprietary by whom the greater part of the manual work of the farm is carried on—is much needed. The conditions of agriculture are, almost as far as possible, reversed in the United States and in Canada. There the simplest and least laborious agriculture wins the most reward; there the least perishable crops must be produced at the least cost. This is so evident that it is indeed surprising to find the Prime Minister expounding the plain facts of American agriculture, apparently with the notion that he was refuting the ideas of English reformers. Said Lord Beaconsfield: 'Now, it is a peculiar circumstance, but to be noted, that the Dominion of Canada is not in favour of peasant proprietorship,' and then he proceeded to state that Canadian farms are generally 160 acres or more in extent. Virtually, the principle of peasant proprietary does obtain in Canada, because even upon those considerable farms the larger share of the labour is performed by the proprietor and his family. But, of course, the agriculture which is most profitable is utterly dissimilar from that which would win the greatest profit in this country.

Lord Salisbury, also, has been dealing with the subject, and has adopted to the fullest possible extent the fallacy which I thought I had destroyed by an article in an early number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled 'The Abuses of a Landed Gentry;' the argument that the man who can afford to be a peasant proprietor will prefer to be a tenant farmer, and make five or ten per cent. on his money,

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whereas he could only make two per cent. as an owner. Can Lord Salisbury really suppose that the French, or the Belgian, or the Jersey peasants, who give much higher prices for land than are obtained in this country, are blind to their own interest? The first cause of peasant proprietorship is that where the great landlord makes Lord Salisbury's two per cent. by ownership, the peasant makes ten per cent. by security. Lord Salisbury puts the average price of agricultural land in England at *50l.* an acre. I visited lately every farm I could find for sale in Jersey, and found the average about *190l.* per acre. Lord Salisbury says of France: 'The land there is as dear as here.' I should say it is much dearer. Why? Because competition is extended to a class who can make so very much more out of possession than is possible for landlords owning upon the English system. Let us turn to unquestionable authority on this point, Mr. James Howard's work on *Continental Farming and Peasantry.* Subdivision in France is most notable in the north-west. M. Hamoir, the best known agriculturist of the department of the Nord, states that twenty-five acres are considered a large farm, and that, as in Jersey, ten acres may be taken as the average. M. Hamoir has known agricultural land in that department sold to peasant proprietors at *192l.* an acre. As usual with large farmers, or great proprietors, he deprecates such an outlay; he thinks it 'better that the small farmer should not be a proprietor or landowner at the price he pays.' Then M. Hamoir, in a paraphrase of Lord Salisbury, says: 'The interest of his [the peasant's] money invested in ordinary securities would permit him to hire, even at a high rate, double the quantity of land that he could hold as an owner, but he does not enter upon this path.' This French peasant, taxed all over the world with morbid thrift, with unnatural frugality, is told that he is reckless in the outlay of his painful savings, and the M. Hamoirs look upon him as a stubborn, contumacious creature, with a wonderful faculty for existing on hard fare, and for raising the price of land, which last trait is very disagreeable when they desire to be purchasers. Is it likely to be true, is it reasonable to suppose, that the people who, generation after generation, have put sou to sou, and franc to franc, till a purse was made for purchase—is it not in fact silly to suggest that they would be duped in their expenditure? M. Hamoir, to do him justice, does not believe this, though he professes to trace such conduct in part to the 'ignorance' of the Continental peasantry. M. Hamoir gives, in Mr. Howard's pages, a subordinate place to that which is obviously the real and the sufficient motive. The purchase is, in truth, the result of prudence, not of ignorance. The peasants know that their unremitting labour will turn even sand to gold, and they know that there is but one way to security, that of ownership. As M. Hamoir puts it, the peasant buys because he fears 'the short duration of leases at the end of which he dreads to be ousted for some competitor.'

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There it is. That is the whole story; the full and complete justification of the peasant's prudence and judgment. To be secure he must be a proprietor. It is, I think, unworthy of Lord Salisbury—if only because he was draughtsman of the Lords' Report on Agriculture in 1873—to meet the claim for free land with the rejected and futile plea, that modern settlements contain a power of sale. That power has no analogy to a free sale of land, or to the simple responsibilities of freehold tenure. I am pretty well acquainted with Lord Salisbury's estate; I have walked over most, if not all, of his lordship's farms, and I can say that high farming is not the 'note' of Hatfield. Yet there is a fixed idea in the minds of most English landlords, that high farming and large farms are strictly connected; an idea which was very conspicuous in Mr. Froude's essay. I dealt at the time of its appearance with Mr. Froude's essay on 'The Uses of a Landed Gentry.' No one seems to have thought the economists, from Adam Smith to Mill, all wrong and Mr. Froude all right, and the essay has since been very appropriately placed among *Short Studies of Great Subjects.*

I repeat that the end of those who seek the establishment of free land is not the creation of a peasant proprietary. But they regard the fact that free land would have the result of greatly increasing the number of proprietors as a matter of political, social, and economic importance. They know that the demand for legislative changes will not be idly made; that the people at large must be convinced of the advantages: first, in regard to increase of production, and second, in regard to the closer association of a larger body of the people with the soil. Those who prophesy terrible things concerning the future of Russia will, I fancy, find themselves mistaken. Perhaps to the impossibility of exciting general revolution in Russia may be ascribed some part of the fanatical violence of a few who find no sympathy among the great mass of the population. The hold of the peasantry upon the soil of Russia will probably secure steadiness, though progress in so poor a country must needs be slow. It is well in this connection to observe that which the military correspondent of the *Times* (October 16, 1877) in Bulgaria wrote of the Russian soldier: 'A popular fallacy in England is that the Russian soldier lives in an atmosphere of blows—that the knout and the stick are his only ruling motives. The fact is that nowhere, not even among the Germans, is the soldier managed more entirely by moral means. A word, or even a look, from his officer suffices. He seems to feel a reproof—and it is rarely deserved—as much as an Englishman would a blow. The bulk of the Russian privates are themselves small landowners, and have an interest and a stake in the country accordingly.'

I see that in England there is a 'National Thrift Society,' of which the Lord Mayor of London has lately become a patron. How is it that we so grievously need, and that other populations have no

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such need for, encouragement in carefulness? Is it not because our people are debarred from learning lessons of frugality from the land, the mother of all thrift? What is the first supreme lesson in economy, which, indeed, is taught to all people and to all countries, but least of all to the people of England? Is it not the dependence of man upon the harvest; is it not in the fact that there is a seed-time and a harvest; that there is no continual harvest; that store must be made for those seasons in which there is no harvest? The people who have been withheld from that school—the primest and chief of all schools—have never displayed, and never will display, the cardinal virtues of thrift and frugality. In the subservience of our Legislature to the maintenance of those perishing laws and practices which favour the aggregation of land in a comparatively few families, there have been now and then displayed feeble and futile efforts to inculcate carefulness. But it would be as easy for well-meaning philanthropists to push this island from its solid foundations in the earth to a junction with France, as to make the English people thrifty so long as they are divorced from the soil. The true and the best 'National Thrift Society' will be composed of those who are the most earnest and the most successful in the demand for free land.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

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RITUALISTS AND ANGLICANS.

AMONGST the many hotly contested subjects of discussion which occupy the public mind in the present day, and with which its current literature is filled, the *raison d'être*, position, and future of Ritualism are not the least important. Assertion is confronted by assertion, argument by argument, until the minds of those who wish to comprehend the relative position of parties in the Church, and the justice of their respective claims, are completely bewildered.

What then is Ritualism, and who are the Ritualists? The original and accurate meaning of the term is, the science of, and the proficients in, the order and history of those forms which have grown up round the public worship of the Church. Such a one was Durandus; and from the extreme care for, and value of, stately and dignified forms of service shown by the advanced party in the Church, the name was originally given to them. But the essence of Ritualism consists, not in that carefulness for the order of service which is its leading motive in the eyes of the general public, but in its implied appeal to primitive antiquity for Church doctrine and practice. The Ritualists claim that their principles are the legitimate and logical outcome of the revival of 1830, the first object of which was to assert the long-forgotten truth of the Catholicity of the English Church, and to clear away the mists which Puritanism had, for a hundred years, drawn across the teaching of our early Reformers. The main position of the Ritualists is that, assuming the first stand-point of the early Tractarians, viz. the Catholicism of the English Church, as proved, the members of that Church inherit all privileges, usages, and rites common to all Branches of the Church, which are not specifically forbidden by her own Canons or Articles. Every jot and tittle of law, doctrine, and ritual, which were accepted by the Church prior to 1548, are, say they, ours now in 1880, except such as have been definitely rejected by the united action of Convocation and the proper State authority. In short, they claim for her as much right to the title and privileges of Catholics, as the Americans have to consider English history, down to the War of Independence, their own history.

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Let us now see how this position is regarded by the other so-called schools of thought within the Church.

The Evangelical party meet the assumption of the Ritualists with a flat denial. They assert, on their side, that the work of the Reformation was to pull down the existing fabric of the Church, overgrown as it was with fallacious traditions and practices, and to reconstruct a Church founded on the teaching of 'the Bible and the Bible only.' They hold, in the main, that nothing is binding on the clergy of the English Church but what can be proved to have been held binding, and laid down afresh as such, by the Reformers and compilers of the Prayer-Book. And, following this out, they practically refuse to accept anything beyond, even on the authority of history, as binding on Christian people. They consider the teaching of the Ritualists pernicious, and their work harmful, because it is based on the principle that Catholic tradition and teaching are the heritage and should be the standard of the English Church, and because they hold that on the assumption alone of her claim to Catholicity can the authority of the Reformed Church be accepted at all. In their hearts, each party, we believe, respects and honours the other for the earnestness, devotion, and practical religion which both share, but opponents they are, and must, to all appearance, remain, while their fundamental principles of thought and action are so opposed that union or compromise seems to be impossible. And as, in political warfare, men think and speak strongly, while yet respecting and honouring their opponents, so with regard to the two opposite parties in the Church, words run high and strife is fomented between those who should be working side by side in the great work of reclaiming the populations of our large cities from the depths of ignorance and degradation.

There is again another party within the Church, and this a large and influential one, which, though classed by the Evangelicals as one with the Ritualists, yet looks on the latter with much distrust, and which, while it will not altogether repudiate them, at least refuses them its hearty co-operation, standing aloof from the strife now going on. This is the 'High Church,' 'Anglican,' or 'Moderate' party, variously so called to express the distinction between them and the Ritualists. The leaders of this party also claim for their adherents that *they* are the legitimate descendants of the Revivalists of 1830; and protest that they have adhered to the basis of that great movement, while the Ritualists have progressed, and, in progressing, have lost the original stand-point which formed the safeguard of that revival—the Prayer Book. They accuse the advanced party of disloyalty, of Romanising, of exceeding the teaching of the Prayer Book, and of indulging in eccentricities of Ritual, by the constituting of which as essential they are endangering the peace of the Church. They are, say the Anglicans, a new sect, not of us, and the tendencies of their teaching are nothing less than revolutionary. This School, in fact,

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draws an arbitrary line in the middle of the Catholic system, and refuses to admit that the Ritualists are carrying out their own premisses to a logical conclusion. Nevertheless, the claims of the Anglicans are, in the main, identical with those of the Ritualists. They insist on the complete Catholicity of the English Church, and they base their teaching on the same Sacramental system. They hold that the form of government by Bishops is *jure divino*, and, as regards the National Church, that Convocation is the only appeal of Churchmen in all matters lawfully coming under its jurisdiction.

This was the original ground taken up in 1830. Since then the Prayer Book has been critically and exhaustively examined, and every office and rubric traced to its true source. The Anglican Divines of the seventeenth century have been studied, and been found to have deduced their arguments, and based their practice, in every possible instance, on Catholic foundations; and thus the Church party has, with another succeeding generation, advanced its claims and enlarged its borders, while yet accepting to the full the position and work of the men of 1830.

Repeated assertion, however, is a weapon of acknowledged power, and by repeated assertion it has come to be an accepted fact that the two great sections of the Church party, the Historical High Church and the Ritualists, are radically divided, and the onus of the division has consequently fallen on the smaller and numerically weaker party.

Considering, however, the basis of agreement which the two parties have, and the far greater importance of the points of union than of those of difference, it should not be too much to hope that in a crisis like the present, where interests equally vital and dear to both parties are at stake, they may arrive at such mutual comprehension as may enable them to present a united front to the dangers which threaten both alike. The points of issue between the two parties may broadly be divided into three:—

I. The limits and extent of episcopal jurisdiction.

II. The degree in which the English Communion may claim for her own the doctrine and practice of the Pre-Reformation Church.

III. The amount of Ritual on which it is right to insist in the present state of the English Church.

I. First, then, comes the question of the limits and extent of episcopal jurisdiction. The instinct of Englishmen is so invariably to obey, even while indulging in the proverbial grumbling which is said to accompany their obedience, that any party resisting an established claim of authority is regarded with immediate suspicion, and weighted to the full with the burden of proof of the justice of its claim. In the present case such adjectives as 'lawless' and 'self-willed' have been freely used against the Ritualists by all classes in the country, simply because they have raised the question of the limits of ecclesiastical obedience.

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Whatever may be the difficulties surrounding the new courts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, there exists surely, say the Anglicans, the inalienable jurisdiction of the bishops over the clergy. Why not then resign personal responsibility and private judgment concerning the justice of the legal decisions which are causing such deep anxiety amongst the clergy, and throw the burden of deciding on a line of action, in each particular case, on the bishops? They are by acknowledgment the divinely appointed pastors and fathers of the Church; why not yield to their authority the full measure of obedience typified in the precept, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it'? A clergyman once said to the writer, 'I take the eastward position, and am ready to defend it against all the law courts in the land; but if my bishop were to order me to do so, I would go round to the north side to-morrow.' Is not this, it may be said, illustrative of a truer Catholic spirit than the conduct of those who say, 'We do not see our way to obeying either courts, bishops, or any other existing authority'?

This, we conceive, is one of the main questions which divide the Church party at the present crisis; and it is one of the greatest importance, involving as it does the whole relations between the bishops and the inferior clergy, from the acceptance of the ordination oath to the smallest details of action in Church discipline and arrangement.

What does episcopal jurisdiction mean? Does it imply absolute or limited authority? And if, as we propose to show, it is only a limited authority, by whom or by what is it limited?

In answering this question, all would agree to accept the custom and opinion of the undivided Church of the first centuries as the foundation of our own, could it be possible to arrive at such with any certainty. The first difficulty which meets us on inquiry is that of realising the true conditions of Church government in those primitive times. We are met indeed with maxims which, taken independently, are sufficiently arbitrary in their tone to suit the narrowest Episcopalians of our own day. Such *dicta* of the early Fathers regarding the duty of obedience to bishops are indeed numerous; but it is manifestly impossible to accept such isolated maxims as binding, without comprehension of the system under which they were inculcated. The bishop was, for the first four centuries, in some true sense, the shepherd of the flock, personally acquainted, as far as possible, with all under his jurisdiction, and acknowledging a personal responsibility for the welfare of their souls; and only gradually did the evils creep in on the Church, attending the exaltation of the bishop to the position of a civil dignitary. Thus, for instance, such maxims as the somewhat hackneyed one, 'Do nothing without the bishop,' presuppose social and ecclesiastical conditions which it would now be impossible to revive, and imply possibilities of inter-

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course which necessarily passed away with a more primitive state of things. It is true that in the early ages of the Church, there were bishops who showed tendencies towards that pride and lust of power which afterwards brought such terrible evils on the Church; but it is obvious that this and like maxims pointed to a state of things of which such bishops were the exception, and was simply laid down as illustrative of what was due to the dignity and worth which Episcopacy confers. There is in them, in fact, all the difference which exists between a rule and a maxim. As the first, it would be literally binding; as the second, it merely contains a truth which no churchman would deny, although it is conceivable that certain circumstances might make it his duty to overstep its verbal limits. It is not wholly dissimilar in practical value to the expressed belief of old-fashioned people of a past generation, that one ought to do nothing without consulting one's clergyman; a generality which told greatly for good amongst a simple-minded generation living under conditions now passed away. Restore to the Church the primitive state, and primitive maxims will once more assume their pristine value; but until that is done, it is both dangerous and uncandid to force their application as binding upon such an age as the present.

The strength and the safeguard alike of early Church government lay in the control of the ruler by the ruled. The saying is true, in both a technical and a spiritual sense, that 'once a bishop, always a bishop;' but although the spiritual grace inherent in the consecration of a bishop is indelible, yet, in the original order of Church government, the administrative power which was derived from the spiritual gift could be, and often was, restrained or even forfeited. The early Christians elected their presbyters, and the presbyters elected, in their turn, their bishops. They could not indeed themselves, as inferior clergy, judge the higher order, but they could present any individual bishop to the Metropolitan, appealing yet further to the Provincial Synod, should justice not be done. It cannot be answered, in reply to this, that the time has passed away in which such organisation is possible. The fact of the helplessness of the clergy in the English Church of our age beyond a certain limited point, under the arbitrary power and individual wills of the bishops, would remain were the present condition of things ever so apparently unassailable. If any clergyman feels himself injured or aggrieved by his diocesan in a given case of dispute, rightly or wrongly, he surely should not be debarred from that justice which every Englishman claims—viz. that of appealing to have his cause heard before a competent tribunal. If the bishops are to have more than primitive jurisdiction, let them be subject to at least primitive restraints, and cease to be irresponsible autocrats.

It is, however, only just to admit that it is far more the episcopal party joined with a section of the press, than the bishops themselves, which has forced on the Episcopate the extraordinary position it oc-

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cupies. These are, indeed, our Ultramontanes, who would surrender the privileges and responsibilities of their Order into the hands of a superior autocracy.

If the bishops are to be our rulers, let them be elected freely and fairly by those over whom they are to rule, according to universal precedent. What, however, is at present the system under which the rulers of the Church in England are elected to their high and responsible office? When a bishop dies, the Dean and Chapter of his cathedral send to the Queen to request the *congé d'élire*. This is granted formally in the name of the Crown by the Prime Minister, accompanied by the name of his nominee, whom the Chapter can only reject on pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods. The Chapter then assembles in the cathedral for the purpose of beseeching the guidance of God in the choice of a new bishop, and after this special and solemn service they elect, as a matter of course, the nominee of the Prime Minister. Besides this a court meets afterwards at St. Mary-le-Bow, at which certain judges attend, in order to represent the sanction of the laity, necessary, according to ancient precedent, to the election of a bishop. Again a solemn Litany is sung to invoke the guidance of God; after which objectors to the new bishop are formally called upon to come forward, three successive times. If any such appear, they are told that they cannot be heard; and, finally, in due course, the new bishop is proclaimed to have been elected, 'none having appeared to object.' Surely it is not too much to say that this system is a terrible scandal. It is indeed manifest to fair-minded people that, so long as the Church holds freehold property under the Crown, she must be subject to it in respect of all laws affecting such property. It is also obvious that ecclesiastical jurisdiction over offenders, in cases affecting the civil laws, could only lead to a repetition of the abuses which caused such power to be taken away from the Church. Reaction in matters affecting the order and government of the State is not what is asked for in the cry for Church Reform. What is protested against is not secular jurisdiction in secular matters, but the assumption on the part of the Crown that rights which have in all ages been privileges of the Church should, by virtue of the fact that the Church is established by law, have lapsed into the hands of the ministry of the day.

Once re-establish the free election of bishops, and there would also be no further need for that clamour for the rights of the laity to a voice in Church matters of which we have heard so much of late years. If a man were not a communicant, he would have, indeed, no voice in Church questions, great or small; for full communion alone constitutes continuity of Church membership. But every communicant in the country would, were the rights of the Church, as a body, restored, have a voice in her government, from the election of her rulers to the least points which might concern the laity. The

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bishops are the natural rulers of the Church, as being a spiritual body, and their decision and command would be respected and obeyed, did the clergy and laity feel that their claims to obedience rested on the unquestionable right of proper election. Their power could not, indeed, even then be in any extensive degree autocratic. In synod they would meet together to decide on the vexed questions of the day, and the canons thus propounded would be as binding on themselves as on the inferior clergy and the laity, whereas now it is notorious that many bishops force on their clergy the observance of a law which they themselves wholly disregard. Offenders against these canons would be punished canonically; and suspension, deprivation *a sacris*, or even degradation, would be pronounced authoritatively, according to received laws, by those from whom the privileges were derived in ordination, and not by the authority of secular courts. For, as was quoted in an able letter by the Rev. F. W. Puller on this subject entitled 'Is the Bishop by Divine Appointment a Constitutional Officer or an Autocratic Monarch?'—

> It is an inherent, unshaken, unchangeable law that all sovereign power is subject to the laws; that they to whom all things are subordinate ought themselves to be subordinate to the laws; and that, whatever height of authority any one claims for himself, the laws are seated on a far more lofty pinnacle. The power of the bishop will still be supreme, although it will be beneath the canons and beneath the laws. It is only God's will which is subject to no external laws, because it is the law of laws, the law of justice, and justice itself.[1]

In the universal Church there have always been two forms of obedience; the vow absolute which a religious takes to his superior, and the vow conditional which the priest takes to obey his bishop 'in all things lawful and honest.' It is obvious that this phrase implies a limited obedience, or, in other words, that the degree in which the vow is binding depends on the fact that the commands of the superior are in accordance with recognised Church laws.

We must beg leave to refer once more to the above-mentioned letter which was published in the *E. C. U. Gazette*, March 5, 1878, on this portion of our subject. In it Mr. Puller, after showing what a contradiction it would be for clergy to take the oath of canonical obedience unless the obedience were really limited by canon law, deduces the conclusion that, under certain circumstances, refusal of obedience to individual bishops may become the truest loyalty to the Church by virtue of the true meaning of the oath itself. And in support of this theory he quotes Bingham as an authority, who writes thus:—

> It is agreed . . . that canonical obedience in effect is no more than obedience to the orders and canons of the Church, and does not subject men to any unlimited power, or require any new duty from them but such as the bishops may require by *virtue of the canons*.[2]

In whatever degree the canons may have fallen into disuse, they

[1] Thomassinus, *Vet. et Nov. Disc. de Benefic.* II. i. xv. 2.

[2] Bingham's *French Church's Apology*, Book IV. Chap. I.

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are the laws of the Church, nor can the special dictum of any bishop at a particular moment supersede them. In ecclesiastical matters the unrepealed laws of the Church are of greater authority to the clergy than any Act of Parliament passed without proper Church sanction, Royal Proclamation, or Episcopal command bearing on such matters.

The original position occupied by the Anglican party with regard to this subject of the authority of bishops was, however much their successors may repudiate it, identical with that of the Ritualists at the present time. Thus Dr. Irons wrote [3] in 1847:—

> The unanswerable argument against the claims of the Bishop of Rome is this, that the whole body of laws of the universal Church assume from the beginning exactly the opposite—viz. that all bishops, not excepting the Roman, are subject to the canons. And if this is an argument against the assumptions of the Pope, it is equally so against the theory of the absolute independence of bishops.

And again, in treating of the practice of the whole Church in this matter, he says:—

> If jurisdiction be a result of the gift of the Spirit, and if the gift of the Spirit be to the body of the Church, let the habitual belief and practice of the Church unerringly assure us that ordinary jurisdictions must be subject to canonical decisions. . . . So again among ourselves, every one can see that the same principle is practically maintained; no bishop is justified in acting in court, or even authoritatively in his diocese, in opposition to, or defiance of, the Church's laws, even to the alteration of a single rubric or canon settled by the Synod of the Church.

This is the position assumed by a High Churchman of the old school, and one of its leaders. It is, then, not unfair to say that, from the beginning of the Church revival, the conditional character of episcopal authority has been accepted, that therefore the idea is not the creation of their descendants of this generation, and consequently that it is unfair to force the Ritualists to bear the responsibility of it. It is beside the point to accuse individual clergymen of indiscretion and wrong-headedness in the course of opposition they may have adopted. The confusion of the whole existing state of things makes this an inevitable result, and one almost necessarily following on human weakness. It is indeed not to be wondered at that the Ritualists, whose chief work has been hard practical mission work among the poor of our great cities, and who have lived face to face with the sternest realities of vice and sin, should, when they find their self-sacrificing efforts met with opposition instead of sympathy, suspicion instead of generous help, and this on all sides, turn somewhat democratic in their cry for Reform. If the Moderate party would realise the greatness of the emergency and abstain from playing into the hands of common enemies, the Church party would become consolidated, and *doctrinaire* views would fade away and become the mere speculative fancies of a few.

[3] *Lecture on Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, p. 19. Masters & Co., 1847.

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We revert once more to the question, 'Is it not better, since the bishops wish to take the responsibility of deciding on all disputed points, to let them have their way for the sake of the peace of the Church,' and so commit, at any rate, no offence against ecclesiastical authority? The eventual answer to this must be in the negative. To surrender rights which one believes to be undeniable, and to succumb to authority which one believes to be overstrained, merely for the sake of peace, are acts of cowardice from which no good can result. The clergy of the Roman Church have followed this principle of unreasoning obedience for the last few centuries, until they have lost all power of retracing their steps; and their position now is not such as can be considered enviable. Peace can never be bought without entailing either degradation or fiercer strife in the future. If the clergy fail at this crisis to secure their proper position with the bishops, and to adhere to the immemorial rights of their Order, they will cast a burden on their brethren of the next generation, the weight of which they cannot estimate, and they will deliberately place the Episcopate in a false position, and one from which it will be almost impossible for it to recede. The bishops, as we have said before, have not deliberately taken up the position of autocrats; that position has partly grown up, and partly been forced upon them, for it is pretty well known now that the Public Worship Regulation Act is an object of anxiety and dislike to many of them. Yet it is impossible that the battle against State rule, now being fought out, can be brought to any safe conclusion unless the clergy as a compact body contend against the measures which have, in a way, been forced on the bishops. It is true that bishops have often opposed the clergy whom they profess to represent, and that lamentable misunderstanding and distrust have grown up between the two orders in consequence; but the duty which the clergy owe to the Church and to themselves is the same, whether working harmoniously with the bishops or not.

II. The second point in question is, How far may we claim as our own the teaching and practice of the pre-Reformation Church? Here we have comparatively broad lines to follow. To revert to primitive doctrine and practice, not to innovate or to destroy, was essentially the object of the Reformation; and although it is true that the contest eventually turned on the value and extent of the Sacramental system, yet the causes which produced the Reformation arose, not in the region of theology, but in that of practical religious life. It is in the corruptions of the clergy, the abuse of their sacred trust in the Confessional and at the Altar, the degrading superstition which had followed on their greed of money and power, in a word, in the entire demoralisation of practical religion throughout the country, that we find the clue to the spirit of the Reformation. That spurious teaching on certain important doctrines of the Faith prevailed in the

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English Church in the sixteenth century no faithful member of her communion will now deny; but the extreme care of our Reformers to retain the spirit of Catholic teaching and practice, and their evident anxiety to assert their oneness with the rest of Catholic Christendom, as proved both in the original preface to the Book of Common Prayer and, fifty years later, at the Hampton Court Conference, demonstrate with sufficient clearness their great desire to retain the spirit of Catholic teaching and practice. The reforms which the English Church effected at this time were strictly within her rights as a national Church, of which rights, as Hooker demonstrates,[4] that of self-government is 'one of the very chiefest,' and one which in no degree nullifies her union with the rest of the Church Catholic. Every one at all acquainted with liturgical history knows that each individual Church—and indeed most important dioceses within national Churches—retained until comparatively modern times the right to use their own liturgies. Of such rights our own ancient 'uses' of Hereford, York, Sarum, and Exeter are instances. That these rights of many churches in southern Europe ever lapsed is mainly due to the undeviating policy of suppression pursued systematically by the Roman Church. In England 'the most weighty cause of the abolishment of certain ceremonies,' say the apologists of the Prayer Book, 'was, that they were so far abused . . . that the abuses could not well be taken away, the thing remaining still.' But they add: 'In these our doings we condemn no other nations, nor prescribe anything but to our own people only.' Assuming then that the reform of abuses, and not such radical changes of faith and practice as would have involved severance from Catholic antiquity, was the basis of the Reformation, we may assert that the English Church, in common with all other branches of the great Catholic body, is founded on the Church of the first seven centuries, from which she draws her authority to teach, and the privileges of which are her inalienable inheritance. All this the Revivalists of 1830 recognised, and laboured to establish, and the Anglicans of to-day will admit in theory. 'But,' say they, 'why not be content with teaching the doctrines of primitive Catholicism, and refrain from forcing on the Church a Ritual, concerning which the primitive Councils are silent, and which, if not actually alien to the spirit of the Reformation, can only be established at cost to the Church of our own day, by reason of its apparent identity with modern Roman usages?'

To this it is answered:—

That Ritual is the exponent of, and the inevitable outcome of, Catholic doctrine, and that the very fierceness of the contest, which now rages around it, is itself a proof of its value and importance. It is true that the question of Ritual is one which we meet with but

[4] Bk. iii. ch. 14.

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seldom in the decrees of those early centuries to which we appeal. But this cannot fairly be used as an argument against it, and the answer of Gregory the Second to the Iconoclasts concerning a single detail of Church practice, might be made with still greater point to the opponents of Catholic Ritual as a system. Leo the Isaurian argued in his controversy with the Bishop of Rome that in the six Œcumenical Councils there had been no mention of the use of images. 'Good reason!' exclaimed the Bishop; 'when did you ever read that one must eat and drink in order to live? The use of images has been transmitted to us as a custom not less natural.' However scanty may be the records of the Early Church, we know from the testimony of Eusebius that, simultaneously with freedom of worship, sprang up, at each period, within the intervals of persecution, stately churches and solemn Ritual. It would indeed be impossible to believe that such a magnificent system of worship as was established immediately on the peace of Constantine could have been at once fabricated, had not the traditions and the materials for it already existed. Without, however, appealing to that splendid period of Catholic worship which succeeded to the age of persecution, it may be said, that so far as we are acquainted with the worship of the earlier Christian Church, a dignified Ritual was unquestionably maintained. Without doubt it was in that it was an exponent of the Faith that its essential value then consisted. It was around the Sacramental system that the Ritual of the early Church grew up, and by the means of which it was found necessary alike to teach the importance of the doctrine, and to restrain from irreverence. The extreme care for the minutest details connected with the service of the altar, shown in the rubrics of the oldest Liturgies extant, proves the great importance which was attached to these matters in the earliest times to which we can refer. And although it may be answered that all known Liturgies have gone through a gradual development, yet it is unquestionable that in their main order they have been handed down from primitive ages. Thus, for instance, the Ritual of the 'Veils' or curtains hung before the sanctuary (afterwards superseded in the Western Church by screens), which were only withdrawn at the time of the Communion of the people, and which formed such a central part of the ancient Sacramental Office, had been, we know, a long-established part of Church Ritual in the time of St. Chrysostom. And many points of Ritual for the retaining of which the English clergy have to bear the odium of reviving Roman practices, such as the mixed chalice, unleavened bread, the use of ornamental lights, and of costly materials for celebrating the Eucharistic service, were expressly ordered by the Church of the second and third centuries. Neither is it even fair to assert that the clergy have created the demand for Ritual which undoubtedly exists in the present day. Whenever, in the history of the English Church, there has been what is called a 'High Church

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movement,' as there was in both the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a desire for, and effort after, a seemly Ritual in the service of the Sanctuary has gone side by side with it. So also was it in the religious revival of 1830; and there are many who must remember the time when details such as are now accepted as natural adjuncts to the reverent performance of Church service, *e.g.* the surplice, the comely altar furniture, or the vested choir, were objects of the noisiest contention, and made the excuse for attacks on the clergy as virulent as any of those of the present day.

It is also urged by the Ritualists that to call Catholic Ritual 'Roman' is an inaccuracy as fatal as that mistake which confounds Catholic doctrine with Roman dogmas. 'In truth,' says Hooker,[5] in answer to a similar accusation, 'the ceremonies which we have taken from such as were before us are not things that belong to this or that sect, but they are the ancient rites and customs of the Church of Christ, whereof ourselves being a part, we have the selfsame interest in them which our fathers before us had, from whom the same are descended unto us.' And he instances the custom of using unleavened bread for the Holy Eucharist, showing the absurdity of contending against that ancient tradition merely 'because such bread the Church of Rome, being heretical, useth.' To descend, however, into closer details, we may assume that it is in consequence of the ceremonial with which the Ritualists have surrounded our Communion Office that they are really supposed to have justified the accusations of Romanising. Yet if the principal points of contention were granted, on the ground of universal Catholic usage—viz. those of a distinctive vestment, the mixed chalice, the position of the celebrant, the seemly altar-furniture—minuter details would scarcely be worth contention on either side. Granted that the Ritualists, in arranging an harmonious order of ceremony, have adopted minor usages of the Roman Church, should it not be borne in mind that our Communion Office was constructed out of one, the framework of which was substantially identical with the Roman Liturgy, and which it follows in its main order and sequence?

The Convocation of Canterbury has recently arrived at a decision on these questions. This is not the place for a discussion as to the advisability of an unreformed and therefore unrepresentative Convocation deciding on a question of such importance as the alteration of the Book of Common Prayer. But it may be not altogether out of place to make a few remarks on the actual result of their labours.

The first point that strikes one is that the Convocations of Canterbury and of York are not at one on the question of Ritual, and that therefore, on this ground at least, legislation is, or ought to be, impossible for the present. To both Convocations was given the

[5] Bk. iv. ch. ix.

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same task, and the vote of the one should not be allowed to override the expressed opinion of the other, especially as the York Synod is the more representative of the two in its constitution.

But with regard to the vote of the Southern Province, what has it shown except that the contention of the Ritualists is right? The Ornaments Rubric has been preserved in the most emphatic manner; and the explanations of it given by the Privy Council have been rejected.

If the amended Prayer Book were to become law by consent of Parliament, all other laws to the contrary notwithstanding, the ornaments of the Church and ministers used under authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward the Sixth would be pronounced legal *until further order be taken by lawful authority*, the minima of ornaments *for the minister* being a surplice, stole, and hood, with the alternative use of a black gown in preaching. These vestments being used, the *other ones shall be retained and be in use, &c., unless a bishop gives a formal monition to the contrary*, which monition is a legal document given in open court, and subject, like all other legal sentences, to be appealed against. But over and above all this there is the most important fact that the addition to the Ornaments Rubric only touches the ornaments to be used by the minister, and does not apparently touch the ornaments of the church. Consequently candles, crosses if not crucifixes, wafer bread, incense, banners, thuribles, water cruets for the mixed chalice, &c., are once more placed out of the reach of legal quibbles, having been enjoined by the Rubric beginning 'And here it is to be noted,' and ending repeal the 24th, 25th, and 58th of the Canons of 1604,' and ratified by the Act which shall enforce this amended book.

III. The third question at issue between the Anglicans and the Ritualists is, 'Are the English clergy justified in re-establishing an order of Ritual, however legal, to which the bulk of the nation is opposed, and which exposes the Church to such a convulsion as she is now passing through?' It is argued that the Ritualists themselves do not pretend to be able to bring forward any universal rule of Ritual which can be considered as binding on the Church, and, moreover, that the very character of our offices and their divergence from those of Rome have made a new plan of Ritual necessary. In answer to this, the Ritualists reply that modification is not innovation. The offices of the English Church are formed on the same framework as those of the rest of the Catholic Church, her Sacraments are the same, and the order of administering them is only a difference of detail between her and other Churches.

In regard to the main objection that the pressure of Ritual on the Church at the present crisis is subversive of her peace, its defenders answer that they have no choice as to their present duty, nor any doubt but that, in bearing the burden and heat of

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the day, they are fulfilling their appointed task, and are doing their best for the Church of the next generation. Every thread of precedent binds the tighter, and makes freedom, or appeal to long-lapsed rights, the more difficult. In following a policy of compromise, they deem that they would be binding a heavy burden on the shoulders of the coming generation who, trained by them, will assuredly demand a Ritual in accordance with their Catholic teaching; and that to postpone the contest would result, not in Reformation, but in Revolution.

In an able and interesting article on Ritualism[6] which appeared in this Review it was assumed that the English Church had ceased to be a branch of the Church Catholic, by reason of that supposititious break in the continuity of its succession which the Romans are never weary of asserting to have taken place. If this were so, if all — Anglican and Ritualist alike—who are concerned in the battle which is now being fought to the bitter end, did not believe with an unshaken conviction that the English Church is, by virtue of her Orders and her Sacraments, as true a Branch of the Church of Christ as any other, there would not exist the bond of union, to which we have here appealed, between these two great parties within the Church. Then indeed would Ritualism be what the Abbé Martin imagines it to be, a mere vague yearning after communion with the true Church Catholic; then indeed would the position of this Catholicising party in this country be untenable in reason or logic, and the collapse, which the Abbé from his assumed ground predicts, imminent. It is strange that one who has so clearly seen and boldly testified to the extraordinary spiritual power of the Catholic movement in the English Church as to state emphatically that 'wherever in the heart of the English nation there is any remnant of religious sentiment, it is drawn towards Ritualism,' should not have gone the step further of inquiring whether such a revival, extending over a course of nearly fifty years, could be a moral possibility, were it based on a mere fallacy. However, it is not within the scope of this paper to deal with the Abbé Martin's side of the Ritualistic question; and we must pass on, thanking him for a charity which stands out brightly by the side of the temper manifested by many of his brethren in England.

Finally, it is urged against the extreme party in the Church, that they are revolutionary in their theories if not in their avowed objects; and that they wish to bring about such an entire change in the government of the Church as this country is neither prepared for, nor desirous of. It may be that some of the prominent members of the party are *doctrinaires* in the matter of Reform. Assuredly there never was a reformation effected, or even attempted, since history

[6] 'A Roman Catholic View of Ritualism.' By the Abbé Martin. *Nineteenth Century*, February 1878.

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began, without doctrinairism; and it is often the most high-souled and self-sacrificing members of a party who, in the bitterness of repeated disappointment, commit themselves to unpractical and fatal theories. It must be admitted, however, we think, by candid people, that if, for instance, the disestablishment of the Church has been the object of the Ritualists, they have been, as a party, singularly silent and patient for a long term of years under a form of government which has pressed with a continuous and great weight on them, and almost on them only. But in fact, although the Ritualists are, from the position which they have chosen to occupy, the chief sufferers, the present state of Church legislation is one which all true churchmen must feel to be deplorable, and to be one so opposed to all the instincts of justice-loving Englishmen that, were not the prejudices of all sections arrayed against the Ritualists, reform must ere now have been effected. No churchman can regard without great apprehension the dispensation of power granted to secular judges, who need not necessarily be Churchmen or even Christians, to decide intricate questions of Church doctrine and practice.

Nor again can an undignified spectacle, such as was seen a short time since, be regarded without pain, when a learned judge felt compelled to occupy a considerable portion of his judgments, by endeavouring to prove the authority of his court to be what three other learned judges had decided that it was not. And this too when, in the meantime, the unfortunate clergymen, who deem it to be their duty to refuse acknowledgment to the court in question on the very ground of its authority, may be suffering imprisonment or deprivation.

If indeed it be true that, in despair of justice or reform, the advanced party in the Church would, of two evils, prefer that the State should exercise its furthest limits of power, and deprive the Church of her inheritance, is it to be wondered at? Radical Reform is sometimes the only safeguard from revolution, and may become, under certain circumstances, the truest Conservatism. If the legitimate freedom of the Catholic Church in this land be indeed imperilled, and her foundations shaken by continued union with the State, the disaster of a final rupture of such union can only be postponed—it cannot be averted.

A. F. Northcote.

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OUR EGYPTIAN PROTECTORATE.

THE more you get to know Egypt, the more, so it seems to me, you become impressed with the continuity of its history. After all, the Egypt of to-day is the Egypt of the Pharaohs, just as in their days it had changed but little from the Egypt of the Shepherd Kings. Dynasties may succeed each other: empires may rise and fall: one race of conquerors may be expelled by a new tide of invaders; but the Nile flows on for ever; and the flooded lands give forth their produce year by year, tilled by the same subject race toiling in the same fashion. What has been in the past will be in the future. Like causes must produce like results: and there is no reason one can see why scores of centuries hence, when our times have become as remote as those of Sesostris, Egypt should not still remain much as we know her now, a country whose history stretches back into the dim infancy of the world. Should this conception be realised, it is no fanciful assumption that in the far-away hereafter the Champollions of the future may out of obscure records, indited in forgotten languages, endeavour to reconstruct the history of Egypt during the era when the family of Mehemet Ali reigned over the valley of the Nile. Of the various problems as to the attributes, characteristics, and relations of the different Pharaonic dynasties which nowadays perplex the brains of Egyptologists, few, I think, are so difficult of solution as any attempt will prove on the part of their remote successors to define the status, nature, and reason of being of the Government established in Egypt upon the deposition of Ismail Pasha.

Very little light would be thrown upon the elucidation of this problem by the perusal of our Blue Books and State papers, even supposing them to be still accessible. Nor would any great information be obtained from contemporary writings. The new *régime* which has been established, or, to speak more correctly, is in the process of establishment, in Egypt, has excited very little attention abroad. Yet within the last few months a new chapter has been commenced in Egyptian history, a chapter whose subsequent pages must—unless the experience of Egypt should prove contrary to that of all other Oriental countries—record the ultimate establishment of European rule over the length and breadth of the country. We are, in fact, witnessing the inauguration of a direct European Protectorate over Egypt; and as

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the part England has played in the establishment of the new system of administration is very important now, and is likely to be far more important in the future, it is worth while for Englishmen to understand what we have done and are doing in Egypt. To facilitate such an understanding is the object I have in view.

In order to make the present position of Egyptian affairs at all intelligible, it is necessary to revert to the period which preceded the deposition of the late Viceroy. When I last wrote on this subject in the pages of this Review, the downfall of the Wilson-De Blignières Ministry was imminent. No special foresight was required to prognosticate the coming collapse. The truth is, the corner-stone of the Anglo-French Ministry was knocked out with the dismissal of Nubar Pasha; and the two Governments practically consented to abandon the experiment when they agreed not to insist upon the reinstatement of the deposed Prime Minister. This consent no doubt was given under a misapprehension. Neither Lord Salisbury nor M. Waddington intended to surrender the control over the administration of Egypt afforded by the fact that the two chief posts in the Ministry were occupied by nominees of their respective Governments. They were, however, led to believe that the Khedive was willing to acquiesce cordially in the tutelage exercised by Mr. Wilson and M. de Blignières, if only he could be relieved from the presence of Nubar Pasha, who was obnoxious to him on personal grounds. In consequence, the two Powers contented themselves with placing formally on record the conditions on which they were prepared to allow the Khedive to exercise the right of dismissing his own Minister. In an official note addressed to the Khedive, England and France insisted that henceforward their representatives in the Ministry must have a distinct right of joint veto on any measures of which they might disapprove, and that the Khedive himself must not be permitted to be present at the Ministerial councils. It was impossible to lay down more clearly, in so far as phrases were concerned, the absolute ascendency over the administration of Egypt which England and France considered themselves entitled to claim. The Khedive acquiesced without a protest in the conditions imposed upon him, and shortsighted observers jumped to the conclusion that the attempt of Ismail Pasha to assert his independence by the dismissal of Nubar Pasha had ended in the virtual abdication of his authority into the hands of his English and French Ministers. This was the view taken by Mr. Vivian, our Consul-General in Egypt, and impressed by him upon our Foreign Office. Unfortunately, Orientals attach little value to words which are not accompanied by acts; and Ismail Pasha was in this respect a type of the Turkish official. The Khedive saw clearly that the Powers had shrunk from any practical step to vindicate their ascendency, which, as he was well aware, had been imperilled by the dismissal of Nubar Pasha, and had contented themselves with a verbal

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protest. The natural inference was, that what he had done already he could do again, and that any further attempts to recover his independence would entail no greater penalty than a diplomatic reprimand. In this belief his Highness was confirmed by an unfortunate incident: I allude to the presence of Mr. Vivian in Cairo. I am anxious to say as little as may be in disparagement of a gentleman with whom my personal relations have always been of a friendly and pleasant character; and I also admit most fully that Mr. Vivian—in common, for that matter, with almost every other actor in the Egyptian imbroglio which ended with the deposition of Ismail Pasha—has never had the opportunity of laying his own case before the public. I cannot, however, give anything approaching to a true narrative of the course of recent events in Egypt without alluding to Mr. Vivian's action as the representative of England, an action which from my point of view was mistaken and mischievous. Now, it so happened that our Consul-General disapproved, with or without reason, of Nubar Pasha's policy, and had used his influence to persuade his own Government to acquiesce in Nubar's dismissal by the Khedive. This view of Mr. Vivian's found no favour with the ex-Minister's European colleagues. They were convinced—and, as the event proved, they were right in their conviction—that Nubar's summary dismissal imperilled their own tenure of power, and they held that in the interest of the Anglo-French administration Nubar's reinstatement should have been insisted upon by the Governments of London and Paris. This antagonism of opinion between the English Consul and the English Finance Minister at Cairo was matter of notoriety in Egypt. It was known, too, that this divergence of view had unfortunately assumed an almost personal character. When, therefore, shortly after the acceptance of the Anglo-French ultimatum by the Khedive, and the appointment of a reconstituted Ministry under Prince Tewfik as President, Mr. Vivian left Egypt on a sudden journey to London, it was taken for granted that he would be replaced by a consul who would support and not oppose the Anglo-French element in the Egyptian Ministry. Mr. Vivian, on the other hand, was naturally anxious not to quit his post, and finally succeeded in inducing the Foreign Office to sanction his return to Egypt as representative of England. How far social, personal, or official considerations contributed to bring about this result, it is needless to inquire. The ruling desire of our Government with respect to Egypt at this period, as indeed at every subsequent period, was to keep things quiet and to avoid any crisis which might necessitate action or overt intervention on our part. Mr. Vivian contrived, as I believe, to impress our Foreign Office with a belief, in which he himself shared most honestly, that his own personal influence with the Khedive afforded the best guarantee against his Highness taking any step which might bring him into direct antagonism with England.

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The belief was a complete delusion, but it was one into which a more astute diplomatist than Mr. Vivian might pardonably have fallen. I have seen enough personally of Ismail Pasha to realise how difficult it was to resist the persuasiveness of his manner. If it was his interest to win your confidence, he set about the work with a skill which almost amounted to genius. You might have the most profound conviction of his duplicity, and yet somehow you left his presence with an impression that he had recognised the folly of trying to deceive you, that he honestly looked upon you as a friend, and that he valued your good opinion and your judgment too highly to forfeit it by any of the intrigues to which he had resorted in dealing with men of less discernment of character and less knowledge of the world than you yourself possessed. There was no vulgar affectation of high motives or superior virtue about Ismail Pasha's studied confidence. It was as a man of the world speaking to a man of the world that he appealed to your confidence; and this appeal was seldom made in vain. At any rate, the Viceroy succeeded in impressing Mr. Vivian with a conviction that they thoroughly understood each other; and this conviction played a not unimportant part in the drama which ended in the deposition of the Khedive.

It is not my object in these pages to tell the story of the Egyptian crisis. The space required would far exceed the limits of an article; nor is the present the time when, to my thinking, such a story can be told with advantage. My aim is to explain how England has been driven by the force of circumstances to assume a position in Egypt which is tantamount to a Protectorate; and I only allude to the events of the last twelve months to explain the true character of our new position. The bugbear of a so-called 'national party' was raised in order to throw dust into the eyes of Europe. Sham demonstrations and fictitious protests were got up to support the pretence that public opinion in Egypt was hostile to European administrators, and that the Khedive had no choice except to bow to public opinion. Finally, within two months of Ismail Pasha's solemn engagement to allow no measure to be passed without the approval of his Anglo-French Ministers, these Ministers were dismissed contemptuously.

In France the intelligence was received with an outburst of indignation. There was no disguising the fact that, after the note the two Powers had but just addressed to the Khedive, this summary defiance of their authority was almost an insult. The French are more susceptible than we are to diplomatic slights, and the Republic at the present moment is singularly sensitive to any disregard of the dignity of France. Great irritation had already been caused in Paris by a saying attributed to an Egyptian statesman, that 'la France est un cadavre, sur lequel on peut marcher,' and it was felt that under the Empire Egypt would never have dared to treat a French official with contumely. Moreover, financial interests

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had and have a political power in Paris which they do not possess in London; and the great French finance establishments, who were large holders of Egyptian securities, viewed with extreme alarm the prospect of the restoration of the old autocratic system, which had brought Egypt to the verge of ruin. Acting under these combined influences, the French Government proposed to despatch an armed force to Egypt in conjunction with us in the event of the Khedive's rejecting an ultimatum calling upon him to reinstate the dismissed Ministers. This proposal met with decided disapproval in London. It was just the moment when our South African difficulties were at the worst. We had no troops to spare for Egypt; and yet to have allowed France to undertake a military occupation single-handed would have been contrary to all the traditions of English policy. Again, any direct intervention in Egypt would have given strength to the Opposition cry that the Government was embroiling the country in difficulties all over the world. Moreover, if I am rightly informed, a very exaggerated estimate was formed in Downing Street of the resistance which the Khedive had either the will or the power to offer. Anyhow, the idea of decided measures was rejected in London; and the French Government, which under present circumstances is afraid of any action which might expose France unsupported to the risk of European complications, had no choice except to consent to our desire for delay. It was finally resolved that no direct steps should be taken to coerce the Khedive, but that strong despatches should be addressed to him as to the possible consequences of his shortsighted conduct.

This resolution was regarded at Cairo as a virtual confession of weakness. The Khedive became confirmed in his belief that he was secure against any risk of intervention; and his scepticism as to the possibility of any such contingency was increased by the obvious divergence of view between the two Governments whose displeasure he had incurred. France refused to accept M. de Blignières' resignation as final, and ordered him not to quit Egypt. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, was recalled home, and recalled, too, in a manner calculated, however erroneously, to create an impression that his policy in Egypt was not endorsed by his own Government. This opportunity, too, was seized for the return of Mr. Vivian to Cairo. As he was known to be friendly to the Khedive, and to be hostile to the administration which had just been overthrown, the mere fact of his reinstatement outweighed the force of any formal protest he was commissioned to deliver on behalf of our Government.

Whatever may have been the explanation of his confidence, the Khedive, after he had got rid of Mr. Wilson and M. de Blignières, imagined that he was secure against any practical interference on the part of their respective Governments. The clique of Pashas who had supported and assisted him in all his extravagance and extortion

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was once more restored to power. Nubar and Riaz Pashas were sent into exile. The Fellaheen were subjected to fresh exactions; money was raised in any way and at any price. Many of the chief foreign officials in the service of the Government, whose presence was in itself a check against flagrant abuses, resigned to avoid dismissal; and the Khedive had apparently reason to congratulate himself on the complete success of his attempt to emancipate himself from foreign tutelage. He had distinctly defied the authority of England and France, and, in spite of all their warnings as to what would happen to him in the event of his rejecting their advice, nothing had happened or seemed likely to happen.

No doubt this view of the Khedive's position in the days immediately preceding his fall would be rejected as incorrect by the Foreign Offices of Paris and London. I am perfectly well aware that the two Governments never came to a determination to allow the Khedive to carry out his *coup d'état* with impunity. On the contrary, despatch after despatch was sent to Cairo both by Lord Salisbury and by M. Waddington informing his Highness in diplomatic language that he must not trespass too long on the forbearance of the protecting Powers. I am not saying that these threats would have remained a mere *brutum fulmen*, or that no action would ultimately have been taken even if Germany had not interfered. Of all unprofitable controversies the most profitless is a discussion as to what would have happened if something had not occurred which did occur. All one can say is that the difficulties inseparable from a dual Protectorate hindered any prompt acceptance on the part of England and France of the challenge thrown down by the Khedive. France would have liked to interfere at once, but England was not prepared for any decisive action. The result was that the Khedive was emboldened to disregard the warnings duly communicated to him by Mr. Vivian and M. Godeaux on behalf of their respective Governments. His Highness, in consequence, not only replaced Prince Tewfik as Prime Minister by Cherif Pasha, but openly declared his resolution of doing away with all European administrators in deference to the alleged demand of native Egyptian opinion. Finally, he issued a decree by which he proposed to regulate the liabilities of Egypt according to his own free will and pleasure.

These high-handed measures met with no effectual opposition on the part of either England or France. The Porte offered to depose the Khedive of its own authority. But the offer met with no favour at the time. Protests against the illegality of the Khedive's proceedings were duly indited both in London and Paris. But nothing was done to give effect to these remonstrances. Weeks went by, and the virtual triumph of the Khedive seemed assured, when suddenly the German Consul at Cairo received instructions to inform his Highness that his Government considered the decrees of April 22 to be null and void.

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How this action came about has never, so far as I know, been clearly ascertained. Germany had a comparatively insignificant interest in the affairs of Egypt. A very small portion of the floating debt was due to German creditors. It is not easy to believe that Germany ever really contemplated any intervention in Egypt, and it is still less easy to understand how she could practically have intervened even if she had been so minded. But the prestige of Germany —her repute of strength, which is to a nation what credit is to an individual—stood her in good stead. The mere fact that Prince Bismarck had declared the Khedive could not be allowed to play fast and loose with the interests of German subjects produced more effect than all the despatches indited from London and Paris; and from the day when Germany pronounced against the Khedive it was obvious that the end had come. Meanwhile, the initiative taken by Germany had a result which might easily have been foreseen, and which doubtless was foreseen by those, whoever they may have been, who suggested to Prince Bismarck the advisability of his coming forward as the champion of the Egyptian creditors. It was felt at once in Paris that the time for vacillation had passed. The Republic could not allow it to be said that France was unable or unwilling to protect the interests of her subjects in Egypt while the insignificant interests of the German creditors were safeguarded by the mere expression of Prince Bismarck's will; and the English Government recognised, on the one hand, that France could not be held back any longer, and on the other that we could not allow Germany to take into her own hands the forcible solution of the Egyptian question. We might hesitate about the expediency of 'belling the cat' at all, but if it was to be belled, the belling must be done by us. Some time before, as I have said, the Porte had offered to depose the Khedive if such a course of action would be agreeable to the English and French Governments. This offer was now accepted.

The moment the Governments of England and France made up their minds to depose the Khedive through the agency of the Porte, the whole phantasmagoria of national party, Egyptian nationality, popular rising on behalf of the native Sovereign, appeal to arms, resistance to the death, vanished into thin air. Somehow, whenever I think of Ismail Pasha's collapse, I am irresistibly reminded of Sam Slick's story of the coon, who, when he saw the famous Colonel taking aim, called out, 'Don't trouble yourself to fire, Colonel; I may as well come down at once.' Never did any prince 'come down' so readily as the Khedive, when he once saw that his assailants were in earnest. The reason why he showed no fight throws a valuable light on our relations with Egypt. It would be a mistake to attribute Ismail Pasha's collapse to lack of personal courage. I should doubt his possessing any exceptional physical bravery, but he had to a remarkable degree the gambler's instinct and the gambler's boldness. He was

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not the man to forfeit his stakes while there was a chance, however remote, of holding on to his winnings. He threw up the game simply and solely because he knew better than any one else that he had absolutely no cards in his hand. In our sense of the word nation, there can hardly be said to be an Egyptian nationality. The population of Egypt has little more in common with the Turkish Pashas by whom it is ruled than it has with the European residents settled in the country. The Fellaheen are the easiest people in the world to govern. They and their fathers before them have been so ground down by one set of taskmasters after another that the possibility of resisting the orders of their ruler, be he who he may, hardly enters their minds. But exactly for the same reason they cannot be relied upon to make any effort whatever to defend one taskmaster against another. Thus the Government of Egypt was in reality a Court without a nation; and with this Court the authority of the Sultan was greater than that of the Khedive. No doubt Ismail Pasha was justly unpopular with the Egyptians on account of his oppressions and exactions. But if he had been the best and most beloved of rulers, not a hand would have been raised by his people to protect him from attack. A flock of sheep are easy to drive, and may possibly prefer one shepherd to another, but they will not take part in any conflict as to who is to drive and fleece them.

If the Porte could have had its own way, Halim Pasha would probably have been substituted for Prince Tewfik on the deposition of the reigning Viceroy. But the Porte in this matter was only an agent, not a principal. The reasons why Turkey took upon herself the duty of deposing the Khedive were, I think, of a complicated character. In the first place, though the Porte was sublimely indifferent to the maladministration of Egypt, yet its statesmen were alive to the discredit brought upon all Ottoman financial arrangements by the attitude of the Khedive; in the second place, the Porte conceived that by volunteering to extricate France and England from an awkward dilemma it might place those Powers under an obligation, and thereby induce them to favour a fresh loan; and, finally, the Porte was well aware that to depose the Khedive itself was the only way to maintain its suzerainty over Egypt. The Sultan and his Ministers saw that, after the action of Germany, France and England had no choice except to depose the Viceroy. If they did this themselves, the nominal authority of the Porte over Egypt was at an end; and as Turkey was powerless to hinder the Western Powers from doing what they thought fit, the best course for her was to make a merit of necessity, and take upon herself the task of deposition.

When once it was known in Cairo that the Porte had determined to bring the Khedive's reign to an end, all idea of resistance was abandoned. The one thought of everybody, Ismail Pasha included,

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was to make the best bargain possible under the circumstances; and here ensued a sort of play at cross-purposes which was not devoid of an element of humour. England and France were anxious Ismail Pasha should obviate the actual intervention of the Porte by abdicating of his own free will in favour of his son, Prince Tewfik. The Porte was in alarm lest Ismail should forestall its action by resigning the crown of his own accord; and the Khedive himself was in dire perplexity as to whether he could make better terms for himself by a voluntary abdication or by forcible deposition. There seems to be little doubt that he had finally decided in favour of the former alternative, but that while he was standing out for the guarantee of a large civil list, the Porte got the start, and decreed his deposition. The play was played out; and the Khedive had been out-finessed by the Sultan. Of the many mortifications of his closing years, I suspect this last was not the least. It is only fair to say here, where I have had occasion to say much to Ismail Pasha's disfavour, that when the end came he bore himself not unworthily, nor without dignity. Though a capricious and exacting, he was not an unkindly master, and amongst his own *entourage*, his family, the women of his harem, and his slaves, there was very genuine, if not altogether disinterested, sorrow expressed and felt at his downfall. The resident European community, to whom he had always been friendly, and who had partaken freely of his lavish hospitality, stood by him in his disgrace, and his departure into exile was accompanied by sincere expressions of regret on the part of the Court circle and the European embassy, but without one solitary manifestation of sympathy on the part of the Egyptian population.

The true significance of the act by which Ismail Pasha had been dethroned was not fully appreciated at once out of Egypt, owing to the fact that it was performed in the name of the Porte. Indeed, at the time, exception was taken to the deposition by some English critics, who seriously argued that we had replaced Egypt under the rule of Turkey. No such delusion was entertained in the East. There everybody knew that the Khedive had been deposed simply and solely by the will of England and France; that the real if not the avowed cause of his deposition was his refusal to submit to the authority of the two Governments; and that it was by their orders that Prince Tewfik and not Prince Halim had been placed upon the vice-regal throne. In other words, England and France had, it was felt, assumed a complete protectorate over Egypt. It was upon them, in consequence, that the duty devolved of deciding how Egypt should be administered in future. Once again, the vacillation which has characterised all our policy with respect to Egypt hindered us from reaping the advantages of our position. As the Khedive had been deposed, as a matter of fact, because he had dismissed the Anglo-French Ministry without our consent, the obvious

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and straightforward course would have been to insist upon the dismissed Ministers being reinstated in office. This was the course recommended by the French Government. Our own Government, however, demurred. Parliament was sitting: the Opposition were certain to make capital out of the cry that when we had troubles enough upon our hands, the Government were taking upon themselves the administration of Egypt: and the instinct of the Ministry was to avoid any act which could bring home clearly to the public the extent of the responsibility we had assumed. Let me say here that in this attempt to explain the policy pursued towards Egypt, I do not profess to write with any official information. I know what was done. Why it was done, I can only conjecture. But having been in close and constant communication with several of the principal actors in the Egyptian drama, my conjecture is, I may fairly say, not evolved solely or mainly out of my own consciousness. My information, then, leads me to believe that upon the accession of Tewfik Pasha it was the wish of our Ministry to interfere as little as possible with the reorganisation of the Egyptian Government. To leave the new ruler to himself, under the belief that the fate of his predecessor would suffice to convince him of the necessity of studying the interests of the protecting Powers, was the policy which found favour with our Foreign Office, and it was one, I admit freely, which had much to recommend it. Our partner, however, in the Protectorate, was not of the same opinion. M. Waddington insisted that M. de Blignières must be virtually reinstated. In speaking on the subject in conversation about this time, M. Waddington remarked to an Englishman: 'Your Government must think I am very short-sighted to imagine that I am going to surrender the vantage-ground we have gained in Egypt. The great achievement of my diplomacy has been the acquiring for France in Egypt the influence on the administration of the country to which she is justly entitled, and that influence I am not going to throw away simply because it does not suit the convenience of England to follow out our common policy.' Such, I have reason to believe, was the purport of M. Waddington's language, both officially and unofficially. At all events, he stood out for the retention of M. de Blignières' services.

The result was, as must always be the case under a dual Protectorate, that a compromise was agreed upon through the adoption of a medium course, of which neither partner altogether approved. It was settled that England and France should not insist upon the reinstatement of the Anglo-French Ministry, but that they should insist upon the acceptance by the Khedive of irremovable Anglo-French Controllers, M. de Blignières being the nominee of France. The young Viceroy, with whom the late Minister of Public Works had not ingratiated himself, protested strongly against his selection for the post of Controller. But the French Government remained firm, and Tewfik

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Pasha had to give way. Major Baring, who had previously filled the post of English Commissioner of the Public Debt with great ability, was appointed by our Government as M. de Blignières' colleague. The appointment was unexceptionable in itself; but the fact remained that of the two Anglo-French Ministers, who had followed identically the same policy, and had been dismissed under identically the same circumstances, the French Minister was reinstated in defiance of the wishes of the Egyptian Government: the English was shelved in compliance with those wishes. Such a fact could not fail to impress the Egyptian mind with the conviction that France was more to be feared than England: and in the East fear and respect are one and the same thing.

It would have been far better if the Controllers had proceeded at once to discharge their functions. Unfortunately, their return to Egypt was delayed by causes to which I shall presently allude, and a sort of interregnum ensued. It is too early as yet to predict with any certainty what character the new Khedive may ultimately develope. But we may say, without any courtly flattery, that so far he has given strong evidence of an honest desire to rule justly and loyally. In all Oriental countries, an heir apparent has necessarily to efface himself, and, indeed, one of the many curses of the Harem system is that there is and can be no real confidence between fathers and sons. Moreover, the suspicious character of Ismail Pasha's mind rendered the position of the Crown Prince exceptionally difficult. So long, therefore, as his father reigned, Tewfik Pasha gave little indication of any marked individuality. Unlike his brothers, he had hardly ever quitted Egypt; he had been brought up under native influences, and what education he had acquired had been chiefly self-imparted. Suddenly this young Prince was called from enforced retirement to become the reigning sovereign of Egypt. He has accepted the position as a serious trust, not as an opportunity for self-indulgence or display. He has worked very hard, shown an extreme desire to acquire information, has led a singularly quiet and simple life, has put down extravagance as far as it lay within his own power to do so, and has displayed an apparently genuine desire to avoid the errors of his father, and to promote the good of the country. I doubt, however, whether, as time goes on, Tewfik will prove as ready to accept the advice of his Ministers and Controllers as he has proved hitherto. He is, if I mistake not, feeling his way. The new Khedive is a strict though not a fanatical Moslem; and he has no personal liking for the European *entourage* with which Ismail Pasha loved to surround himself. If circumstances should allow free scope to the development of his character as a ruling Prince, Tewfik Pasha will, I think, be found to have a will, a policy, and ideas of his own. But whether any such development will be allowed is still a very open question.

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At the outset, however, of his career as Khedive, Tewfik Pasha was not in a position to make his personal influence felt. For some time after his accession, he had little means of ascertaining what his true status was to be. He could hardly tell whether he was intended by the Powers who had placed him upon the throne to be a dependent of the Porte, or the docile instrument of England or France, or a mere *locum tenens* destined to be thrown aside as soon as his father had come to an arrangement with his creditors. It was some time before the reality of Ismail Pasha's fall was recognised in Egypt. The deposed Prince, whatever his other faults, had played so great a part—had so completely filled the Egyptian stage—that his countrymen, and his own kinsmen above all, found it difficult to believe that while he lived he could cease to be the Effendina, the Lord and Master. Apart from this general sentiment, in which he fully shared, Prince Tewfik was aware that his father was engaged in active intrigues at Constantinople to obtain permission to reside in Egypt. So long as there seemed a possibility that these intrigues might be crowned with success, Tewfik's tenure of the throne was insecure, and his dominant idea in the early days of his reign was to do nothing which might cut him off from the possibility of a reconciliation with the ex-Khedive in the event of his recovering the throne.

Under these circumstances Tewfik retained Cherif Pasha as his Prime Minister, and allowed the administration of the country to remain in the hands of the Turkish Pashas who had been his father's chief partisans and adherents. The result was that things went on for a time in much the same way as before, and that the deposition of the ex-Khedive effected little or no immediate alteration in the internal condition of Egypt. This result is to be regretted, as it tended to obscure the significance of this act of State justice in popular apprehension, and threw doubt on the ability of the protecting Powers to carry through the policy they were supposed to have adopted. However, though it would have been better if Prince Tewfik upon his accession had entrusted the Administration either to Nubar or Riaz Pasha, or some statesman who was identified in popular appreciation with the new order of things, in contradistinction to Cherif, who was associated with the old *régime*, no serious harm was done. The course of events soon showed that after what had come and gone it was impossible for the protecting Powers to pursue any longer a policy of non-intervention; and a scheme was devised between Paris and London for the future administration of Egypt. It was settled, as I have already stated, that two Controllers should be appointed. It was further agreed that a Commission of Liquidation should be called into being to effect an arrangement between Egypt and her creditors. As an almost necessary corollary of those arrangements, it was agreed at the instance of the French Government that Mr. Vivian should not return to his post, but should be replaced

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by some one who was willing to co-operate more cordially with the European Controllers. If the matter had been decided by the wishes of people on the spot, Mr. Vivian, I may say here, would have been succeeded by Mr. Lascelles, who had acted as Consul-General in the absence of Mr. Vivian, and had won general regard and confidence by his good sense, good temper, and straightforward loyalty. The traditions, however, of the diplomatic service were opposed to any such disregard of routine, and Mr. Lascelles was promoted to Bulgaria, while Mr. Malet, one of the most eminent of the younger generation of our diplomatists, was sent to Cairo. So far, I may add, Mr. Malet's conduct of very difficult negotiations has fully justified the wisdom of his selection.

In the East acts count for much more than words; and the recall of M. Tricou, the French Consul, and the removal of his colleague Mr. Vivian, who had both been partisans of the Turkish party, did more than all the despatches which had been written to convince Tewfik Pasha that with his father's deposition it was not only an individual but a system which had been overthrown. Cherif Pasha was dismissed, and Riaz Pasha, the ex-Minister of the Interior under the Wilson-De Blignières administration, was placed in his stead. The more obvious course under the circumstances would have been to recall Nubar, the one statesman whom Egypt possesses, and the man who had done most, directly as well as indirectly, to free Egypt from the incubus of the late Khedive. But many considerations militated against Nubar's return to power. As an Armenian and a Christian, he was singularly obnoxious to the Turkish *entourage* of the Palace. Tewfik Pasha himself probably inherited something of the mixed sentiment of dislike and fear with which his father had regarded the Egyptian Minister who had made himself a European reputation. And the Alexandrian community were from various reasons unfavourable to Nubar's marked individuality. But all these considerations would have been of little weight, if the English and French Governments had been desirous of Nubar's restoration to power. They felt, however—perhaps not altogether without reason—that their new system, by which they were to direct the administration of Egypt through the agency of native Ministers placed under the supervision of the Anglo-French Controllers, would be more likely to succeed if the Egyptian Premier were a man of less individual and independent authority than Nubar possessed. Indeed, this sentiment was so strongly entertained at Paris that Nubar's return from exile was retarded for many months on the demand of the French Foreign Office. No greater proof could be afforded of the extent to which our dual Protectorate over Egypt has been carried than the fact that the period at which Nubar should be allowed to return to reside on his own property in his own country was settled, not at Cairo by the Khedive, but at Paris by M. Waddington.

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Moreover, Riaz's qualifications for the post he was called to fill were positive as well as negative. A native-born Egyptian, he had risen to eminence in the public service by his ability and industry, and had acquired a well-deserved reputation for integrity and good faith. As an orthodox though liberal Mahometan, he was viewed with less disfavour than Nubar by the Turkish party, while his intimate knowledge of the people, his kindliness of disposition, and his manifest desire to promote the public good made him acceptable to the native population. He had travelled a good deal abroad, was well educated according to an Eastern standard, and had brought back with him from his recent exile in Europe a strong conviction that the only safety for Egypt lay in complying with the policy of the Powers who had assumed the protection of her interests.

Thus the appointment of Riaz Pasha to the presidency of the new native Ministry facilitated the control which England and France intended to exercise over Egyptian affairs. The Controllers did not return to their posts till the new Ministry had been for some months in office. In their absence nothing could be done. It was understood that no definite or permanent arrangement of any kind should be made till after their arrival; and therefore during the interregnum which ensued everything that could be adjourned was put off, as little was done as possible, and the new system of administration was in consequence discredited to some degree, both at home and abroad, by the delays, embarrassments, and complications inseparable from a prolonged period of suspended action. Happily, the unusual bountifulness of the harvest restored prosperity to Egypt. For the first time since the accession of Ismail Pasha, the Fellaheen were not harassed or coerced for payment of taxes in advance. Thus at the very moment that the marvellous plenty of the crop was yielding exceptional returns to the tiller of the soil, the proceeds were allowed to accumulate in his hands. The remissness in the collection of taxes tended no doubt to aggravate the financial difficulties of the Egyptian Treasury. But it gave the country a sort of breathing time which had long been needed. Any one who has resided in Egypt during the last few months could not fail to be struck by the anomaly that while the country was literally overflowing with wealth, the State was approaching the lowest stage of financial embarrassment. This anarchy, however, was rather apparent than real. The cause of the immediate difficulties of Egypt was the existence of a floating debt which there were no funds forthcoming to meet. A landowner with an estate which, after all the mortgages are paid, yields him ten thousand a year would be solvent even if he owed a year's income. But if this ten thousand pounds of debt consisted of any number of claims the owners of which were clamouring for payment; if all his available cash was locked up; and if he was unable to raise any further mortgage on his estates, he might, though fully able to meet his liabilities in time, yet be in a state of extreme

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embarrassment. This was very much the plight of Egypt last summer. The floating debt which had been created by Ismail Pasha in defiance of his plighted word had long been an incubus on the revenues of Egypt. When Mr. Wilson undertook the Ministership of Finance his first step was to raise a loan through Messrs. Rothschild for the purpose of paying off the unfunded debt. This loan was secured, or supposed to be secured, upon the estates ceded by the Khedive and his family to the State. It turned out, however, that, according to Egyptian law, a mortgage could not be legally effected on these estates without a precise description of their locality and dimensions. In a country where no cadastre existed, the work of specifying the area and situation of nearly a million acres necessarily occupied a long time; and thus, though the Khedivial estates were ceded to the State early in November, it was not till the beginning of February that they could formally be assigned to Messrs. Rothschild by a duly registered mortgage. In the interval a number of creditors, who had obtained judgments against the State in the International Courts, attached certain portions of the ceded domain for amounts the total of which was nearer two millions than one. The Egyptian Government disputed the validity of these attachments, on the ground that the Khedive had surrendered his estates to the State for the explicit purpose of paying off the floating debt, and that the loan had been granted for this object, on the understanding that by the act of cession the estates were handed over to the issuers of the loan. This contention was admitted by the Court of First Instance in Egypt, but was rejected on appeal to the Supreme Court. This court, under the direction of S. Lapenna, the experienced Italian jurist, who presides over the International tribunals, decided that the moment the Khedive's private lands were ceded to the State they became public property, and could be sequestered by any judgment creditor as security for his debt. There was also reason to doubt, according to the judgment of the court—though this point was never clearly determined—whether the mortgage in favour of the Rothschild loan could be considered to have priority over the claims of other creditors, whose debts had been contracted previous to the issue of the loan, but who had not obtained judgment. Under these circumstances, Messrs. Rothschild refused to pay over the balance of the loan, amounting to about 4,000,000*l.*, till the validity of their mortgage had been established beyond the possibility of doubt. The default in this anticipated payment upset all the financial arrangements of the Anglo-French Ministry, and contributed in no small degree to their downfall. The first object, therefore, of the Controllers, was to obtain a settlement of this legal difficulty, so as to enter into possession of the funds required to meet the overdue engagements of the Government.

It was so clearly and manifestly the interest of Egypt that the funds borrowed for the purpose of relieving the State from pressing

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liabilities should be devoted to this object, and not diverted to the profit of individual creditors, that in any other civilised country in the world the *Salus Reipublicæ* doctrine would have been held to justify the over-riding of the strict letter of the law. But the relations between the State and the law courts in Egypt are such as are without a parallel elsewhere. In Egypt, as in every other part of the Ottoman Empire, the Capitulations had given jurisdiction over all suits in which Europeans were involved to the Consular Courts of their respective countries. These Capitulations, which were created as a protection to foreigners when the Christian was weak and the Turk was strong, had become an agency of oppression against the natives as the Christian had become strong and the Turk weak. Under the consular jurisdiction, especially as administered by the representatives of the minor Powers, there was neither law nor justice in Egypt. The great achievement of Nubar Pasha as Prime Minister was his success in inducing the European Powers to surrender—or, more correctly speaking, to suspend—this anomalous jurisdiction. England supported Nubar Pasha actively in his efforts for this purpose; and in 1876 the Powers agreed to substitute for their separate courts a system of International tribunals, the judges in which were nominated by them. The reform has, on the whole, worked admirably, and the International Courts, in which justice is administered promptly, fairly, and economically, form the basis of the prosperity and development of Egypt. There is, however, one grave objection to their practical working, the existence of which was not foreseen at the time of their formation. The tribunals are bound to execute the law as laid down in a code based almost entirely upon the French law. No agency is provided by which this code can be modified in the slightest particular, no matter how paramount the necessity, without the consent of every one of the Powers represented in the International tribunals. Supposing, for instance, owing to war or famine, or any other calamity, it became necessary, as is done under like circumstances in other countries, to arrest for a time all legal proceedings in respect of State debts, the Egyptian Government has absolutely no power to take such a measure in self-defence, if Holland or Greece should decline to agree with all the other Powers of Europe in authorising the courts to sanction a *Moratorium*.

Thus, in order to get over the technical difficulty which, with or without reason, had interfered with the legal assignment of the Domain estates to the creditors of the Rothschild loan, it was, necessary to obtain the assent of some dozen Powers to a decree rendering this assignment beyond the possibility of further dispute.

The task of obtaining this assent was undertaken by the Controllers. It was not an easy task. The jealousy with which the Anglo-French Protectorate over Egypt was naturally regarded by the other Mediterranean Powers caused them to view with disfavour any

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proposal which was calculated to facilitate its operation. Austria and Italy took the lead in the opposition to the policy of the Controllers; and though their interests in Egypt are insignificant compared with those of the Western Powers, their right of refusing to hear of any modification in the International code made them practically masters of the situation. If it had not been for the active exertions of the French and English Governments, and the immense influence wielded by the great house of Rothschild, the sanction of the malcontent Powers could not have been obtained. It was only with great difficulty that MM. Baring and De Blignières, after a series of protracted negotiations conducted by them personally at Vienna, could obtain a compromise. In virtue of this compromise all the judgment debts, in respect of which portions of the Domain land had been attached prior to the conclusion of the specific mortgage of these lands to the Rothschilds on the 3rd of February, 1879, were to be paid in full out of the unpaid balance of this loan; but in respect of all other debts, the Rothschild loan was to be considered a first charge upon the Domain lands. Germany and Italy followed in this matter the decision of Austria; but even after a decree based upon this compromise had been framed and signed at Cairo by the representatives of the Great Powers, its execution had to be delayed for some time longer, because Greece hesitated about conceding her consent to its provisions. The difficulty attending this comparatively simple issue explains the failure of the Controllers in carrying through the more important part of their mission to Vienna. As I have stated, the appointment of the Controllers was, according to the Anglo-French programme, to be supplemented by the institution of a Commission of Liquidation, of which Mr. Rivers Wilson was to be president, and in which the representatives of England and France were to have the majority of votes. This Commission was, it was understood, to recommend the reduction of the interest on the Unified Debt, the consolidation of the various small loans, the abolition of the Moukabala, the settlement of the outstanding floating debt upon reasonable terms, and a number of minor reforms which are essential to the establishment of any financial equilibrium in Egypt. These recommendations, however, must, as I have already explained, remain mere expressions of opinion, unless they are accepted as binding by the International courts; and the courts could not so accept them without authority from their principals—that is, from the Powers by whom they were called into existence. In order to evade this difficulty England and France proposed that the Powers represented in the International tribunals should agree beforehand to accept the report of the Commission as binding upon the tribunals. This proposal, however, met with point-blank resistance on the part of Austria and Italy. They refused to submit the interests of their subjects who were creditors of Egypt,

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to the decision of a body in which England and France were supreme, and intimated that their consent to any such arrangement must be conditional on such an introduction of new elements into the Egyptian administration as would convert the Anglo-French Protectorate into an International one. Under these circumstances, the idea of any Commission of Liquidation had to be abandoned, at any rate for the time. It is worth adding that these negotiations, in which Egypt was the chief party interested, were conducted exclusively by the Anglo-French Controllers in Europe, acting under instructions from their own Governments, and almost without communication with the Government of Cairo. I do not dispute the expediency of the mode in which these negotiations were carried through, but if the exercise of such powers does not constitute a Protectorate, I fail to understand the meaning of words.

Simultaneously with the decree regulating the legal status of the Domain lands mortgaged to the Rothschild loan, the Egyptian Government issued a decree defining the position of the Controllers. If ever the correspondence which passed at this period between Cairo, Paris and London should be made public in its entirety, it will be found that the Khedive and his Ministers did their utmost to modify the stringency of the terms in which the authority accorded to the Controllers is defined, but were baffled by the steadfast resistance of the protecting Powers. The authority finally conceded resembles closely that exercised by the Resident in a protected Native State of British India. The controllers have a right to be present at the Councils of the Ministry, to demand information and offer advice on any matter affecting in any way the financial condition of the country; they are empowered to appoint resident inspectors, who are to report to them, not to the Ministers, and to hold office during their own pleasure; and they are authorised to refer any disregard of their advice to the diplomatic representatives of their two countries. The Controllers themselves are immovable, except with the consent of France and England; though Egypt has still been allowed the privilege of paying their salaries. I do not complain of these powers as excessive. I think the existence of some such European control as that exercised by M. de Blignières and Major Baring is essential to the welfare of Egypt, situated as she is. But, when I am told that the Court and the Pashas, who compose the national party, prefer the system of Anglo-French Controllers to that of Anglo-French Ministers, as constituting a smaller interference with their independence, I can only say that the Egyptians in this case are far less shrewd than my acquaintance with them has led me to believe. If it is so, Rehoboam was right after all in his theory of Oriental government.

The events which have occurred since the Controllers began to exercise their functions in earnest are of too recent a date, and of

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too incomplete a character, to require recapitulation for my present purpose. The sudden access of prosperity in Egypt which has coincided with their advent to power is, I think, due to three causes—the unexampled richness of the crops; the extent to which, under the new Khedive, the country has been ruled with reasonable justice and humanity; and the fact that for the first time the authority of the European element has been distinctly and explicitly recognised as a principal factor in the administration of Egypt. So far, every single important act of the Government has been made with the advice and under the direct supervision of the Controllers; and as long as this remains the case, there is full security for the administration of the State being conducted with tolerable efficiency and honesty. The settlement by which the Controllers propose to liquidate the financial difficulties of Egypt is now before the world. It is a fair and reasonable scheme, and has been accepted as such by public opinion. How it is to be carried out in practice remains to be seen. The Powers represented on the International tribunals will shortly be called upon to approve a decree recognising the above scheme as binding on the courts; and this demand will be actively supported by England and France. If the Powers accept, well and good; but if they decline from the same causes as induced them to reject the Commission of Liquidation, there is only one way left of escaping from the deadlock to which the financial affairs of Egypt will have been brought. The International courts were only established for five years as an experiment, though it was understood that if they proved a success they would be made permanent. Now, if England and France were to withdraw from the tribunals, the result would be that the old consular courts would resume their jurisdiction; and under this jurisdiction, oppressive as it was in many respects, no action could lie against the State, and no judgment enforced on State property. If, therefore, the International tribunals should be brought to an end, the creditors of Egypt would have no legal means of enforcing payment, and England and France have it in their power to bring these courts to an end in a year's time, at the very longest. The subject of the International courts is far too wide a one to be entered upon cursorily. It is enough to say that almost anything would be less disastrous for Egypt than the re-establishment of the old Capitulations; and if the financial difficulties bequeathed by the late Khedive to his country can only be settled on a satisfactory basis by allowing the consular courts of the minor Powers to resume their old jurisdiction, the remedy would be far worse than the evil it was intended to cure.

My object in this article has been to call attention to the direct and comprehensive character of the Protectorate we have assumed over Egypt in conjunction with France. In common with every one who has at heart the welfare of the Nile land, I am reluctant to

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say anything which may increase the difficulties inseparable from the task the two Governments have undertaken. But it is obvious that the efficiency of the Protectorate depends absolutely upon the two protecting Powers working cordially together. The result of this dual arrangement has been undoubtedly to give a great increase to French authority and influence in Egypt. From the purchase of the Suez Canal shares up to the date when Ismail Pasha was allowed to dismiss the Anglo-French Ministry with impunity, English influence was paramount in Egypt. Since that period France has got precedence over us in every respect. I regret this result, not so much as an Englishman, as because, from causes into which I need not enter, English influence is on the whole more beneficial than French to the development of Egypt. But I have little fear as to the ultimate result. The interests of England in Egypt, both political and commercial, are so immeasurably superior to those of France that in the long run England and not France must always claim the supremacy. The reason why I allude to this struggle for influence, in which France for the time has obtained the upper hand, is to show one of the permanent difficulties inseparable from any joint Protectorate. Major Baring and M. de Blignières have hitherto worked together with a harmony that does every credit to their good sense and honesty of purpose. The *entente cordiale* between the two Governments of London and Paris has been successfully maintained in Egypt, partly because our interests in other parts of the world have led us to act together, partly because England has in the end always given way to France whenever there was any difference of opinion with respect to Egyptian affairs. But this Anglo-French understanding cannot be expected to last for ever, and whenever it ceases to exist the authority of the joint control falls to the ground. Italy, Austria, Greece, Russia, and all the Powers who view with ill-will the supremacy we have established over Egypt, are on the look-out for any dissension between England and France which may enable them to overthrow this supremacy; and no native prince, whoever he may be, will be able to resist the temptation of seizing any opportunity to emancipate himself from the unwelcome control of the protecting Powers. Thus, though the experiment of an allied Protectorate has worked well so far, and is perhaps the best that could have been adopted under the circumstances, it is fraught with complications in the future, both in Egypt and elsewhere, which England might have avoided by a bolder and, as I deem, a wiser policy. As it is, we have assumed all the responsibilities of a Protectorate without the power which its direct assumption would have bestowed upon us.

EDWARD DICEY.

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ON HISTORICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

THE investigation of the origin and primitive condition of the Mind, the 'innateness' or derivedness of its ideas or faculties, has occupied a considerable space in modern European philosophy from the publication of Locke's famous treatise to the present time. In England especially, during the last thirty years, under the influence of the Mills, Bain, Spencer, Lewes, and other writers of the dominant school, it has been thought that the study of the conditions, physical and psychical, under which different species of mental phenomena are empirically found to manifest themselves, must necessarily lead to conclusions of fundamental importance in metaphysics and ethics: indeed it is often taken for granted in current controversy that the view which any one takes of the 'association of ideas' or the 'evolution of faculties' will determine the answer which he gives to the deepest questions as to Being, Knowledge, and Duty. The aim of the present paper is to show that this common presumption is really unfounded. The inquiry into the conditions under which any class of mental phenomena are produced has doubtless very considerable interest, both speculative and practical: the history of minds should be studied as much as, or more than, any other history, and the art of education and the important branch of Ethics which relates to self-culture must be to a great extent based upon it; but it belongs rather to Psychology regarded as a special department of empirical science, than to the supreme, architectonic study which we call Philosophy. In saying this I do not mean to assert that there is no conceivable knowledge as to the origin of minds which would have profound philosophical importance. For instance, it must be admitted that if we could prove that minds were directly created at or before birth, or had existed during eternity *a parte ante*, and if we could ascertain *what* it was that had had this eternal existence or transcendental origin, our metaphysical and ethical inquiries would obtain an entirely new starting point. My contention is that no such result is likely to be produced by any conclusions that we can reasonably suppose to be scientifically attainable, as to the origin either of mind generally, or of any particular mental elements or attributes.

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We may perhaps distinguish three philosophical questions, on the discussion of which theories of the origin of mental facts have been supposed to exercise a preponderant influence. There is, first, the fundamental question as to the nature and mutual relations of Mind and Matter, the two kinds of being which, in the view of common sense, together make up the whole universe of reality. Secondly, there is the logical or 'metalogical' question as to the validity of axioms, or universal propositions taken as ultimate premises in Mathematics and Rational Physics; and to some extent, at least, in any science that has reached the deductive stage. And thirdly, there is the similar question as to the validity of the universal rules or principles of duty, which are in the same way taken as premises in all ordinary moral reasoning. All three questions have been very closely connected in philosophical exposition and controversy. It is obvious that the second and third will naturally be examined and answered by the same method: and the different ways in which they have been answered have commonly had a close connection with the views, 'materialistic' or 'idealistic,' which different philosophers have taken of the ontological problem first mentioned. Indeed we may almost say that the second question, at the present time, is most generally interesting, on account of this connection. In an earlier stage of physical science, indeed, the issue between the *à priori* and 'empirical' views of the evidence of axioms was, or seemed to be, practically important for the determination of scientific method. Men were really not agreed as to how they should go about to acquire knowledge of physical laws. But this importance is now evanescent, at least as regards the established and dignified sciences that have professors and manuals. For example, the interest taken in discussing the grounds of our belief in the laws of motion, depends on the light which the discussion is expected to throw on the constitution of the mind that somehow has come to know these general facts of the material world: we all know that physicists will continue their researches and reasonings in precisely the same way, whether the Conservation of Energy be established on an *à priori* basis, or treated as merely a generalisation from experience. Indeed, whatever may be the special arena selected for single combat between Idealism and Sensationalism or Empiricism, the important issue at stake is commonly thought to be the degree of dependence of mind on matter: whatever a philosopher may mean by Idealism, commonsense means by it the systematic establishment of the popular conviction that a man is something more than his body.

Let us ask, then—What is the bearing of the inquiry into the origin of mind (as a whole or in part) on the question of the connection between Mind and Matter?

We must first observe that this connection is *primâ facie* of two quite distinct kinds: (1) Physiology leads us to conclude that

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movements of particles of organised matter are causes or universal concomitants of all mental processes; while (2) all matter is the object of the mental process which we call cognition, and, so regarded, admits of being logically analysed into a number of distinct qualities, related in a complex way to the mental phenomena which we call sensations. Though these two relations appear to be inextricably confounded in some theories of perception, they are obviously easy to distinguish; for in any act of perception the matter that is percept or object is commonly outside the organism of the percipient, and is in any case quite distinct from the nerve-matter whose movements immediately precede or accompany the mental perception. And it is of the utmost importance for clearness of discussion, to keep the two relations distinct: since the dependence of mind on matter, on which the materialist insists, is really in no way affected by the analysis of matter into mind which the idealist attempts to demonstrate. Let us grant all that any idealist, whether Berkeleian or post-Kantian, has maintained as to the relation of matter as cognited object to mind as cognising subject: let us grant, that is, that all matter, or all that is known or knowable by us, admits of being analysed into feelings, thoughts, or mental elements of some kind. The whole problem of the connection of our individual minds with our individual bodies will remain just where it was; only it will require to be stated in somewhat different terms. We shall have to ask how those modes of mind which I call my thoughts, feelings, and volitions, are related to those other highly complex modes of mind which I call movements of the solid and fluid particles of my body; and the materialistic arguments to show that the latter phenomena are invariable antecedents of the former will lose none of their substantial force from the new phraseology in which they will have to be thrown. And hence it will appear that we need not at present concern ourselves with the idealistic analysis of the common notion of matter, regarded as object of mind; however metaphysically interesting the issues raised by it may be. For no idealist (so far as I know) has ever maintained that the whole physical universe is inseparably connected with his own particular mind, or with that of any other human being; and it is only the origin of such particular minds that has ever been supposed to admit of scientific investigation.

Let us, then, confine ourselves to the connection of individual minds with organised matter. Here the fundamental question, of course, is—Does the individual mind result from a certain organisation of an individual organism, and terminate when the organisation is destroyed? It is on this point that, in the view of common-sense, almost the whole interest of metaphysics is concentrated; it is the metaphysician's 'Yes,' or 'No,' or 'Not proven,' in answer to this question, which is, for the plain man, 'der langen Rede kurzer Sinn.'

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In order to ascertain how far the inquiry into the origin of mind throws any light on this question, let us briefly survey the chief considerations that incline us to answer it in the affirmative or the negative. On the former side we have (1) probability amounting to moral certainty, that whenever any embodied mind has experienced a change, a certain material change has simultaneously taken place; (2) absence of any accepted evidence of the existence of particular minds not embodied; (3) the establishment of a vast and complex, though incomplete, correspondence between particular kinds or qualities of mental processes and particular organic actions or conditions. On the latter side we have the disparity[1] of physical and psychical phenomena, and the apparent arbitrariness of the connection between the two. We do not in the least see *why* movements of nerve-particles should produce feelings, and can quite easily conceive the whole series of states which compose our consciousness continuing without these physical antecedents or concomitants; hence it is inferred that the latter cannot be the real causes of the former. The force of this argument, such as it is, is perhaps somewhat strengthened by the occultness of the connection; we have no means of observing or definitely inferring the kind of motions of matter that immediately precede or accompany mental phenomena. I have not referred to the ethical arguments drawn from the need of a future state to realise justice or to establish the required connection between virtue and happiness, or to the vaguer reasoning based on the desires and expectations of continued existence commonly found among men; because these considerations, whatever their precise value may be, can scarcely be adduced as arguments to prove that such continued existence of the individual will be independent of a corporeal organism. No doubt with many persons they operate in favour of this conclusion: still, it is (I suppose) the orthodox belief in all Christian Churches that the immortality of the soul can only be realised through the miraculous resurrection of the body.

How far, then, are the 'pros' and 'cons,' as above stated, affected by any views as to the origin of mind that can be supported by evidence scientifically admissible? To test this thoroughly, let us grant all, and more than all, that the most dogmatic of historical psychologists can possibly claim. Let us suppose that we have ascertained approximately the order in which each species of mental phenomena normally makes its appearance in the development of mind; that we have fixed the historical place of sensations of each kind, of the different grades of volition, of the varying phases of emotion from the coarsest to the most refined, and of all the fundamental notions or elementary judgments of thought; and that we

[1] It is hardly necessary to argue again, as above, that this disparity will subsist, though of course altered in form, even if we accept the idealistic analysis of matter into mental elements.

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can state in each case the important psychical and physical antecedents. I cannot perceive that the force either of the argument from the actual closeness and universality of the connection between psychical and physical fact, and the modifying influence exercised by the body on the mind, or of the opposite argument from the arbitrariness, occultness, and conceivable dissolubility of the connection, will be affected to any appreciable extent. If, however, we suppose the process of change thus traced to be perfectly gradual and continuous, another argument emerges when we carry the process back until mind vanishes altogether, which we may call the Argument from Continuity. It is urged that if the highest, most distinctly mental phenomena of organised beings are connected by an unbroken series of infinitesimal differences with the lowest (to whose existence we should commonly not apply the term 'mental' or 'psychical' at all), and even with the phenomena of inorganic matter, there is no point at which the existence of mind, as an independent entity, can be conceived to begin. Probably much of the alarm caused to anti-materialists by the zoological theories of Evolution and Natural Selection has been due to the supposed force of this argument. It has been thought that mind could not be independent of matter, if man was gradually developed out of a monkey, and the monkey out of a fish, and so on. We may observe, by the way, that this particular alarm is in any case exaggerated, as the force of the argument, such as it is, seems sufficiently constituted by the undeniable fact that each individual man has been gradually developed out of a portion of his parent's frame, of which the manner of existence was not more psychical than that of the fish; little, therefore, is lost by admitting that his race has gone through a similar course of change. I think, however, that we may challenge the validity of the whole Argument from Continuity against the independent existence of mind. It is based, so far as I understand it, on a supposed difficulty in believing that a new thing has come into existence quite gradually. Now I admit that it is difficult for us to understand how any really new fact can begin to be at all. But this difficulty has to be overcome, it would seem, by all modern schools of thought in the case of individual minds. For, on the one hand, it is undeniable that any particular mind—if we mean no more by this term than the stream of transient phenomena, thoughts, feelings, and volitions, of which we have direct experience—is a new fact. That is, no one can deny that it is different from whatever physical facts antecede or accompany it; and no one again contends that it is composed of pre-existent thoughts, emotions, &c., rearranged in new relations. On the other hand, we have equally to admit that this new fact, so far as empirically known, actually begins to be between certain narrow limits of time. If this be granted I do not see that a perfectly gradual beginning is harder to accept than an abrupt one; on the

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contrary, I should say it was certainly easier. There is no doubt a certain difficulty in imaginatively tracing a thing to its origin, if that has to be reached through an infinite series of indefinitely small changes; but this is only Zeno's old puzzle as to Achilles catching the tortoise, turned round and applied to the beginning instead of the end of a finite quantity of infinitesimally divisible change; and we have long agreed not to trouble ourselves about this ancient paradox.

I have spoken so far of mind considered as a whole (or of mental phenomena taken generally); I find, however, that some persons consider it fundamentally important, in discussing the relation of mind and body, to draw a distinction between different kinds of mental fact. They are prepared to admit that the kind of fact, which we distinguish as 'feeling,' or 'sensation,' or 'sense-perception,' may have been completely caused by movements of organic matter; but they maintain that this cannot be the case with other species of psychical phenomena, such as the immediate knowledge of the unity, permanence, identity of the conscious self, or the axioms of arithmetic or geometry, or perhaps abstract notions generally, &c. Much controversy has been carried on about these distinctions, and many persons still seem rather concerned to maintain that 'general notions,' 'primitive judgments,' and so forth, cannot be derived from sensations, than that sensations cannot be derived from processes of organic matter. This is surely straining at the gnat, while allowing the camel free entrance. I do not wish to under-estimate the unlikeness that exists between different species of mental phenomena; in particular, between cognitions of any kind and the feelings from which it is sought to derive them. But no difference of this kind seems to me at all equal to the unlikeness that I find between psychical facts generally and the physical facts with which physiology leads us to connect them. Therefore, if we once admit that the movement of particles of matter is an adequate cause of the most elementary feeling, I see no firm ground on which we can argue that it cannot be an adequate cause of the most refined and complicated thought.

A special case, in which great importance has been attached to supposed differences in the origin of different kinds of cognition, is furnished by the controversy before noticed as to the validity of mathematical and physical axioms. It is often thought to be impossible that universally true propositions—such as, 'that two straight lines cannot inclose a space'—should be derived from experience of the particular space in which our particular bodies (or even those of our ancestors) have moved about. Indeed, this is used in opposite ways as an argument on either side of the famous controversy about such axioms: on the one hand, it is maintained that they cannot have had an empirical origin, because of the universal validity which mathematicians agree in attributing to

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them; and on the other hand, it is argued that since we can show how they have come from experience, they cannot have a universal validity; we can only affirm them in respect of our space, not of space generally. Now I freely admit my inability to explain how the movements of particular parts of matter, such as my limbs, muscles, and nerve-particles, should cause in my mind a belief that no two straight lines can ever inclose a space; and I further admit that, supposing the causal connection established, it affords no guarantee of the truth of the belief. But my difficulty begins farther back. I find myself equally unable to explain why any motions of material particles should generate the belief that any two particular straight lines actually do not inclose a space, and again I cannot see that the mere particularity of this cognition is in itself a ground for my accepting it as true. I certainly find myself disposed to make an indefinite number of such particular affirmations in respect of the space with which I am familiar; and my reliance on such affirmations is continually strengthened by the absence of conflict among them, and by their agreement with similar affirmations made by others. But then I have just the same unreflective certitude, and the same kind of confirmation, in respect of my beliefs as to the universal relations of space; and if these sources of conviction do not furnish a sufficiently strong barrier against philosophical scepticism in the latter case, neither do they in the former. At any rate I have no *à priori* knowledge that the motions of organic matter are more qualified to cause the one kind of belief than the other, still less that they are qualified to cause either in such a manner as to make it true. And certainly no such knowledge can be obtained from any empirical investigation of the history of the beliefs in question.

Similarly, when we pass to consider the premises of ethical reasoning, or the cognitive faculty conversant with them, it does not appear that the 'authority of conscience' can be in any way affected by examination of its origin. I am supposing that we admit, as an empirical fact, the existence in most or all minds of some ethical premises, some ultimate beliefs as to the rightness and wrongness of actions considered either in themselves or in relation to some further ends; since if this be denied, the psychogonical investigation assumes a quite different character; it is not Conscience at all—in the ordinary sense of the term—of which the origin is investigated, but some other mental phenomenon. E.g. there are some persons who understand by Conscience merely what they more distinctively call 'moral sentiments;' i.e. the mere likings and dislikings which we feel for certain kinds of human conduct and character, as we do for the human face and figure, costume, scenery, &c. That we have such moral tastes and distastes is undeniable; but it is equally obvious that if these constitute the whole phenomenon

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of the moral consciousness, no question can be raised about the relation of its origin to the validity of its dictates or affirmations: since in fact there are no dictates or affirmations to discuss; validity and invalidity are not strictly attributes of mere likes and dislikes. It is, of course, important to ascertain how these tastes and distastes originated, in order that we may see how far they are likely to promote the good or well-being of the individual feeling them, or of society. But then, on this view, such sentiments are considered as possible means to this further end called welfare or well-being; and the ethical premiss, enunciation, or dictate, of which it becomes all-important to determine the validity, is the implied proposition that a certain mode of 'being' in a man or a community is 'well-being,' 'good,' and therefore what we ought to promote. And no one, as far as I know, has maintained with regard to this premiss, this ultimate axiom as to what is 'well' or 'ill' in human existence, that our view of its correctness or incorrectness will be affected by any examination of its origin.

Others again find in the troubles and satisfactions of conscience nothing more than the forecast, more or less definite, of punishments and rewards that may be expected from other human beings in consequence of certain kinds of behaviour. On this view there are two quite distinct questions which may be raised as regards the authority of conscience: first, whether this forecast or anticipation of pain and pleasure truthfully represents the future reality; and secondly, whether the prospect of these particular pains and pleasures ought reasonably to determine our actions. But it does not appear that either of these points can be settled by investigating the history of conscience. In order to find out whether my community is likely to reward or punish me for such and such acts, my obvious course is to study the ways and habits of existing humanity: a knowledge of human tendencies in the past may no doubt help me somewhat to form my conclusion, but only in a secondary and subordinate way. If, however, I ask how these pains and pleasures are to be valued by a reasonable agent, on what principle they are to be preferred or postponed to other agreeable and disagreeable feelings, whether the standard of comparison is to be purely quantitative, or whether considerations of quality are to come in, &c. &c., I evidently raise questions which are altogether out of relation to theories of mental or social history. And this is still more clearly the case if the ethical debate takes a wider range, and it is asked whether pleasure and pain are the sole objects at which it is reasonable to aim; and, if not, what other objects there are, and in what balance the real worth of these can be weighed against amounts of pleasure and pain. Where we are to find satisfactory answers to these questions I am not now considering; but it seems pretty certain that we shall not find them in the study of historical psychology.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

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REASONS FOR DOUBT IN THE CHURCH OF ROME: A REPLY.

Lord Redesdale's paper in the December number of this Review being a pendant to a previous article by another writer entitled 'Apology for Doubt in the Church of England,' is evidently intended for the use and benefit of Roman Catholics. It is clear to us who are of the Household of the Faith that the noble writer does not realise the basis on which the Catholic rests his belief. To doubt wilfully any one article of faith, or to enter on the examination of any dogma with the intention of suspending belief until the conclusion of such examination, would be for a Catholic a deadly sin.

This will be evident if it be borne in mind that the Catholic believes the whole deposit of revelation to have been committed to the care of an organised body possessed of a divine life. He believes this living body, the Church of Christ, to be the sole Guardian, the unerring Teacher, the indefectible Witness of the Faith, and the ultimate Judge in all controversies concerning it. The Catholic believes in revelation because God is very Truth, and cannot deceive nor be deceived; and he accepts this revelation on the authority and testimony of the divine, and therefore infallible, voice of the Church. Mysteries beyond the ken of human understanding, as well as facts and doctrines which might be known by the light of mere reason, thus rest on the same basis of certitude.

In order to be admitted into the Church, the adult has to make an act of faith in this fundamental truth of her existence and authority; and once in the Church, the mind, strengthened by Divine grace, forms *the habit* of believing in the truths of Christianity. Just as the logician examines the nature and value of the syllogism, and then without further proof uses this instrument, so the adult first examines the credentials and claims of the Church, and having admitted her divine life, her divine authority, and her divine testimony, afterwards accepts her word habitually and without questioning.

Lord Redesdale would have done much to further the cause of Christian unity if he had directed the attention of his readers to the great principle which we have laid down; for the real question underlying all differences between Catholics and Protestants is simply this:

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Has God left on earth a visible and divine witness to the Christian revelation? It is clear that, if the Roman position be established, belief in all dogmas propounded by the Church follows as a necessary consequence.

As, however, Lord Redesdale has chosen to urge certain statements as reasons for doubt in the Church of Rome, we will deal with these statements in the order in which they stand.

1. By giving Communion under one kind, the Roman Church, according to our author, 'sets up her own teaching in direct opposition to Christ's own words,' and deprives her children of receiving through the cup remission of sin through the blood of Christ. He adduces two passages of Scripture from St. Matthew xxvi. and St. John vi. 56. We Catholics reply that the words of the Gospel of St. John, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you,' are taken by us in a literal sense, as signifying that we must eat the *real* flesh, and drink the *real* blood of the Saviour. With the crowd we may ask 'How *can* this man give us his flesh to eat?' but we do not, like many of the disciples, exclaim, 'This is a hard saying, who can hear it?' nor do we go back 'and walk no more with him;' rather with St. Peter we say, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'

Now we confess that in the Blessed Sacrament under the species of bread, and equally under the species of wine, is the living Christ in the fulness of His two natures and His Divine personality. The risen Flesh, the risen Blood, the Soul, and the Godhead, in all their completeness are there, under the accidents or properties of bread, and also under the accidents or properties of wine. Whether then the Communion be given by the consecrated bread or by the consecrated cup, or by both, we equally receive the one living Christ, and therefore eat His Flesh and drink His Blood. Whoever believes in the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament must admit this. Greeks and Armenians are in this belief one with Rome.

Had Communion been given while Christ was dead, under the form of bread there would have been the Flesh of Christ, united to the Divine Nature, but not the precious Blood; and under the form of wine there would have been the Blood of Christ united to the Divine Nature, but not His Sacred Flesh, and consequently the communicant, in order to fulfil our Lord's command, would have been obliged to receive under both kinds.

Dr. Döllinger, a witness whose testimony Lord Redesdale may be disposed to admit, in his *History of the Church* asserts that 'there never was a doubt that the substance of the sacrament was contained under either form, or that he who received under either form, received a perfect sacrament, and all the graces that were connected with it: that he was incorporated with Christ, and was nourished with His

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body.' . . . 'Communion under one form,' he goes on to say, 'was, therefore, frequent in the ancient Church, perhaps more frequent than Communion under both forms.' Instances of this are given in the case of infants who received only the species of wine, of anchorets in the wilderness who bore with them the consecrated bread, of the sick who also received the bread, of the faithful who took it with them to their own houses, especially in the times of persecution; and of bishops who sent it one to another. It may, therefore, fairly be said that the Christians who lived soon after the days of the Apostles did not understand the words of our Lord in the sense which Lord Redesdale now attaches to them.

They did not believe the words, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you' to imply the necessity of receiving Communion under the form of wine as well as under that of bread.

Catholics hold the words of the Evangelists which describe the Last Supper to mean—(1) That Christ on that occasion exercised His priesthood according to the order of Melchisedec. He took, He blessed, He brake the bread, He gave thanks, and He gave it to His Apostles, saying, 'This is my body;' and in like manner He took and blessed the cup and gave it, saying, 'This is my blood.' (2) That by the words 'Do this in commemoration of me,' He perpetuated this priesthood in the persons of His Apostles and of their successors.

The sacrificial power so conferred was to be exercised in the same manner in which it had been exercised by our Lord. Hence the integrity of the sacrifice requires the consecration of both bread and wine, and the receiving of both by the sacrificer. And let it here be remarked that a priest or bishop, or even the Pope himself, when not offering the sacrifice, receives Communion merely under the form of bread. As to the necessity of the consecration of both species for the integrity of the sacrifice, Greeks of all sects, Nestorians, and Armenians are one with Rome. The command of our Lord was clear and absolute, and no power on earth can change it. By a strange contradiction, the Communion service in use among Anglicans, who are so loud in their accusations of a mutilated sacrament, orders, in direct opposition to Christ's command, a new consecration under one kind only, in case either element should come short.

The second point put forward by the noble Lord is that the Church of Rome 'continues to invent new articles of faith,' and he illustrates this statement by a reference to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and that of Papal Infallibility.

Catholics hold that the Church has no power to invent articles of faith, or to proclaim a new revelation. Her office is to guard the deposit of Faith in its integrity, to teach it in its completeness to the nations, to expound its meaning, and to apply it for the promotion of the spiritual welfare of her children.

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Catholics know that Councils have decided controversies and made declarations concerning the Faith. But such decisions and declarations are not inventions. The very wording of their decrees shows that they are derived from the faith once delivered to the saints. Nice did not invent the Godhead of Jesus Christ, Constantinople did not invent the divinity of the Holy Ghost, Ephesus did not invent the two natures in Jesus Christ, nor did the Vatican invent the personality of God; although these doctrines were declared by these several Councils. The varied circumstances of the Church, the very proneness of mankind to err, the wants of the supernatural life of men, the direction of intellectual activity to religion, necessitate on the part of the Church explicit declarations of the body of faith which she has always held.

It is true, indeed, that the words, 'immaculate conception' and 'Papal infallibility' are not to be found in Holy Scripture, yet the Catholic cannot fail to see in the sacred pages the doctrines of which they are the expression or legitimate development. On the immaculate conception of her who, in the words of the Scripture, is full of grace, whom all nations shall call blessed, Cardinal Newman, in his *Second Eve*, has collected a mass of testimony which proves that the doctrine is no new thing in God's Church. And as to the infallibility of the Pope, the successors of St. Peter did not wait for the Vatican Council to proclaim them infallible, but from the earliest times they have acted as men who believed themselves to be possessed of this great gift. They have condemned error, they have proclaimed anew truths that seemed in danger of being obscured or perverted. The obstinate refusal of submission to their dogmatic decrees was ever held to involve grave sin.

No one can read the *Regula Fidei* of Pope Hormisdas, or Pope Gelasius' letter to the Emperor Anastasius, or the opening words of the Code of Justinian, or the profession of the Greeks at the Second Council of Lyons, or the bull *Unam Sanctam*, without seeing how thoroughly the supremacy of the Holy See both in government and *in teaching* was embedded in the mind of the Church.

Catholics find in the doctrine of the Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council the full meaning of our Lord's words, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren,' and of His charge to St. Peter, 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.'

In the last place Lord Redesdale urges that the Church of Rome 'refuses to accept what the Church has decided, and so long as she continues to do so renders Christian unity impossible.' In support of this proposition he adduces the 28th canon of the Council of Chalcedon, and concludes that 'the Church in the fifth century knew

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nothing of any particular authority belonging to the Bishop of Rome as St. Peter's successor.'

The Catholic faith is that a General Council cannot be convoked without the authority of the Pope, nor can its decrees and canons become the dogmas and laws of the Church until they have been approved and confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Now the 28th canon of Chalcedon was at the time of the Council protested against by the Papal Legates; it was inserted among the canons in defiance of their protest. Pope Leo approved all the *dogmatic decrees* of this Council, and repudiated the 28th canon, which concerned *discipline* and not faith, and which provided that 'New Rome, the honoured seat of Empire, and the residence of the Senate, should possess equal privileges in ecclesiastical matters with ancient Rome and should be second in rank.'

That the Pope did not approve, but rejected this canon, is to the Catholic mind an end of all controversy on the subject. The canon neither is nor ever was a part of Church law, and cannot, therefore, be urged as a reason for doubt in the Church of Rome. This answer is sufficient for a Catholic; but the conclusion drawn by Lord Redesdale requires some additional reply.

The Council of Chalcedon from which this canon was taken was convened by Pope Leo. His four Legates presided over it. At the very opening session the legate Paschasinus announced that he had a command from the most holy and apostolic Bishop of Rome, which *is the head of all the Churches.* The Legates demanded that Dioscorus should not be allowed to sit as one of the Fathers or to vote, inasmuch as he had dared to hold a Synod without the authority of the Apostolic See, which never had been done, nor ought to be done. For this and other matters he was, at the request of the assembled Fathers, condemned by the Papal Legates. In the preamble to their sentence, they speak of the Apostolic Throne having pardoned certain of the Bishops of the Robber Synod, and proceed in these words:—'Leo, the most blessed Archbishop of Rome, declares by us, and by this most Holy Synod, and being in union with the Blessed Apostle Peter, who is the rock and the support of the Catholic Church and the Orthodox Faith, that Dioscorus is deprived of his bishopric and of all ecclesiastical dignity. In the preceding session the famed dogmatic letter of Pope Leo to Flavian was read, and the Fathers exclaimed, 'This is the Faith of the Fathers! . . . Anathema to those who believe otherwise! Peter has spoken by Leo.' The sessions of the Council concluded, the Fathers addressed a Synodal letter to Leo, entreating His Holiness to approve and confirm its decrees. The Pope pointed out that to accept the 28th canon of Chalcedon was to deny the 6th canon of Nice, and His Holiness put in its true light the Apostolic origin of the Church. Before his time, St. Cyprian had said, 'Rome is the principal Church, the centre of unity, whence sacerdotal unity has

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arisen because she is the Cathedra Petri.' The Council of Sardica had said, 'hoc enim optimum et valde congruentissimum esse videbitur si ad caput, id est ad Petri sedem, de singulis quibusque provinciis Domini referant sacerdotes.'

The most cursory study of the acts of the Council of Chalcedon shows that, although the greater number of the bishops assembled were Greek, and naturally wished to confer on Constantinople special privileges, they acknowledged without protest the supremacy of the authority of St. Peter's successor.

In fact, it is hard to understand how Lord Redesdale can assert that 'the Church in the fifth century knew nothing of any particular authority belonging to the Church of Rome.' To produce evidence from the Fathers anterior to this period would be to trespass too far on the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, but we may refer its readers to the *Cathedra Petri* of Mr. Allnatt, who has collected their testimony in a small volume (Burns and Oates).

Acting on Lord Redesdale's admirable suggestion as to the value of brevity in an article of this nature, we have tried to show that the Catholic is saved from doubt by the knowledge that the Church is the Pillar and Foundation of Faith, that she has a divine and therefore an infallible teaching authority, and that she has a head in the constant and indefectible line of the successors of St. Peter, to whom, in the words of the Preamble of the Decree on Papal Infallibility, 'the Holy Spirit was not promised that by His revelation they might make known new doctrine, but that by His assistance they might inviolably keep and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith delivered through the Apostles.'

T. J. Capel.

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FREE TRADE, RAILWAYS, AND THE GROWTH OF COMMERCE;

OR,

An Attempt to estimate the Comparative Effects of (1) *Liberation of Intercourse and* (2) *Improvement of Locomotion upon the Trade and Wealth of the United Kingdom during the last Half-Century.*

It is now nearly forty years since the war against Protective legislation, so miscalled, was carried over from the study of the economist, and the platform of the Anti-Corn-Law League, to the arena of Parliament, and began to take the form of serious and trenchant legislation. During more than five-and-twenty of those years, the British agriculturist has been exposed to a competition with the rest of the world almost absolutely free: and the ruin predicted for him by his friends took this peculiar form, not only that he survived, but that for a full quarter of a century there never was once raised that cry of agricultural distress which, under the system of Protection, invariably pierced the ears of Parliament at intervals of a few short years. The growth of general trade has notoriously, during the entire period from 1842, been enormous.

But a season of pressure and distress, both for commercial and for agricultural producers, has at length arrived. There are a set of gentlemen who have ever believed and professed themselves to be the only, or the very best, allies of the farmer. With this belief and profession, they ought to have directed his mind by their advice to what was useful to him, and practicable in itself. But unhappily their plan of action has been to recommend to him what they ought to have known to be unattainable, and for the most part what, even if attainable, would have been mischievous alike to him and the community. They have thus been in fact, though not in design, his perpetual evil genius, his tempters, and his betrayers. On this new occasion, they have declared or hinted to him that he had better cry aloud for a revival of Protection. That remedy the farmer has had the good sense to eye askance. Yet some persons in Parliamentary, and even in official, positions appear still to do their best to mislead him; while, among particular sections of manufacturers and workmen, a desire has been exhibited to revive the reign of restriction, at least on their own behalf.

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There is no evidence that our trading neo-protectionists are in general prepared to renew the restraints upon the importation of bread and meat for the people. But if the reign of impoverishment is to be newly proclaimed, let it run equably all round. Until something in the nature of a balanced plan, for an equable distribution of the poison, shall have been adjusted, neither decency nor policy will allow of any serious combination or effort. Still, the mere fact that the scattered elements of disturbance should exist, and exist under countenance from some of those who are marked out by position as the born guides and rulers of the land, is, if not a danger to the State, yet perhaps a scandal to the age. The fortress of commercial freedom is indeed strong against all open assault; but stealthy approaches, by mining and the like, are not out of the question. It is at any rate well to survey from time to time the bulwarks, and to realise for ourselves what we owe to those most conservative and most philanthropic changes, which were purchased at so heavy a cost in time, labour, discussion, and intrigue. It is well to hold fast in our memory the debt which we owe to Freedom of Trade; but we shall lodge it the more safely there, if we have first placed it clearly before our eyes in its true form and dimensions.

And here arises in our face the difficulty with which in this paper I propose to deal. We have the admitted fact of an enormous, an unexampled, material progress since the *novus ordo sæclorum*, and the emancipation of our industry, began. But, during the same period, other agencies, confessedly tending in the same direction, have been at work. To these other agencies, of which railways have been the most powerful and conspicuous, the whole result has often been ascribed by those among the opponents of Free Trade, who were usually the most courageous, honest, and obtuse. But even the heartiest and most sanguine Free Trader must admit that they have made a large contribution to the general upshot. Are there, then, any means by which we can divide the spoil, that is to say the honour and the credit, rendering to each set of influences its due?

I am of opinion that this cannot be done, by any means we now possess, with anything like precision; but that an approximation to the truth can be made, such as to be of great interest in itself, and of great value for practical purposes. The interest is that which necessarily attaches to every expedient available for measuring the material results of great legislative changes. The practical purpose is to shut the mouths of those who still maintain that 'Free Trade' has had no share in producing the vast expansion of our commerce, which has marked the last forty years; or who are endeavouring to practise upon the selfishness of class, with revival of Protection as a motto on their flag: in some cases not without an apparent view to political ends.

I shall seek first to lay firmly the ground from which we are to start: by showing, in a summary way, how completely Protection

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did its duty, and earned its character, as a scheme for retarding, if it could not altogether prevent, the growth of national wealth.

My next business will be to avail myself of the important fact, which principally enables me to construct my main thesis: this, namely, that before legislation turned energetically towards commercial freedom, the railway system was in operation, and for some few years in rather powerful operation.

Thirdly, my endeavour will be to set out as carefully as I can the effects of the great successive doses, or instalments, of Free Trade administered by legislation at certain principal epochs: there being this marked difference between railway extension and the abolition of restrictive laws, that the one may be practically assumed as a constant quantity, operating with a uniform increment from year to year, whereas the other has only marked certain sessions of Parliament, with periods of several years between them.

Fourthly: I propose to take these intervening periods severally, as affording in each case a measure, sufficiently accurate for the purpose in view, of the effect produced upon commerce by the immediately preceding instalment of what is termed Free Trade legislation.

Fifthly: as the legislation of 1860 very nearly completed the work of annihilating the Protective system in this country, we have to fix a term for the development of the measures of that particular year. I propose to assume that they had produced their full effect by the end of the year 1866. We then have a period of several years, during which, although some relief was given to the country by remission of taxes, nothing was done which directly illustrates the benefit of removing Protection. But through these years the railway system continued regularly to extend itself, and telegraphic communication was greatly extended. We therefore possess anew, for a period, part at least of the very same advantage which we had in 1832. We see railway extension and development continually at work without new legislative assistance, to any great extent, in liberating commerce from restraint.

I need not remind the reader conversant with algebra that a single equation, presenting to us two unknown quantities, cannot be solved without other aid. Such is the case of the progress we were achieving between 1842 and (say) 1866. But if we are furnished with another equation, exhibiting only one of the unknown quantities, we can then ascertain its value, and, substituting that value in the first equation for the symbol, we can then obtain the value of the second unknown quantity, that is to say, we can convert it into a known one. The period 1830–1842 offers us this single equation. Railways were then at work without Free Trade: and, observing what the one stimulant can effect without the other, we are more nearly in a condition to judge the amount of its efficacy where it is in operation together with the other.

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So much for the outline of the process. Now as to the materials at command, and the terms to be employed.

The materials at command are principally these:

1. The returns of railway traffic and mileage.
2. The returns of the Income Tax.
3. The returns of Exports of domestic produce.

But, before making any remarks on these materials, it may be well to speak of the terms which we shall have to employ. It will be necessary to sum up conventionally, for brevity and convenience, a variety of agencies on each side under some one name that does not, strictly speaking, convey each of them. These agencies may, I apprehend, be termed on the one side legislative; on the other locomotive.

The legislative agencies have been in their nature negative. Our predecessors, in many things wise, have had dreadful fits of *dormitation* from time to time in their musings for the good of man. They thought it would turn to his profit if they carefully blocked by prohibition, or narrowed by regulation and taxation, most of the avenues by which the mind, and also the hand, of man conveyed and exchanged their respective products. The travelling of persons, and of goods, from one country to another was impeded by every sort of vexatious regulation. The press was deemed a dangerous institution, and newspapers were made by law dear and scarce. Private correspondence was heavily taxed for the commercial classes, while the Peers, office-holders, and members of Parliament carried on their share of it for themselves and their friends by franking, which gave them a virtual exemption; and it seems to have been deemed a matter in which the nation at large could have no concern. Even general literature was smitten through the paper duty and the duty on advertisements. I rank the introduction of cheap postage for letters, documents, patterns, and printed matter, and the abolition of all taxes on printed matter, in the category of what is commonly termed Free Trade Legislation. Not only thought in general, but every communication, and every publication, relating to matters of business, was thus set free. These great measures, then, may well take their place beside the abolition of prohibitions and protective duties, the simplifying of revenue laws, and the repeal of the Navigation Act, as forming together the great code of Industrial emancipation. Under this code, our race, restored to freedom in mind and hand, and braced by the powerful stimulus of open competition with the world, has upon the whole surpassed itself and every other, and has won for itself a commercial primacy more evident, more comprehensive, and more solid than it had at any previous time possessed.

We may thus place together in one category the whole of the negative provisions, that have given back a liberty in relation to all material pursuits, which had been unduly filched away. In order to include all the restraints connected with the function of the brain in the

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industrial world, I may properly call this great agency by some such name as Freedom or Liberation of Intercourse; but on account of brevity, and of familiar use, I may likewise be permitted to refer to it by the name under which it has won its unrivalled honours, the name of Free Trade.

The group of agencies on the other side, which I seek to bring into a fair, if rough, comparison with liberation of intercourse, are positive, not negative; and are also strictly material, not moral. They are very varied in their characters. The chief among them has, I apprehend, unquestionably been the marriage of the steam-engine to the rail, and its enlistment in the business of locomotion by land. This great invention was due, I believe, to a great man. Mr. Cobden has been irreverently called an inspired bagman; but George Stephenson may more justly be called an inspired engineer. I had the honour of slightly knowing him in his later period, now some forty years back; and this was the impression which the glowing old man, all instinct with the central fire of genius, made upon my mind. The wonderful device, *ἔξοχον σοφισμάτων*, was first put in act between Stockton and Darlington at the end of 1825; and I can recollect the picture, then so strange, of a train of waggons drawn by an engine, which was sent to my father to move him to take shares in the scheme for the railway between Manchester and Liverpool. For a while the scheme had seemed to sleep, but had really been under test, in its original cradle. It awoke in 1830, an infant Hercules indeed, who has now compelled into his single service a twelfth part of the property of the United Kingdom. There is something that touches the feelings in the recollection that the death of Mr. Huskisson gave a tragic colour to the day of the great inauguration in the summer of that year. The calamity was perhaps immediately due to a shaken nervous system, which paralysed his presence of mind. But in contemplating such an event the imagination will have its share. It might seem as if a human sacrifice were required for the sanction of the arduous undertaking, and as if no other life could avail than the life of the great and sagacious economist, who already, for his initial efforts towards the liberation of trade, had suffered a virulence of moral persecution probably without example in these times, and who now became, in another and yet more searching sense, a martyr to the cause of material progress.

Along with this gigantic agency, we have had (2) the great sister invention of the Telegraphs; (3) the change from wood to iron in the construction of ships, with that establishment of ocean highways, rapidly, regularly, and safely traversed by fleets of great steamers, which it so much aided; (4) the constant progress of mechanical invention, which, however, was only the continuance of a process already in operation before railways began; and (5) in like manner the continued application of the natural sciences in a thousand forms to the cheapening

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and improvement of production. The two last of these causes, not being new and special, do not enter as largely into our immediate subject-matter as the three first; though probably some allowance ought to be made for their more accelerated and extended action. Upon the whole, and looking at what is main and central rather than what is collateral or accidental, I think that what we have to compare with the liberation of intercourse may be summed up in the phrase Improvement of Locomotion; the annihilation or depression of the difficulties that distance, and its accompaniments, had previously interposed; the bringing near of persons, thoughts, and things, that previously had been far. And as the facts of the great progression in railways are both the principal and the most accessible facts, and also have a movement in a certain measure proportioned to that of the sister facts, I may, for the sake of brevity, speak of the motive cause, or set of agencies, now before us as that of Railways, and the periods of time which it may be convenient to mark out for division as Railway-periods.

The problem before us, then, is to divide the credit of our material progress, by an approximation as fair as may be, between its two great factors, the Liberation of Intercourse and the Improvement of Locomotion.

Next as to the sources of information upon which we have to draw. My main instrument will be an examination of railway traffic and mileage on the one hand, of the dates of liberating or free-trade legislation on the other. Next there will be the notice of the annual increment, or rate of progress, in our Exports, in relation to the times when the one or the other agency can be shown to have specially affected them. And this is the proper place to establish certain general rules.

1. That, inasmuch as the railway factor, so to call it, or impulse from causes connected with locomotion, has on the whole been in course of pretty regular annual extension, the increment of its action may be taken, for practical purposes, as constant from year to year.

2. That the free-trade factor, so to call it, or impulse due to legislative emancipation of intercourse between men, has also been in course of progressive extension by new relaxations of restraint. The increment of its action, however, from year to year has not been constant; it has been gathered into great masses at various periods from three or four to six or seven years apart, and will have to be estimated for those periods respectively.

3. That the increase of the exports of British produce from the country may be taken as upon the whole a sufficient index of the comparative effects which we are endeavouring to measure, though they are not to the same extent an index of the movement of the aggregate wealth of the country.

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These general rules, not being self-evident in their character, will require some little comment respectively.

1. As regards the first, let not the reader be startled by finding that the *maximum* and *minimum* of the annual mileages opened during the railway period differ very widely, and that at short intervals. The greatest of these differences was between 1,182 miles opened in 1848 after the great speculations of 1845 and 1846, and 226 miles opened in 1855. The very large extension in 1848 constituted a case of exception in railway history; and it did not prevent the exports of that year from standing, under the action of political disturbances, at a very low figure. How little it affected the steadiness of the general onward movement will be seen from the following brief table:—

Year, to December 31	Miles of Railway open	Addition made	Number of Year	Annual Average
1842	1,857	—	—	—
1848	5,127	3,270	6	545
1852	7,336	2,209	4	552
1859	10,002	2,666	7	323
1865	13,289	3,287	6	549
1878	17,300	4,001	13	309

The mileage receipts have varied less (since 1837) than the lengths annually added.

In 1842 they were about 2,300*l.*, and they never fell below 2,000*l.* except in 1848–50, when they ranged between that figure and 1,950*l.*, since which time they pretty steadily rose until they touched 3,462*l.* in 1873. They stand at 3,485*l.* for 1878.

There is one of these periods when the annual increment of mileage fell by more than 40 per cent. on the average. But the time (1852–59) was remarkable for the extensive application of the telegraphic system to oversea transactions. There is therefore little cause to take notice of the variations in the extension given annually by fresh mileage to the railway factor.

2. With the free-trade factor the case is eminently otherwise. The instalments or, so to speak, doses of Free Trade were not administered with any approach either to annual uniformity or to periodical regularity. They were applied in a few particular years, separated by intervals of three, four, five, or seven years, during which the weapon lay dormant, or was so slightly used that we need not take notice of these intermediate transactions. We shall have to observe how the periodical increments of liberating laws, and through them of commercial facilities, quickened and enlarged the trade-movement, when it was advancing pretty steadily under a nearly constant action of railway facilities. We shall thus be enabled in some degree to measure the shares of propelling force due to the two

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respectively. We shall first find a certain amount of annual growth to be set down to the credit of the railway. Then, taking notice how far that annual growth is enlarged upon each successive access of an instalment or dose of Free Trade, we shall get at some basis for a view trustworthy in its general bearings.

There was no instalment of Free Trade, which need be taken into our account, before 1842. The remissions then granted did not take effect (except in the case of corn, where they were not important) until the seventh and tenth months of the year. I therefore take 1843 as the first operative year of the first instalment of Liberal legislation under what was called the new Tariff.

The second instalment was the new Tariff of 1845.

The third instalment was the repeal of the Corn Laws at the opening of 1849, together with the repeal of the Navigation Laws during the Parliamentary Session of that year.

The fourth was the new Tariff of 1853, accompanied with the repeal of the Soap Duties and other changes.

The fifth and last great instalment was granted by the Customs Act of 1860, which at length gave nearly universal effect to the following principles:

1. That neither on raw produce, nor on food, nor on manufactured goods, should any duty of a protective character be charged.

2. That the sums necessary to be levied for the purposes of revenue in the shape of Customs' duty should be raised upon the smallest possible number of articles.

The repeal of the Excise Duty on Paper had formed a portion of the Budget of 1860. It entailed the severest Parliamentary struggle in which I have ever been engaged; and by the novel action of the House of Lords it was postponed to 1861, when it emancipated, at length, a great article of trade, and allowed the full development of the cheap press. For the present purpose it may be regarded as belonging to 1860, the last of what I may call the cardinal or organic years, inasmuch as the protective duty on Foreign Paper was removed in that year.

These years, then, will mark out the periods at each of which fresh and powerful agencies of Liberating Legislation began to take effect in our system; and, like the affluents of a great river, swelled the volume of the stream of British commerce.

3. We shall measure, then, the effect of the two factors by the magnitude of our exports of British produce; but it is requisite to explain more distinctly the limits within which these are to be taken as indicators of national wealth.

Such exports will be admitted, I presume, to measure the foreign trade of the country; and the bulk of that trade will also measure, on an average of years, the amount of profit, or addition to national wealth, which is yielded by it. It does not seem necessary to include

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in our view the exports of Foreign and Colonial merchandise, for the following reasons: first, that it could not be done with accuracy, as the real values were not taken until 1854; and secondly, that it would not greatly affect the result, as its movement has in the main followed the movement in the exports of British produce.

It may, however, still be said that the foreign trade is not an accurate test of the home trade, nor therefore of the aggregate increase in the wealth of the nation. And here it may be convenient to advert to the growth of the Income Tax, which is much more closely a measure of the growth in national wealth than the exports. The exports were

In 1842	£47,284,000
„ 1878	190,045,000

or were almost exactly quadrupled.

The produce of the Income Tax *per* penny may be taken (due allowance being made for modifications of the basis) as

In 1842–4	£760,000
„ 1877–8	1,911,000

In other words, while two have grown to eight in the one case, they have only grown to five in the other.

The case is further illustrated by comparing the growth in the two great Schedules A and D. In thirty years, from 1842 to 1872, Schedule A, representing land and houses, together with mines, quarries, and the like, grew by less than 25 per cent., but Schedule D by more than 60 per cent. Schedule D legally includes (with much else) the profits of foreign trade; and this comparison of growths would be still more instructive if we could separate the mines and quarries from Schedule A all along, as they have now been severed since 1866.

The Income Tax itself only represents the wealthier part of the community; and I greatly doubt whether it can be taken to indicate a fully corresponding growth in the means of those classes who do not pay it. Happily for us all, wages have improved, while hours of labour have been diminished; but, while taking into view the increase of population, I should hardly venture to assume more than a double ratio (at most) of the aggregate wealth of the whole community now as compared with 1842, which we have to compare with a fourfold ratio in the case of its foreign trade.

But the foreign trade is none the less the main instigator of progressive industry and enterprise in every domestic department; so that the growth in the value of land, and yet more of houses, is largely due to it. All, however, that we need now assume, is that it is itself a leading source of wealth; in order thus to justify our using it to learn how this source has been affected.

Outside the action of these two great causes, the Legislative and the Locomotive factors, there are other influences of a special and occasional, and at the same time wholly irregular nature, which I have

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acted upon our foreign trade to thwart and depress it. These are mainly the following:—

1. Bad harvests.
2. Commercial panics.
3. Commercial distress.
4. Wars.
5. Revolutions.
6. The cotton famine.

And a seventh, equally occasional in its nature, which powerfully assists trade; namely,

7. Large remissions of taxation.

I well remember the time when a bad harvest meant a bad revenue. It is not so now, for the price of bread is kept moderate by foreign importations, and the augmented means of the working masses have created a strong, solid, steady consuming power, of which, thirty and even twenty years ago, we had little idea. Only here and there shall I have occasion to notice the action of these secondary influences upon our foreign trade, when it may appear to have been so energetic as palpably to affect the reckoning. But it must be borne in mind that some one, or more than one, is commonly at work, in its degree, to elevate or depress our trade; and therefore all along I cannot pretend to be doing more than to present approximate conclusions, with a margin of considerable breadth, within the bounds of which all the evidence is indeterminate, and its appreciation open to much variety of opinion. The results are, however, in almost every case so marked as to leave ample space for such a margin.

After these rather copious explanations, I am now, perhaps, in a condition to set forth the case under the four heads which I sketched in the early part of this paper.

1. I am to show the utter and absolute failure of Protection as a means of promoting the material growth of the nation.

At the commencement of the century, our exports were not very regular, as they were subject in a peculiar degree to the influences of war. In 1800 they were 39,500,000*l.*, in 1805 they were 37,250,000*l.* In 1815, they rose, for the moment, with the return of peace, to 49,500,000*l.*; as the foreign demand for goods came up faster than the foreign industries which were to produce them. It is from 1816 onwards that we see the true unmixed action of a Protective system upon a trade, which had previously thriven, to a certain extent (for in 1810 it reached 47,000,000*l.*), upon the surer aid of a maritime monopoly secured by the strong hand.

In fifteen years of peace, down to 1830 inclusive, the exports stood as follows:—

	Average
1816–18	£42,000,000
1819–21	35,000,000
1822–24	36,000,000
1825–27	36,000,000
1828–30	37,000,000

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If, as would be just, we strike out from the last triennium the year 1830, during the latter half of which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was at work, even the poor semblance of increase presented by the closing figures will disappear; for the years 1828 and 1829 only give an average of 36,250,000*l*. Although mechanical invention was in constant growth, and various initial measures had been taken with a view to the extension of trade, yet in the main the system remained inviolate, and Protection proved itself to be, in the United Kingdom at least, but another name for Paralysis.

This is a figurative expression; but it is strictly within the measure of the truth. Whether Protection is a universal poison, or whether it may be conceived to operate as food in cases where it is granted for a few years in order to shelter the first investments in a new industry, I do not now inquire. We at least have never seen or known it in that mitigated form. With us, it has sheltered nothing, but the most selfish instincts of class against the just demands of the public welfare. These it has supplied with strongholds, from whose portals our producers have too generally marched forth in the day of need, armed from head to foot with power and influence largely gotten at the expense of the community, to do battle, with a perverted prowess, against nature, liberty, and justice. Whether this poison of Protection is equally virulent in other lands, where thrift, or the love of excellence in industrial production, may be more indigenous than with us, I do not presume to say. I am well convinced that it is at most a question whether the mischief is always superlative, or sometimes only positive; and I do believe, if my belief be worth anything, that the unrivalled plant of British energy never truly thrives in a hothouse, but only when sun and rain, wind and frost and snow play freely upon it, to exercise and brace its growth. Enough, however, of this. Such topics belong perhaps to a wider field. We have now our starting-post firmly planted in the ground, and may set out on our way towards the goal.

The first period we have to examine is that during which the Railway factor was at work without the co-operation of the Legislative or Free Trade factor. It extends over the twelve years 1831–42 inclusive. Subdividing this period for a more minute examination, we find the four triennia exhibiting a growth of exports as follows:—

	Average
1831–3	£38,000,000
1834–6	47,000,000
1837–9	48,000,000
1840–2	50,000,000

In the first of these periods, trade was artificially kept down by the political excitement of the country, which, for once, actually bordered upon revolution. The second was one of great activity in general business, and of plenty indicated by an average price of wheat reduced

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from 64*s.* to 44*s.* per quarter. The third again carried wheat to 64*s.*, and with the panic of 1837 caused a very heavy decline of exports. Yet even the triennium of dear corn and commercial failures exhibits an average increase to 48,000,000*l.* The fourth again included at least one deplorable commercial year (1842), yet showed on the average a further augmentation to 50,000,000*l.* The entire term of twelve years exhibits a growth, between its first triennium and its *last*, of 12,000,000*l.* in our exports, and may fairly be taken at not less than 1,000,000*l.* annually. Until the summer of 1837, when the Grand Junction line was opened, I am not aware that any important railway was at work, except that between Liverpool and Manchester. But by 1838 the four great centres of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester were all united by rail.

It may be said that the railways which had been opened before the end of 1842, and which did not reach 2,000 miles in length, could not yet have had time to develope their arrangements, and that accordingly we cannot consider these years as exhibiting sufficiently the results of the system. But on the other hand it is to be remembered that they drew upon the first richness of a virgin soil. Connecting together the wealthiest, most active, and most populous places, they told far more rapidly and powerfully upon trade, than did the lines opened at a later period. It is probable that this consideration may nearly suffice to keep even the balance between the energy of the Railway factor in the earlier and in the later years. The mileage traffic supplies us with an adequate test; and the reply it furnishes is this, that between 1842 and 1846 the return per mile varied from about 2,300*l.* to 2,540*l.*, and that so late as in 1870 it had only reached 2,794*l.* I have not the returns before 1842; but my impression is that at that time the receipt per mile was decidedly high. The point is one of great importance in connection with the assumption I have made, that the increment of our foreign trade due to the action of locomotive causes may be taken as nearly constant from year to year.

So much for the First Railway Period of twelve years.

We now come to periods defined for us by the legislative dates of the greater Free Trade statutes.

The First Instalment of Free Trade may be taken as tested in some degree by the years 1843–5. The result is that these years give an average export of 57,000,000*l.*; an aggregate growth, therefore, of 7,000,000*l.*, and an annual growth, one year with another, of 2⅓ millions. Calculating on the basis we have laid down, we have to take 1,000,000*l.* of this increment as due to the constant addition to the power of the Railway stimulus. 1,250,000*l.* then will appear to belong to the first modicum, as it may be called in comparison with what followed, of Emancipating Legislation.

The Second Instalment of Free Trade, which became law in 1845,

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has again only the brief term of three years, 1846–8, allowed to it; for with the 1st of January, 1849, came the Third Instalment, in the shape of the Repeal of the Corn Law, to which was added the new Navigation Act.

During those three years there was no increase of the exports. There is indeed a small diminution; the average export being only 56,500,000*l.* instead of 57,000,000*l.* But with these three years came three great calamities: the first, scarcity in England, and famine in Ireland; the second, commercial panic, with the suspension of the Bank Act in 1847; and the third in 1848, the great year of wars and revolutions on the Continent, which drove our exports down, even as compared with 1847, by 6,000,000*l.*, or from 58,842,000*l.* to 52,849,000*l.* Under these circumstances it was much to have prevented a still greater contraction.

To estimate, however, the aggregate and also the respective force of our two Factors, our best course may be not to make these three years the subject of a separate calculation, but to omit them from our calculation of the average trade, and to found this entirely on the following period, that which belongs to the Third Instalment of Free Trade, and which extends over the four years 1849–52.

The result then will stand as follows. Starting from the year 1849, we go as far as the year 1852, which immediately preceded the Fourth Legislative Instalment of Free Trade in the Tariff and other Acts of 1853. In these four years we discover the elastic bound, by which our Foreign Trade advanced, when relieved from the depressing agencies of 1846–8, and further invigorated by the emancipating legislation of 1849. The average for the four years is no less than 72,000,000*l.* This exhibits a rise of 15,000,000*l.* per annum over the average for the years 1842–5. Crediting as before the Railway Factor with an annual increment of 1,000,000*l.*, we have this time a residue of 8,000,000*l.*, or something over 1,000,000*l.* annually, to set down to the account of emancipating legislation.

The Fourth Instalment of this legislation initiates a new period, which begins with 1853. The triennium 1853–5, notwithstanding the Crimean War, exhibits an average exportation of 97,000,000*l.* From 1852, a very flourishing year with an export of 78,000,000*l.*, we pass to 1853 with the enormous increment of 20,000,000*l.*, making in all 98,000,000*l.* The effect of the War is measured thereafter for two years, 1854 and 1855, by its keeping the export stationary, or affecting it rather with a slight decrease. The figure for 1854 is 97,184,000*l.*, and for 1855 it is 95,688,000*l.* The average for the triennium 1853–5 may be taken at 94,000,000*l.* It exhibits the very large advance of 22,000,000*l.* on the years 1849–52. It is probable that the Repeal of the Navigation Act, which brought about such great changes in shipping, had not time to tell for some years after the enactment, and that it first began to be very effective in this triennium.

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But we have to pass through four more years before the period is closed by the year 1860, which brings with it the Fifth and last great Instalment of Free Trade in conjunction with the French Treaty, due to the sagacious initiative of Mr. Cobden. On the removal of pressure from the Crimean War, the export rises in 1856 to 115,826,000*l.*, and this is followed by a further increase in 1857 to 122,000,000*l.* The commercial explosion, which occurred near the close of the year, naturally made itself more felt in 1858, when the export fell again to 116,000,000*l.* In 1859 the exports rose to 130,000,000*l.*, and the average for the four years is 124,000,000*l.* The entire period of seven years between the Fourth and the Fifth Instalments, when compared with the four immediately preceding the Fourth Instalment, stands as follows:—

1849–52, average exports	£72,000,000
1853–59 „ „	119,000,000

The augmentation of exports here reaches the enormous amount of 47,000,000*l.*, or nearly 7,750,000*l.* annually. The changes of 1849, as well as those of 1853, had produced a very full effect. As to the action of locomotive influences, the addition to railway mileage had actually fallen from an annual average of about 550 miles to one of 380; but we may consider the extension of the Submarine Telegraph as bringing the action of the Locomotive Factor up to its full efficiency. The effect of that agency was, besides giving a general stimulus and facility, to bring forward, by a great sudden economy of time, a large quantity of traffic which would otherwise have been postponed. For this anticipation of transactions some special credit may be given. And although the mileage of railways was not as rapidly extended as before, there was a large increase in the receipts per mile. Between 1846 and 1852 these receipts had fallen from 2,540*l.* to 2,140*l.* Between 1852 and 1859 they again rose to 2,573*l.*, and thus went a little beyond the point which they had touched in 1845. The improvement was about 20 per cent.; and the railway agencies may fairly be credited, as usual, with adding a fresh million annually to our foreign trade. It is very difficult to say what allowance should be made for that acceleration of oversea transactions which was due to the economy of time effected by the Telegraph. This must be admitted to be guess-work; and it may be guessed at 5,000,000*l.* or even at 10,000,000*l.* annually. If we take it at the latter figure, the Railway Factor will be credited with 17,000,000*l.* instead of 7,000,000*l.* for this period. But there will still, even on this supposition, remain the immense increment of 30,000,000*l.* in our foreign trade, or more than 4,000,000*l.* a year, apparently due, and this on an estimate perhaps unduly reduced, to the agency of legislation for the Liberation of Intercourse.

If it be thought that the allowance made for the peculiar accelbra-

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tive effect of the Telegraphic system ought to be thrown over a larger number of years, that remark will be met by another and more synoptical view, which will shortly be presented, of this remarkable period.

We have now dealt with the first, second, third, and fourth advances made in the direction of Free Trade; and we have yet to deal with the only remaining great operation, that of 1860. In approaching this latest stage of the inquiry, we have two new difficulties to contend with. One is the novel and as it were forced reduction of our exports by the enormous and sudden contraction of the cotton supply through the action of the great civil war in America. This may be dealt with in detail. But the other goes to the root of the arrangement followed in this paper. To measure the effect produced by each successive instalment of Free Trade, we have taken the increase in the average exports for the term of years between the instalment actually dealt with and the period of the next instalment: three years from 1842 to 1845; four years from 1845 to 1849; four years from 1849 to 1853; seven years from 1853 to 1860. But after 1860 we have no limit provided for us by a fresh great epoch of onward legislation to mark out a testing term of years. It only remains to assume one. I shall assume the term of seven years, 1860–7, rather than the shorter terms of four or three years, and this for two reasons. First, that the years 1861 and 1862 were, by reason of the American War, wholly unsuited to be used as testing years. Secondly, that, as the Commercial Treaty of 1860 gave an impulse to liberating legislation in various countries, it may fairly claim the longer rather than the shorter term as the proper instrument for testing its effect.

The seven years 1860–6, which I adopt as adequately ascertaining the normal impulse of the new legislation upon our foreign trade, may be taken as one period; and in that view they present a total export of 1,046,700,000*l.*, or an annual average export of 149,500,000*l.* This sum, compared with 119,000,000*l.* for 1853–9, gives a total increment of 30,500,000*l.*, and an annual increment of nearly 4,500,000*l.* Of this amount, proceeding on our former basis, we have to assign 3,500,000*l.* to Free Trade.

But the circumstances of the American civil war, which for a time withdrew bodily the main aliment of our greatest manufacture, acted on the trade of this period in such a manner as to stamp it with a character not only of anomaly, but of exception. The largest annual trade of the septennial period rose in 1866 to 188,000,000*l.*, while the smallest, in 1862, was under 124,000,000*l.* The trade of 1860, notwithstanding a bad harvest, was so stimulated by the liberating Customs Act, which passed pretty early in the sessional year, that it rose at once from 130,000,000*l.* to 125,000,000*l.*; but in 1861, although the whole year had the benefit of the new legislation, the exports fell to 125,000,000*l.*, or 5,000,000*l.* below the point they had reached in 1859.

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The cotton famine, for such it might strictly be called, presents itself as the obvious cause of this decline. The war in America acted upon our exports as well as upon our supplies, since it also shut the ports of a large portion of the Union. Our export of cottons, which in 1859 had reached 48,000,000*l.*, and which mounted in 1860 to 52,000,000*l.*, fell in 1861 (the war beginning in April of that year) to less than 47,000,000*l.*, and in 1862 to less than 37,000,000*l.* The aggregate exports to the United States, which for the four years 1856–9 averaged 19,500,000*l.*, fell in the two years 1861–2 to an average of 11,500,000*l.* In order then to judge of the impulse given to general trade in these two years, we must (I think), before comparing them with the four years 1856–9, deduct, on both sides, not only our export of cottons, but even our aggregate exports to the American Union.

While the total exports of these four years give an average of 121,500,000*l.*, the export of cottons (goods and yarns) was 42,000,000*l.* Making this deduction, the export, other than of cottons, gives an average of 79,500,000*l.* But the aggregate exports to the United States averaged 19,500,000*l.*, so that our export trade, after the two deductions, amounted only to 60,000,000*l.*

Now in the two years 1861–62 the average total exports were 124,500,000*l.* The average export of cottons was 41,750,000*l.*, and the average export to the United States was 11,500,000*l.* We have, therefore, to deduct 53,250,000*l.* from the total of 124,500,000*l.*, in order to institute our comparison. It will then stand thus :—

Trade of 1856–9, after deductions	£60,000,000
„ 1861–2 „	70,750,000

So that the later years give an increment per annum of 10,750,000*l.* upon our general trade, notwithstanding the pressure exercised upon it throughout the world by the cotton famine. In this view, the increment stated fails to exhibit the full normal effect. But, on the other hand, it derives an undue advantage from one item included twice over in the deduction : the item of cottons exported to the United States, which are included in both the deductions, and thus somewhat exaggerate the result. I have not the means, from the documents before me, of a more precise statement. But the figures which have been given, after a due allowance on this score, show approximately an immediate increase which may safely be stated at several millions annually upon three-fifths of our trade, and thus amply sustain the results we have elsewhere attained to prove the invigorating force of emancipating legislation.

It seems plain, however, that these years were exceptional, and that they would only confuse any statement of the general growth of our foreign trade which should include them. It will be best accordingly to strike the average, to ascertain our seven years' growth, only upon the five years 1860 and 1863–66. Two indeed of these

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years, 1863 and 1864, suffered seriously from the American War. But the import of raw cotton had begun to rise progressively. The case now fell more within the ordinary limits of the range between good years and bad, and ought not therefore to be dealt with in an exceptional manner.

If then we take an average of our trade upon the five years last named, we obtain for it the figure of 159,500,000*l.* This we have to compare with 119,000,000*l.*, which was the average obtained for the seven years 1853–59. The augmentation amounts to 40,500,000*l.*; and if, as before, 7,000,000*l.* are assigned to locomotive agencies, there remain 33,500,000*l.* to be set down to the effect of liberating legislation: or about 4,750,000*l.* a year.

We have now come down to the end of the year 1866. Thirteen more years have passed down to the time at which I write. Of these the first four, from 1867 to 1870 inclusive, were not subject to the action of any such violently disturbing causes as to make them unavailable for the purposes of this paper. The export, which was 189,000,000*l.* in 1866, was 199,000,000*l.* in 1870, showing an average increment of 2,500,000*l.* a year. If, avoiding 1861–63 on account of the war in America, we compare the average for 1864–66 with the average for 1867–70, the first give 172,000,000*l.*, the second 187,000,000*l.*, so that the annual increment is less than 4,000,000*l.*, and is materially below what it was in periods when some new stimulus of liberating legislation had been freshly administered.

It is certainly tantalising to arrest this examination so far back as at the end of 1870. But the reason is that these eight years do not seem to afford ground for any probable inference illustrative of the present inquiry. In 1870 our exports were 200,000,000*l.* In two years they rose to 256,000,000*l.* At that level they remained for two years. Then came five years of continuous decline (1874–8), a decline in price mainly, but also in quantity, to 193,000,000*l.*, or 7,000,000*l.* below the level of 1870. During that interval the large trade in sugar has been altogether freed from the pressure of Customs Duty (1874), and the vast trade in corn released (1870) from a small residue of protective impost, amounting to some four or five per cent. on the value. While these have affected an imported value of 80,000,000*l.* sterling (in 1878), the increment of railway extension has been reduced, and has not exceeded 220 miles per annum. A new locomotive force has been, however, found in the opening of the Suez Canal; and the extension of railways abroad has been very large;[1] and also of telegraphs. Political disturbance, indifferent and bad harvests, and excessive speculation, have all

[1] *Railway Mileage.*

	1865.	1875.
In France, Germany, Austria and Russia	21,824	53,900
United States	35,100	75,000

Journal of the Statistical Society, June 1878, p. 205.

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contributed to darken and perplex the state of things. The inflation, and the subsequent obstinate depression, in certain prices, especially those of iron and coal, are without any approach to a parallel in our commercial history. On the whole, the result is that, though I for one find it possible enough to trace the growth of our trade down to 1870, I find myself, as to the subsequent years, wholly unable to disengage the more general facts from the particular and disturbing circumstances. Without doubt, if this could be done, we should find that there has been a real growth since 1870; but I cannot discover how we are to take any measure of it, except one purely conjectural. When an upward movement shall once not only have commenced, but have become established and broadly represented in our returns, it may be allowable to average together the years 1871–9; but until that beginning shall have been palpably and indisputably made, and made calculable, it would be a leap in the dark.

It may, however, be well to mention (*valeat quantum*) that for the eight years 1871–8 the average would be about 220,000,000*l.* If we assume this to be the real growth, and compare it with 187,000,000*l.* for 1867–70, it would give an increase of 33,000,000*l.* in nine years, or over 3,500,000*l.* a year. But while this amount must be regarded as doubtful in itself, there would be a further difficulty in determining even by approximation the proportions in which it ought to be assigned to the Legislative and Locomotive causes respectively. One conclusion, and one only, seems to flow legitimately from the general picture of these years, namely, that their average growth has been smaller than was the growth of years directly subject to the fresh influence of acts of liberating legislation. This conclusion will be confirmed by a further statement which I have to present.

A simpler, but also a less effective, method for estimating the results of liberating legislation will be to compare the trade of the first year after each of the successive changes with the trade of the year preceding it. The basis is indeed too narrow, for a single year does not give time enough to develope new commercial arrangements in harmony with altered laws. It is also far from accurate, inasmuch as the legislation does not take effect from the beginning of the natural year, and consequently only a fraction even of the twelvemonth is represented. In the case of 1842 this was the smaller fraction, and I therefore take 1843 as the first year under the New Tariff of 1842. With these explanations, I present briefly in a table the results of this method, which, however imperfect, serves in some degree to test and check what has already been stated:—

Preceding Years	Export.	Succeeding Years	Export.
1842	£47,284,000	1843	£52,206,000 (1)
1844	58,534,000	1845	60,111,000 (2)
1848	52,849,000	1849	63,596,000 (3)
1852	78,076,000	1853	98,933,000 (4)
1859	130,411,000	1860	135,891,000 (5)

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The immediate increment is in (1) 4,922,000*l.*; (2) 1,577,000*l.*; (3) 10,747,000*l.*; (4) 20,857,000*l.*; (5) 5,480,000*l.*

The large variation in these amounts indicates the action of the collateral and secondary causes, to which reference has been made. In the case of No. 3, the year 1848, with which the comparison is made, had been exceptionally depressed by war and revolution in Europe. But if, instead of 1848 and 1849, we were to take 1849 and 1850, we should still obtain the very large increment of 7,771,000*l.* Taking the figures as they stand, they show that the result of the large measures of Free Trade severally was to add on the five occasions, in less than a twelvemonth for four of them, the sum of 43,673,000*l.* to our export trade; or for each occasion, on the average, 8,493,000*l.* Now the average annual increment, over the whole period from 1842 to 1870, was about 4,400,000*l.* Thus the general effect of the liberating laws was, in a period considerably under the twelvemonth, nearly to double the average rate of growth. I cannot but think this fact carries with it an irresistible weight of demonstration. It would be futile to imagine that at these particular seasons there was in each case such a powerful enhancement of the regularly growing action of locomotive facilities as in any sensible degree to account for such great augmentations. We have therefore no choice but to assign them in substance to the direct effect of liberating legislation.

It seems perfectly legitimate, and of considerable utility, to find a further verifying formula for the more detailed examinations already made in a broader conspectus of the Free Trade Period as a whole, and in a comparison of it with the First Railway Period.

In the First Railway Period, 1830–42, we have seen an addition of about 1,000,000*l.* sterling annually to our exports, and have left them standing at 50,000,000*l.* In 1876, after twenty-eight years through which the Legislative and the Locomotive Factors have been jointly at work, the exports are 199,500,000*l.*, or let us say 200,000,000*l.* The original starting-point, supplied by the paternal or protective period, was 38,000,000*l.* The average annual increment for the twenty-eight years, during which the two factors worked together, would upon these data be over 5,250,000*l.*, against 1,000,000*l.* while locomotion worked alone. Regarding the matter in this light, out of the total growth of 162,000,000*l.* the locomotive factor might, at first sight, claim 40,000,000*l.*, or one-fourth, leaving 122,000,000*l.*, or three-fourths of the whole, for liberating legislation.

But it is probable, as I have already said, that an allowance should be made for the very special effect of the Telegraph in quickening commercial transactions. There has likewise been an increase in the receipts per mile from Railway traffic, amounting possibly to one-third.[2] But against this increased efficiency of railways is to be

[2] I am not in possession of the exact figures for 1879.

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set the diminution in the number of miles opened. And while, without doubt, the benefits of any given locomotive agencies are more and more felt from year to year, the very same expansive principle applies to Liberating Legislation, which continually gives scope for new improvements in the methods of trade. Let us, however, with reference to what has here been said, add 10,000,000*l.* to the sum set down to the credit of Locomotive agencies. In this view those agencies will have given an extension of 50,000,000*l.* to our export trade, while 112,000,000*l.* will remain due to Liberating Legislation: or about 30 per cent. will be set down to the first, and 70 per cent. to the second.

Look at these figures as we will, within the bounds fixed for us by positive data, and I think it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the operation of a sound Political Economy has been even more, and greatly more, prolific in enlarging the commerce and wealth of the country, than the operation of its sister and ally, Inventive Genius, applied to the development of natural science for purposes of locomotion.

I am aware that no portion of the reasoning or evidence, which I have presented, can claim to be demonstrative when taken by itself. At every step exception may be taken to my methods, as allowing too little or too much. But I have given the case as a whole in three distinct forms, independent of one another:

1. The comparison of the periods, following each successive instalment of Liberating Legislation, with one another and with the years 1830–42, forming the purely Locomotive period.

2. The comparison of the entire period of Liberating Legislation (1842–70) with (1830–42) the purely Locomotive period.

3. The comparison in each case of the last reported year preceding the great legislative changes with the first reported year following upon them.

If each one of these three strands be thought by circumspect statisticians insufficient to sustain the conclusion, still I submit that the concurrence of their testimony binds them into a rope which will safely bear the weight.

It may be said that, if Freedom of Trade has become the solid and unalterable basis of our legislation, inquiries such as these can have for us none but a speculative interest. Even on this showing, however, they bear a character highly practical for the Governments and citizens of other lands, who are rushing or gliding back into the embarrassments of a condemned and impoverishing system, or hugging themselves with abundant gratulation on their never having departed from it. In the *Statistical Journal* for June 1878, Mr. Newmarch has published a table which compares the trade of four great Protective countries with that of the United Kingdom. To this valuable table I regard the present paper as supplementary and

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auxiliary. It shows how favourably Free Trade among us compares with Protection in France, Austria, Russia, and the United States. One strange plea, indeed, the witch has invented at her last gasp, to save her from the stake she has so well deserved. She yields a lip-homage to Free Trade as good for Britain, though elsewhere bad. This country, it seems, had just reached by means of Protection a development, which has enabled her to venture safely on Free Trade. An unreformed drunkard might as well say to a reformed one, that he indeed, drunkard A, had by means of constant drinking so fortified his constitution as to be able to face the perils of temperance, but that to himself, drunkard B, who had not yet emptied so many puncheons, butts, and bottles, such premature amendment would be fatal. What is the term granted to Protection, and with which she will be satisfied, to complete her minority, and sow her wild oats?

Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus.[3]

Alas! the wild oats are never sown, the minority never is exhausted; and the blushing maiden, when all her excuses are exhausted, will fight at last to the death in other lands as she did in this, a withered and hideous, but resolute and formidable, hag. The trades of most continental countries, be it observed, are not younger trades than ours, but older; as civilisation is older in France, Spain, Italy, and perhaps also in Germany, than it is in England. By far the most remarkable industry we possessed before 1842 was the Cotton industry; which supplied in 1841 not far short of a moiety of our total exports (23,500,000*l.* out of 51,500,000*l.*), and, but for the import duty, would probably have exceeded that proportion. Was it Protection which had given to the cotton industry this peculiar extension? On the contrary, it was distinguished from the other great trades by this, that far the larger part of its products was sent and sold abroad. So that by far the most powerful of our manufactures was by far the least protected. I might, perhaps without impropriety, even say that it was a persecuted trade. Not only was the raw material, until 1842, struck with an import duty, but there was, until a period not much earlier, a duty of excise on printed calicoes. Into these points I will not now enter. What has been the sequel? That under the system of Free Trade, though our business in cottons has undergone a large absolute extension, its proportion of our export trade has diminished. In the great years 1872–3, it supplied, instead of near a half, less than a third of our export trade, and in the years 1874–8 it has stood at about one-third, or say 33 per cent., of the whole, instead of 45 per cent. What is this but to say, in other words, that we cannot eat our cake and have it? The cotton industry could not have the full benefit of Free Trade, because it had enjoyed part of that benefit already. This pretended benefit of Protection

[3] Hor. *Ep.* II. i. 35.

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during the first minority of a trade, was just what it had least of all enjoyed; and, consequently, it had grown beyond every other trade. The other trades of the country were kept in swaddling clothes, while cotton had its right hand free. Is it possible to contend that the swaddling clothes were the secret of strength, in the face of the fact that the child but half swaddled grew the most, and that, when the whole was removed from the rest, and the residue from it, then its brothers and sisters began to catch it up? Protection, if a guardian, is a guardian who carries to his own banking account the proceeds of the minor's estate; and the favour now given to Protection in America and elsewhere is simply endowing such a guardian with an annuity instead of ensconcing him in the prison or the dock.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have been prevented by circumstances from commenting on a very able and valuable argument by Lord Derby on points akin to the subject of this paper. While expressing my concurrence in his general views, and my hope that his address will be of great utility, I may venture to say that my own estimate of the proportion which the income from Foreign Trade bears to the aggregate annual income of the country is materially larger than that of Lord Derby, who places it at one-seventh only.

January 23, 1880.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. XXXVII.—March 1880.

ENGLAND AS A NAVAL POWER.

The subject of 'England as a Military Power' has been well treated in the pages of this Review by one of the ablest and most successful of our generals. In taking up the consideration of 'England as a Naval Power,' it is my most anxious desire to write about it in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, and to indicate the facts which relate to it, free alike from optimist exaggeration and pessimist depreciation. However much we may regret the stubborn realities which surround us and compel us to give our time, our wealth, and our energies to the unproductive arts of destruction, yet, in the present state of the world and our own position in it, we are not free agents in the matter. We cannot follow the peaceful paths of civilisation and progress, regardless of the intentions and aspirations of those around us. We see masses of men terribly armed, admirably disciplined, whose destructive energies may, at any moment, be launched against their fellow-men, and overwhelm in a common ruin all that we value, all that we and our forefathers have realised through self-sacrifice and devotion. We cannot suffer this unresistingly, even though the blow should not be, in the first instance, aimed directly at ourselves.

Our own place among the nations of the earth is remarkable and providential. We have a great inheritance of glory and responsibility. With all its faults and with all its shortcomings, the English race has left its mark for good over vast and populous regions of the world. We, and those who come after us, inherit with our name great possessions, immense wealth, large risks, heavy responsibilities. It

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would be a dastard's spirit that would shrink from accepting that noble inheritance because of the difficulties it would bring and the sacrifices it would entail. The least thoughtful amongst us, when comparing the small extent of the British Islands thrust out to the North-west of Europe, enjoying no very hospitable climate, and possessing no exuberant fertility of soil, with the marvellous and unparalleled development of the race which has sprung from them, must reflect that we are not here for nothing, and will readily admit that the law, the order, the civilisation, and even the language which that race has diffused over the world, are worth defending at their fountain-head. The duty of doing so, and the sacrifices required, lie plainly before us, and from the necessity of maintaining an armed force there is clearly no escape. That such a force should be essentially conservative and defensive, rather than aggressive and destructive, will, I think, be readily conceded to me; but I may be allowed to say in explanation that no force can be effectively defensive that is not prepared to act offensively on occasion.

Whether or no the navy may still with propriety be called the right arm of England, its efficiency is vital and paramount to the preservation of the Empire. I propose, therefore, to describe its present condition, and to consider its adequacy to perform the duties required of it.

An inadequate navy is an inefficient navy, in the sense of its being incapable of performing the work required of it. It is as well to state this clearly, as the tendency of all administrators of naval affairs and of many writers on the subject is to forget that the efficiency of single ships is not the only element in the efficiency of a navy.

It was well remarked, in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that both Conservatives and Liberals declare, and in the abstract believe, that the efficiency of the navy is outside of the domain of party politics, but that in reality the naval administrators of both parties are so afraid of being charged by their opponents with reckless expenditure, that they are very apt, consciously or unconsciously, to deceive themselves and give to the public words instead of facts on the subject.[1] It is no doubt owing to this frame of mind that we are continually hearing from responsible authorities of the great efficiency of the navy, and of its ability to deal, if not, as has been

[1] As an illustration I cannot but notice the extreme care taken in the Navy Estimates year after year to record the differences in the yearly expenditure of each particular vote. There is always a triumphant reference to any item on which a diminution can be shown. In matters of management and business all capable and experienced administrators know perfectly well the vast, nay, the often antagonistic, difference between true economy and the mere non-spending of money. The former is the key to that efficiency which we all desire, and about which it is more important to hear than whether more or less money has been expended on this or that item than was the case last year. The House of Commons neglects its duty when it accepts this sham instead of the substance of true economy.

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sometimes said, with all the navies of the world, at least with a combination of a great number of them. Facts suggestive of a very opposite conclusion pretty frequently present themselves, and we are not favoured with any attempts to explain such discrepancies. A careful analysis of the amount and condition of the naval force, as given by its administrators, will at all events place these matters before us in a clear and intelligible light.

It is, of course, well known that the chief naval administrator is the First Lord of the Admiralty, who is necessarily a Cabinet Minister; the politics of the Cabinet with respect to foreign affairs determining chiefly the disposition and amount of the available naval force, as well as the maintenance and preparation of a suitable reserve. These two taken together cause the principal items of naval expenditure, and constitute the naval force of the country. In order to secure parliamentary control, the First Lord or the Secretary of the Admiralty makes an annual statement to the House of Commons of the state of the navy, and of the amount of money which will be required for the naval service. Estimates of the proposed expenditure, in more or less detail and more or less explained, are submitted to Parliament. It is proposed to take the statement and estimates for the year ending March 31, 1880, because it is a favourable epoch for the review of our naval position, the vote of credit for about two millions granted in 1878 having enabled the naval administrator to supply admitted deficiencies, and strengthen his position in view of future contingencies.

In round numbers we find that ten millions and a half are wanted for the navy, and that it is proposed to spend this amount in about equal proportions between the two great branches of the naval service, the *personnel* and the *matériel*—that is, about five and a quarter millions upon each. My object is to show in general terms what amount of force is produced by this expenditure, beginning with the *personnel*.

For the year just referred to, 1,938 officers and 20,562 petty officers and seamen, in all 22,500, were voted for the service of the active fleet, which, for convenience, may be called Class A. 2,604 officers with 15,225 petty officers and seamen, in all 17,029, were voted for a first reserve and other duties essential to the maintenance of the active fleet, which may be called Class B. The two classes make a total of 40,329; adding to this number 166 for flag-officers and their retinues, 5,305 boys, 2,400 of whom are under training, and 13,000 marines, about half of whom are serving on shore, we get a grand total of 58,800 officers and men, forming the more or less effective *personnel* provided by Parliament for the wants of the navy. The so-called non-effective list, for which a separate vote is taken, comprises the names (including those on half-pay) of 3,069 officers.

Class A mans the active fleet, which, on the 1st of January, 1879,

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comprised 17 armoured ships,[2] varying in size and therefore in the number of their crews, from upwards of ten thousand to seventeen hundred tons of displacement, and 95 unarmoured ships, varying from upwards of six thousand to one hundred and eighty tons of displacement. The range of employment of this fleet embraced the following stations: The Channel, Mediterranean, North America and West Indies, south-eastern coast of America, Pacific, China, East India, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, West Coast of Africa; and there were, besides, certain ships allotted for 'particular service,' as distinguished from fixed employment on a given station.

Class B, in all 17,029 persons, is allotted to the following services. It forms the nucleus of the full complement of the ships of the first reserve which are in commission and should be ready for sea; it forms the two divisions of the coast-guard; and it mans all harbour, receiving, drill, training, surveying, gunnery, store, and troop ships, and yachts. The condition and power of the ships manned by Class A will be more conveniently described when the *matériel* is under consideration; meanwhile, the manner in which the seamen of the fleet, amounting to 35,787 (exclusive of officers), are collected and recruited, and their general condition as to health, discipline, and efficiency, are matters of deep importance, and must be briefly adverted to. The system of entering men for particular ships, and discharging them absolutely from the service when the ship was put out of commission, has long given way to a system of entry for general service and for fixed periods. Formerly, when a ship was put in commission, she was not only not ready for sea, but her captain had to hunt all over the kingdom for volunteers to form his crew, often to be content with men wholly untrained and ignorant of discipline, whom in a limited time he had to rough into shape to the best of his ability, and whose connection with the service ended when the ship was put out of commission, or at best was continued fitfully and capriciously.

Happily, the intolerable evils attending this system of manning the navy have almost entirely ceased through the adoption of a sound and rational method of providing for our wants. No seaman is now entered for less than five years' service; the great majority accept the advantages offered them by an engagement for ten years, which they can and do renew, at its expiration, for a further period of five or ten years. The yearly waste of the navy from natural and accidental causes is fed by trained and disciplined boys, who engage, on entering the navy, to serve continuously for ten years from the age of 18; so that practically, with few and unimportant exceptions, such as officers servants, seamen entered under particular circumstances at foreign ports, &c., the advantages of a trained and instructed body of men are secured for the navy.

[2] These, and all subsequent details as to the number and condition of our ships, are taken from a Parliamentary return, No. 356, of the session of 1879, moved for by Admiral Sir John Hay, M.P., &c.

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Among so large a number, so diversely employed, often so far removed from all influences save those of a necessarily strict discipline, some unsatisfactory elements may be expected to come to the front. Everything, however, tends to show that they are far from numerous; and we are justified in saying that the crews of our ships are largely composed of healthy, well-trained, well-disciplined, and well-conditioned men, full of energy and resource, men of whom it may be said with truth, that, well led and well commanded, they will go anywhere and do anything. It is often stated as a matter to be regretted that there is some falling off in what is called seamanship. The truth of the allegation, as generally understood, is open to question. If seamanship may be defined as the art of managing a ship under all the circumstances in which she can possibly be found, and doing so with the means at the seaman's disposal, I think the imputation will be less easily entertained. When the only forces available, either for counteracting or making use of the winds and tides in directing the motions of a ship, were none other than those winds and tides, the scope of seamanship, however perfect the art, was necessarily limited. Since the introduction of a power rendering the ship far more independent of the only means formerly available, the management of a ship has acquired more certainty, and its precision of action has been greatly increased. 'Observation and practice' were, and are, the two corner-stones of seamanship. If these two requisites for mastering that art are less applied than formerly to the imperfect means then available, they are working in a more extended field at the present time, and are more than ever required. 'Observation and practice,' with the same qualities of race which enabled our fathers to excel in the handling of their ships, will enable the seamen of the present day to use the more perfect powers at their disposal with an effect previously unattainable. The minor features, such as rigging and handling sails, may have suffered some loss of perfection, while the essential object of such details, accurate management under all circumstances, has largely advanced. So long as 'observation and practice' are cultivated, we need be under no apprehension as to the result, and the suggestions of diminished seamanship need not disquiet us.

Be that as it may, we have now to consider the sufficiency or otherwise of the numbers comprised in the two classes A and B, collected and recruited under the system just described. The stations on which the active fleet manned by Class A are employed show how large a portion of their services is required in regions where the law of nations is often not understood, where treaties are not considered binding, where civilisation is imperfectly developed—in short, where a police force is required not only to protect the lives and property of our countrymen, but to keep order amongst the lawless and adventurous of our own flag. It is in these regions and on this service that the great number of sloops, gun-

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vessels, gunboats, and other small craft, forming the active fleet, are employed, and it is probable that, even in what are called peaceable times, this description of force must rather be augmented than diminished. So large a number of Class A are absorbed in these numerous craft of small speed and coal-carrying power, ill adapted for cruising, that the necessity of a reserve of seamen immediately at hand to put into ships of a very different class (should hostilities break out) becomes at once apparent; and we turn to Class B to see what may there be found available for that purpose.

There are 2,261 officers and men now serving in ships of the first reserve, in commission but for the present stationary; 4,150 officers and men serving in the coast-guard on shore, who are seamen, though some of them are still employed in revenue duties; forming a total of 6,411 trained and disciplined men, a body which has been repeatedly tested and found in every way satisfactory. It is not probable, save in cases of extreme emergency, that many seamen could be withdrawn from those divisions of Class B employed in gunnery, training, drill, stationary, depôt, receiving ships, and yachts. Troop and store ships would doubtless absorb more men than at present; and if from all these divisions 1,000 officers and men could be spared, and if we consider (as would doubtless be the case after a time) that 428 men and officers in the surveying ships could also be appropriated to manning the fleet, we have in Class B an available reserve of 7,839 officers and men.

There is, however, a further reserve, called the Royal Naval Reserve, the availability of which has not yet been put to the test. It consists of seamen, who must be British subjects, voluntarily enrolled from the merchant service, subjected annually to drills for short periods, in consideration of which, and their engaging to serve in the Royal Navy when called upon, a retainer is paid to them, which ceases when they join the fleet. This reserve is divided into two classes, according to the men's qualification.[3] The minimum period for which their engagement lasts is five years, after which, if they desire it, they may be re-enrolled. They are all registered at offices in the United Kingdom, and are bound to present themselves every six months to some registrar. No reserve man can therefore be absent in a merchant ship for periods exceeding six months without special leave. Various other regulations are in force, tending to insure the fulfilment of his engagement by the reserve man. Finally, advantages are offered in the way of pensions to seamen who, partly in the Royal Navy and partly in the Naval Reserve, complete lengthened periods of service.

Provision is made in the Navy Estimates for enrolling 20,000 such men; but I believe the largest number as yet upon the list has not much exceeded 16,000, many of whom in the second class are not seamen.

Notwithstanding all the precautions prescribed by the regulations

[3] A third class has lately been introduced. I do not think that its organisation is yet complete.

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to insure that the reserve man shall be forthcoming when called upon, it is still doubtful whether a large number of the enrolled will be at hand when wanted. It must not be forgotten how suddenly we have seen wars break out, and that a prepared and active enemy might intercept numbers of this force while on their return voyages to the United Kingdom.

What service the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers and the Seamen Pensioners could perform would be found more surely in manning ships and gunboats for the defence of ports and roadsteads; they can hardly be reckoned upon in any number as available for manning the active fleet. Compared with the number and size of the ships in good condition forming the reserve, the state of the *personnel* is, under the limitations referred to, not unsatisfactory.

The armed ships which are to enable us to maintain our position, defend our empire, and protect that commerce without which we must cease to exist, are numerous and formidable. They naturally divide themselves into two classes, armoured and unarmoured. On their numbers and qualities depend the honour and safety of the British Empire. In all the circumstances of a maritime war where fleet actions were formerly fought, the armoured ships will be required. Such battles may have to be fought in the Mediterranean, in the neighbourhood of the British Islands, and whenever a hostile force may be directed against an important British possession. The fighting power of this class should be the principal object of its construction. On the unarmoured ship will fall chiefly the duty of cruising and protecting our commerce on the high seas. Great speed and large coal supplies are the requisites of this class. Owing to the increased number of steamships engaged in commerce, and the very serious amount of food on which we are dependent from abroad, the ships required for their protection must necessarily be numerous and swift. We must not overlook the necessity they will sometimes be under of fighting a battle with a powerful enemy especially sent to look for and destroy them; comparatively slow and small ships will certainly be out of place in the performance of the duties we have described. Our first consideration shall be for the armoured fleet.

The grand total of armoured ships of all classes possessed by the country on the 1st of January, 1879, amounted to sixty-nine, from which, to arrive at our effective condition as regards an ironclad navy, we must make the following deductions :—

Monitors given over to India and the colonies	3
Building and completing	11
Condemned as unfit for sea service	11
Under repair, more or less extensive	5
Requiring repairs or new boilers, or both	6
Condition indifferent	2
Leaving in condition fair and good	31

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It must, however, be observed, that in the presence of modern artillery, such as is to be found in all the navies of the world, 4½-inch armour plates are of little service, and even six-inch plates can scarcely be considered a protection. As ten of the ships whose condition is given as fair and good have only 4½-inch armour or its equivalent, and even this very partially distributed over the ship, they must be deducted, as well as the two ships armoured with six-inch plates (one of them a wooden ship), from the list of effective fleet ships intended for a general and combined action. So must four small turret-ships designed for the protection of ports and roadsteads, but not for sea-going purposes. So also must two special powerful ships designed to accompany fleets, not to act alone, but as complementary to other ships to which they would be attached. Deducting these eighteen ships, we have a residuum of thirteen ironclads fit for sea service, and of enormous power. These thirteen, however, are not all of equal value, and must be divided into two classes; the six forming the first class are unequalled by the like number in any navy of the world, and the seven composing the second class, though no doubt essentially inferior to the first, are yet most powerful vessels of war. It will be understood that these numbers and classes of ships comprised all the ironclads available for service on the 1st of January, 1879, and that several of the thirty-one, whose condition was good and fair, were not in commission; while, on the other hand, some of the ships in commission required new boilers, and are not included in the effective ships. We were promised that during the financial year expiring on the 31st of March, 1880, there would be an addition to the list of armoured ships in good condition and ready for sea—four ships which were not completed on the 1st of January, 1879, and six that were under repair. It is, however, certain that all these promises cannot be fulfilled, and that some proportion of those whose condition a year ago was called fair will have fallen out of the list of effective ships, so that probably the maximum addition to the fleet will consist of six or seven ships, which may perhaps carry up our numbers to nineteen or twenty. We cannot, however, with much confidence rely on this division of the fleet exceeding eighteen at the commencement of the financial year 1880–81.[4]

Every one must be struck by the great number of ironclad ships which I have discarded from the first and even second rank of fleet fighting ships; yet a little reflection will show that, painful as such an arrangement may be, it has become indispensable. Six very large, very important, very swift ships, with good sea-going qualities, manœuvring excepted, upon which we have spent and are spending

[4] I have come to this conclusion because year after year the work proposed to be done in building and repairing ships falls far short of the expressed intentions of the administrators of the navy and of the amount of such work sanctioned by Parliament.

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large sums of money, are protected only—and in some cases very partially protected—by 4½-inch armour or its equivalent. These may and ought to serve some useful purpose in a navy, but they are unfit for fighting in a fleet or squadron.[5] For the same reason four other smaller, slower, less efficient ships are still more evidently unfit for that purpose. So are three small turret-ships of early design, and three very imperfectly armoured gunboats; none of these have much speed or heavy armament, and they are all clearly out of the line of fleet fighting ships, though they too may render service, in conjunction with other ships of later design and thicker armour, in the defence of ports and securing our coasts from insult. It is difficult, indeed it would be inexpedient, to enter into much further detail respecting the fighting qualities of our ironclads in fleets or squadrons, and great reserve is necessarily imposed on any analysis of the qualities of the ships that may be opposed to us. The naval force that is most nearly equal to our own is undoubtedly that of France. As with ourselves, very great diversity of design has ruled the construction of her ships.

A leading idea with the French, which has found less favour with us, is that of giving a considerable amount of sail power to the first-class ship. Our experience has been adverse to doing so, especially when two propellers are used, when it would appear that little use can be derived from sails. At all times in action, masts, sails, and rigging are serious drawbacks to the fighting powers of a ship. It must not be imagined that in the choice and use of materials there is any essential difference between our neighbours and ourselves. Water-tight compartments, the 'modified bracket system' of construction, 'horizontal armour,' 'the use of steel,' the 'abandonment of wood,' are found on both sides of the Channel, and in some respects the lead has not been taken by us. When I have said that, as a general rule, in their latest designs they have endeavoured to keep their displacements below ours, and to avoid turret-ships and the cellular system, like some of the plans adopted by ourselves and the Italians, I have indicated the principal differences between us. The original ironclads belonging to France were much better calculated to act together than ours, and their classification was easier and more complete. I still find in official lists large numbers of their wooden ironclads, with armour only 5·9 inches thick, reckoned as effective ships. I cannot speak with any certainty as to the fitness for work of all these, but seven such ships which were formerly considered of the first class were in commission and at sea in 1878. Three of them were in reserve, not ready, at any rate, for immediate service. A far more powerful class has taken the place of these ships, and, as they are the latest designs, are

[5] I am the more free to make this assertion, as I have a paternal feeling about three of these ships which were constructed seventeen years ago, when I was Controller of the Navy.

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really worthy of the name of first-class ships. Eight have been completed and tried, and five of the number are in commission. The displacement of the two earliest ships of this category was about 7,604 tons, and the maximum thickness of armour plating was just under eight inches. Four that followed varied from 8,314 to 8,700 tons of displacement, the armour plating being about 8·65 inches thick, and the displacement of a fifth reached 8,800 tons, the maximum thickness of the armour being 13·28 inches at the water-line, but only 9·5 inches at the battery. Two ships are building whose displacement is calculated to be about 9,606 tons, with a maximum thickness of armour at the water-line of fifteen inches. All the ships that have been tried, with one exception, realised a speed exceeding fourteen knots, and it is expected that those under construction will do the same. A ship commenced still more recently will have a displacement of about 10,500 tons, with a maximum thickness of armour-plating at the line of flotation of 21·65 inches. The displacement being taken roughly as a test of the power of carrying armour and armament, an approximate comparison between the first-class ships of both navies may be obtained by stating that the displacement of the first-class English ships varies from 8,320 to 11,500 tons, and the armour carried from seven inches (in one ship only) to twenty-four inches (in one ship only), while the displacement of the first class of French ships varies from 7,604 to 10,500 (in one ship only), and the thickness of armour from 7·87 to 21·65 inches.

Such comparisons are, of course, only approximate indications of the value of ships as fighting machines, and no doubt in some respects very serious disadvantages attend the use of large displacements, or, in other words, of huge dimensions. As to the numbers of first-class ships, as fair a comparison as can be made would stand thus. Supposing all the ships (under repair and requiring repair) of both powers were ready and finished by June 1880, England would number eight, to be reinforced very soon after that date by three more; France would number eight, to be reinforced by two more before the end of 1880.

Comparing the ships which I should consider of the second class in the same way, we find twelve English, to be shortly reinforced by another, against twelve French, but the displacement and thickness of armour of the former are very much in excess of the latter. The special ships—that is, those that are adapted to co-operate with fleets in an action, and for defensive purposes—are about equal in number and value. France also possesses some ironclad floating batteries and ten sea-going small ironclads called corvettes, the condition of some of which is at best but indifferent, their displacement about 3,400 tons, maximum armour plating 5·8 inches thick, and speed twelve knots. Ship for ship, we have no equivalent on our side,

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but instead a mass of ships of the most diverse dimensions and qualities, only defended by 4½-inch armour or its equivalent, forming a force incapable of acting together, and, as respects fighting, altogether of an unsatisfactory nature.

The artillery carried by the ships of each power and the way in which it is mounted and protected is a subject on which I prefer to say nothing. I am very sure that the last word of the scientific artillerist has not yet been spoken, and that none of the great navies of the world have acquired such a superiority in that weapon as will materially affect the position which is due to them from the number and qualities of their war-ships. Torpedoes are but another and more destructive form of artillery, requiring special arrangements and vessels for their use. No one need flatter himself that to him alone is confided the secret of these deadly engines. Certainly both France and England possess enormous stores of everything that can be required to enable them to destroy incalculable numbers of human beings.

This part of my subject cannot be completed without a glance at the ironclad ships of the other navies of Europe, which possibly may be our allies, possibly our enemies. Beginning with the north-east of Europe, and taking the nations in order, we find Russia has twenty-nine armoured ships, of which one is of the first class, six of the second, two circular ships, and the remainder of inferior value and principally rather thinly plated monitors. Sweden has no ships of the first or second class. She has four monitors and ten gunboats. Norway has four monitors only. Denmark has six ironclads, none of the first or second class. Germany has seventeen ironclads, three of the first class, four of the second. Holland has twenty-four armoured vessels, consisting principally of monitors and gunboats; two of these ships are of the second class; of the monitor class the Huascar was a fair representative of those first constructed. Spain has eight ironclads, none of the first class, five of the second. Portugal has one ironclad. Italy has fifteen, two of the first class, exceptionally powerful, and four of the second. Austria has twelve, none of the first class, five of the second. Greece has two ironclads. Turkey has twenty-one, one of the first class, and five of the second.

Exclusive of France and England, we find in the navies of Europe, from the first-class ship to the gunboat inclusive, 153 armoured ships, seven of which are of the first and twenty-nine of the second class. No account has been taken in these numbers of ships building, and it is probable that a considerable proportion of the smaller ships are only in an indifferent condition.[6]

When we consider what has gone before, how vast and scattered

[6] The reader will observe that only the navies of Europe have been dealt with. In America, the United States, Brazil, and Chili have a certain number of powerful ironclads. The United States especially can develope an immense naval force, should circumstances require it.

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are the possessions we may have to defend, the alliances which the second great naval power in Europe may be likely to form, and the reinforcements which she might obtain from some of these alliances, I think the conclusion is not a strained one that the armoured fleet of England is not yet adequate to the duty it may be called on to perform—the duty of fighting the battles of England on the high seas.

Turning to the unarmoured ships, we find that this division of the fleet numbers 307 ships and vessels of all classes, serviceable and unserviceable. They may be classified thus:—

Building and completing for sea	28
Condemned as unfit for sea service	41
Requiring repairs	37
Under repair	19
Condition good and fair	182

This number in good and fair condition comprised the following classes:—

Wooden line-of-battle ships	2
Frigates, iron	2
„ wooden	1
Corvettes of all kinds	20
Sloops of all kinds	10
Gun-vessels of all kinds	37
Gunboats of all kinds	20
Special iron gunboats	34
Unadapted for fighting purposes	56
Total	182

The ships building and completing, numbering 28, consisted of

Corvettes	8
Sloops	7
Despatch-vessels	2
Gun-vessels and gunboats	11
Total	28

Among the ships that figure in the list of those in good and fair condition are fifty-six considered unadapted for fighting purposes; they consist of coast-guard tenders, yachts, troop and store ships, paddle-wheel sloops and tenders, despatch-vessels, small vessels attached to the service of the ports, tank, tug, and provision vessels, &c. There are, moreover, ninety-one gun-vessels and gunboats (thirty-four of the latter mere floating gun-carriages), whose speed and fighting powers are little, if at all, adapted for cruising, and who are out of the question as ships for the protection of commerce on the high seas. No reliance for such a purpose can be placed on sloops of obsolete

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form and inferior armament and speed. The whole protection of our commerce on the high seas must fall on the frigates or corvettes we possess, the number of which is alarmingly small. In good condition on the 1st of January, 1879, there were but three frigates, one a very slow ship, and twenty corvettes; two only of these had a speed of fifteen knots,[7] two more a speed of 14·5, none of the others could be depended on for a speed exceeding thirteen, while some would have found it difficult to exceed twelve knots.

The frigates can be reinforced, as soon as the repairs in hand are effected, by one wooden ship, which, however, can only take the place of a ship in commission requiring repair; there is, therefore, no increase in the available number of frigates, and none are constructing. One first-class and five second-class corvettes can be reckoned as additions to the twenty already enumerated.

Practically the case stands thus. Supposing that no war should break out until we have completed the repairs of, and put new boilers into, the ships in hand, we should have three first-class iron frigates whose speed exceeds fifteen and a half knots, two slow wooden frigates, four first-class corvettes with a speed of about fifteen, two with a speed exceeding fourteen knots, eleven others, none of which exceed thirteen knots, as the unarmoured force on which we must depend for the protection of our commerce, and for defending us from starvation, so far, at least, as that could be done by keeping the high seas, through which the food-bringing ships must pass, open and free from molestation.[8]

If we did not suppose that even in peace time we employ as a precaution more ships than are required for the police of the seas, it would be alarming indeed to reflect that, without the arduous duty just referred to we yet are obliged to keep three frigates and twenty-one corvettes in commission (some of these are not in good condition). Yet, even under the supposition which has just been made, we must anxiously ask ourselves whether, if the armed navy of England is to protect her commerce at all, such a force as I have just enumerated is in any way equal to the task. The immense merchant fleet of England may be attacked in so many ways and at so many points while traversing the ocean, and above all is so liable to capture when just arriving at its destination—for example, the English or Irish Channels—that a searching investigation of the problem of its defence is out of the question within the limits of a few pages. We know that the question of attack on the open seas has been carefully considered by more than one maritime power, and that

[7] Two others, it is true, were in commission, whose speed was about fifteen knots; but both required new boilers.

[8] Corvettes, of which we have many, some in good, others in bad, condition, which are incapable of reaching a speed of thirteen knots, are not considered adapted for this duty.

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France has constructed ships specially designed for that purpose, not omitting the power of beating off a defending force. Two ships of war have recently been built expressly designed to surpass in swiftness and power our first-class iron frigates, in which aim they appear to have been successful. The fastest of our iron frigates obtained a speed of 16·5, and the two others somewhat less. Our rivals obtained, in both ships, a speed of 16·9 knots. Moreover, the design of their first-class corvette contemplates a speed of 16 knots, which there is every reason to believe has been obtained. Ten corvettes styled of the second class, eight of which were under construction in 1878, had a speed of 15·5 knots, and two of the third class are credited with a speed of 15 knots. These ships are in addition to older ships called first-class cruisers, whose speed is probably of the same style as that of our old wooden frigates. Thus the attacking power of the unarmoured ships of war rather seems to have the superiority over the defence. Another mode of attack, the distance at which it can operate being limited, is by means of detached ironclads whose speed is fourteen knots and upwards, who would drive off or destroy the unarmoured protecting force, and capture the merchant ships that were slower than themselves. This apprehension led to the construction of armoured ships which on our side might be detached to counteract such a proceeding; three have been specially so designed. Unfortunately the speed of these ships is but thirteen knots. Three ironclads of the earliest design—which, notwithstanding some very good qualities as single ships, I have been obliged to declare totally unfit for fleet service owing to thin armour and great unhandiness—might, with but slight alterations, do far better service in cruising for the protection of trade than in any other way; and there are three others which, with more serious alterations, might usefully be so employed. All of them have a speed exceeding fourteen knots, and, as single ship to single ship, they would not be altogether incapable of defeating in a stand-up fight those ironclads of the second class before mentioned.

Another side of the problem, which has been much discussed, has recently come to the front. No ship of war, up to a very recent date, had been constructed with a speed and coal-carrying capacity combined nearly equal to the fastest merchant ships navigating the ocean. We have built, and so have our neighbours, faster ships armed than any of the great lines of packet and other steamers, but neither of us have built armed ships which could carry a coal supply of ten or twelve days at a speed of fifteen knots. The commercial ships of England (the best of them) have done that; and their French competitors have nearly, if they have not quite, equalled them. Of course, in the event of hostilities between ourselves and other powers, it would be possible for the Government to purchase a whole fleet of the fastest and largest coal-carriers amongst the

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splendid merchant ships belonging to these companies; and as very unimportant alterations and additions would suffice to convert such ships into cruisers for the protection of commerce, only against such armed merchant ships as could be purchased and fitted out by foreign powers for the destruction of commerce, we may find, by a sacrifice of a part of our merchant shipping, protection for the remainder. The example given us by Russia in 1878 may show us how to deal a counterstroke to the well-defined task which others have set themselves—'the destruction of our commerce.'[9] It has been much debated whether the whole, or at any rate a large part, of our most valuable unarmed steamships might not be made self-protecting, and the Whitehead torpedo certainly offers to a swift steamship extraordinary facilities for defence. What has been done in this direction has met with much opposition. A strong opinion has been pronounced against incurring the losses and accepting the commercial impediments of such a system, and protection by the Royal Navy—and adequate protection—instead, has been warmly advocated. Both systems or methods must be seriously and vigorously employed; and when all is done, slow steamers and sailing ships, in which is still found a large, though decreasing, percentage of our trade, will even then be in a most hazardous and insecure position.

It cannot be too clearly stated that, powerful as the armed steamer I have described may be for attack or defence against a merchant ship, she will fall an easy prey if, from inferior velocity, she has to fight even a third-class corvette or sloop. Against such ships of war as a neighbouring nation possesses, the only defence for a mercantile navy which can be relied on is to place on the water superior ships in greater number. We have failed to do this. The reason for our failure has been the dread of cost. We took the lead in 1866, we lost it in 1874, and since then there has been no attempt to regain the position we have lost. We had the swiftest and most powerful unarmoured ships in the world. Errors notwithstanding, we maintained that distinction till 1874. Our neighbours, who had thoroughly studied, under all circumstances of prosperity and adversity, how best to make a war, should one occur, fatal to us, understood what a weak point was presented by our gigantic trade, and, finding that we ignored for eight long years the value of the weapon we had forged for its defence, boldly reversed the position—designed and have launched two ships surpassing our great achievement of eight years ago, while we have gone back to second-rate speeds and inferior ships! Perhaps an attempt may be made to deny this assertion, and to cite, as a distinct contradiction of the statement, the case of the two despatch corvettes, which have realised a speed of seventeen and a half knots; but we are so placed in comparison with our rival, that our fastest ships are

[9] The 'Hecla' is an excellent example of what may be done in that way.

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immeasurably inferior in armament, and, when the armament approaches to an equality, our speed is seriously less. It is surely childish to say that England, with all she has at stake upon the ocean, with no defeat to avenge, no hundreds of millions recently torn from her to the impoverishment of the nation, no wounds occasioned by foreign and domestic war to heal, cannot afford the cost of building such ships as she requires which shall be superior to all others. Would it indeed have cost more to have kept a lead that we had obtained in 1866, to have made the requisite improvements in that design which time would have pointed out, to have multiplied the numbers of such ships year by year, till all rivalry should have become unavailing, than it will cost to accept a contest, with weapons to a certain extent inferior as to quality, and by no means numerous enough to make up for less efficiency? Is not this courting defeat? We have not acted thus with our first-class war ships which are to fight the Trafalgars and Aboukirs of modern days, though even in this direction there is much to regret, but with the unarmoured fleet that regret approaches to dismay.[10]

Unwise counsels and false economy have prevailed, and England as a naval power, though a Colossus, is yet found to have feet of clay. It is painful to avow such conclusions, but, such as they are, there is abundant evidence that they have been arrived at, perhaps in exaggerated proportions, by every maritime power in the world. I have been obliged to take many of my illustrations and comparisons from France. I hasten to say that I do not for a moment attribute to that great and gallant nation any concealed or meditated hostility against this country. I believe, on the contrary, that she would forego the good understanding which happily exists between us with great reluctance and only upon great provocation. What she has done and what she will do in this matter, is to secure herself the means of striking hard, and perhaps with fatal effect, a blow against England, should the chapter of accidents convert us into enemies. I regret the chances of striking successfully which we have left open to her and to other navies. I believe that if the statements and conclusions which I have advanced, and which I consider unassailable, were thoroughly known to the British public, they would insist upon

[10] I know that to some persons reflections like these have been somewhat tempered by the declaration following the Treaty of Paris in 1856. They entertain a confident expectation that under it the property of a belligerent will be respected in a neutral ship, and that a belligerent may and will have recourse to this expedient for protecting his trade. I do not concur in this opinion, and the many efforts made by ourselves to set aside the protection so given to neutral flags ought, I think, to convince us that the declaration in question will not be respected by others. The really important advantage we possess over other maritime powers is unfortunately much neglected. It would be easy for us to establish in our numerous and scattered possessions large supplies of that coal which in many ways is the key of the efficiency of our naval power, but in the majority of instances the coal is not where it ought to be, or, if there, is at the mercy of a resolute enemy's gunboat.

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measures being taken which should bar out those chances and strengthen our weak points. I have often stated, and I still hold the opinion, that the defective organisation of our naval administration is responsible for the shortcomings of our naval efficiency, and that our present system never can produce a really adequate and efficient navy; but it is not now possible to discuss this subject. My object in this paper has been to bring home to ourselves an exact knowledge of our strength and of our weakness as a naval power. Unfortunately that cannot be done without a reference to the other navies of the world; and the second naval power in Europe—if indeed it be the second—naturally comes into greater prominence than any other. Should a conflict arise between us—which I deprecate as a calamity to the human race—as in its earlier stages we might possibly meet with the fate of Entellus:

> Ipse gravis, graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
> Concidit—

let us hope that the poet's lines might prove prophetic, and the conclusion be:

> At non tardatus casu neque territus heros
> Acrior ad pugnam redit . . .
> Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto.

ROBERT SPENCER ROBINSON.

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THE COMMON-SENSE OF HOME RULE.

WHO first applied the phrase 'dismemberment of the Empire' to the Home Rule scheme? Whoever he was, he may consider himself a fortunate man, if his ambition was only to do injury to the proposed measure, or even to do mischief in a general way. For a practical people the English are strangely governed by words and phrases. In political affairs this influence of phrases is specially remarkable. With certain minds a phrase settles a whole question. A few years ago any possible suggestion of electoral reform was made odious to a vast number of respectable persons by the terrible words, 'Americanising our institutions.' The three words were enough; the question was settled once and for ever. None of those over whom a phrase has this magical influence would think of stopping to consider whether, first, the proposed reform would really tend to Americanise our institutions, and next, whether it might not have some good points in it even though it had such a tendency. Then again, who can have forgotten the cabalistic power exercised at one time by the words 'setting class against class'? The lightning conductor does not draw down the lightning more surely than the recitation of these words could call forth a burst of cheers from the Conservative benches of the House of Commons. In the minds of thousands, Mr. Bright was for a long time only a man engaged in the reprehensible task of setting class against class. Any proposal coming from him was settled by the words, 'I am opposed, Mr. Speaker, as an Englishman, to an agitation which would set class against class.' 'Dismemberment of the Empire' is the phrase which stands in the place of argument against Home Rule. It appears in every leading article, it is repeated in every speech. In drawing-room, in debating society, club-room, bar-room, on every platform, on every hustings, the words are to be heard, and they constitute for thousands, probably millions, of people, a sufficient and unanswerable argument.

Let us see what is this proposal which is to dismember the Empire. Perhaps it will be well to find out in the first instance what is meant by dismemberment of the Empire. What is the Empire? Is it only England, Ireland, and Scotland? Surely not; we must admit the right of the colonies to be considered part of the Empire.

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Was then the Empire dismembered when Home Rule was given to Canada and to Australia? One after another the colonies develope into States with a complete system of Home Rule. We are all in the habit of saying, and surely those of us who have any capacity for judging must believe, that the Empire is strengthened and not weakened, consolidated and not dismembered, by the changes which reconcile the colonists to their place in the Imperial system. It is not so very long since the Empire was near being dismembered, in that sense, by the growing discontent of Canada and the strength of the feeling among Canadians in favour of annexation to the United States. Home Rule settled so completely all those discontents, that annexation is no longer reckoned among existing political questions in Canada. Empires are, in truth, much more likely to be dismembered by concessions refused, than by concessions granted, to some of their populations. Again, one is tempted to ask whether the Empire has only existed as a complete organisation since the beginning of this century. That is the length of time during which Ireland has been without Home Rule. I dare say there are many Englishmen not unaccustomed to political discussion who regard the proposal for Home Rule in Ireland as some daring and monstrous innovation, some wild new idea born of Fenianism and obstruction or other such progenitors. Even Lord Hartington, speaking of Home Rule during the autumn, seemed to treat it as some portentous novelty in our political conditions. Yet there are many men still living who might have heard O'Connell denounce the Act of Union because of its crude newness, and because of the manner in which it had been thrust upon Ireland to the subversion of the ancient constitutional system of the country. If Home Rule would mean dismemberment of the Empire, it follows that the Empire has only had its members in cohesion for exactly eighty years. Chatham, Burke, Fox, were the statesmen of a dismembered empire.

Let us see, however, what is Home Rule. I hear it said commonly among Englishmen that no one can explain what Home Rule means. The other day a friend asked me what the Home Rulers proposed to do with the House of Commons. He thought, I believe, that I was jesting when I replied that, so far as I knew, the Home Rulers proposed to leave it exactly as it is. 'But there would be no Irish members there,' he said. I asked him why not. He said: 'Why, because of Home Rule, you know.' But I did not know. I knew of no reason why Irish members should not be in the Imperial Parliament, while at the same time a domestic legislature was managing Irish business in Ireland. Home Rule, as I understand it, would leave the Imperial Parliament constituted exactly as it is at present. Irish members would be elected by the constituencies which elect them now. I do not know whether Englishmen would be glad or sorry to hear that, even after Home Rule, there would still be Irish repre-

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sentatives addressing the Speaker in Westminster. Even with Home Rule in Ireland, Imperial business would have to be got through in London. Better still, it could then be got through. The Imperial Parliament, made up of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh members, just as it is at present, would have to discuss and decide all questions of the common interest, all Imperial questions, as we may call them—Imperial taxation, commercial policy, treaties of all kinds, the army, the navy, foreign policy, all subjects that belong to the making of war or the conclusion of peace. What it would not have to trouble itself with, are the questions of strictly domestic interest to Ireland. I do not wish Englishmen to understand that all we want for Ireland is a sort of overgrown county board. What we want is a legislature to deal with questions of domestic interest. Take the question of University Education for Ireland. That would have been settled long ago, and with the most perfect accord, by a domestic legislature. The Catholics and the Protestants in Ireland have long been agreed as to the general principles of the arrangement. The Catholics did not desire to interfere with the University of Dublin; the Protestants, as a whole, would have been well content that the Catholics should have a university of their own. The difficulty in this matter of education has come altogether from the Dissenters in England. It has not come from the Churchmen. English Dissenters have set up for themselves a fetish in the shape of a principle that the State shall not endow denominational education, and they try to make every other body of men in the Empire bow down to it. Ireland would settle for herself what regulations were suitable for public houses and the liquor trade. She would decide for herself whether the Ulster tenant system, which has done so much to make a province, once the very nursery of rebellion, contented and prosperous, should or should not be extended to other provinces as well. She would make the arrangements for applying relief in the case of exceptional distress. Of course it is needless to say that all questions affecting what we call private bill legislation for Ireland would come under the jurisdiction of the Home Rule Parliament. The House of Commons was engaged the other night in a long discussion concerning the terms on which Poor Law guardians in Ireland should be authorised to assist the rural population of Ireland in distressed districts to obtain seed potatoes for the coming season. The debate was carried on during parts of successive evenings. The question was one of great practical importance, and it was discussed in the most rigidly practical way; not one word, so far as I heard, was wasted on any subject not belonging to the strict business of the discussion. As I listened, I could not help asking myself: 'Is it possible that any English member could fail to see that such a subject as this is purely for the consideration of an Irish legislature? What possible advantage can it be to England to have it debated in Westminster Palace? No English

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member, except the Chief Secretary for Ireland, will take any part in the discussion, or could be supposed to be qualified to take part in it. Irishmen understand it; it is their business altogether; they are discussing it, not, as comic periodicals in London assume that Irishmen discuss everything, with wild and whirling words, furious recriminations, and discursive eloquence, but in the quietest, most practical, driest manner possible. Of what advantage can it be to Ireland to have this discussion going on in the Imperial Parliament? Of what advantage can it be to England to have the time of the Imperial Parliament thus occupied?'

The order-book of the House of Commons is overcharged with the titles of measures of strictly Imperial or common interest which could only be discussed properly by representatives of the three countries; and every one knows that session after session such measures have to be scamped or thrown aside because there is not time to pay attention to them. In the list of public bills for the session, thus far, there are some twenty-five upon Irish domestic subjects—questions which have absolutely no practical interest for any but Irishmen or residents in Ireland. Some of them are not only of great practical interest to Ireland, but of urgent and immediate interest. They could be dealt with promptly and effectively by an Irish legislature. In the Imperial Parliament they are jammed up with a crowd of other measures, jostling and jostled, each stopping the way of the other. A very important bill for the relief of Irish distress has just been under discussion. It was urgent, if any measure can be called urgent. The Government were sincerely anxious to press it on to completion. The Irish members were naturally anxious for the same thing. It was easy to urge on both sides that speed should be made with the bill; it was easy for one side to charge the other with being the cause of delay. But the plain fact was that there were parts of the bill which had to be discussed. Some of the Irish members were strongly of opinion that the guardians in Ireland ought to be allowed, during this season of temporary distress, to give outdoor relief occasionally in money as well as in food and fuel, as they were allowed to do, I believe, in Lancashire during the cotton famine. The Government did not see their way to consent to this demand. Great part of a night was taken up with the discussion. Now I should like to ask any reasonable Englishman if he thinks an Imperial Parliament is well occupied in deciding the question whether the Poor Law guardians of certain districts in Ireland should or should not be allowed to give outdoor relief in the form of money as well as of food. Is it possible to think of any question which could more legitimately and more effectively be decided by local authorities? I look at the matter naturally from the Irishman's point of view. But I am quite willing to admit that there is also the point of view of the Englishman and of the Scotchman. I can easily understand the impatience of an Englishman who

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is deeply concerned about some measure affecting the interests of the whole Empire, and knows that it is delayed from week to week, perhaps from session to session, because the House of Commons is occupied with legislation which is strictly the business of an Irish domestic Parliament. While our present system is endured there is no getting out of this difficulty. If the Imperial Parliament will manage the domestic affairs of Ireland, it is clear that the relief of a pressing distress must be more urgent than the best criminal code or bankruptcy bill that could be constructed. If the passing of the Irish relief measures were to stop all other legislation for the Session, it is right that all other legislation should be stopped. If any similar distress should appear next session in the Highlands of Scotland or in the South of England, it is right too that measures of relief should take precedence of criminal codes and bankruptcy bills again. But what can be said for a system which insists that the Imperial Parliament shall neglect the business which it alone can do, in order to undertake business which it never can do effectively, and which it never ought to have undertaken? The order-book for the present Session has the titles of several bills on subjects of a strictly domestic nature in Scotland. It has several also which only concern English localities. I am not speaking now of private bill legislation, but of public measures. If we look at the list of private bills, we shall be stricken with wonder at the curious appetite for unsuitable work which seems to have taken possession of the Imperial Parliament. Belfast, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Gravesend, Huddersfield, Hull, Cork, Lancaster, Northampton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Yarmouth, Swansea—all these and twenty other cities and towns have to come before the Imperial Parliament and ask for legislation to enable them to build gasworks and waterworks, new bridges and tramways. It may be said that all this private bill legislation is managed by committees of the two Houses, and comes only as a mere matter of form before either House in session. Such is, of course, the general practice. But it is hardly necessary to point out that if members of Parliament are employed all the early part of the day in hearing evidence to prove that York or Preston ought or ought not to be allowed to have a new tramway in its streets, these same members cannot be very effective coadjutors in the work of Imperial legislation all the evening and half the night. Besides, it is not the fact that the private bill legislation is always got through without occupying the time of either House of Parliament. A good deal of the public time of the House of Commons is occupied every session in discussing some private bill. After a bill has passed through committee upstairs, it often happens that some member of Parliament is dissatisfied with it. He raises an objection to its formal third reading in the House. Then the third reading ceases to be a mere formality. It is discussed publicly in the House as if it were some

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question of Imperial interest. Hour after hour is often thus occupied. Sometimes the result is that a locality is refused some advantage which it desires to have, and is willing to provide out of its own money, because a combination of what are called 'interests' in the House of Commons is suddenly arrayed against it. I remember an occasion when a scheme of railway extension on which the whole of the Irish members on both sides were agreed—a scheme applying only to Ireland—was defeated by a general combination of members in the English railway interest. The people of Birmingham have probably not yet quite forgotten how the force of a different kind of external combination was brought into operation a few years ago to oppose a bill of strictly local interest, and of which the Birmingham people must naturally have been best qualified to judge.

It will be seen from what I have already written that I am a Home Ruler for England as well as for Ireland. I not merely hope the day will come, but I am convinced that it must come, when some legislative body concerned with purely domestic English interests will sit in London to dispose of measures applying to England only. Scotland, I have no doubt, will before long begin to insist that some means must be given to her for getting legislation on domestic affairs satisfactorily accomplished. Ireland's necessity is more urgent, because the difference of race, religion, history, traditions, and habitudes between her and other parts of the Empire, makes it more difficult for her to be satisfactorily governed by a centralised system of legislation. But I trust the time will come when the demand for Home Rule will be made by each of the different parts of the Empire that are now combined in the ineffective system of centralised government represented in Westminster Palace. Let it be observed that the question of Imperial government, and how it is to be made a reality, is likely soon to be raised in quite a different way. I was present not long since at a very interesting discussion which took place in the rooms of the Colonial Institute. An essay was read on the national development of Canada. The author of the essay was Mr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk Assistant of the Canadian House of Commons. The object of the writer was to show that the present relations of the Dominion of Canada to the Imperial Parliament cannot long continue to exist. Canada cannot long consent to be bound up in our Imperial system, to share its responsibilities, to become perhaps, in case of war between England and some foreign power, the chief sufferer, for a policy on which she was never consulted. She will—such was the opinion of Mr. Bourinot, who can hardly be supposed to be ignorant of the public feeling of Canada—demand to be admitted to representation in the Imperial Parliament, or she will either drift into independence or be annexed to the United States. This latter alternative Mr. Bourinot regarded as most unlikely to be adopted; Home Rule has extinguished every

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desire among Canadians for annexation to the American Republic. But Mr. Bourinot declared it as his conviction that before long Canada must be represented in our Imperial Parliament, or she will withdraw from our system and seek a national career of her own. This was not the opinion of the author of the essay alone. Many speakers expressed the same conviction. Almost all who spoke, and who professed to represent the opinion of the colonies, were in favour of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. The president of the Institute, the Duke of Manchester, declared himself strongly in favour of it. The honorary secretary of the Institute, Mr. Frederick Young, described himself as an enthusiast for it. I believe it may be considered a pet theory of the Colonial Institute. Now if that idea gains force, as I believe it will, and comes into the region of practical politics, as I also believe it will, observe how it will affect this whole question of Imperial representation in the House of Commons. What Canada demands the Australian colonies will be pretty sure to demand. It seems only reasonable, on the face of things, that if the colonies are to be bound up with us and to share our responsibilities, they should have some voice in directing our foreign policy. If England and the United States had quarrelled on the subject of the Alabama claims, no one can doubt that the Americans would have made Canada the battle-ground of the dispute. The great Powers of Europe are nearly all becoming smitten of late years with a passion for setting up huge and strong navies. The late Lord Ellenborough once made an unlucky joke about the desire of the Prussians for a navy. 'Optat ephippia bos piger,' he said, quoting from Horace. That was in the days when it was an article of faith with Englishmen that Prussians were too slow and stupid to do anything but smoke and talk metaphysics. The Prussians were made very angry by the joke. They can afford now to forget it. They have seaports, and they have a navy, and they know how to use both. The Austrians, the Russians, the Italians have navies. During all future wars in which England bears a part the English colonies will be exposed, as they never were before, to be harassed by England's enemies. It is only natural that the colonies should feel anxious to have some voice in the direction of that Imperial policy which may bring on them such tremendous responsibilities. But if Canada and Australia come to be represented in the House of Commons—and he is no mere dreamer who believes such a thing very probable—observe what an anomalous state of things there would then exist if our present arrangements were not very much altered. We should have Canadians and Australians voting on English, Irish, and Scotch domestic affairs, or at least capable of voting on them, while Canada and Australia had a complete system of Home Rule for themselves, on the business of which no English or Irish member could possibly intrude. The common-sense of the

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matter would surely seem to be that England, Ireland, and Scotland should follow the example of Canada and Australia, and should each manage her domestic affairs for herself, leaving the representatives who sit in the Imperial Parliament to deal with the common affairs of the Empire. Such is indeed the true idea, the actual principle, of an Imperial Parliament. It would represent consolidation, without centralisation. It would be an empire reorganised, not an empire dismembered.

One thing certain is, that, even as a piece of mechanism for the pushing on of legislation, the centralised Parliament has utterly broken down. It is unable, by any process of work, to force through the legislation it foolishly undertakes. When a session begins, every one knows that a mass of work will be undertaken which will not be accomplished, which nobody expects to see accomplished. Some of the announcements in the Royal Speech are as purely pieces of formality as the words 'your obedient servant' at the close of a letter. The work could not be done even though the House of Commons were to sit all night and all day. I do not speak of its being satisfactorily done; it would be absurd to suppose that a motley crowd of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh gentlemen could satisfactorily perform the local business of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. What do I know about Wales or Scotland which should qualify me to help in making domestic laws for either place? I have no time to study thoroughly the interests of Scotland or Wales; life is too short; I have other concerns to attend to. Yet I venture to think I have had better opportunities of understanding Scotch and Welsh affairs than the ordinary English member has of understanding the affairs of Ireland. I have at least been very often in Scotland and in Wales, and a great many English members have never been in Ireland. I believe the Prime Minister has never been in Ireland; I believe Mr. Gladstone was never there until his visit of a year or two back. I do not, therefore, speak of doing the work of legislation satisfactorily for the different parts of the Empire in one centralised Parliament. I speak of doing the work at all; of getting through the lists of measures anyhow; the physical feat of revising all their various clauses, so as to be able to say these measures have at least been looked at, and are fit to be read a third time. I wonder whether the English people in general have the slightest notion of the manner in which their Parliament fails to do its work. If they had any clear idea on the subject, is it possible that a nation of sensible men would allow such a condition of things to go on? I should like to catechise on this subject some quiet English man of business who cares little about politics. I should like to put it to him in some such fashion as this: 'Are you aware that there are measures of legislation which all your statesmen of whatever party admit to be of the utmost importance for your practical affairs, and which are postponed year after year as regularly as the years come

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on? Do you know that some of the most important of these are now so commonly recognised as hopeless that the mention of their names at the beginning of every session only provokes a smile? Do you know that some of these measures, some of the most important of them, have been twenty years, many of them ten or a dozen years, in this condition? Do you know that every one admits their importance, every one declares himself anxious to see them passed into law? Do you know that Parliament never can find time to pass them? Do you know that the reason why Parliament cannot find time to deal with these important measures of common and imperial interest is because it makes it a point of honour to undertake doing all the local business of Cork, and Belfast, and Aberdeen, and Glasgow?' Not many people, probably, have any idea of what it costs the Empire to undertake all this local business. The mere money loss must be immense, in a direct form; the loss occasioned by the postponement from year to year of necessary legislation is beyond calculation. Mr. Plimsoll complained the other day of the manner in which measures necessary for the safety of lives at sea were postponed, obstructed, and crowded out by the perplexed arrangements of the House of Commons. Many sessions have passed since the Chancellor of the Exchequer emphatically declared to the House that the legislation just adopted for the preservation of the lives of our seamen was incomplete, and could hardly be of any real use until it had been supplemented by other legislation which the Government were then prepared to introduce. 'Do you know,' I should like to ask my supposed English friend, 'that that needful legislation has never been carried any further? Do you know that it is postponed session after session on the ground that there is not time to pass it into law?' I wonder how many stout seamen lie buried under the waves because it is considered a point of honour that the Imperial Parliament shall undertake to manage the local business of the various parts of the Empire. I should like to ask my typical Englishman also whether he is aware that it is the opinion of his rulers that the British Empire would be dismembered if Ireland were to be allowed to amend her grand jury laws for herself. I wonder what would be his opinion as to the wisdom of the statesmen who could gravely maintain such a theory. On the other hand, if they were really in the right, what would he think of the strength of the political organisation which such a change would dismember and disorganise?

I am satisfied that the English people have as yet no idea whatever of the real meaning of the controversy going on with regard to this question of Home Rule. The true bearings of the question are lost in a cloud of inappropriate altercation. There is an easy way, a fatally easy way, of preventing an Irish claim from having a fair discussion, or indeed from reaching the general public of England at all. That way is to raise a cry of sedition, and disloyalty, and trea-

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son, and all the rest of it. I sometimes wonder why any of the occupants of the Treasury Bench should take the trouble to offer any reply in the form of argument to a Home Ruler. Why not simply rise and say: 'The honourable member'—Mr. Shaw, for example—'has asked her Majesty's Government to explain why it would not in their opinion be for the benefit of the country that Ireland should be allowed to adjust her own grand jury laws and her own educational system. Mr. Speaker, I have only to reply that the question is in itself an evidence of disloyalty; that the suggestion is sedition; that any proposal to adopt it is high treason.' That would be the short way with the Home Rulers. It would be quite as appropriate a piece of argument as any we are in the habit of hearing; and it would come to the point at once. Such is, in substance, the manner in which the strength of the majority is relied upon to manifest itself at last; and it might as well be called out at first. The question, therefore, has not yet fairly reached the English public. If it had, I am convinced that the common sense of England would soon recognise the common-sense of Home Rule. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for England and Ireland than the tone which most of the London newspapers and some leading men in Parliament took from the beginning with regard to the question of Home Rule. As if by common consent there came forth the declaration: 'We will not argue this question at all with you; it is outside the range of argument; we will only tell you at once that you shan't have what you are asking for, and there's an end of the matter.' If I had half an hour's conversation with my typical English friend, I think I should be able to show him that nearly all the heat and bitterness and passion of the past few years' controversy, with its strange incidents and painful episodes, came directly from that fatal and, let me add, that very fatuous way of dealing with the Home Rule demand. It is right to say that this way of treating the matter was much less common inside Parliament than outside it. Not many responsible statesmen will get up in the House of Commons, and say: 'I decline to argue with you who make this demand; I don't care what your arguments may be; I am determined in advance not to be influenced by anything you may urge.' But a great many newspapers kept saying this sort of thing every day, and rating at statesmen because they did not also say it. Of the journals that wrote in such a fashion I shall only remark, adopting certain words of the late Mr. Fonblanque, that it has seldom come within the power of any men to do so much good as these journals have prevented.

It is often said that Irishmen have no longer any reason to complain of the manner in which the Imperial Parliament deals with purely Irish measures. It has now, people say, become the admitted principle that whatever Ireland demands in the way of mere local legislation must be conceded to her. Ireland must, in this sense, be

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governed according to Irish ideas. If the representatives of the country are agreed among themselves about any particular measure concerning Ireland alone, the English and Scotch majority would not think of opposing such legislation. It is far from being quite the truth that such entire deference is shown to the opinion of Irish representatives, even when that opinion is practically unanimous. But if it were true, that would only be another and a stronger reason why the Imperial Parliament should not have the task of managing Irish business imposed upon it. Is there any excuse for giving up the common time of Parliament to discussions in which it is expressly declared that three-fourths of the members are not expected to interfere? If a measure is only to be discussed and decided by Irish members, what can be the advantage of having it discussed in St. Stephen's? For a long time the Scotch members did thus contrive to have a little Parliament of their own comfortably established in Westminster Palace. I suppose that to some extent they have it still, although I believe it does not work quite so satisfactorily now as it did in former days. It was the habit of the Scottish members to meet together and consider among themselves the details of any measure affecting Scotland; and when it came on for discussion in full Parliament the other members of the House never interfered. Every such measure was quietly carried through in accordance with the previous arrangements made among the representatives of Scotland. This was all very well for the Scotch members, if the Scotch members liked it. But does it not seem rather unreasonable that any part of the time of the Imperial Parliament should be diverted from Imperial business merely to allow what may be called a full-dress rehearsal of a performance in which only Scotch members are to take part? In plain words, if there is to be separate legislation for any of the kingdoms, is it not the common-sense of the matter that that legislation should be carried on at home? The Scotch members, I believe, are finding out of late that Scotch measures do not move forward very quickly, notwithstanding all their efforts, and notwithstanding the general spirit of agreement among them. Many complaints and remonstrances have been lately made in Scotland's name. I sincerely trust that we shall hear many more. When Scotch members begin to ask for Home Rule, they are not likely to be put off with talk about the impossibility of English statesmen condescending to argue the question with them. If things go on much longer as they are going, there will not be time left to the Imperial Parliament to pass even in formal review the best digested measures presented by Scotch representatives.

During the late election contest at Liverpool there was a good deal of controversy about the significance of the words in the Home Rule resolution which referred to the restoration of an Irish Parliament. Lord Ramsay, the Liberal candidate, refused to promise to vote even for an inquiry into the necessity of what he assumed to be

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a restoration of the old Irish Parliament. I do not believe any practical Irishman now really thinks of a restoration of the old Irish Parliament. Repeal of the Union would leave the Irish people in a very peculiar position. It would put them in possession of a Parliament in which no Catholic could sit, and for the election of a member to which no Catholic could vote. The restored Parliament would have to begin its business by a remarkably sweeping series of reforms, in order to bring itself in some degree into harmony with existing institutions and ways of thought. No doubt the independent Irish Parliament was in many respects an untrustworthy and incapable body; but, with all its shortcomings, it effected an immense amount of practical good for Ireland during its short existence. But it is of special importance for Englishmen to remember that during its brief career it was thoroughly loyal. Only for the infatuation of the English Government in refusing Catholic emancipation when the whole voice of the Irish people demanded it and the Irish Parliament was perfectly willing to grant it, the Rebellion of 1798 would never have taken place. There were then, as there are now, two parties among the Irish people; I mean among those who in one way or other professed to be national in feeling. One of these parties was represented by the best men in the Irish Parliament. It was loyal to the Crown and the English connection, and only anxious to be convinced that English statesmen meant to deal fairly with Ireland. The other was the party represented by Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen. It was made up of men who had no faith in England's good intentions, and were convinced that the central power was only waiting a chance to overbear the authority of Irish national institutions. The intolerable act of despotism by which the English Government suddenly made use of its authority to reject and defy the appeal for Catholic emancipation drove the whole national sentiment of the country to the side of the party of action. The influence of Grattan and the Irish Parliament was gone in a moment. A loyalist, of whatever greatness and influence, was silenced, on the instant of his opening his mouth to counsel patience and moderation, by the reminder that the latest act of the English Government had thrown contempt upon his former teachings, and had proved to Ireland that nothing was to be expected of the Imperial power. But the Irish Parliament was thoroughly loyal; and let it be distinctly added that the Irish people would have been thoroughly loyal too if the English Government would only have allowed them. Despite all the dazzling fascinations of the revolutionary movement in France, the Irish people were never led away into rebellion until the English Government drove them into it. The one question about which Grattan strongly differed from Fox was the view which Fox had taken of the French Revolution. An Irish Parliament like that of 1782 is, indeed, impossible now. A new principle of government for empires with mixed nationalities has

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come up, and has been successful wherever it has been tried. It is successful in the Dominion of Canada as well as in the United States. It is the principle which alone was found applicable to the reorganisation of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. It has superseded the principle on which the old Irish Parliament was constructed. But it is necessary for English readers to bear in mind that that Irish Parliament was, as long as it lasted, the instrument of peace and loyalty. Rebellion arose because the Irish Parliament was compelled to show that it could not answer for the fair dealing of the English Government. Had the English Government allowed the Irish Parliament its own way, there would not have been a shot fired in anger in 1798. Since the extinction of the Irish Parliament it may be fairly said that Ireland has not known a quiet year. During the debate on the Irish borough franchise lately, the Attorney-General for Ireland tried to make an argument against household suffrage in Irish boroughs out of the fact that there had been no petitions from the Irish people in favour of the measure. This showed, he contended, that Ireland was indifferent and apathetic on the subject. It showed, however, nothing of the kind. It showed that a feeling existed which the Attorney-General's wisdom ought to fear. It showed that the people of Ireland were convinced that there was not the slightest use in making any appeal to the Imperial Parliament on the subject. The result unfortunately tended to prove that the Irish people were in the right. Truly, if there were a Home Rule Parliament established in Ireland to-morrow, I venture to think that there would probably be no petitions on the subject of household suffrage in boroughs addressed to it either. But the reason for the absence of petitions in that case would not be precisely the same as in the other. The Irish people did not take the trouble to petition the Imperial Parliament for household suffrage in boroughs, because they knew that the Imperial Parliament as at present constituted would not grant the demand. They probably would not think it necessary to petition a domestic Parliament, because they would assume as a matter of course that such a reform would be one of its first measures.

I hear it continually said that an Irish Parliament would occupy itself only in political faction-fights and struggles of sect against sect. 'You Irishmen would do nothing but cut one another's throats,' is the confident assertion of gentlemen who have probably never thought of ascertaining whether during the existence of the old Irish Parliament, such as it was, the members did occupy themselves in any such pastime. I would urge my English friends to bear in mind that the discord we now see in Ireland and among Irishmen is about great questions which would be settled by the mere fact that a domestic legislature had come into existence. 'What would a Parliament in Ireland set about doing?' is often asked. Assuming that the land question had been settled on some satisfactory basis before the Irish

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Parliament came into existence, I think it would begin by undertaking a variety of purely domestic reforms for which it has been vainly asking the Imperial Parliament year after year. It would undoubtedly alter the borough and county franchise, supposing these had not already been properly dealt with. It would frame a new system of grand jury laws; the grand jury system in Ireland is now the most absurd anomaly that a civilised people could well be called upon to endure. The whole system of county government and county finance and of election to parochial boards would be sure to undergo immediate revision. The members elected to the domestic Parliament would, I am convinced, be for the most part able and practical men well acquainted with the actual wants of the country. Many men are elected to the Imperial Parliament from Ireland who are not particularly acquainted with the practical condition and local wants of the places they represent. It is not only unavoidable in some cases that this should be so, but it is natural and proper. What the Irish people want at present is, first of all, representatives who will express the national desire on two or three great questions—the land tenure system, education, and Home Rule. A man who will do this honestly and fearlessly is obviously to be preferred, even though he be not intimately acquainted with the exact condition and circumstances of every part of the county or borough he represents, to the most practical local resident who is not in harmony with the national sentiment on those great questions. But it is obvious that no such considerations would govern the choice of the local representatives. The Irish are a shrewd people for all their Celtic fire and poetry; and in the matter of an election to a domestic Parliament the man who knew most about the conditions and circumstances of his constituency would be preferred to the most eloquent stranger who could only talk generalities. I am convinced that the gentry of the country would have their fair share of representation in such a Parliament. The tenant-farmer would be there, with the well-to-do shopkeeper of the towns, the banker, the manufacturer, the shipper, the merchant. I doubt whether impassioned eloquence would be the vernacular of such an assembly; I rather think shrewd common sense would be its principal inspiration, and a sincere desire to set the country permanently on its feet, and make it independent of the chances of passing seasons and the help of foreign charity. I am quite sure the stout men of the northern province would very soon demonstrate their traditional manhood and good sense by accepting the condition of things and working earnestly and vigorously in such a Parliament. Any one who fancies that the Catholic majority would instantly set about oppressing their Protestant brothers must be curiously ignorant of the condition of feeling in Ireland of our day. I recommend him to ask for an opinion on the subject from such Protestant gentlemen as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Lord Francis Conyngham, Mr. King-Harman, or the terrible Mr. Parnell himself.

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I have purposely abstained, throughout the greater part of this article, from arguing the question on anything like high ground. I have called the article 'The Common-sense of Home Rule,' and I have endeavoured to keep to the strict common-sense of the matter. My object has been to show that Home Rule describes an arrangement the most natural, the most practical, that could be devised for the management of an imperial system; that it is a principle which, if we were not bound by ancient prejudices and blinded by servile devotion to mere phrases, would assuredly commend itself to the common sense of all reasonable persons everywhere. If the relations of the three kingdoms had to be adjusted now for the first time under a free partnership, this is the arrangement which would suggest itself as a mere matter of business to every man capable of forming an opinion in the various parts of the Empire. No statesman now would think of suggesting as a beginning that all the local affairs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, should be consigned to the care of a miscellaneous assembly already so overburdened with the common business of the Empire, that it is physically unable in any session to get through half its appointed work. An Englishman would naturally say: 'I know nothing about the Irish grand jury system or the Scotch hypothec; I don't suppose the Irish and Scotch members are likely to know much about English county boards. It would be absurd to thrust each other's domestic business in each other's way. If we do this, we shall never get on at all: the only sensible thing we can do is to leave to each country the work it understands and really cares about; and let us meet as a parliament in Westminster for the settlement of business that is strictly imperial, and concerns all parts of the three kingdoms alike.' This is the view that I have endeavoured to impress upon my readers. But I do not forget that there is a far higher view of the question. I hold in the highest reverence that undefined but most subtle and strong influence, the national sentiment, which has been the inspiration and the nurse of so much that is great, noble, and beautiful among all populations who have been allowed to give it expression in their political and social life. There is no influence I dread so much in modern legislation as that fatal desire to run the steam-roller of monotonous and uniform system over all the characteristic peculiarities of race and tradition and habit. If Lord Beaconsfield, when he talked of cosmopolitanism, had had in mind the kind of principle which finds a delight in effacing all national distinctions, and subduing all families and populations to one mournfully monotonous pattern, so that every part of the world should be as like as possible to every other part, I should have joined with all my heart in his denunciation. To insist that because England and Ireland are part of one empire they should necessarily be governed by one centralised system of uniform legislation seems to me about as absurd as to contend that the mountains of Killarney, and Connemara, and Donegal, ought to be removed somehow and the

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ground made level in order to bring it into uniformity with the physical exterior of most of the English counties. There is something distinctly elevating and improving in the sentiment of nationality. An old friend of mine, who is now high in the service of the Crown in a far country, was reminding me lately in a letter of the days when we were young and of 'the sound national discussions, the healthy union of literature and of nationality,' that formed the staple of the talk of young men and boys in Ireland then. I own to the full feeling of his words. There was something fresh and pure in that strong breath of the national sentiment which began to reanimate the youth of Ireland at that time. It kept them from idle and purposeless reading, from sickliness of sentiment, from tendency to anything unwholesome or vulgar or debasing. Perhaps my friend would not have been nearly so useful or so distinguished a servant of the Crown if he had not been brought up in that healthy spirit of nationality which must have made him think, at every momentous crisis of his career, whether the part he was about to take was worthy of his country as well as of himself. I would then encourage the national sentiment. It makes men better and even more practical in the true sense than they would be without it. In so far as the demand for Home Rule is the expression of that sentiment, it is a demand that ought to have the respect of all Englishmen. But I have purposely abstained, throughout the greater part of this article, from taking that higher ground in my argument. I contend for Home Rule not merely because it would be the just admission of an honest and a legitimate desire on the part of a distinct population for the management of the business that is strictly domestic. I do not contend for it merely because it would really tend to reconcile England and Ireland, and make them, for the first time since the Union, friendly and willing copartners in one great imperial system. I now take the lower ground purposely, and put the question as one of common-sense. The machinery at present existing is utterly inadequate to the purposes it is meant to fulfil. The centralised system is a failure. It has collapsed. Some other system must be tried in its place. I point attention to the only system which appears to have simplicity, nature, and common-sense to recommend it—the system which would allow Ireland to manage for herself the business which the Imperial Parliament is not capable of managing properly, and the bare attempt to manage which by the Imperial Parliament only confuses and obstructs the proper business of the central Legislature. The sooner other parts of the Empire make the same demand for themselves that Ireland is making for herself, the better pleased shall I be; but for the present I am concerned about Ireland. I wish to show that Ireland's demand is the demand of common-sense; if that be so, I have no doubt that the example she sets will soon be followed.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

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SHAM ADMIRATION IN LITERATURE.

In all highly civilised communities Pretence is prominent, and sooner or later invades the regions of Literature. In the beginning, this is not altogether to be reprobated; it is the rude homage which Ignorance, conscious of its disgrace, offers to Learning; but after a while, Pretence becomes systematised, gathers strength from numbers and impunity, and rears its head in such a manner as to suggest it has some body and substance belonging to it. In England, literary pretence is more universal than elsewhere from our method of education. When young gentlemen from ten to sixteen are set to study poetry (a subject for which not one in a hundred has the least taste or capability even when he reads it in his own language) in Greek and Latin authors, it is only a natural consequence that their views upon it should be slightly artificial. The youth who objected to the alphabet that it seemed hardly worth while to have gone through so much to have acquired so little, was exceptionally sagacious; the more ordinary lad conceives that what has cost him so much time and trouble, and entailed so many pains and penalties, must needs have something in it, though it has never met his eye. Hence arises our public opinion upon the ancient classics, which I am afraid is somewhat different from (what painters term) the private view. If you take the ordinary admirer of Æschylus, for example—not the scholar, but the man who has had what he believes to be 'a liberal education'—and appeal to his opinion upon some passage in a British dramatist, say Shakespeare, it is ten to one that he shows not only ignorance of the author (the odds are twenty to one about *that*), but utter inability to grasp the point in question; it is too deep for him, and especially too subtle. If you are cruel enough to press him, he will unconsciously betray the fact that he has never felt a line of poetry in his life. He honestly believes that the *Seven against Thebes* is one of the greatest works that ever were written, just as a child believes the same of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. A great wit once observed, when bored by the praises of a man who spoke six languages, that he had known a man to speak a dozen, and yet not say a word worth hearing in any one of them. The humour of the remark, as sometimes happens, has caused its wisdom to be underrated; for the fact is that,

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in very many cases, all the intelligence of which a mind is capable is expended upon the mere acquisition of a foreign language. As to getting anything out of it in the way of ideas, and especially of poetical ones, that is almost never attained. There are, indeed, many who have a special facility for languages, but in their case (with a few exceptions) one may say without uncharity that the acquisition of ideas is not their object, though if they did acquire them they would probably be new ones. The majority of us, however, have much difficulty in surmounting the obstacle of an alien tongue; and when we have done so we are naturally inclined to overrate the advantages thus attained. Every one knows the poor creature who quotes French on all occasions with a certain stress on the accent, designed to arouse a doubt in his hearers as to whether he was not actually born in Paris. *He*, of course, is a low specimen of the class in question, but almost all of us derive a certain intellectual gratification from the mastery of another language, and as we gradually attain to it, whenever we find a meaning we are apt to mistake it for a beauty.[1] Nay, I am convinced that many admire this or that (even) British poet from the fact that here and there his meaning has gleamed upon them with all the charm that accompanies unexpectedness.

Since classical learning is compulsory with us, this bastard admiration is much more often excited with respect to the Greek and Latin poets. Men may not only go through the whole curriculum of a university education, but take high honours in it, without the least intellectual advantage beyond the acquisition of a few quotations. This is not, of course (good heavens!), because the classics have nothing to teach us in the way of poetical ideas, but simply because to the ordinary mind the acquisition of a poetical idea is very difficult, and when conveyed in a foreign language is impossible. If the same student had given the same time—a monstrous thought, of course, but not impracticable—to the cultivation of Shakespeare and the old dramatists, or even to the more modern English poets and thinkers, he would certainly have got more out of them, though he would have missed the delicate suggestiveness of the Greek aorist and the exquisite subtleties of the particle *de*. Having acquired these last, however, and not for nothing, it is not surprising that he should esteem them very highly, and, being unable to popularise them at dinner parties and the like, he falls back upon praise of the classics generally.

Such are the circumstances which, more particularly in this country, have led to a wellnigh universal habit of literary lying—of a

[1] Since the above was written, my attention has been called to the following remark of De Quincey: 'As must ever be the case with readers not sufficiently masters of a language to bring the true pretensions of a work to any test of feeling, they are for ever mistaking for some pleasure conferred by the writer, what is in fact the pleasure naturally attached to the sense of a difficulty overcome.'

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pretence of admiration for certain works of which in reality we know very little, and for which, if we knew more, we should perhaps care less.

There are certain books which are standard, and as it were planted in the British soil, before which the great majority of us bow the knee and doff the cap with a reverence that, in its ignorance, reminds one of fetish worship, and, in its affectation, of the passion for High Art. The works without which, we are told at book auctions, 'no gentleman's library can be considered complete,' are especially the objects of this adoration. The *Rambler*, for example, is one of them. I was once shut up for a week of snowstorms in a mountain inn, with the *Rambler* and one other publication. The latter was a Shepherd's Guide, with illustrations of the way in which sheep are marked by their various owners for the purpose of identification: 'Cropped near ear, upper key bitted far, a pop on the head and another at the tail head, ritted, and with two red strokes down both shoulders,' &c. It was monotonous, but I confess that there were times when I felt it some comfort in having that picture-book to fall back upon, to alternate with the *Rambler*.

The essay, like port wine, I have noticed, requires age for its due appreciation. Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* comprises some admirable essays, but the general public have not a word to say for them; it may be urged that that is because they had not read the *Indicator*. But why then do they praise the *Rambler* and Montaigne? That comforting word, 'Mesopotamia,' which has been so often alluded to in religious matters, has many a parallel in profane literature.

A good deal of this mock worship is of course due to abject cowardice. A man who says he doesn't like the *Rambler*, runs, with some folks, the risk of being thought a fool; but he is sure to be thought that, for something or another, under any circumstances; and, at all events, why should he not content himself, when the *Rambler* is belauded, with holding his tongue and smiling acquiescence? It must be conceded that there are a few persons who really have read the *Rambler*, a work, of course, I am merely using as a type of its class. In their young days it was used as a school book, and thought necessary as a part of polite education; and as they have read little or nothing since, it is only reasonable that they should stick to their colours. Indeed, the French satirist's boast that he could predicate the views of any man with regard to both worlds, if he were only supplied with the simple data of his age and his income, is quite true in the general with regard to literary taste. Given the age of the ordinary individual—that is to say of the gentleman 'fond of books, but who has really no time for reading'—and it is easy enough to guess his literary idols. They are the gods of his youth, and, whether he has been 'suckled in a creed outworn' or not, he knows no other. These persons, however, rarely give their opinion about literary matters, except

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on compulsion; they are harmless and truthful. The tendency of society in general, on the other hand, is not only to praise the *Rambler* which they have not read, but to express a noble scorn for those who have read it and don't like it.

I remember, as a young man, being greatly struck by the independence of character exhibited by Miss Brontë in a certain confession she made in respect to Miss Austen's novels. It was at a period when everybody professed to adore them, and especially the great guns of literature. Walter Scott thought more highly of the genius of the author of *Mansfield Park* even than of that of his favourite, Miss Edgeworth. Macaulay speaks of her as though she were the Eclipse of novelists—'first, and the rest nowhere'—though his opinion, it is true, lost something of its force from the contempt he expressed for 'the rest,' among whom were some much better ones. Dr. Whewell, a very different type of mind, had *Mansfield Park*, I believe, read to him on his death-bed. And, indeed, up to the present date, some highly cultured persons of my acquaintance take the same view. They may be very possibly right, but that is no reason why the people who have never read Miss Austen's novels—and very few have—should ape the fashion. Now the authoress of *Jane Eyre* did not derive much pleasure from the perusal of the works of the other Jane. 'I know it's very wrong,' she modestly said, 'but the fact is I can't read them. They have not got story enough in them to engage my attention. I don't want my blood curdled, but I like it stirred. She strikes me as milk-and-watery, and, to say truth, as dull.'

This opinion she has, in effect, repeated in her published writings, but I had only heard her verbal expression of it; and I admired her courage. If she had been a man, struggling, as she then was, for a position in literature, she would not have dared to say half as much. For, what is very curious, the advocates of the classic authors—those I mean whom antiquity has more or less hallowed—instead of pitying those unhappy wights who confess their want of appreciation of them, fly at them with bludgeons, and dance upon their prostrate bodies with clogs.

> For who would rush on a benighted man,
> And give him two black eyes for being blind?

inquires the poet. I answer, 'lots of people,' and especially those who worship the pagan divinities of literature. The same thing happens—but *their* fury is more excusable, because they have less natural intelligence—with the lovers of music. Instead of being sorry for the poor folks who have 'no ear,' and whom 'a little music in the evening' bores to extremity, they overwhelm them with reproaches for what is in fact a natural infirmity. 'You Goth! you Vandal!' they exclaim, 'how contemptible is the creature who has no music in his soul!' Which is really very rude. Even persons who are not musical have their feelings. 'Hath not a Jew ears?'—that is to say,

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though they have 'no ear,' they understand what is abusive language and resent it.

I am not saying one word against established reputations in literature. The very fact of their being established (even the *Rambler*, for example, has its merits) is in their favour; and, indeed, some of the works I shall refer to are masterpieces. My objection is to the sham admiration of them, which does their authors no good (for their circulation is now of no consequence to them), and is injurious not only to modern writers (who are generally made the subject of base comparison), but especially to the utterers of this false coin themselves. One cannot tell falsehoods, even about one's views in literature, without injury to one's morals, yet to 'tell the truth and shame the devil' is easy, as it would seem, compared with telling the truth and defying the critics.

I have alluded to the intrepidity of Miss Brontë in this matter; and, curiously enough, it is women who have the most courage in the expression of their literary opinions. It may be said, of course, that this is due to the audacity of ignorance, and a well-known line may be quoted (for some people, as I have said, are rude) in which certain angels (who are *not* women) are represented as being afraid to tread in certain places. But I am speaking of women who are great readers. Miss Martineau once confessed to me that she could see no beauties in *Tom Jones*. 'Of course,' she said, 'the coarseness disgusts me, but, apart from that, I see no sort of merit in it.' 'What?' I replied, 'no humour, no knowledge of human life?' 'No; to me it is a wearisome book.'

I disagreed with her very much upon that point, and do so still; yet, apart from the coarseness (which does not disgust everybody, let me tell you), there is a good deal of tedious reading in *Tom Jones*. At all events that expression of opinion from such lips strikes me as noteworthy.

It may here be said that there are many English authors of old date, some of whose beauties are unintelligible except to those who are acquainted with the classics; and *Tom Jones* is one of them. Many of the introductions to the chapters, not to mention a certain travestie of an Homeric battle, must needs be as wearisome to those who are not scholars, as the spectacle of a burlesque is to those who have not seen the original play. This is still more the case with our old poets, especially Milton. I very much doubt, in spite of the universal chorus to the contrary, whether *Lycidas* is much admired by readers who are only acquainted with English literature; I am quite sure it never touched their hearts as, for example, *In Memoriam* does.

I once beheld a young lady of great literary taste, and of exquisite sensibility, torn to pieces (figuratively) and trampled upon by a great scholar for venturing to make a comparison between those two poems.

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Its invocation to the Muses, and the general classical air which pervades it, had destroyed for her the pathos of *Lycidas*; whereas to her antagonist those very imperfections appeared to enhance its beauty. I did not interfere, because the wretch was her husband, and it would have been worse for her if I had, but my sympathies were entirely with her. Her sad fate—for the massacre took place in public—would, I was well aware, have the effect of making people lie worse than ever about Milton. On that same evening, while some folks were talking about Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, I heard a scornful voice exclaim 'Oh! give ME *Paradise Lost*,' and with that gentleman I *did* have it out. I promptly subjected him to cross-examination, and drove him to that extremity that he was compelled to admit he had never read a word of Milton for forty years, and even then only in extracts from *Enfield's Speaker*.

With Shakespeare—though there is a good deal of lying about *him*—the case is different, and especially with elderly people; for 'in their day,' as they pathetically term it, Shakespeare was played everywhere, and every one went to the play. They do not read him, but they recollect him; they are well acquainted with his beauties—that is, with the better known of them—and can quote him with manifest appreciation. They are, intellectually, in a position much superior to that of a fashionable lady of my acquaintance who informed me that her daughters were going to the theatre that night to see Shakespeare's 'Turning of the Screw.'

The writer who has done most, without I suppose intending it, to promote hypocrisy in literature is Macaulay. His 'every schoolboy knows' has frightened thousands into pretending to know authors with whom they have not even a bowing acquaintance. It is amazing that a man who had read so much should have written so contemptuously of those who have read but little; one would have thought that the consciousness of superiority would have forbidden such insolence, or that his reading would have been extensive enough to teach him at least how little he had read of what there was to read; since he read some things—works of imagination and humour, for example—to such very little purpose, he might really have bragged a little less. One feels quite grateful to Macaulay, however, for avowing his belief that he was the only man who had read through the *Faery Queen*; since that exonerates everybody—I do not say from reading it, because the supposition is preposterous—but from the necessity of pretending to have read it. The pleasure derived from that poem to most minds is, I am convinced, analogous to that already spoken of as being imparted by a foreign author: namely, the satisfaction at finding it—in places—intelligible. For the few who possess the poetic faculty it has great beauties, but I observe, from the extracts that appear in Poetic Selections and the like, that the most tedious and even the most monstrous passages are often the most admired. The case of Spenser in this respect—which does not

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stand alone in ancient English literature—has a curious parallel in art, where people are positively found to go into ecstasies over a distorted limb or a ludicrous inversion of perspective, simply because it is the work of an old master, who knew no better, or followed the fashion of his time.

Leigh Hunt read the *Faery Queen*, by the bye, as almost everything else that has been written in the English tongue, and even Macaulay alludes with rare commendation to his 'catholic taste.' Of all authors indeed, and probably of all readers, Leigh Hunt had the keenest eye for merit and the warmest appreciation of it wherever found. He was actively engaged in politics, yet was never blind to the genius of an adversary; blameless himself in morals, he could admire the wit of Wycherley; and a free-thinker in religion, he could see both wisdom and beauty in the divines. Moreover, it is immensely to his credit, that this universal knowledge, instead of puffing him up, only moved him to impart it, and that next to the pleasure he took in books was that he derived from teaching others to take pleasure in them. Witness his *Wit and Humour* and his *Imagination and Fancy*, to my mind the greatest treasures in the way of handbooks that have ever been offered to students of English literature, and the completest antidotes to pretence in it. How many a time, as a boy, have I pondered over this or that passage in the originals, from Shakespeare to Suckling, and then compared it with the italicised lines in his two volumes, to see whether I had hit upon the beauties; and how often, alas! I hit upon the blots![2]

It is curious that Leigh Hunt, whose style has been so severely handled (and, it must be owned, not without some justice) for its affectations, should have been so genuine (although always generous) in his criticisms. It was nothing to him whether an author was old or new; nor did he shrink from any literary comparison between two writers when he thought it appropriate (and he was generally right), notwithstanding all the age and authority that might be at the back of one of them. Thackeray, by the way, a very different writer and thinker, had this same outspoken honesty in the expression of his literary taste. In speaking of the hero of Cooper's five good novels—Leather-Stocking, Hawkeye, &c.—he remarks with quite a noble simplicity: 'I think he is better than any of Scott's lot.'

It is a 'far cry' from the *Faery Queen* to *Childe Harold*, which, reckoning by years, is still a modern poem; yet I wonder how many persons under thirty—even of those who term it 'magnificent'—have

[2] I remember (when 'I was but a little tiny boy') I thought that 'the fringed curtains of thine eye advance,' addressed by Prospero to Miranda, must needs be a very fine line; imagine then my confusion, on referring for corroboration to my 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' as he truly was, to find this passage: 'Why Shakespeare should have condescended to the elaborate nothingness, not to say nonsense, of this metaphor (for what is meant by "advancing curtains"?) I cannot conceive. That is to say, if he did condescend; for it looks very like the interpolation of some pompous declamatory player. Pope has put it into his *Treatise on the Bathos*.'

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ever read *Childe Harold.* At one time it was only people under thirty who *had* read it; for poetry to the ordinary reader is the poetry that was popular in his youth—'no other is genuine.'

> A dreary, weary poem called the *Excursion,*
> Written in a manner which is my aversion,

is a couplet the frankness of which has always recommended itself to me (though I like the *Excursion*); but, except for the rhyme, it has a fatal facility of application to other long poems. Heaven forbid that I should 'with shadowed hint confuse' the faith in a British classic; but, ye gods, how men have gaped (in private) over *Childe Harold!*

Gil Blas, though not a native classic, is included in the articles of the British literary faith; not as a matter of pious opinion, but *de fide*; a necessity of intellectual salvation. I remember an interview I once had with a boy of letters concerning this immortal work; he is a well-known writer now, but at the time I speak of he was only budding and sprouting in the magazines—a lad of promise, no doubt, but given, if not to kick against authority, to question it, and, what was worse, to question *me* about it, in an embarrassing manner. The natural affability of my disposition had caused him, I suppose, to treat me as his Father Confessor in literature; and one of the sins of omission he confided to me was in connection with the divine Le Sage.

'I say—about *Gil Blas*, you know—Bias [a great critic of that day] was saying last night that if he were to be imprisoned for life with only two books to read he would choose the Bible and *Gil Blas*.'

'It is very gratifying to me,' said I, wishing to evade my young friend, and also because I had no love for Bias, 'that he should have selected the Bible; and all the more so, since I should never have expected it of him.'

'Yes, papa' (that was what the young dog was wont to call me, though he was no son of mine—far from it); 'but about *Gil Blas*? Is it *really* the next best book? And after he had read it—say ten times—would he not have been rather sorry that he had not chosen —well, Shakespeare, for instance?'

The picture of Bias with a long white beard, the growth of twenty years, reading that tattered copy of *Gil Blas* in his cell, almost affected me to tears; but I made shift to answer gravely: 'Bias is a professional critic; and persons of that class are apt to be a little dogmatic and given to exaggeration. But *Gil Blas* is a great work. As a picture of the seamy side of human life—of its vices and its weaknesses at least—it is unrivalled. The archbishop ——'

'Oh! I know that archbishop—*well*,' interrupted my young tormentor. 'I sometimes think, if it hadn't been for that archbishop, we should never perhaps have heard of *Gil Blas*.'

'Tchut, tchut!' said I; 'you talk like a child.'

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'But to read it *all through*, papa—three times, ten times, for all one's life? Poor Mr. Bias!'

'It is a matter of opinion, my dear boy,' I said. 'Bias has this great advantage over you in literary matters, that he knows what he is talking about; and if he was quite sure——'

'Oh! but he was not quite sure: he was rather doubtful, he said, about one of the books.'

'Not the Bible, I do hope?' said I fervently.

'No, about the other. He was not quite sure but that, instead of *Gil Blas*, he ought to have selected *Don Quixote*. Now really that seems to me worse than *Gil Blas*.'

'You mean less excellent,' I rejoined; 'you are too young to appreciate the full signification of *Don Quixote*.'

The scoundrel murmured, 'Do you mean to tell me people read it when they are old?' but I pretended not to hear him. 'We do not all of us,' I went on, 'know what is good for us. Sancho Panza's physician——'

'Oh! I know that physician—*well*, papa. I sometimes think, if it had not been for that physician, perhaps——'

'Hush!' I exclaimed authoritatively; 'let us have no flippancy, I beg.' And so, with a dead lift as it were, I got rid of him. He left the room muttering, 'But to read it through—three times, ten times, for all one's life?' And I was obliged to confess to myself that such a prolonged course of study, even of *Don Quixote*, would have been wearisome.

Rabelais is another article of our literary faith, that is certainly subscribed to much more often than believed in. In a certain poem of Mr. Browning's (*I* call it the Burial of the Book, since the Latin name he has given it is unpronounceable, even if it were possible to recollect it), charmingly humorous, and which is also remarkable for impersonating an inanimate object in verse as Dickens does in prose, there occur these lines:

> Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
> Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis,
> Lay on the grass, and forgot the oaf
> Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

Yet I have known some wonder to be expressed (confidentially) as to where he found the 'jolly chapter,' and the looking for the beauties of Rabelais to be likened to searching in a huge bed of manure for a few heads of asparagus.

I have no quarrel with Bias and Company (though they stick at nothing, and will presently say that I don't care for these books myself), but I venture to think that they are wrong in making dogmas of what are, after all, but matters of literary taste; it is their vehemence and exaggeration which drive the weak to take refuge in falsehood.

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A good woman in the country once complained of her stepson, 'He will not love his learning, though I beats him with a jack-chain;' and from the application of similar aids to instruction the same result takes place in London. Only here we dissemble and pretend to love it. It is partly in consequence of this that works, not only of acknowledged but genuine excellence, such as those I have been careful to select, are, though so universally praised, so little read. The poor student attempts them, but failing—from many causes no doubt, but also sometimes from the fact of their not being there—to find those unrivalled beauties which he has been led to expect in every sentence, he stops short, where he would otherwise have gone on. He says to himself 'I have been deceived,' or 'I must be a born fool;' whereas he is wrong in both suppositions. I am convinced that the want of popularity of Walter Scott among the rising generation is partly due to this extravagant laudation; and I am much mistaken if another great author, more recently deceased, will not in a few years be added to the ranks of those who are more praised than read from the same cause.

The habit of mere adhesion to received opinion in any matter is most mischievous, for it strikes at the root of independence of thought; and in literature it tends to make the public taste mechanical. It is very seldom that what is called the verdict of posterity (absurdly enough, for are not *we* posterity?) is ever reversed; but it has chanced to happen in a certain case quite lately. The production of *The Iron Chest* upon the stage has once more brought into fashion *Caleb Williams*. Now that is a work, though by no means belonging to the same rank as those to which I have referred, which has a fine old crusted reputation. Time has hallowed it. The great world of readers (who have never read it) used to echo the remark of Bias and Company, that this and that modern work of fiction reminded them—though at an immense distance, of course—of Godwin's masterpiece. I remember Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*, for example (from some similarity, more fanciful perhaps than real, in the isolation of its hero), being thus compared with it. Now *Caleb Williams* is founded on a very fine conception—one that could only have occurred, perhaps, to a man of genius; the first part of it is well worked out, but towards the middle it grows feeble, and it ends in tediousness and drivel; whereas *Uncle Silas* is good and strong from first to last. Le Fanu has never been so popular as, in my humble judgment, he deserves to be, but of course modern readers were better acquainted with him than with Godwin. Yet nine out of ten were always heard repeating this cuckoo cry about the latter's superiority, until the *Iron Chest* came out, and Fashion induced them to read him for themselves; which has very properly changed their opinion.

I remember, in my own case, that, from that mere reverence for authority which I hope I share with my neighbours, I used to speak of *Headlong Hall* and *Crotchet Castle*—both great favourites of our

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forefathers—with much respect, until one wet day in the country I found myself shut up with them. I won't say what I suffered; better judges of literature than myself admire them still, I know. I will only remark that *I* don't admire them. I don't say they are the dullest novels ever printed, because that would be invidious, and might do wrong to works of even greater pretensions; but to my mind they are dull.

When Dr. Johnson is free to confess that he does not admire Gray's *Elegy*, and Macaulay to avow that he sees little to praise in Dickens and Wordsworth, why should not humbler folks have the courage of their own opinions? They cannot possibly be more wrong than Johnson and Macaulay were, and it is surely better to be honest, though it may expose one to some ridicule, than to lie. The more we agree with the verdict of the generations before us on these matters, the more, it is quite true, we are likely to be right; but the agreement should be an honest one. At present very extensive domains in literature are, as it were, enclosed and denied to the public in respect to any free expression of their opinion. 'They are splendid, they are faultless,' cries the general voice, but the general eye has not beheld them. Nothing, of course, could be more futile than that, with every new generation, our old authors who have won their fame should be arraigned anew at the bar of public criticism; but, on the other hand, there is no reason why the mouths of us poor moderns should be muzzled, and still less that we 'should praise with alien lips.'

'Until Caldecott's charming illustrations of it made me laugh so much,' said a young lady to me the other day, 'I confess—though I know it's very stupid of me—I never saw much fun in *John Gilpin*.' She evidently expected a reproof, and when I whispered in her ear 'Nor I,' her lovely features assumed a look of positive enfranchisement.

'But am I right?' she inquired.

'You are certainly right, my dear young lady,' said I, 'not to pretend admiration where you don't feel it; as to liking *John Gilpin*, that is a matter of taste. It has, of course, simplicity to recommend it; but in my own case, though I'm fond of fun, it has never evoked a smile. It has always seemed to me like one of Mr. Joe Miller's stories put into tedious verse.'

I really almost thought (and hoped) that that young lady would have kissed me.

'Papa always says it is a free country,' she exclaimed, 'but I never felt it to be the case before this moment.'

For years this beautiful and accomplished creature had locked this awful secret in her innocent breast—that she didn't see much fun in *John Gilpin*. 'You have given me courage,' she said, 'to confess something else. Mr. Caldecott has just been illustrating in the same charming manner Goldsmith's *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, and

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—I'm very sorry—but I never laughed at *that* before, either. I have pretended to laugh, you know,' she added, hastily and apologetically, 'hundreds of times.'

'I don't doubt it,' I replied; 'this is not such a free country as your father supposes.'

'But am I right?'

'I say nothing about "right,"' I answered, 'except that everybody has a right to his own opinion. For my part, however, I think the *Mad Dog* better than *John Gilpin* only because it is shorter.'

Whether I was wrong or right in the matter is of no consequence even to myself; the affection and gratitude of that young creature would more than repay me for a much greater mistake, if mistake it is. She protests that I have emancipated her from slavery. She has since talked to me about all sorts of authors, from Sir Philip Sidney to Washington Irving, in a way that would make some people's blood run cold; but it has no such effect upon me—quite the reverse. Of Irving she naïvely remarks that his strokes of humour seem to her to owe much of their success to the rarity of their occurrence: the flashes of fun are spread over pages of dulness, which enhance them, just as a dark night is propitious to fireworks, or the atmosphere of the House of Commons, or a Court of Law, to a joke. She is often in error, no doubt, but how bright and wholesome such talk is as compared with the platitudes and commonplaces which one hears on all sides in connection with literature!

As a rule, I suppose, even people in society ('the drawing-rooms and the clubs') are not absolutely base, and yet one would really think so, to judge by the fear that is entertained by them of being natural. 'I vow to Heaven,' says the prince of letter-writers, 'that I think the Parrots of Society are more intolerable and mischievous than its Birds of Prey. If ever I destroy myself, it will be in the bitterness of having those infernal and damnable "good old times" extolled.' One is almost tempted to say the same—when one hears their praises come from certain mouths—of the good old books. It is not every one, of course, who has an opinion of his own upon any subject, far less on that of literature, but every one can abstain from expressing an opinion that is not his own. If one has no voice, what possible compensation can there be in becoming an echo? No one, I conclude, would wish to see literature discoursed about in the same pinchbeck and affected style as are painting and music;[3] yet that is what will happen if this prolific weed of sham admiration is permitted to attain its full growth.

[3] The slang of art-talk has reached the 'young men' in the furniture warehouses. A friend of mine was recommended a sideboard the other day as not being a Chippendale, but 'having a Chippendale *feeling* in it.'

JAMES PAYN.

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NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FIELD.

MUCH has been said and written lately on the position of war correspondents with an army in the field. The new rules relating to them have raised a journalistic storm. Most newspapers have accepted them as a personal insult to the press. A few have taken a higher line, have been above a class prejudice, and have recognised what was necessary for the public good. Mr. Archibald Forbes, in the January number of this Review, dissects the much-abused rules piecemeal, and gives to the public what he presumably supposes to be, or intends that it should suppose to be, a fair statement of the case. Many will widely differ from him.

Journalism has adopted the *rôle* of the injured party. It has, no doubt, personally suffered. It possesses the means of making itself heard, and it has not scrupled to use them. Few, with the exception of war correspondents and soldiers, have been behind the scenes on active service. The former say they are cruelly ill-used, and have cried out indignantly: the tongues of the latter are tied. They may rush into print if they like, but to do so would go sorely against the grain, while their opinions would be considered biassed. Therefore it turns out that only one side is heard. There is, however, another.

I can lay claim, like Mr. Forbes, to having seen something of war. I have even acted for a short time as a war correspondent. I am not a soldier, and I am convinced, from personal observation in different campaigns, that every word of the new press regulations is necessary, and that, if they are withdrawn, a general in command of a force in the field will have either to incur the odium of enacting new ones for the guidance of correspondents accompanying him, or to adopt some other means for their control.

Newspaper correspondents have of late years grown to be acknowledged as a necessary part of our armies during a campaign, but their position with such forces has, in many ways, been that of guests. They have held no recognised official status. The amount of reliable news given to them from head-quarters has depended entirely on the inclination of the general in command; therefore their chief sources of information have hitherto been the general conversation of camps, and what they themselves have seen, the conclusions

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drawn from such sources, and varying according to the common sense of the writer, forming the substance of their home news; the trustworthiness of it depending entirely on the character and ability of the sender.

The reliance placed at home upon information so derived, and in many cases the results from it, have been out of all proportion to the sources from which it sprang.

Now, I am not one of those who loathe the sight of a war correspondent. There are men who can scarcely be civil to them on service; who seem unable to get rid of the feeling that

> A chiel's amang them takin notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it;

who look upon them as spies, and treat them with offensive curtness. I have had many friends amongst them. It is impossible not to admire their spirit of adventure, their fund of anecdote, their abundance of resource. Mr. Forbes's Plevna telegram, which he refers to in his article, was a professional triumph. For some time it was adopted as the Russian official report. His individual energy, his great experience, his quick perception, fairly entitle him to rank amongst the best military critics of the day. We must not gauge all correspondents by his standard, neither must we grant to any of them, however able, the recognised position of military censors.

It is this position of capable critic and censor of things military which they assume that is injurious to the well-being of our armies. Why should the fact of a man being a war correspondent enable him to form more just opinions than any other civilian?

Nowadays a stipulated form of preparation is deemed necessary for candidates for any profession, yet anyone is at liberty to go fresh from the London pavements to the seat of war, never having seen a battalion field-day in his life, and to write, forsooth, as if he had studied military details from his babyhood. The *οἱ πολλοὶ* take the doctrines of his 'prentice hand' as infallible, and on the strength of them scream for promotion or recall as he recommends.

By all means let us have letters from the seat of war, but let them remain what they were originally intended to be, the everyday narrative of a campaign, but of no professional consequence.

The question at issue is, Is the presence of uncontrolled and irresponsible writers with an army in the field injurious to its efficiency? Decidedly, Yes; and chiefly for these reasons, viz. Mr. Forbes's supposed objections to their presence:—

1. That they may detrimentally affect public opinion at home, either by unpleasant and inopportune truth-telling, or by wanton lying.

2. That they may produce discontent and want of confidence in an army in the field, by hostile criticisms on its leader.

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3. That they may give information to the enemy by revealing prematurely intentions and combinations, or by forwarding for publication details of strengths, fortifications, means of or shortcomings in transport, supplies, &c., of which the enemy may take advantage.

And I would wish to add two more :—

4. The custom of parading officers' names before the public for admiration on no official authority.

5. The danger of sensational writing.

Mr. Forbes almost playfully disposes of the first two, and seems to think the third of little importance, as it is the recognised custom of correspondents to give information to the enemy.

Now, all Mr. Forbes's objections, and most of the remarks of the press, are based on the assumption that without the presence of uncontrolled correspondents in the field we shall never get fair criticism. They assume that newspaper representatives at the seat of war are unprejudiced judges; they assume that they are capable military critics; and they assume that it is for the public good that every military detail of an army in the field should be liable to ventilation in the public press; also they claim for correspondents to be accepted by the public as critics, thereby placing in their hands much of that public's power. Nay, more than this; they claim for them to be military advisers. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, telegraphing from the seat of war in Zululand, dated Durban, July 14, after making the most violent strictures on an officer then holding a high command, reports that he has made certain representations as to a purely military matter which have not been followed. 'Three months have elapsed since, having passed down the Zulu coast from Mozambique, I made strong representations in favour of the possibility of effecting a landing thereon, and the project has only just been carried into effect.' The representative of a London journal telegraphs home that a general of division has neglected his advice! We had better, forsooth, make over the command of our armies to our correspondents.

It is the assumptions upon which the arguments against the new rules are based which are misleading; it is the claims which are put forward which are dangerous.

The army is a machine employed by a nation to gain a nation's ends; and if it can be proved that under certain conditions the efficiency of the machine suffers, the nation suffers, and it is a short-sighted, unpractical, theoretical policy for the nation to insist upon what are no doubt in the abstract its rights, if by so doing it cripples itself. The British public has, without doubt, the right to inquire into every detail of the working of its own establishments, to require, should it deem fit, that those details should be laid before the world, and to form its own judgments accordingly; but even the most ordinary events of campaigning life would be hardly judged by the

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multitude cognisant only of everyday English existence: the necessary horrors of war alone if laid truly bare, still more if helped by effective word-painting, would incapacitate much native common sense. Every one has a perfect right to pick his own watch to pieces, to expose every part of its intricate machinery to the air; but he could hardly expect it to go well on such terms. He had better leave its works to the watchmaker.

The English press is a great power. In no other country does it possess such influence over the public mind; in this respect neither French nor Prussian journals can compare with it, and therefore the letters of correspondents with their armies are deprived of much of their importance. It is therefore no argument to say that because these nations permit uncontrolled criticism, we should do likewise; for with them it would be barren of consequences. We are differently situated.

In war, our newspapers gain much of their knowledge from their correspondents, and that knowledge, as laid before the world, has much to do with the formation of English opinion, at such a time at fever heat, quick to take any impression, quicker still to exaggerate it and jump to conclusions. Events pass rapidly, and a false impression once created is difficult to remove.

Few men will deny that the Bulgarian atrocity agitation in this country had its rise in clever letters to a London newspaper, since proved to have been strangely exaggerated, that they roused Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and wonderfully influenced the course of European events. Yet now the 60,000 massacred Bulgarians have dwindled down to 3,000.

It is this great irresponsible power which claims to be allowed unfettered to have the surveillance of officers and armies in the field.

Every war has its political as well as its purely military aspect. Our influential newspapers have their political opinions, and approve or disapprove of that war accordingly; but both sides send their representatives to report upon it, and neither would for choice employ men likely to write directly opposite to the declared sentiments of their party. The telegram announcing the success of British troops does not appear equally prominent in all journals, and —shame though it be to say so—does not some slight British reverse, passed over by some, appear glaringly obtrusive in others? But why impute blame to war correspondents for the narrow-mindedness of their home authorities? I answer, Why should there be more patriotism at one end of a wire than another?

Early in July 1877, I was with a Turkish general and his staff in a village of Roumelia. The village had been looted; ruin and massacre reigned supreme. Suliman had not yet arrived at Adrianople, Gourko had just crossed the Balkans, and Reouf could spare few

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men from his wretched force to save the life of Christian or Turk. His business was to fight the Russians; and in the midst of all this cruel confusion was the able correspondent of a London newspaper openly stating that he would give 1*l.* for every Turkish dead body that was brought to him, that he had searched the gardens of the village, that he had found nothing but dead Bulgarians, that the blame was all on one side, that there was not a dead Turk amongst them: let them bring a Turkish corpse if they could, and he would give them 1*l.* for it. The journal represented was ultra-Russian.

In the same ransacked little town, the representative of another English journal, more violently Turkish than the other was Russian, visits the same scenes of slaughter, and what does he see? Nothing but dead Turks; if he could find a murdered Bulgarian he might believe in Turkish atrocities, but there were none, he said, and to make sure of this, and satisfy himself of Turkish leniency, he bids 10*l.* for every dead Bulgarian. Here were two war correspondents of two London newspapers bidding for dead bodies, both very able men, but it was surely strange that they should both see through the spectacles of the party they represented. They would send home different stories.

Again, let any one who has accompanied an army in the field glance over the letters from the seat of war, and see how much of praise and blame, however slight, he can trace to personal causes. A name mentioned here, another omitted there, and why? Personal like or dislike and nothing else. There are hundreds of cases of it. I believe the home-staying public have little inkling of the extent to which it has been carried. The editor of an influential newspaper has been known to go to an officer of a British force, and thus to address him: 'I want news from your column, will give you so much for all you send; but remember I want nothing favourable to your general: so much for all news, so much more for anything adverse to your chief.' Needless to say the request was refused; but why should our armies be subject to the possibility of such infamy?

It is unfair that the public should be told that the evidence of their civilian representatives is alone unbiassed.

Long before the publication of the press regulations, our best generals had recognised the danger of irresponsible writing, and much had been done towards the taming by judicious means of the unreasonable war correspondent. The personal feeling of which he is so susceptible had in many cases been worked upon for his own subjugation.

Kindness has been found to answer well with him. Well fed, he is not apt to be so vicious. Human nature, when hungry and thirsting not only for information, will take a more cheery view of passing events after a glass of champagne at head-quarters than

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after a few words from an A.D.C. that the general is busy and cannot be disturbed.

But this general who refuses to be disturbed may be a hard matter-of-fact soldier, caring not much what people think of him, with a stern sense of duty which he feels he owes, not to the newspapers, but to his Queen and country. In his heart he looks upon the war correspondent as an interloper, but knows that according to custom he must accompany his force. He may proudly disdain to buy his good will by word or deed, and yet for the sake of the army he commands he knows that the man must not have 'his head loose.' He therefore makes rules to be observed by correspondents accompanying him, and in so doing makes powerful enemies of them, until he shows that he is the stronger of the two, that he is so strong that he can fairly beat them. Till he does he will get no quarter; he has made himself obnoxious; no stone will be left unturned in order to write him down, till success after success has stamped the man a thorough soldier, and then the barking cur begins to fawn.

Let us now return to the specified objections to the presence of correspondents with an army. As regards the first, it will be admitted that English public opinion is much formed in time of war by the news it receives from its newspapers—their reports being usually the first which are laid before the public eye. This English opinion is a great power, and occasionally loses its head, when it may become dangerous. And if, as I have endeavoured to show, its information is frequently biassed and false, it must be frequently detrimentally affected. 'Wanton lying' I consider an unnecessarily strong word in the objection, as total ignorance of all things military would be capable of producing the same effect.

The second objection refers to the effect produced on an army by hostile criticism on its leader. A general should be a powerful autocrat first of all—a leader, a beloved, infallible leader, to his men; cripple that feeling, and you cripple his force. It will not be in the same heart. The home papers arrive in camp and are greedily devoured by all. The injustice of their remarks may be perceived; but a little of the mud sticks, and in proportion is the loss of confidence in the commander. Men have been set talking, a doubt as to the competence of the general has been raised. It is all very well to say 'an army in the field does its own criticism.'[1] So it may; but it is a bad habit for it to get into. I have witnessed the undercurrent of sore feeling and distrust created in an army by injudicious writing. Granted that the first-rate man will right himself; is it fair that he should be harassed by false assertions, read all over his own camp, that he should have to spend his few leisure moments in contradicting them, and should feel that he loses in reputation if he does not do so? A day may come

[1] 'War Correspondents and the Authorities,' *Nineteenth Century*, January 1880, p. 187.

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when things may go hard with this country, when we may have to withstand a series of reverses. Our generals will have to be men of iron nerves, backed by the strongest of governments, if in such a crisis they are to be expected, however, capable of enduring the presence of uncontrolled writers in their camps.

The third objection, which refers to information of different kinds given to the enemy, has been exemplified over and over again. There are innumerable glaring cases of it.

The results of such information may have hitherto been providentially small—but is the evil therefore to be allowed to remain? Mr. Forbes himself asserts that the defences of Kars and Rustchuk were unjustifiably published in a newspaper during the Russo-Turkish war; Varna may surely be added to the same list.[2] The fact that the defences of Rustchuk had been published was new to me, though I remember that there was an attempt at the commencement of the war on the part of a correspondent to procure them from a friend of mine—in whose possession they were—for the use of a London paper. My friend, while refusing to give them, added, 'If you succeed in obtaining them, and publishing them, the Turks will certainly hang you, and no Englishman will lament your fate.' The fact, then, stares one in the face, that during a great war, with the most tremendous issues at stake, the correspondents of London journals, living with and accepting the hospitality of the Turks, were found base enough to give information to the enemy, by the publication of the defences of their three greatest fortresses. Can anything be worse than this? Is it necessary to rout up more objections to the utter freedom of the pen?

I now come to the danger of sensational writing, with its vivid descriptions of the necessary horrors of war, destined to excite the humanitarian mind at home, and raise doubts as to the civilisation of our soldiery, and to the thoughtless omission and insertion of officers' names in newspaper letters and telegrams—inserted or omitted because one man is acquainted with the correspondent, and the other is not.

Is this as it should be? Is this unbiassed writing? Is the exercise of a little good fellowship, a little hospitality to the representative of a newspaper, to bring our young officers prominently before the public? It has very often done so. Or a name may bring a scene more vividly home to the reader, and it is no business of the correspondent to weigh the worth of every one he writes; those he knows naturally come first to hand, and he uses them. They become historical on his authority. The action is fought, the wire flashes home the news, reputations are made and marred on no authority, and after a time appears a list of names gloriously mentioned in official

[2] The Turks had a press commissioner at Shumla; but he was not ubiquitous.

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despatches only to fall flat on the public ear, for the correspondent has already given away the laurel wreath. The hero of a campaign now is not the man whose name is mentioned in his general's despatches, but in a sensational telegram to some leading London newspaper, to be afterwards bandied about in fulsome paragraphs in society journals.

'Great heaven! is it unreasonable to require that we should learn from impartial and unbiassed lips how goeth the day with our brothers, our heart's blood, the fathers of our children? Is it in the cold official words alone that we are to be told how our countrymen, our dear ones, toil and thole, vindicate Britain's manhood, and joyously expend their lives for Queen and fatherland?'[3] &c. &c. &c. Well, it would be just as well if we did not hear so much about it. It would be better to take the cold official words to heart than to overrate the theme 'that throbs and glows, and dares and dies under' the 'very hand' of the war correspondent.

We have fought many a hard fight before, and not talked so much about it as seems the custom now. England used to expect Englishmen to do their duty, and was not surprised when they did it. Of late years with the growth of the war correspondent has come the thirst for notoriety.

Surely it is better that some rules should be framed at home, in order to establish a recognised position for correspondents with our armies in the field, than that the responsibility of so doing should be left to the general in command; and from what I have seen of correspondents in more than one campaign, and with all due deference to the very many perfect gentlemen amongst them, I cannot say that I think the new regulations too severe. The only doubtful one is rule 10, in which authority is given to stop or 'alter' newspaper communications.

This I take to mean, that unless the correspondent agrees to an alteration in his communication it will not be sent. In this sense it is fair. He need not agree to the alteration unless he likes, he is not forced to send anything he does not believe, but he is forbidden to send what is considered by a competent judge detrimental to the good of the army. The rule seems, however, to have been read by some as giving power to the military censor to send off doctored communications. It is absurd to suppose that it was intended to be taken in that sense. Rules 13 and 14 very rightly bring the means of transmitting messages under the control of the censor, and insure that official shall take precedence of private news. The remainder seem to call for no comment, but it would have been well if another had been added, obliging the signature of all correspondents to be published with their letters and telegrams. Such a rule would have done much to individualise the opinions expressed in them, and to

[3] 'War Correspondents and the Authorities,' *Nineteenth Century*, January 1880, pp. 190, 191.

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do away with the almost inspired importance attached to all newspaper communications.

The next war may not give us quite so much pleasant reading. We may miss a little of the seasoning of bygone days. We shall not suffer by it. About a year ago a British force was crossing one of our Indian rivers on its way to the front. With it was the usual representative of the press, and he had written his usual letter. He tells how crocodiles and palm trees people the water and adorn the banks, and hands the eloquent production to a prosaic English officer, who remarks that neither crocodiles nor palm trees are within many miles. Matter of fact man! The correspondent is describing India, and he replies—the best answer ever made, the secret of much of the discussion, the essence of what our soldiers have long known to be true —'What does that matter? The British public must have its crocodile, and it must have its palm tree.'

MELGUND.

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THE NEXT REFORM BILL.

MANY, I believe, will agree in the opinion that a portion at least of the short period that now remains before the general election may with advantage be devoted to a consideration of some of the questions which will have to be dealt with by the new Parliament. Whatever the result of that election may be, there seems to be good reason for concluding that a Reform Bill is likely to be one of the earliest measures to engage public attention. The Liberal party has pledged itself, as soon as it has the power, to extend household suffrage to the counties, and to redress some of the existing inequalities in the distribution of political power. The almost complete unanimity which exists among the party in favour of an extension of the suffrage and the redistribution of seats must offer an additional inducement to a Liberal Government to give a Reform Bill precedence to almost all other proposals of domestic legislation. If, however, the balance of political parties should not be turned at the general election, and the Conservative Government should continue in power, it may very possibly happen that a Reform Bill will be introduced. The feeling which induced the Conservatives to deal with the question of Parliamentary reform in 1867 may not improbably again prevail, and they may say to themselves, 'As it is inevitable that the suffrage will be extended, and that the question of redistribution will have to be dealt with, it is better that we, as a party, should have the arrangement of the measure, rather than that we should leave it in the control of our opponents.'

Such being the position of the question, I cannot help thinking that it is very desirable to direct attention to some considerations connected with Parliamentary reform before the subject is involved in the vortex of a keen party struggle. It is the more important that this should be done, because in recent discussions little else has been attempted except to prove the justice and expediency of extending household suffrage beyond the existing Parliamentary boroughs and to bring into strong relief the inequalities in the present distribution of political power. It is needless to attempt to add anything here to the arguments which have been repeatedly adduced to show that there are no valid reasons why the present difference in the county

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and borough suffrage should be maintained, or why political power should be so unequally distributed that 47,000 people living in ten small English and Irish boroughs should return ten members to the House of Commons, while only nine members are returned by Liverpool, Glasgow, and Manchester with a population of 1,349,000, and only eight are returned by four metropolitan constituencies with a population of 1,671,000. It is, however, easy to show that even if it is decided to extend household suffrage to the counties, and to make the present distribution of political power more equal, little more will really have been done than to have taken the first step towards the solution of a difficult and complicated question. It may, for instance, be at once asked whether it is intended in the first place to extend the suffrage, and subsequently to bring forward a scheme of redistribution; or whether the extension of the suffrage and redistribution will be regarded as inseparable parts of a single measure. If household suffrage is to be granted to the counties, is residence to be insisted on as a qualification? If not, it will necessarily happen that in removing one anomaly, another will be called into existence, for there will be residential household suffrage in the boroughs, and non-residential household suffrage in the counties. Again, it is to be particularly remarked that little consideration has yet been given to the principles on which a measure of redistribution should be based. It is not enough to say that the small boroughs must return fewer members in order that more may be returned by the large borough and county constituencies. Are we going to move in the direction of equal electoral districts? Are Manchester and Liverpool to be divided into five equal wards, each returning a single member? Or is some arrangement to be adopted which will afford a constituency, in proportion to the additional members it may receive, an increased opportunity of securing the representation of different phases of opinion? Finally, it may be asked—and no question can be deserving of more careful consideration—whether much of the good which may be done by the one hand may not be undone by the other, if, as a result of extending the suffrage, the cost of elections be increased, and thus a seat in Parliament becomes more difficult of attainment, except by those who are either wealthy themselves or are able to command, possibly by a certain sacrifice of independence, the resources of some political organisation. It can scarcely be necessary to say a single word to show that these questions ought to be carefully and calmly considered, before contending political parties are once more engaged in a struggle over Parliamentary reform. In the hope of rendering some assistance, however slight, to such a discussion, I propose in the following paper to consider the subjects above referred to, in the order in which they have been enumerated.

There are few points connected with Parliamentary reform on which a greater difference of opinion is likely to prevail than the

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particular mode of procedure which ought to be adopted in dealing with the two questions of an extension of the suffrage and redistribution. There are many who are certain to argue that the two subjects should be dealt with in two separate Bills, to be introduced at different times. It is contended that an extension of the suffrage is not only in itself more important than redistribution, but is a measure which could be much more easily carried. If a number of boroughs are scheduled for disfranchisement, a considerable proportion of the members who represent these boroughs will inevitably feel a disinclination to support a measure which dooms to extinction the particular constituencies with which they are connected. On the other hand, however, it may be urged that the opposition which will thus come from the representatives of the boroughs threatened with disfranchisement cannot be removed by postponing the introduction of a measure of redistribution until an extension of the suffrage has been secured. Whether this arrangement were adopted or not, it is perfectly certain that in the discussions which must precede the passing of a measure for the extension of the suffrage, constant reference would be made to redistribution. The opponents of an extended suffrage would know the support they would be likely to receive from the representatives of the boroughs to be disfranchised. A direct inducement would thus be offered to exaggerate the extent to which disfranchisement would be carried. Unfounded alarm might in this way be excited, and some at least might be led to oppose an extension of the suffrage who would not do so if they knew the details of the measure of redistribution which it was intended subsequently to bring forward. I think, however, it can be shown that there are other and much more weighty reasons why the character of the proposed scheme of redistribution should be known at the time when Parliament may be asked by a responsible Government to sanction an extension of the suffrage. Many people will undoubtedly be placed in a most unfair and embarrassing position if they are asked to decide upon an extension of the suffrage without knowing either the extent to which disfranchisement will be carried or the method of redistribution which will be proposed. It may easily be imagined that there are those who may consider that the good which would result from an extension of the suffrage would be wholly or almost wholly neutralised, if in order to remove the present inequalities in representation, the whole country were to be divided into equal electoral districts, returning a single member each. Under such an arrangement no town with a less population than 48,000 would be entitled to a member; such towns would simply become parts of certain electoral districts, and in each of these districts the majority would exercise almost uncontrolled power. I shall presently consider some of the consequences which might be produced by such a change in our system of representation. The

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briefest reference, however, to the subject is sufficient to show that many who are strongly opposed to the continuance of the present arbitrary distinction between the county and the borough franchise, may hesitate to pass a measure for the extension of the suffrage, if they are ignorant of the nature of the scheme of redistribution by which it is to be accompanied. It is also to be borne in mind, that if in the first instance a measure simply referring to the suffrage were passed, it might very possibly happen that any subsequent attempt to deal with the question of redistribution might prove to be unsuccessful. It has in the past been repeatedly shown that the amount of popular support which is given to an extension of the suffrage is sure to be much greater than that which can be enlisted on behalf of any scheme of redistribution. The sense of injustice aroused in constituencies which are not represented in proportion to their population is much less keen than that which is excited where thousands who are denied the vote feel that they are as well qualified to exercise it as those who enjoy the suffrage. If, therefore, redistribution is postponed until a measure of enfranchisement has been passed, there will be left a smaller reserve of popular enthusiasm wherewith to surmount the difficulties of passing that particular part of the measure of Parliamentary reform which is sure to meet with the greatest amount of opposition.

As several reasons have now been adduced which seem to me to show that an inseparable connection between an extension of the suffrage and redistribution ought to be maintained, I will next proceed to direct attention to some of the many questions which suggest themselves when we consider in what practical way these reforms can be carried out. With regard to the extension of household suffrage to the counties, it seems to be often supposed that all that is required to be done is to pass a simple enactment declaring that the county householder shall enjoy the same electoral rights as the borough householder. It can, however, be at once shown that the problem does not admit of being thus easily solved. As previously remarked, the borough and county suffrage at the present time rest on entirely different bases. Residence is an indispensable qualification for the exercise of a borough vote, whereas a man may vote for a county, and, except on the day of election, never spend a single hour within its borders. A man may own half a borough, and, if he does not reside within seven miles of it, he cannot obtain a vote; but however far away a man resides from a county, if he owns within it a freehold or rent charge of the annual value of 40*s*., or a copyhold or leasehold, either during the life of one person or for a period of not less than sixty years, of the annual value of 5*l*., he obtains a vote for the county.[1] It will, therefore, be at once seen that the subject

[1] If the copyhold, or leasehold, which confers the suffrage, is situated within the limits of a Parliamentary borough, it must be either land or some tenement

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cannot be dealt with in any such rough and ready way as simply passing a Bill to extend household suffrage to the counties. If this were done, far from securing equality between the franchise in boroughs and counties, the suffrage in the boroughs would be much more restricted than in the counties. Resident householders would be able to vote on the same conditions in boroughs and counties; but in addition, the non-resident freeholder or householder would be able to vote for counties, whereas he would be precluded from voting for a borough. In order therefore, to secure equality, it will be essential either to curtail the privileges now enjoyed by the non-resident county voter, or to give property, independent of residence, a right to some representation in boroughs. It is of the first importance that a clear understanding should be come to with regard to the particular direction which reform ought to take. Is the borough franchise no longer to be continued on a residential basis in order that the rights of the non-resident county voters may be maintained; or are these rights to be curtailed, and thus the borough and the county franchise to be placed on the same footing? At the present time the question of the non-residential suffrage in counties has been brought into a position of much prominence, in consequence of the action which has been taken in the creation in Midlothian of what are known as 'faggot votes.' It is, however, very desirable that the subject should be considered as one involving important principles of representation and not as simply affecting any particular electoral contest. What is now being done in Midlothian has been done in other constituencies, and the practice of creating 'faggot votes' may of course be extended to every county. The experience of the past shows that in a period of great political excitement the expedient of creating county votes is sure to be resorted to, and it is, moreover, just as likely to be adopted by one political party as by the other. A reference to the speeches that were made by Mr. Cobden, and other prominent free-traders during the period of the Anti-Corn Law Agitation, shows that the creation of county votes was one of the means which they recommended for securing the triumph of free-trade principles at the polling booths. Mr. Bright, speaking in February 1845, said that already in that year, 'at the recommendation of the council of the League, their friends in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire had invested a sum of not less than 250,000*l.* in the purchase of county qualifications.' Mr. Cobden, in a speech which he made in 1849 said:—

other than a dwelling house. The object of this is that the same property should not confer two votes. In the case, however, of a dwelling house which is a freehold, a borough vote is conferred upon the occupying tenant, and the owner also obtains a vote for the county. As affording an illustration of the many anomalies in our electoral system, it may be mentioned that in Scotland a county vote cannot be obtained from any property whatever which is situated within the limits of a Parliamentary borough.

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In the West Riding of Yorkshire, at present containing 37,000 voters, Lord Morpeth was, as you are aware, defeated on the question of free trade, and two protectionists were returned. I went into the West Riding with this 40*s.* freehold plan. I stated in every borough and district that we must have 5,000 qualifications made in less than two years. They were made.

No doubt the qualifications which were thus created were very generally held by residents in the counties, but as long as the county suffrage remains on its present basis in regard to non-residents, there cannot be any security that county votes, made in the manner described, will not be possessed in large numbers by those who have no real connection with the county whatever. Thus, attention was lately directed to the fact that out of some stables in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, fifteen separate rent-charges have been created, each of which confers a vote for the county of Middlesex. Four of these rent-charges are held by four sons of a Scotch peer; two by Rutlandshire country gentlemen; three by members of the family of an English peer; and six by different members of the family of the owner of the stables.[2] It is, therefore, at once evident that the existence of the non-residential 40*s.* qualification in counties raises questions of the first importance connected with our representative system, and we are at once brought face to face with these questions by a proposal to equalise the suffrage in boroughs and counties. There may be some slight excuse for postponing the consideration of this subject while a marked difference in the value of the occupation qualification in counties and boroughs is maintained. Thus, it may be said, if, as is the case at the present time, a man who lives in a house in a borough the rent of which is only 2*l.* or 3*l.* a year obtains a vote, whereas he does not obtain a vote for a county if he pays a rent of less than 12*l.* a year, it is only right that some compensation should be provided for this inequality by furnishing means of access to the county registers which are closed against those who wish to become borough voters. Whatever may be the extent to which the 40*s.* freehold qualification supplies a compensation for the more restricted occupation suffrage in counties, it is obvious, as previously explained, that the balance will be turned in the opposite direction, and that counties will have, not a less, but a more extended suffrage than boroughs if, in addition to conferring the franchise on all county householders, the present 40*s.* freehold qualification is retained in its existing form. It can scarcely be necessary to point out the anomalies which would thus be created, and the injustice which would be done to county representation. If a person owned property of 20,000*l.* a year in a borough, he would, unless he resided in the borough or within its precincts, be unable to vote for the borough; but if he owned in the same borough any small shed, the value of which was no more

[2] See letter of Mr. Edmund Kell Blyth to the *Daily News*, December 8, 1879.

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than 40*s.* a year, he would have a vote for the county in which the borough is situated. The evils which might result from such a state of things were pointed out even when the first Reform Bill was under discussion. Thus, in a debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 17th of August, 1831, when the Bill was passing through committee, it was shown that if the 40*s.* borough freeholders were allowed to vote for counties they would exercise an undue influence in determining the representation of counties. It was urged on the other side that if they voted for the boroughs, a sufficient number of these freehold qualifications might be created to swamp the resident borough voters. There has in the last forty years been a remarkable growth in the urban population as compared with the population of the rural districts, and as many boroughs are more populous than the electoral divisions of the counties in which they are situated, these borough freeholders can, at least in many instances, exercise more influence in swamping the resident county voters than they could exercise if they were permitted to vote for the boroughs in which their qualifications were situated. Thus, a non-resident freeholder of Liverpool now votes for S. W. Lancashire, a constituency numbering 25,650. If he voted for Liverpool he would be one of a constituency numbering 61,026. In many cases it undoubtedly happens that the result of county elections is determined by the voters who derive their qualifications from Parliamentary boroughs. The extent to which the results of county elections may be determined by the votes of those who derive their qualifications from property situated within the limits of Parliamentary boroughs, is shown by a return issued under the authority of the Poor Law Board in 1866,[3] which contains the latest information on the subject. The figures in the following table[4] are taken from this return :—

Counties and Divisions of Counties.	Electors on Register, 1865.	Electors whose qualifying property is within a Parliamentary borough.
Durham, Northern Division	6,042	3,189
Hants, Southern Division	5,677	2,858
Kent, Eastern Division	8,250	1,750
Kent, Western Division	9,811	2,711
Lancashire, Southern Division	21,555	8,783
Middlesex	14,847	6,137
Warwick, Northern Division	6,710	1,928
York, West Riding	40,695	6,707

Of the large number of electors in English county constituencies who,

[3] See *Summary of Electoral Returns relating to Counties—England and Wales*, 1865–6.

[4] If a return, similar to that here quoted, were prepared at the present time, it would no doubt show that the number of county electors with qualifications derived from property situated in Parliamentary boroughs would bear a less proportion to the total number of electors than in 1865. With the increase in the population of

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it thus appears, possess qualifications in Parliamentary boroughs, some of course are resident in the boroughs. Many of these will also be voters for the borough, for if a man owns some property in the borough other than that in which he resides, he obtains a vote both for the county and the borough; whereas if he resides without the precincts of the Parliamentary borough, he has a county vote, but can by no possibility obtain a vote for the borough.

In referring to the many inequalities in the county and borough suffrage, it is important to direct particular attention to the fact, to which allusion has already been incidentally made, that a considerable number of county electors are non-resident, in many instances possessing no property in the county except what is just sufficient to give them a vote, and never spending an hour within its borders except when they visit it to record their vote. Thus, in North-Durham, out of 13,079 electors, 1,837 are non-resident; in East Surrey, out of 17,903 electors, 2,111 are non-resident; and in Mid-Kent, out of 8,602 electors, 1,144 are non-resident. If the fact that a large number of county electors are non-resident is considered in connection with what has already been stated in reference to the county electors who derive their qualifications from Parliamentary boroughs, it will be at once seen that the result of a county election may not be decided according to the wishes of the true county voters, but may be determined by the votes of those who do not reside in the county at all, or who reside in Parliamentary boroughs situated in the counties, and who generally have a share in also determining the representation of these boroughs. Serious as is the injustice involved in the present state of things, this injustice will be so much aggravated when the occupation suffrage in counties and boroughs is placed on the same footing, that it is almost impossible to suppose that a new Reform Bill will not remove some of the inequalities to which reference has just been made. It will, no doubt, be a matter of so much difficulty to determine the best and most practicable course to adopt, that I shall not presume to express a dogmatic opinion as to the remedy that ought to be applied. My only object is to indicate some of the solutions of the problem that may be attempted, in the hope that adequate consideration may be given to it before the subject is obscured by the heat and excitement of a party conflict. Two questions are at once suggested: if the existing freehold and leasehold franchises are to remain on their present footing, ought the county voters who derive their qualifications from property in Parliamentary boroughs to vote for these boroughs; or ought they to continue

the Parliamentary boroughs the number of county voters whose qualifying property is situated within these boroughs has doubtless increased; but the reduction by the Reform Act of 1867 of the occupation qualification in counties from 50*l.* to 12*l.* has, of course, made a still larger addition to the number of county voters whose qualifying property is situated without the limits of Parliamentary boroughs.

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to vote, as they now do, for the counties in which the boroughs are situated? Another question, perhaps even more important, will have to be determined. If the suffrage in boroughs is to remain residential, ought there to be a non-residential suffrage in counties? So long as non-residence is permitted to county voters, it seems to be impossible to devise any means to prevent the votes of those who are resident in the counties being to a considerable extent neutralised by those who, as previously stated, have really no interest in the county, who simply possess the minimum amount of property necessary to entitle them to vote, and who may never spend an hour in the county except when they visit it to record their votes. A well authenticated case was mentioned in the House of Commons some years since, from which it appeared that the land of a certain parish was owned entirely by one proprietor, who resided upon his estate, and all the cultivated land in the parish was divided into four large farms let to four different tenants. A small piece of waste of the nominal value of 20*l.* a year came into the possession of a well-known electioneering agent who resided in a Parliamentary borough some distance from this parish. Out of this waste eight county votes were created, which were allocated to eight trusted friends of the agent, who were thus enabled to out-vote the owner and the occupiers of all the remaining land. Whether such an arrangement is carried out through a Conservative or Liberal organisation, it is alike indefensible, and ought not to be permitted to continue. The restriction of the non-residential county qualification would secure a collateral advantage to which I shall presently have occasion to direct more special attention. There is no more serious evil connected with our representative system than the increasing cost of elections. The expenditure of money which takes place in an electoral contest is often as demoralising to the candidates as to the constituencies. If a contest requires an outlay of seven or eight thousand pounds, the choice of the constituency in selecting a candidate is confined to the comparatively few who are able or willing to bear such a burden, and it may not unfrequently happen that the difficulty of finding a candidate who will incur such an expenditure prevents the real opinion of the constituency being properly ascertained. It is well known that, as a general rule, an election in a county is far more expensive than in a borough, and there is nothing which contributes so much to add to the cost of a county election as the expense which has to be incurred in bringing the non-resident voters to the poll. They are often scattered over all parts of the kingdom; sometimes even they are fetched from the Continent; their travelling expenses have to be paid, and a costly machinery of agencies and committees outside the county has to be set in motion, in order to search out the non-resident voters. As, however, I shall have occasion to refer to this subject again, when considering the advisability of adopting some means to diminish

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election expenses, I will proceed to call attention to some questions connected with redistribution which are perhaps even more important than those which, as has been shown, are inseparably associated with the proposal to assimilate the county and borough franchise.

It can scarcely be necessary to repeat the statistics which are so often quoted to prove the present extraordinary inequalities in the distribution of political power. When it can be shown that ten small boroughs with a population of 47,000 return ten members and can thus out-vote the eight members who are returned by three such large borough and county constituencies as Liverpool, Glasgow, and South-East Lancashire, with an aggregate population of 1,373,000, enough has been said to show that there are glaring inequalities in our representative system which urgently demand redress. But, assuming, as I think we fairly may, that few will now deny that the continuance of these inequalities cannot be defended, we at once have to meet the practical question—What is the remedy which is to be applied, and what are the principles on which the new distribution of seats should be based? In attempting to adduce some considerations which are suggested by such an inquiry, it seems to me very desirable not to strive after any unattainable ideal of complete symmetry or perfect equality. In an old country, with its historical associations and its ancient traditions, nothing could be more unwise or impracticable than unnecessarily to widen the gulf which separates the new from the old state of things. Failure would inevitably be the result if any attempt were made to arrange our representative system as if England were a new country about to enjoy representative institutions for the first time. It is, I believe, possible to effect most important reforms without any such violent changes as those which are frequently indicated. The present Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Commons on the 13th of May, 1874, said:—

> I will take the whole population of the United Kingdom at 31,450,000. Now, divide that into equal electoral districts. It may never be divided into equal electoral districts, but we must recollect that there is a constant tendency to that. You would have one representative for each 48,000 of your population. What would be the effect of that upon particular constituencies? If the country were divided into equal—or anything approaching equal—electoral districts, the result would be this:—In England and Wales, 147 boroughs out of a total of 198 would lose their right to special representation, as containing fewer than 48,000 inhabitants. Among them would be Carlisle, I am sorry to say, Gloucester, the city of Oxford, Cambridge, Chester, Tynemouth, Coventry, Chatham, Exeter, and Northampton. In addition to the above 147 borough constituencies, four counties in England and Wales would cease to be specially represented. In Scotland, out of a total of 22 boroughs, 13 would lose special representation, including Perth and Stirling; while in Ireland, out of a total of 31 boroughs, 27 would be disfranchised, including Derry and Waterford.

If the picture thus drawn represented a state of things that was at all likely to result from carrying out a scheme of redistribution, not a few among those who are now most desirous to introduce greater

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equality into our electoral system would not unnaturally hesitate to press on reform. It can, however, I think be shown that an approximation to equality sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands may be attained without any such wholesale demolition of existing constituencies as that described by the Prime Minister. As it ought to be the chief aim of all representative reform to make Parliament a true reflex of the nation, it would be extremely undesirable to obliterate all the small borough constituencies. Although it will be scarcely denied that at the present time an unduly large number of members is allotted to the small boroughs, yet it would be going to the opposite extreme if the separate political existence of these boroughs were destroyed by merging them in the counties. The representative character of the House of Commons would certainly be weakened if the opinions which may happen to prevail in the smaller country towns had no chance of obtaining a distinct representation. Far from its being necessary to adopt any scheme of wholesale disfranchisement, it would be perfectly easy to carry out a scheme of redistribution on a sufficiently extended scale, without disfranchising any existing borough. If some of the smaller boroughs were grouped together, constituencies of adequate size would be formed, and a number of seats would be provided sufficient to meet the wants of the large constituencies which are at the present time inadequately represented, or are not represented at all. It would, of course, be most presumptuous on my part to describe in detail either to what extent this grouping should be carried, or the particular number of additional members which should be allotted to particular constituencies. If the arrangement just suggested were carried out, it is evident that the necessity of disfranchisement would be avoided; all the towns of any considerable size which are not now represented would be included in the borough representation, and a number of seats would be obtained sufficient to give adequate representation to the large boroughs and counties which are now inadequately represented. The experience of Scotland and Wales shows that the plan of grouping boroughs works remarkably well. Many of the smaller Scotch and Welsh boroughs have been grouped since the Reform Bill of 1832, and I believe it will be generally admitted that there are no better or more independent constituencies in the kingdom than these grouped Scotch and Welsh boroughs. When several small towns are combined into a single constituency, it is less likely that merely local considerations will prevail in determining the representation. If each town returned a member, some wealthy resident might possess so much influence as to make it almost a nominee borough. When, however, the towns are aggregated, there is a reasonable chance that these various influences will, to a certain extent, neutralise each other, and the independence of the constituency be proportionately increased.

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Another advantage would result from including all the towns of any considerable size in the borough representation which seems to me well worthy of consideration. As already remarked, it is of the first importance, with the view of Parliament becoming the true reflex of the nation, that all sections of the community should have a fair chance of obtaining distinct representation. It cannot be denied that at the present time in many of the counties the votes of those who live in the rural districts are to a considerable extent neutralized by the county voters who reside in the unrepresented towns situated in these counties. It will certainly happen, and especially in those counties in which the system of large farms prevails, that the extension of household suffrage to the counties will produce far more effect in increasing the number of voters in the towns than in the rural districts. Thus, scattered over Lancashire and Yorkshire and other counties in the north of England, there are many manufacturing towns that at the present time are not Parliamentary boroughs which are rapidly increasing in population, while the population of the rural districts remains comparatively stationary. At the last census, in 1871, the towns of Barrow-in-Furness, Barnsley, and Keighley contained an aggregate population of 75,000. Since the previous census in 1861 the population of Barrow had trebled, and there had been an increase in the population of Keighley and Barnsley of more than 30 per cent. It is certain that the next census will show a still further marked increase in the population. None of these towns are at the present time Parliamentary boroughs, and the extension of household suffrage to the counties will probably treble or quadruple the number of voters they contain. If, therefore, these towns were not included in the borough representation, either by receiving a distinct representation of their own, or by being grouped with some existing Parliamentary borough, they would, so long as they remained a part of the county constituency, exercise so preponderating an influence in the county election that they might very possibly be able completely to out-vote the farmers, the newly enfranchised agricultural labourers, and the other residents in the rural districts, and thus what ought to be the distinctive character of the county representation might be destroyed.

In considering the question of redistribution, the point on which there will probably be most difference of opinion is the determination of the method of representation which ought to be adopted in those large constituencies which will receive additional members. It appears that although about one-sixteenth of the population of the United Kingdom resides in the five towns, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham, these towns return only one forty-third part of the House of Commons, while the metropolis is still less adequately represented in proportion to its population. It may therefore be concluded that whenever an attempt is made to introduce

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greater equality into our electoral system, additional members will be allotted to the more populous borough and county constituencies. Although there can be no use in attempting now to determine the precise number of additional members that should be allotted to the larger constituencies, yet the attention of the public cannot be too soon or too seriously directed to the consideration of the principles which should regulate the method of voting in those constituencies where more than two members are to be returned. The problem which will have to be solved can be at once understood if it is assumed that two additional members are given to Manchester, and we then proceed to inquire whether Manchester, returning five members, shall be divided into five equal electoral districts. One of the most certain consequences of the adoption of such an arrangement would be that merely local questions would exercise an increased influence in determining the result of an election. If, instead of appealing to the inhabitants of a great constituency, it became simply necessary to consult the electors of a single ward, there is only too much reason to fear that the consideration of subjects of national importance would be subordinated to the discussion of topics of local interest. A very serious deteriorating effect might thus be exerted upon the tone and character of the House of Commons. It is not unfrequently said that Parliament does not occupy the same high position in the estimation of the nation as it formerly did. Whether this be so or not, all, I think, must agree that nothing could be more unfortunate than to bring into operation any influence which would tend to weaken the respect which is felt for Parliamentary institutions. Before any proposal to adopt equal electoral districts is accepted, the encouragement which would have been given to some of the worst forms of electioneering, as it became necessary at frequent intervals to readjust the boundaries of the districts, ought to be most carefully considered. The fluctuations in population and its varying rates of increase or decrease, not only in different localities, but in different parts of the same town, would necessitate, in order to maintain the equality of the electoral districts, a constant change in their boundaries. Whenever these changes had to be carried out, a tempting opportunity would be afforded to rival political agents for the exercise of their electioneering skill; there would be a keen struggle to manipulate the boundaries in such a way as to secure the maximum advantage for each rival party—and it is well known from the experience of the United States, that this manipulation, which is there recognised under the distinctive appellation of 'gerrymandering,' has been the fruitful source of much which is only too certainly calculated to exercise a demoralising influence on politics. But it will naturally be asked—If we are not to have equal electoral districts, what method of election ought to be adopted when several members have to be returned for the same constituency?

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It is scarcely necessary to remark that by the last Reform Bill, in every case where more than two members have to be elected, each voter is only permitted to vote for a number of candidates less by one than the number of members to be returned. Thus, in the City of London, which has four members, each elector can vote for three candidates, and in the constituencies which have three members, each elector votes for two candidates. It is obvious that by this arrangement a minority just exceeding one-fifth of the constituency where four members are returned, and one-fourth where three are to be returned, are able to secure a share in the representation. If each voter were allowed to vote for as many candidates as there were members to be chosen, it is manifest that the entire representation would be vested in the majority, and the unlimited control which the majority could exercise would not be in the slightest degree affected by giving any number of additional members to the constituency. Thus if the Liberals were in the ascendant in Manchester, and the Conservatives in Liverpool, not a single Conservative might be returned for Manchester, nor a single Liberal for Liverpool—even if seven or eight members were allotted to each of these towns. The representation of these two constituencies might, in fact, be precisely the same as it would be if not one Conservative resided in Manchester, and as if Liberalism had become extinct in Liverpool. It seems difficult to maintain that an arrangement which might lead to such a result is calculated either to increase the representative character of Parliament or to introduce greater equality and justice into our electoral system. From what has happened in many School Board elections, it may with certainty be concluded that if uncontrolled power were conferred upon majorities that power would be exerted to the full, however many members had to be returned. Thus, in the first School Board election at Birmingham after the passing of the Elementary Education Act, the supporters of undenominational education endeavoured to secure the entire representation for themselves. Fifteen members had to be returned; they started fifteen candidates, and, as the party were in a great majority, the entire number of these fifteen candidates would have been returned, had not a share in the representation been secured to the minority through the operation of the cumulative vote. Although I would yield to no one in my attachment to the principles of undenominational education, and although no one can be more anxious to promote the general adoption of those principles, yet it seems to me to be alike contrary to common sense and to common fairness to maintain that in a great community where many differences of opinion exist, a board could be considered as in any way representing the wishes of that community if no voice in its counsels could be heard except that of the dominant majority. An attempt is not unfrequently made to give to any proposal for the representation of minorities the character of an artful device to

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deprive the majority of its legitimate power. Some plausibility was given to this description by the result of the election at Birmingham to which reference has just been made. As previously stated, the majority endeavoured to secure the entire representation. As the cumulative vote was in operation, the simplest arithmetical calculation would have shown that it would be necessary, for the majority to effect their object, to poll more than fifteen-sixteenths of the entire number of votes recorded. The result of the election proved that, although the undenominational party had a great majority, they did not possess this preponderating influence, and in their attempt to possess themselves of the entire representation they wasted so much voting power that they only returned six members out of fifteen, and the party with a majority in the constituency were thus in a minority on the board. But nothing could be more unreasonable than to hold the system of voting responsible for an untoward result which was solely due to an arithmetical miscalculation. When the next election occurred it was clearly proved that neither the cumulative vote nor any other scheme of minority representation could, unless there were mismanagement or miscalculation, prevent a party that was in a majority securing a majority at the poll.

It can easily be shown that far from a system of minority voting depriving the majority of its just influence, one of the chief advantages that it secures is that in this respect it compares most favourably with the old method of voting. Thus suppose in a constituency of 50,000 electors, returning five members, a considerable number, say 8,000, were resolved to make some subject a test question, and not to vote for any candidate unless he would pledge himself to support it. From the pledges that are now attempted to be forced from candidates about Home Rule, local option, and the interests of the licensed victuallers, it appears that there is every year an increasing tendency to create these test questions. It will not improbably happen that in such a constituency as that to which I am now referring, whichever party obtains these 8,000 votes would be able to secure the entire representation to itself, if there were no minority voting; and it is obvious that the greater the number of members returned by such a constituency, the greater would be the prize to be gained, and the greater consequently would be the temptation to each party to bid for the support of the 8,000. Under this temptation the candidates on each side might accept the test, and thus the small minority of 8,000 out of 50,000 would force its will upon the entire constituency. Under a minority system of representation a minority would, if it were sufficiently numerous, secure a single member out of the five to be returned, and this would be in every respect unobjectionable; whereas nothing can be more demoralising than to give a minority an opportunity of exercising such an influence on candidates and constituencies as that which has just been described.

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As it seems probable that some form of minority representation will be retained in those constituencies where more than two members are to be returned, it becomes of much practical importance to consider what is the best method of minority voting to adopt. As already stated, a different mode of minority voting prevails at the present time at Parliamentary and School Board elections. In the former, while each voter can only vote for a number of candidates less by one than the entire number to be returned, he has at a School Board election as many votes as there are candidates to be elected, and he can distribute these votes in any way he pleases. Thus, as is well known, if there are six members to be chosen, an elector can give six votes to a single candidate; or he can give a single vote to each of six candidates; or any other method of distribution may be adopted. As each of these systems of voting has now been in operation for some years, it is possible to arrive at some conclusion with regard to their comparative advantages and disadvantages. The most serious practical difficulty which has arisen with regard to the working of the first system has occurred in those instances, which are extremely few, where the minority does not constitute a sufficiently large portion of the constituency to secure a member. In the general election of 1868, although the minority vote was in operation, the Liberal majority in Glasgow and Birmingham was so great that three Liberals were returned in each of these constituencies. It is of course only fair that a minority should not return a member when the numbers who compose it do not form a sufficiently large proportion of the aggregate constituency. It can, however, be readily shown that under the existing system of minority voting at parliamentary elections, a majority that ought by numbers to return all the members cannot do so without having to make costly and troublesome arrangements. Thus, if A, B, and C are three candidates whom a majority supports, it may very possibly happen that an unnecessarily large number of votes may be given to A and B, and not a sufficient number to C. C may therefore not be returned, although A and B have both so many spare votes that if a portion of these had been given to C, A, B, and C might all have been returned. In order to meet this difficulty, an expensive organisation has to be brought into operation. The constituency is divided into different districts, and each elector who is supposed to belong to the party is instructed to distribute his votes in a particular manner. Those who live in one district are told they must vote for A and B, while others are told they must vote for B and C, and others for A and C. It is obvious that such an arrangement, even if it succeeds in securing the necessary equality in the distribution of votes, cannot be carried out without great expense and trouble. It is, moreover, very undesirable to have a constituency under such severe drill that they vote strictly according to order and

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sacrifice all individual preferences. The difficulty to which allusion has just been made is manifestly obviated by the system of cumulative voting. If three members are to be chosen and a party is in such a large majority as to be able to secure more than three-fourths of the votes recorded, the three candidates of the party will be returned if each voter who wishes to support them adopts the simple expedient of distributing his votes equally amongst them. There are, however, practical difficulties in the working of the present system of cumulative voting, to which it is desirable that some attention should be directed. It may very possibly happen that a section of the constituency may be deprived of a considerable part of the influence it is entitled to exercise through a certain risk which has to be incurred in the distribution of their votes. This may be shown by an example which not inaccurately illustrates the position in which many people found themselves in the recent School Board election in London. In one of the divisions, where six members were to be returned, it was believed from the result of the previous election that the supporters of the School Board policy were in a large majority. It was, therefore, naturally desired to return a majority of members pledged to this policy, and four candidates were consequently voted for. Those electors who had no particular preference for any one of these candidates over the other, but who simply wished to secure the triumph of a principle, were perplexed to know how to divide their six votes among the four candidates. With the ballot there was, of course, no means of ascertaining, as the poll went on, which of the four candidates wanted the votes most; all had to be left to blind chance, and although the result showed that, if the votes could have been equally distributed, the four might have been easily returned, yet one received so many more votes than were necessary that only three were returned. This difficulty could obviously be avoided if the votes which each elector could give were equally divided among the candidates whose names were written down on his voting-paper. Thus, if six members were to be returned, and a thousand electors wished to divide their votes equally among four candidates, each of these candidates would obtain 1,500 votes. Without expressing a positive opinion that this particular arrangement is the best to be adopted, I believe it will be found that the present method of carrying out minority voting in Parliamentary and School Board elections might be easily improved, and that the obstacles which, as has been shown, now impede the efficient working of the system might be got rid of.

There is one other subject to which special attention ought to be directed whenever the question of Parliamentary reform is again taken into consideration. No danger can more seriously threaten the efficiency of Parliamentary government than the increasing costliness of elections. All attempts that have been hitherto made to check this

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evil have met with little or no success, and there is reason to fear that, unless great care is taken, the evil may grow with each fresh extension of the suffrage. A veteran reformer, Mr. Baines, who for years devoted himself with unflagging zeal to secure a reduction of the borough franchise, speaking in the House of Commons soon after the last Reform Act was passed, said that as the constituency of Leeds, the borough he represented, had increased from 7,000 to 35,000, a great addition would be made to the necessary expenses of an election; and he expressed his conviction that this increase of election expenses would be more prejudicial to the constituencies than to candidates, for 'a greater evil could not be inflicted on the constituencies than to reduce the number of those who might be fairly and justly called upon to represent them.'[5] Various proposals have from time to time been brought forward with the object of reducing the cost of elections. Hardly any of these, however, have been adopted by the House of Commons, and it is probable that Parliament will not take the question seriously in hand until the public more generally recognise the importance of the subject. It has often been suggested that the necessary expenses of conducting a Parliamentary election should be borne, as is now the case in municipal and School Board elections, by the constituencies and not by the candidates. Although the direct saving which would result to the candidates would be considerable, yet other and more important advantages might not improbably be secured, if such an arrangement were adopted. What is required in order to diminish the cost of elections is not so much a change in the law as a change in public opinion, and such a change in the law as is here suggested might gradually produce a marked change in the relations existing between constituencies and their representatives. It is almost hopeless to expect that anything really effectual in the matter can be done so long as the idea generally prevails that a candidate for a seat in Parliament is asking a favour from a constituency for which he ought to be willing to pay. Such a sentiment is undoubtedly encouraged by the existing law, for if the candidates have to pay the expenses of a Parliamentary election while the constituencies pay the expenses of a municipal election, the conclusion is not unnaturally drawn that in the former instance the candidates are trying to obtain some advantage for themselves for which they may be called upon to pay, whereas in the latter case the constituencies are endeavouring to obtain some one to discharge a public service, and consequently the expense is borne, not by those who do the work, but by those for whom the work is done. It has been sometimes objected that if the necessary expenses of an election were borne by the constituencies, fictitious candidates who were anxious to advertise themselves might come forward, and that this would lead to vexatious and unnecessary contests. Such a contingency, however, might easily be provided against. At the time each candidate was nominated, he

[5] Hansard, July 18, 1868.

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might be called on to deposit a certain sum—say 100*l.* or 200*l.*—on the condition that this deposit would be forfeited by a candidate who failed to obtain a sufficient number of votes to show that he had a reasonable chance of success. The real obstacle, however, which has stood in the way of the adoption of this proposal by the House of Commons is the fear which members seem to entertain of the unpopularity they might incur if they transferred a charge from themselves to their constituents. It would of course be possible to represent the conduct of any member who voted for such a proposal in this light, but, having myself brought forward the question on several occasions in the House of Commons, I can with confidence say that members have little or nothing to fear if their motives should be thus misrepresented. The charge which would be thrown upon the ratepayers would, with proper economy, be most insignificant. Thus in the borough of Cambridge, although there was a close contest at the last election, it was shown from the published returns that the returning officer's expenses, spread over the average period which elapses from one election to the other, would, if borne by the constituency, require a contribution from the occupier of a 10*l.* house of less than one halfpenny a year—even supposing the expenses remained as large as they now are. They would, however, in all probability be greatly reduced if the money were contributed by the ratepayers, who would thus have a direct interest in economy. It is, I believe, doing the people of this country great injustice to suppose that, in order to avoid making so infinitesimal a contribution, they would oppose a measure which can be defended alike on grounds of fairness and expediency. Those who have voted for the enfranchisement of all ratepayers cannot think that those thus enfranchised are so little qualified to exercise the suffrage as to be incapable of appreciating the importance of allowing no barriers to impede the return to Parliament of those who may not happen to be able or willing to spend a large sum of money in an election. This is a question in which many of the poorest electors have a special interest. Whatever may be said about the disadvantages of having members returned as mere class representatives, no satisfactory reason has ever yet been given why, when almost every great interest in the country is represented, when bankers, shipowners, manufacturers, the army, the navy, railways, gas and water companies, have all their representatives, the interests of labour should not be far more largely represented than they are. Working men when they have to listen to the many homilies that are addressed to them about the evils of class representation may fairly ask—How would the manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire like to be entirely represented in Parliament by operatives? How would the owners of land like to entrust their interests solely to tenant farmers? Experience shows that the working men who may be returned to the House of Commons need not in any single respect be more influenced by mere class considerations than are other

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members. In one of the most important debates which have taken place in recent years in the House of Commons—I refer to the occasion when the Afghan policy of the Government was considered—I believe it will be generally admitted that few more effective speeches were made, and certainly none that were conceived in a broader spirit, than the speech that was delivered by Mr. Burt.

Besides the change in the law with regard to the necessary expenses of elections which has been just considered, it is possible to suggest many other ways in which the present cost of elections might be reduced. When the ballot was first introduced, many confidently hoped that there would be so little use in canvassing that paid canvassers and paid agents would in future scarcely ever be employed. The expectations thus formed have unfortunately been so entirely disappointed, that it is believed that in many constituencies at the last election a larger amount was spent than had ever been expended before on paid canvassers and paid agents. It not unfrequently happens that the payments which are thus made simply represent a legalised form of bribery, for, although any elector who is paid as a canvasser or an agent is unable to vote, yet the money which he receives often prevents him voting on the other side, and secures many votes from his family and connections. So far as I am aware, no valid reason has ever been given why the number of paid agents which a candidate should be allowed to employ should not be restricted within very narrow limits, and why the use of paid canvassers should not be prohibited altogether. If a man has any claim to represent a constituency, he ought to have no difficulty in making his qualifications known, either by his own speeches or through the efforts of his friends, and there is something derogatory both to the candidate and to the constituency in the fact that it should be thought necessary to employ canvassers at two or three guineas a day who, often having no interest in the election except as to the amount of money which they receive, are perfectly reckless in the assertions they make and the pledges they give on behalf of the candidate by whom they are employed.

Reference has already been made to another circumstance which exercises a very powerful influence in increasing the cost of county elections. In boroughs it is not legal to pay the travelling expenses of any absent voter. As many of the electors in a county constituency are non-resident, the law with regard to counties is different. The travelling expenses of any elector may be paid at a county election, and the published returns show that the charges thus thrown upon the candidate for a county seat often amount to as much as 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* One advantage of imposing some limitation upon the ease with which those who are non-resident can now obtain votes for counties, would be that it would destroy one of the chief arguments which are adduced in favour of maintaining the legality of the payment of the travelling expenses of county voters, and in this way a

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very important diminution in the cost of county elections would be effected.

In endeavouring to direct attention to some of the questions which will have to be considered whenever a measure is brought forward for the extension of household suffrage to the counties and the redistribution of seats, I have carefully avoided discussing the subject with any party bias. It is not possible, I believe, to foresee the effect which many of the changes which have been suggested would have upon the balance of political parties. Whenever any such attempt has been made thus to anticipate the future it has generally signally failed. Some of those who were regarded as the shrewdest political observers confidently supposed, when the last Reform Act was passed, that the newly enfranchised borough householders would, prompted by a feeling of gratitude, give a large majority to the Conservative Government. The general election of 1868, however, resulted in the greatest triumph for the Liberal party that had been won for nearly forty years. During the Reform debates in 1867 the opinion was very generally expressed that the minority vote would prove of great advantage to the Conservative party. At the general election of 1874, however, there is every reason to conclude that through the operation of the minority clause the Liberals only lost a seat in one constituency, Glasgow; while they gained a seat in each of the four boroughs of Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, and the City of London, as well as a seat in each of the following seven counties: Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridgeshire, Dorsetshire, Hertfordshire, Herefordshire, and Oxfordshire. Again, it was always contended that the ballot would be a great advantage to the Liberals, and that one of its most certain effects would be to free the counties from the influence of the landowners. In the first election that was fought under the ballot the Liberals sustained a signal defeat, and in no previous election did the power of the landed interest more decisively assert itself in the county constituencies. But even if it were possible to foresee what would be the immediate party result of any proposed change in our representative system, other considerations incalculably more important have to be taken into account in determining what principles ought to regulate a measure of Parliamentary reform. Electoral arrangements which one year may prove advantageous to Conservatives may next year prove equally advantageous to Liberals. There is, however, no fluctuation and no uncertainty in the benefit which will be conferred on the nation in having its system of representation placed upon a just basis. All who care more for the permanent efficiency of Parliamentary institutions than for a temporary party triumph should unite in trying to give to every section of opinion in the community the opportunity of being represented by those who are most able and independent.

HENRY FAWCETT.

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BURNS AND BÉRANGER.

THE second half of the eighteenth century, which produced several poets of the highest genius, whose works promise to be the imperishable heritage of future generations, also gave birth to two poets of a secondary rank, who exercised over the minds of their contemporaries a far greater influence and achieved a wider popularity than their gigantic compeers. Not that popularity is either the test or the reward of genius. Punch and Judy is a more popular play than *Hamlet* or *Othello*, and the waxen figures at Madame Tussaud's excite more admiration from the multitude than the masterpieces of Phidias or Canova. But these two poets were popular on their merits, and not only adorned the literature of the age in which they lived, but left their works as monuments for a future time. The first was Robert Burns, the idol of the Scotch, and representative of all that is most manly in the Scottish character. The second was Jean-Pierre de Béranger, the idol and representative of the French. Wordsworth says of the Sonnet that 'with that key Shakespeare unlocked his heart.' With a less elaborate but more perfect instrument, the Song, Burns unlocked the hearts of his countrymen of every rank and condition; and Béranger charmed the fancy and guided the judgment of a less earnest but highly accomplished and generous people.

These remarkable men owed nothing to parentage or fortune; and if they owed something to culture it was not to scholastic training, but to the education which they painfully acquired for themselves in the school of poverty and suffering, and to the innate force of character which enabled them not only to triumph over obstacles that to inferior men would have been insurmountable, but to turn them to account in the formation of their minds and the development of their genius. The one was the son of a sturdy, independent gardener and farm-labourer, the other of a thriftless idler inhabiting the slums of Paris, too poor to support a household, and dependent on his father for the board and shelter he ought to have provided for himself. Born under such adverse circumstances, they had both of them to toil from boyhood to manhood for the scanty bread that did not always come when earned, fighting a desperate battle for bare subsistence against a world in which their presence did not appear to be needed,

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and which, if it did not deny them food, gave them very little of it. The one lived into his thirty-eighth year, amid continuous, sometimes all but crushing, adversity, and died lamented by conscience-stricken Scotland, which had done nothing for its greatest man, even when it knew him to be great, but which could not find regrets enough to strew upon his grave when regrets were unavailing. The other lived to double the age of his predecessor, and, by his death and the extraordinary manifestations of national feeling that it excited, alarmed the most magnificent monarch that ever governed France, and compelled him to prop the insecure foundations of his throne by giving the poet's body an escort to the grave of a hundred thousand armed men, not so much to honour his memory as to keep the peace and prevent the proclamation of a Republic in the streets. Never since the beginning of the world did a poor poet create such a terror by his death; and never was poet, rich or poor, honoured by such tremendous obsequies!

Such writers as Burns and Béranger, destined to exercise their greatest and, in the case of Béranger, their sole influence through the agency of the Song, could not have appeared in any country where an ancient popular music was not in existence to serve as the ocean on which their little argosies were to float. Scotland, Ireland, and France possessed such music, graceful, tender, passionate, and inspiriting; but England and the Teutonic and semi-Teutonic nations, then as now, were more or less cosmopolitan in their musical tastes, and had few or no indigenous melodies that struck any deep chord in the popular heart, or appealed to anything higher than the conventional sentiment or transitory fancy of the half-educated. But in Scotland, Ireland, and France, and wherever the warm Celtic blood predominated in the veins of the people, the national music was part of the national mind; and thus the work of the poet who made this music the messenger of his thought was certain of a favourable if not of an enthusiastic reception. And this was the great secret of the success of Burns and Béranger, and procured for them a ready access to the heart of that large generous public which underlies the small minority of the educated and literary classes.

Burns, toiling in low estate, with his hand to the plough or the reaping-hook, had an observant mind, a clear intellect, and a passionate heart; and the passionate heart burst into song at the early age of sixteen, when the budding charms of a lovely companion in the labours of the harvest, a year younger than himself, awakened him to the knowledge that he too was a poet, and could celebrate, as well as any of the bygone bards of his country, the glories of a bright responsive eye, a winsome smile, and the glamour that the beauty of one sex throws over the susceptible youth of the other. From that time forward for more than twenty years, and to the closing months of his life, his imagination was continually inflamed by the seductive love-

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liness of some rural goddess or queen of beauty—a goddess to him, though she were but a servant-girl or a herd lassie, and scarcely even beautiful to the common eye, whose perceptions were not glorified, as his were, by the light of imagination. And in many of these instances it was not only his imagination, but his heart, that was fired, leading too often to results that cast a shadow over what might have been the happiest periods of his existence, besides doing irreparable injury to the fair objects of his adoration. Had he but laid to heart the warning of Lucrece in Shakespeare's beautiful poem, not to buy the mirth of a minute at the price of a week's wailing, or 'to sell eternity for a toy,' he might have spared many fair young women a sharp sorrow, and himself even more than them, for he knew when he went wrong, and always bitterly repented. The love songs which he continued to pour out in marvellous profusion, inspired sometimes by perfervid admiration for the sex, and as often by the irrepressible force of his genius, were modelled for the most part on the older Scottish songs in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* and other collections. But the modelling was never slavish, and if he imitated or paraphrased the often objectionable lyrics of the past, he invariably chastened and refined them, transmuting their ancient and tarnished brass into modern gold of the purest mintage.

It is to be noticed that his songs, even at this early period, betrayed nothing of the peasant, and little of the scholar, and that they immeasurably surpassed in simple grace, unaffected tenderness, and natural passion, all the pre-existing love lyrics in English or Scottish literature, even those of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But his imagination soared to more ambitious heights than the composition of songs, and his fame soon spread over Ayrshire and all the west of Scotland as the writer of many poems, written in the soft, euphonious, and copious dialect of the Scottish people, a dialect spoken at that time not only by the peasantry, but by the upper classes, and that was more frequently heard in the pulpit and the forum than the correcter English of the south. His humorous and satirical pieces, such as *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, the *Holy Fair*, the *Address to the Deil*, the *Unco Guid and the Rigidly Righteous*, the *Twa Dogs*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and others in the same style, found especial favour, and were passed from hand to hand in manuscript, and recited amid hearty applause and appreciation in every 'howff,' or public house, and tavern in the district. These 'howffs' were frequented by a peasantry very superior to men of a similar class in Anglo-Saxon England, because they had had the inestimable advantage of the excellent parochial school system established in Scotland in 1646, and were able not only to read and write, but to think, and to discuss the knotty points of their Calvinistic theology, as well as the public events of the time.

Although the Rev. Sydney Smith, who ought to have known better

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after having lived for so many years in the witty society of Edinburgh, asserted that it required a surgical operation to drive a joke into a Scotsman's head, there is no people in the world that have a keener sense of wit and humour than the Scotch. Although they are intensely intolerant of what the English call 'chaff,' and very often resent it, they are in no sense impervious to real wit, to which vulgar chaff or silly banter has no pretensions. The rural contemporaries and comrades of Burns very highly appreciated and enjoyed the merciless shafts of satire which he levelled at sanctimonious hypocrisy in the poems above cited, especially in the magnificent satire of *Holy Willie.* Nor were his tenderer compositions less admired, such as the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, that faithful picture of the true piety of humble Scottish rural life, or the *Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie*, the unsurpassable ode to a *Mouse on turning her up in her nest with the plough*, or that equally pathetic to *A Mountain Daisy.* So highly were these esteemed, while as yet only known in manuscript or by the chance quotations of fine passages that had fixed themselves in the memory of his associates and friends, that Burns, beset by the law which he had outraged in the case of poor Jean Armour, whom he had loved not wisely but too well, threatened with dire penalties by her angry father, and sinking up to the chin in the deep morass of hopeless poverty and litigation, bethought himself to escape from all his troubles by accepting the situation of an overseer or bookkeeper in a sugar plantation in the West Indies, and bidding farewell to his native land for ever. Not being able to pay or borrow the small sum of nine guineas, the amount of his passage to Jamaica, it was suggested by his friend, Gavin Hamilton, a 'writer' or solicitor in Ayr, that he should publish a small collection of his best poems and songs. A printer at Kilmarnock having been found to undertake the venture, the little book was given to the world, and found immediate acceptance. The result, besides the fame he acquired from a wider circle than had hitherto been acquainted with his genius, was a net profit of nearly twenty pounds. So many friends gathered round him, and urged him to the publication of a new edition, not this time in the small town of Kilmarnock, but in the Scottish capital, that the idea of expatriation, though not wholly abandoned, was for a time suffered to remain in abeyance, and he proceeded to Edinburgh on foot, armed with letters of introduction to the leading literati. To one of these, Dr. Moore, author of *Zeluco* and editor of the *Lounger*, the last of the periodicals modelled on the style and plan of Addison and Steele in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* of a bygone day, he was already known by his Kilmarnock volume, and had received high critical commendation from his pen in that periodical. Under the date of December 1786, Dr. Moore prepared the way for the poet's arrival in Edinburgh by pronouncing him a poet of no ordinary rank, and winding up a genial, though strictly impartial *résumé* of his work by saying:—

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Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land to seek under a West Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking effect, and that I do my country no more than justice when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood-notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit—to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it has pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and patronage a laudable pride.

Burns on his arrival was cordially received, not only by Dr. Moore, but by Professor Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Dr. Blair, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Henry Mackenzie, Henry Erskine, Lord Monboddo, and other leading spirits, and introduced to the highest society of the capital. Edinburgh was not at that time a provincial city wholly or even greatly eclipsed by London, but the veritable metropolis of the Scottish nation, in which the leading members of the aristocracy did not disdain to dwell, and where the wealth, learning, intellect, and beauty of Scotland were proud to congregate. By that brilliant society Burns was received with open arms. It was not so much for the wit, the humour, and the beauty of his poetry—though these were fully acknowledged—but for the extent of his information, the sparkle of his conversation, and more than all for the unusual and, to the Edinburgh people, the extraordinary fact that all these rare gifts were concentrated in the person of a ploughman. The big folk gathered around him with the same sort of idle curiosity that the Brobdingnagians, in Swift's immortal story, gathered around Gulliver. It was not the case of the fly in amber, for the thing which they flocked to see was indubitably 'rich and rare;' but the wonder was that such wealth of genius and such rare charm of manner should have been bestowed upon a peasant with no other heritage than his strong right arm, his clear intellect, and his proud heart. In that fastidious society he held his own as equal to equal, with possibly a slight, though unavowed, consciousness in his mind that, humble as he was, he was superior in natural gifts to most of its members. Easy but never forward, unabashed but never presumptuous, equal to the discussion of every subject that was mooted, he made a favourable impression upon every man with whom he came into contact, and cast upon the women a perfect glamour of fascination. Tender and deferential in his manner towards them, with a witchery of eloquence that is more potent with the majority of their sex than grace and

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beauty of person—though Burns was not deficient in these—he shone like the moon amid the stars, the brightest, though perhaps not the greatest, of them all. The lovely Duchess of Gordon, among the rest, declared that she had never met a man who had so 'completely lifted her off her feet as Robert Burns.' The wonder and admiration of the Edinburgh folks were on a par, though occasionally the wonder predominated. They saw, when closely looked at, that he was not

> A creature of another kind,
> Some coarser substance undefined,
> Placed for their lowly uses, far and vile below,

but, on the contrary, one who, in every respect but wealth and title, stood as high as themselves. But amid all this dazzling homage his keen eye, after a short time, was quick to discover that there was a great deal of condescension in it—that his newly found friends and admirers gave themselves, perhaps unwittingly, the airs of patronage, as if they would have said, 'Poor fellow! we must do something for you; it is not right that you should continue to be a ploughman, though what else you are to be God only knows.' But they subscribed for his poems. The Caledonian Hunt, under the influence of the Earl of Glencairn, took a hundred copies at a guinea each; and all the wealth, beauty, and intellect of the west and south of Scotland, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, lairds, professors, clergymen, teachers, officers in the army and navy and excise, and everybody who aspired to be anybody, followed the example of the aristocracy. Upwards of fifteen hundred persons put down their names on the list, many of them for two, three, four, six, and twelve copies, and some for still greater numbers. The result was, after a protracted attempt at a final settlement with his somewhat close-fisted publisher, William Creech, that Burns received a clear sum of 500*l.* Though this was a little fortune to a man whose greatest previous haul into the sea of chance and literature had only been rewarded with 20*l.*, Burns was not sanguine enough to expect another such harvest from the seed-corn of his poems. He had long had a hankering for employment under the Board of Inland Revenue; and while resolving to use his money in taking and stocking a farm, he kept this secondary object in view, and made friends among those gentlemen whose influence he thought might, at the proper moment, be useful in procuring him an appointment.

He did not remain long enough in Edinburgh to exhaust his welcome, and took advantage of the first symptoms of the lukewarmness which some of his over-fervent friends began to display, to show them that he could manage to live without the factitious sunshine of their favour, and that 'a man,' as he afterwards sang, 'was a man for a' that.' Refreshing his mind and body with a tour in the Highlands, which he had never before visited, and finally renouncing all idea of

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emigrating to Jamaica, he took the lease of the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, and settled himself down to the sober business of a farmer. He was an excellent ploughman, but not much of an agriculturist. Nevertheless he toiled on hopefully enough for three or four years, with his hand on the plough, and his heart in his poems, and found year by year that he was either unfortunate in the choice of a farm, or that he had mistaken his vocation. Under these unfavourable circumstances he thought he could combine the labours of the farm with the duties of an officer of Excise; and, having by dint of influence, especially that of the Earl of Glencairn, obtained an appointment, he wrought zealously in the double capacity. Ultimately the farm had to be given up, and he became an exciseman only. But whether farmer or exciseman, or both in one, his best energies and dearest thoughts were given to poetry; and during the period between his return from Edinburgh and his premature death, nearly all the songs for which he is most celebrated were produced, and presented without fee or reward, and for the pure love of music and song, to Johnson's *Musical Museum* and George Thomson's collection of the Popular Melodies of Scotland. This period produced but one poem, his grandest and best, the immortal *Tam o' Shanter*, a masterpiece of literature, and worthy to rank with anything in Shakespeare or Goethe. It issued complete from his brain in one day in one magnificent burst of inspiration. He was observed by his wife, the Jean Armour of his sorrow and his joy, to walk hastily along the bank of the Nith, and to mutter as he went. She knew by these signs that he was engaged in composition, and watched him from the window. She afterwards went out to meet him, but he saw her not, and still walked rapidly along 'crooning' to himself. She stepped aside among the broom and bracken to let him pass, which he did with a flushed brow and downcast eye, heedless of the outer world, and wholly absorbed, body and soul, in the transports of composition. No correction was afterwards necessary; the poem emerged from his mind complete, without a flaw, inimitable and unsurpassable.

His life became harder and more uncongenial than ever as soon as he left his farm and devoted himself to the Excise; but it was cheered even in these dark days by the work which he was never tired of doing for George Thomson. It was also cheered by the hope, which proved unfounded, that he might receive promotion under the Board of Inland Revenue, and attain the great object of his ambition—the well-paid post of supervisor. He had forgotten—but his political enemies remembered but too well—the hard things he had said and sung not only of the immediately ruling powers that were set above him, but of the Tory Government under which he lived, and which was the sole bestower of place and office. He had also soared higher in his invective, and attacked the House of Hanover itself. Though he was sentimentally a Jacobite, and reverenced the name

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and the cause of the Stuarts, and had nothing better to say of the reigning house than that its members were 'an idiot race,' and that those who 'knew them best despised them most,' he was practically a radical reformer and an ultra-democrat, if not a republican. Like other wits whose wit is irrepressible, and must have vent though the heavens should crack, his epigrams and epitaphs had wounded the susceptibilities of some of his powerful neighbours; and his bitter attacks on such men as the Duke of Queensberry and the Earl of Galloway, whom he might have well afforded to let alone, were all remembered against him by his official superiors whenever an occult interest was exerted in his behalf to expedite his promotion. Perhaps he would have learned discretion had he lived longer, and perhaps his peccadillos, if not renewed, would have been gradually forgotten, for even his political foes acknowledged and admired his genius. But disappointments sat so heavy on his heart, that he endeavoured to lighten their load by bacchanalian excesses in the company of people who were not worthy to black his boots, and he gradually undermined a constitution that was naturally robust. Issuing from a drinking bout in a tavern in Dumfries on a winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, he was overtaken by drowsiness, and sat down on a doorstep and fell asleep. This exposure brought on his last illness. As he lay on his death-bed, his final hours were embittered by mental anxiety, and by the dread that a hard-hearted tailor, to whom he owed a small sum, would either seize his last blanket from under him, or consign him to the degradation and horrors of a gaol. From this last indignity, which did not actually impend, but which assumed to his disturbed fancy the only too palpable shape of a terrible reality, he was saved by remittances from a cousin at Montrose and from George Thomson, to whom he appealed, with a sense of shame, for a small sum that Thomson would have paid him twenty times over had he been permitted to do so. The little town of Dumfries, the scene of his closing years, and of his death, and which he has rendered classic ground for evermore, did its best to honour his memory. The people of Dumfries knew that he was great and noble while he lived among them, but they did not know, until they stood sorrow-stricken around his grave, how infinitely more great and noble he was than they had imagined him to be. Thus lived and thus died Robert Burns, by far the greatest genius that Scotland, up to his day, had produced, and whose literary fame overshadows that of every other Scotsman before or since, that of Sir Walter Scott alone excepted.

Of a different character and complexion were the life and songs of Béranger, the great lyrist of the French. The career of Burns was all storm and gloom; that of Béranger was one of Epicurean ease, such solid, almost stolid, indifference to the world, that not even the abjectest poverty had power to ruffle the heavy serenity of

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his nature. Béranger came into the world nineteen years after Burns, on the 19th of August, 1780, and was sixteen years of age when his great predecessor passed into the glorious company of the immortals. His father, who was unable to support him, and who seems to have been what the French call a *vaurien*, and the Scotch 'a ne'er-do-weel,' though a man of some wit and abilities, left him to the care of his grandfather, a poor tailor, with whom his early childhood was passed. At the age of nine or ten he was consigned to the care of his father's sister, the wife of an *aubergiste*, or small innkeeper, at Péronne. Here, as at his grandfather's house, he had contrived somehow to acquire the art of reading, and up to the age of sixteen had managed to store his mind with a great deal of useless but agreeable knowledge, derived from *Télémaque* on the one hand and the correspondence of Voltaire on the other, with a wilderness of miscellaneous reading. There was at Péronne an institution for the benefit of the youth of the town, founded by a M. de Bellanglise, some of the classes of which he attended, and made a vain attempt to master the rudiments of Latin. As it was necessary that he should earn his bread in some way, and as he neither cared for his grandfather's nor his aunt's business, he was, with his own consent, bound apprentice to a M. Laisnez, a printer at Péronne, who, he afterwards said, 'not being able to teach me how to spell, encouraged my taste for poetry, gave me lessons in versification, and corrected my first attempts.' He also made time in the evenings to attend the institution, and acquire, in default of Latin, some other knowledge to fit him for making his way in the larger world of Paris, whither his impulse led him. Long before the age of eighteen, while still working at the compositor's case, the spirit of poetry took almost entire possession of him, and caused him to blossom out into verse, which invariably assumed the form of songs, though he had the ambition to write an epic poem, and had gone so far as to choose his hero in Clovis. He did not then suspect, though he afterwards knew, that his genius was not in the faintest degree epic; that a modern, not an ancient, hero was to inspire his verse; and that Napoleon Bonaparte, when he had ceased to be master of Europe, and was defeated, dethroned, and exiled, was to share, with an imaginary Lisette and the pleasures of the table, the principal honours of his verse. At the age of eighteen he left Péronne for Paris, where he was once more domiciled with his good old grandfather. His father's partiality saw in him the 'makings' of a great banker! But the young man's acquaintance with bankers was destined all his life to be of the slenderest, if he ever, which is doubtful, had dealings with a banker at all. He betook himself to the compositor's case as a means of livelihood, without the slightest love for the vocation, or for any vocation whatever, except that of writing songs. As may be surmised, his songs did not bring him salt to his soup, though they brought him the joy of composition, and the

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pride that the born artist, whether poet, painter, sculptor, or musician, always feels in his work. In his twentieth year, with the love of poetry and with the desires of all the pleasures of youth and health strong upon him, he wrote: 'I was so poor! The expense of the smallest party of pleasure forced me to live for eight days afterwards on the most meagre *panade* (soaked bread), which I prepared myself, all the while heaping rhyme upon rhyme, and full of the hope of future glory. Even now, when speaking of that smiling epoch of my life, when, without friends, without certain bread, without instruction, I dreamed of a brilliant future without neglecting the pleasures of the present day, my eyes are moistened with involuntary tears.'

In his twenty-third year, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, when he was all but reduced to desperation by the failure of many previous efforts to attract the notice of any one high enough placed in the world to advance his literary interests, he packed up some of his best songs, and sent them with an explanatory letter to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, then First Consul. Thirty years afterwards he told the result for the first time. 'In 1803,' he wrote in a dedicatory preface to a new edition of his poems, 'deprived of resources, weary of hopes deceived, making verses, without object, without encouragement, without instruction, and without counsel, I formed the idea (and how many similar ideas have remained fruitless!) to enclose my raw poems in an envelope and forward them to M. Lucien Bonaparte, already celebrated for his oratorical power and his love of literature and the arts. My epistle, I well remember, worthy of a young and ardent republican, bore the impress of the pride that had been wounded by the necessity of having recourse to a protector. Poor, unknown, and very often disappointed, I did not dare to speculate on the success of an appeal that nobody supported. But on the third day, with joy unspeakable, M. Lucien asked me to call upon him, informed himself of my necessities, which he speedily relieved, spoke to me as poet to poet, and lavished upon me his encouragements and good advice. Unfortunately he was soon afterwards compelled to leave France. After a time I began to think that I was forgotten, when I received from Rome a power of attorney (*procuration*) to draw the salary (with arrears) due to him as a member of the Institute, with a letter which I have reverently preserved. "I beg you," he said, "to accept this sum, as I do not doubt that if you continue to cultivate your talent, you will one day become one of the ornaments of our Parnassus. Attend carefully to the delicacies of your rhythm. Do not cease to be bold, but strive to be elegant." Never, I said to myself, was a good deed done with more encouraging graciousness; never, in snatching a young poet from misery, was more pains more delicately taken to lift him in his own estimation.'

Twelve years afterwards, during the Hundred Days, M. Lucien

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Bonaparte, still his friend, endeavoured to fire his ambition to loftier efforts than the trifling, although graceful, lyrics which he continued to pour forth; but Béranger knew both his strength and his weakness, and never attempted a long poem. In the meanwhile he found an admirer, a comrade, and a friend, in Marc-Antoine-Madeleine Désaugiers, eight years his senior, and the then acknowledged head of the lyric literature of France. Désaugiers was in some respects a far better poet than Béranger, but, with the sympathy and generosity of all superior spirits in literature in all times and in all countries, he was quick to recognise and encourage the genius of a younger writer, and to lend him a helping hand to climb the rugged steeps that lead to the Temple of Fame. He was too poor himself, and too little connected with the rich and powerful, to be of much use to Béranger in the furtherance of his fortunes; but it was a kindly act to introduce him to the leading spirits of the time, even though they were Bohemians, and to extend the circle of his acquaintance among kindred spirits who might thereafter be useful. This he did by initiating him in the mysteries of the 'Caveau,' a social club of poets, dramatists, journalists, painters, and musicians, of which Désaugiers was 'president' *de facto*, as well as presiding spirit *de jure*, and who met almost every evening at a café near the Palais Royal. At that time (1809) Béranger was almost wholly unknown, but Désaugiers had read his little satire *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, a harmless potentate who was only crowned with a nightcap, and who, unlike the great Napoleon, lived very comfortably without glory. In presenting Béranger to the club, Désaugiers predicted that at no distant day his *protégé* would become one of the literary magnates of his country. In this same year Béranger was for the first time relieved from the haphazard life of writing songs for the poor reward which the publishers could afford, and was presented by M. Arnault, of the Ministerial Department of Public Instruction, to a clerkship in his office. The salary was 1,800 francs (72*l.*) per annum. This was not a large sum, but it was sufficient for the modest wants of the song-writer, who, however much he may have loved and admired the fair sex, had taken care not to entangle himself with any of them, and who had nobody but himself to feed, clothe, and look after. 'Enough to live upon, and a little leisure to write songs'—this had been his dream for many weary but not altogether desolate years, and when the dream at last became a reality he was more than satisfied. He was enabled for the first time to give free play to his genius, and to write only when he was in the humour.

All went well with him under the *régime* of Napoleon the First; for he had learned to sing of worthier themes than had hitherto occupied his frivolous pen—the infidelities of married women, the immoralities of single ones, and the vulgar pleasures of the table—and had soared to the height of celebrating the military glories of France

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and inculcating the noblest spirit of patriotism. And if he satirised at times the great Emperor, the satire was like lambent summer lightning, and launched no bolt. But the restoration of the Bourbons wrought a change in his feelings, his style, and his fortunes. He had never flattered the Emperor in the splendour of his fame and power, when nearly all Europe lay at his feet, but in the evil day that sent the great man to St. Helena the poet's heart was touched, and he lavished upon adversity the homage which prosperity had never been able to extort. A collection of his songs was published in 1815, some of which were so displeasing to the ministry, that he received a very significant notification that, if he did not walk more warily, his situation would be in danger. But Béranger was not of a nature either to conceal or modify his thought, and he continued to write songs, though he was prudent enough not to publish them, and thus kept himself during five years free, if not from suspicion, at least from any overt act of which authority could take cognisance. A second collection was given to the world in 1821, containing many spirited songs which stung the ministers of Louis the Eighteenth to the quick, though not perhaps the good easy King himself, who was willing to forgive much in the author of the *Roi d'Yvetot.* His ministers, however, were not so tolerant, and determined to retaliate upon the poet by dismissing him from his office. One of the finest songs he ever wrote, *Les Adieux à la Gloire, Décembre* 1820, was too scathing in its Epicurean elegance to be forgiven by the small men who were then at the head of affairs:—

Chantons le vin et la beauté:
Tout le reste est folie.
Voyez comme on oublie
Les hymnes de la liberté!
Un peuple brave
Retombe esclave:
Fils d'Epicure, ouvrez-moi votre cave!

. . . . .

Adieu donc, pauvre Gloire!
Déshéritons l'histoire!
Venez, Amours, et versez-nous à boire!

This showed that the gloved hand had a sharp stiletto in it, and the blow went home. It was not, however, thought sufficient punishment that he should be deprived of his daily bread after twelve years of honest drudgery, but he was prosecuted for attacks on the royal family and on public morality. Though eloquently defended by the celebrated M. Dupin aîné, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the debtors' prison of Ste. Pélagie and to a fine of five hundred francs. Here the loss of his liberty was the worst that befell him. The rules of the establishment did not admit of severity. His friends, like those of mere debtors, were permitted to see him;

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his table was spread with all the luxuries which sympathy, wealth, friendship, and admiration can bestow upon those whom they delight to honour; and the bacchanalian revels of his captivity were often far more bacchanalian than those he had enjoyed outside the prison walls. In 1825, having subsisted meanwhile on the profits of his works, which daily grew in public favour, he published a third collection, about which the government of M. de Villèle, for some reason or other, did not think fit to trouble themselves. But this was only a truce. The book was received with such acclamation by the public of all classes, except the friends of the *ancien régime* and the clerical party, who were in a woful but tyrannical minority, that it was thought absolutely necessary by M. Martignac, the successor of the mild M. de Villèle, that another and more severe example should be made of the too daring poet. Three songs were especially brought under the notice of the public prosecutor—*The Coronation of Charles the Simple*, *The Infinitely Little*, and the *Guardian Angel*. It was only the first two of these compositions that contained venom to sting the government; but as the ministry did not wish to make the prosecution too political, and as it desired, moreover, to conciliate the Ultramontane clergy, the third song was selected to show its impartiality, and to make believe that it cared as much for religion as for politics. *The Guardian Angel* was, in effect, a silly song, only worthy of contempt, but its political brothers were of the highest order of satirical poignancy and more than calculated to make such ministers as those who served the poor obstinate and benighted Charles the Tenth wince in their uncertain and uneasy seats. Condemnation was certain before trial, and Béranger was sentenced to pay a fine of 10,000 francs and the expenses of the prosecution, and to be imprisoned for nine months in La Force, a prison where the discipline was not quite so lax as it was in Ste. Pélagie. The fine was speedily paid by his sympathising friends and by the enemies of the stupidly reactionary government that, in making a martyr of a song-writer, had made him a hero, and increased the number of his admirers a hundred- or a thousandfold.

At last the throne of Charles the Tenth disappeared under the barricades of July 1830, and Louis-Philippe of Orleans reigned in his stead. It appeared as if the turn of Béranger had now come either to be reinstated in his old, or in a better office, or to be otherwise rewarded with power and emolument by the victorious party which he had served so well. His friends became ministers, ambassadors, prefects, functionaries of all kinds, but nothing was done for Béranger. He found that the modest profits of his songs were enough for him to live upon; he hated routine work and the compulsory hours of an office, and longed to be as free as the birds, and to sing when he pleased, as they did. He was accused of pride by some of his friends for refusing the rewards that were his due, but he retorted by saying

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that he hated sinecures as much as he hated work, and that the true reason of his refusals of office was idleness and nothing else. He found that 1,200 francs a year, the revenue derived from the sale of his songs, with nothing to do for the money, was better than 1,800 francs to be earned by hard work at a governmental desk, and he was content. With such a man his friends could do nothing. He had outlived his fancies for Lisettes and Chloes of all kinds, and had nobody to spend his scanty francs upon but himself. He arranged his mode of life on this humble scale—half Epicurus, half Diogenes—and gave full scope to his literary powers whenever the humour was on him, and sought for no society but that of men of letters, and the wits, vaudevillists, and philosophers, who admired his independent poverty, and who were only too happy to be now and then permitted to send to his humble lodgings the bottles of Volnay and other choice wines which they knew he enjoyed, and to be privileged to drink in his company. By degrees, as his fame consolidated and extended, his friend M. Charles Perrotin, the most generous and unselfish of publishers, found that he was able to increase the poet's annuity from 1,200 to 2,000 francs, and ultimately, for some years before he died, to 3,000 (120*l.*). Béranger was not only at his ease, but in his own quiet way rich, and neither asked nor desired anything from anybody. After the Revolution of February 1848, which he predicted months previously,[1] he was elected without his consent, by one of the electoral divisions of the city of Paris, a member of the Constituent Assembly. He took his seat, but found himself wholly out of his element, and very speedily resigned his parliamentary honours. After the successful issue of the *coup d'état* and the consequent slaughter of the poor Republic in the streets of Paris, Napoleon the Third, who knew how much Béranger's songs had done to keep alive in the hearts of the people the memory of Napoleon the First, and to prepare the way for the Second Empire, was anxious to show his appreciation of the poet's genius and character by the tangible mode of place or pension. But to all overtures leading to this result Béranger, though not ungrateful, was callous, and politely but resolutely declined them. The Emperor, who had the unkingly virtue of never forgetting a kindness or a benefit conferred upon himself or his cause, resolved, in default of his own efforts, to try the effect of feminine beauty, grace, persuasion, and tact, and deputed the Empress Eugénie to charm away, if possible, the poet's reluctance to accept a favour. But it was all in vain. Béranger was not surly or ungracious, but he was independent, and would not, even for a bewitching Empress, fetter his free thought if at any future time he should feel the necessity of gushing out into a song to ease his conscience in disapproval of the public acts of the Emperor or his

[1] To the writer of this article, and the Abbé de Lamennais, who breakfasted with him by invitation at Passy.

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ministers. So he remained unpensioned, but not unhonoured, even by the powerful sovereign whose favours he refused.

He died at the ripe old age of seventy-five and upwards, beloved and lamented by the whole French people, and all but idolised by those of Paris, among whom the larger portion of his life had been passed. As already remarked, he was honoured by a funeral which love would not have thought of, but which fear extorted, and disguised under the semblance of respect. The living poet had caused the unteachable Bourbons to tremble upon their thrones; the dead poet, within four-and-twenty hours after the breath had left his body, caused the astute and subtle heir of the Bonapartes to wince upon his, and conjured up before his affrighted eyes the spectre of the Red Republic that he thought he had laid for ever in a sea of blood. It was not, however, any songs of the dead Béranger that Napoleon the Third had to fear. The *Marseillaise*, more awful and more potent, slept in the people's remembrance, and awaited but the time to burst forth on their tongues and let loose the pent-up passions of the multitude. That time was not until fifteen years afterwards; and then Napoleon might have said, 'Behold the deluge!'

In comparing the genius of these two great lyrists, and tracing the influence which each exercised in his own sphere—and in the case of Burns a far wider sphere than the limits of the British Isles—the impartial critic must endeavour to divest them, as far as possible, of the extraneous aids to popularity which they derived from their local politics, and judge them solely on their literary merits. If the great duty of literature, and especially of poetry, 'is not so much to amuse the people as to exalt and refine—if its privilege is to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope—to show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things, the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of Nature—to fill all men with the love of God and one another, and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all time into eternity'—Burns's best poems, and a large number of his songs, will bear the severe test. And it is not alone in his serious, but in his satirical and humorous pieces, that he soars to the highest flight. His *Cotter's Saturday Night* deserves the first mention, as a noble picture of humble Scottish piety, and of the hopes and consolations of the true-hearted, honest, and industrious poor. Burns describes in it a scene of no unusual kind, but one of those from which he truly says that 'Scotland's grandeur springs,' and the lessons inculcated in which make her sons beloved at home and revered abroad. Of a different order of excellence are *A Winter Night* and *Man is made to mourn*, in which he laments the multifarious evils inflicted on the world by man's inhumanity to man, by the lordly insolence of wealth, by the greediness of ambition, and the

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iron grip of oppression. And even in the lowest vein of satire his purpose was always dignified. Although he launched the most scathing thunderbolts of his wit and anger against religious hypocrisy, he never published a line or a word attacking, or even sneering at, sacred things. It suited some of the transparent impostors against whom his merciless ridicule was directed, to represent that his attacks upon them were attacks upon the religion which they dishonoured, and their loud outcry when they felt the rod upon their backs deceived for a while some of the weaker brethren; but it did not deceive even them for a long time. It was speedily recognised that *Holy Willie*, *The Unco Guid*, and other masterly productions were but wholesome castigations of shamefaced Vice that masqueraded in the garments and pretended to speak the language and inculcate the sentiments of Virtue. Nurtured as Burns was, he hesitated to print, though he did not hesitate to write, *Holy Willie*; and it was not included in any edition of his poems in his lifetime. He might well, however, have been bolder, and would certainly have won the gratitude, while he yet lived, of all the good and true by so splendid a portraiture of hypocrisy, as fully as his memory won it after his death. Through all his poems, even the most fanciful and imaginative, a broad, beautiful common-sense shines out pre-eminently; and any one of them, rendered into plain prose and divested of all the graces of rhythm and rhyme, would still commend itself to critical admiration. His most trenchant satire was reserved for saintly hypocrisy; but in a milder vein, when he held up to ridicule the fashions and the small vices of society, he was equally admirable. The dialogue between Cæsar and Luath, the rich man's and the poor man's dogs, and their sagely human remarks upon the manner in which their masters lived, and the concluding expression of gratitude to Heaven that they were not men but dogs, form a masterpiece of good-humoured raillery. The advice of Polonius to his son in Hamlet, so perfect a piece of worldly wisdom, is surpassed by Burns's *Epistle to a Young Friend.* The epistle contains more than the wisdom of Shakespeare's old courtier, which was that of the head alone, whereas that of Burns comprised the wisdom both of the heart and the head, and laid down in a few compact and beautiful sentences the law by which a young man should guide himself in the opening years of his bodily and mental vigour, and the seductive errors that he ought to avoid under the penalty of petrifying the feelings. Nor is the pathetic close—

> And may you better reck the rede
> Than ever did the adviser!—

the least striking part of this fine composition, thrown off at a heat like a spark from the anvil. Even more beautiful is *The Bard's Epitaph*, where the poet, with rare self-examination, draws his own portrait without exaggeration and without flattery, and points the moral of his own sad fate, which he saw too vividly impending, as a

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warning to over-impulsive and too careless genius. In another and very exquisite vein of true poetry are his touching lines on *The Mouse*, and *The Daisy*, and *The Old Farmer's Address to his Auld Mare Maggie*, all of which point the moral of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* in a far more touching and natural manner.

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small.

Two other of his poems, *The Address to the Deil* and *Tam o' Shanter*, stand alone in literature, unrivalled for the mingling of the grotesque, the tender, the horrible, and the sublime. If it had not been for *Tam o' Shanter*, the *Address to the Deil* would have been considered a unique and noble specimen of imaginative poetry, coming to its climax in the unexpectedly pathetic stanza at the close, in which he has a word of kindly sympathy even for the devil. But *Tam o' Shanter* eclipsed the earlier composition by its superior glory, and shines resplendent in his poetic crown, the brightest jewel of the many that glitter on the forehead of his fame.

Though the songs of Burns, as distinguished from his poems, were for the most part written on the old topics which some critics have affirmed to be the only fit subjects of song—Love, Wine, and Glory—he never treated these well-worn themes in a conventional fashion, but banished from his honest verse all the classical fripperies and trumperies of the Muses and the Graces, the Cupids and the Hymens, in which inferior poets had so long and so wearily delighted. The love in his songs was always natural, even when sometimes it was too erotic and carnal; the wine or the whisky was not celebrated for its own sake, but for that of the conviviality, good fellowship, and brotherly feeling which gathered around the glass; and the 'glory' that he celebrated was the glory of patriotism and honest love of country. His love-songs are deliciously fresh, and breathe all the odours of the woods, the streams, the gardens, and the meadows, without a particle of meretricious adornment or stilted affectation. His drinking songs ignore Bacchus altogether, and celebrate the bottle not for the liquor it contains, but for the sparkle of wit, for the kindly mirth, and for the more abiding good fellowship that it draws forth in the social circle, and with which it lubricates the intercourse between friends and comrades and even passing acquaintances. The song of *Auld Lang Syne*, known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, is a drinking song of the very highest excellence, and worth a whole wilderness of such Bacchanalian songs as pleased both the English and the Scotch before Burns appeared, in which Care was continually called upon to drown himself in liquor; or such once popular trash as

> What is love without the bowl?
> 'Tis a languor of the soul.

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Bacchus, give me love and wine:
Happiness is only thine!

Burns wrote but one good patriotic song, but its goodness was superlative—the spirit-stirring *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, every line, every word of which is full of fire and energy, and goes direct to every Scotsman's heart—a song to which English literature can supply no equals, unless it be Campbell's magnificent *Battle of the Baltic* and *Ye Mariners of England*, songs which Scotland may claim, because Campbell was a Scotsman. One other song of Burns, that celebrated neither beauty, wine, nor glory, but something that perhaps was better than either—the spirit of sturdy, honest, manly independence—was of itself sufficient to immortalise his name. In sending this song, *A Man's a Man for a' that*, to George Thomson, he wrote: 'This being neither on the subject of love nor wine, which a great critic (Aikin) says are the exclusive themes for song-writing, is consequently no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts invested with rhyme.' It may be supposed that the modesty in this passage was not quite real, and that Burns knew perfectly well how fine a song he had written. But, whether he did or not, the fact remains that the sentiment inculcated has done more to encourage a spirit of manly dignity and independence of character among the Scotch, both high and low, than all the sermons that were ever preached in the Highlands or the Lowlands, or all the books that were ever written on the same subject.

It is unfortunately true that Burns wrote many songs that cannot stand the test of decency and good taste, such as the *Jolly Beggars*, and others that need not be particularised; but it must be urged in the poet's defence that he never published them, and that it was left to the officious and unwise zeal of his posthumous editors and biographers to rake out of the oblivion to which Burns's better judgment would have consigned them the obscenities and depravities of which his better nature was ashamed. The songs which he himself gave to the world, though sometimes free, were never coarse. He never made a mockery and a laughing-stock of matrimony; never ridiculed true love; never glorified the wrong; never sang approval of the untrue, or prostituted his genius to base uses. If led astray too often by the violence of his youthful passions, his heart was in the right, and if he sinned he paid the penalty with more bitterness of suffering than sometimes falls to the lot of sinners who have not the tenderness of his conscience or the loveableness of his nature.

If the genius of Béranger is to be tested by the high standard applied to that of Burns, the difference of nationality, faith, manners, and political circumstances must be taken into account. Burns was born among, and was one of, an earnest people, a people who had for ages been engaged in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, and had won both by the sacrifice of their best blood—a people who, much

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himself a power in the State. He knew how to touch the strong chord in the people's heart (perhaps it might be called the weakness in the people's brain), the love of conquest and of military glory; and he played upon that string till France responded, and hung entranced upon the melodies that he drew from it—melodies sometimes soft and tender, sometimes bold and defiant, sometimes sublime. And when the representative and the agent of that conquest and 'glory' fell upon evil days—when the throne of the mighty Napoleon was levelled in the dust—when he consumed his fiery heart with disappointment and vexation on the lonely rock of St. Helena—and when the great nations of Europe leagued themselves together to impose upon conquered France the wretched Bourbons, who had forfeited their illustrious inheritance by their treachery, their cowardice, and their incapacity—all the pride, all the anger, and all the resentment of France settled upon the tongue or the pen of the song-writer. His heart and that of all France beat in unison, and he spoke, as no song-writer ever spoke before or since, with an authority that wielded at will the fierce democracy, and made his utterances the utterances of a nation. No longer idly masquerading as a modern Horace, he became a man of his own time, thought with it, spoke with it, identified himself with it in all its hopes and fears, regrets and exultations. His fondest thoughts clung around the deeds and misfortunes of the great Napoleon. Whether he wept for the Bonapartes or denounced the Bourbons, he found his truest inspiration in his grief or scorn, and became an immeasurably greater poet than he was when he tinkled his lyre, the laureate of the *flâneurs* and *grisettes* and all the vicious idlers of the capital. Such songs as *Le Vieux Sergent*, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, *Le Cinq Mai*, *Le Vieux Drapeau*, *Les Enfans de la France*, and the terrible *Esclaves Gaulois*, placed him in the very front rank of literature, and atoned for all the poor vanities and inanities of his earlier flights. These belonged to the Parisians only; his patriotic and political songs belonged to all France, and all France honoured him for them.

Burns and Béranger were both great and popular, and both exercised great influence over the minds of their countrymen. Burns found the lyrical literature of Scotland corrupt and licentious, and left it pure. Béranger found the lyrical literature of France both impure and frivolous, and left it impurer and more frivolous still. Both sang of love; but the love that found favour with Burns was natural, genuine, and fresh from the heart; that celebrated by Béranger was meretricious and theatrical, and dependent wholly upon a prurient fancy. It was impossible for Scotland to produce a Béranger; it was equally impossible for France to produce a Burns. Both were patriots, and drew inspiration from the remembrance of the past glories of their country. Burns kept up in the minds of his country-

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men an intense love of Scotland without hate of any other land; while Béranger, though he inculcated a love of France, inculcated still more strongly a love of military glory, only to be achieved by warfare with other nations. Both were philosophers, but the philosophy of Burns was imbued with a deeply religious and Christian spirit, while that of Béranger was a mild Epicureanism, based upon no higher principle than that of the duty of present enjoyment expressed by the phrase '*Dum vivimus vivamus*,' or 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

More than three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the death of Burns, and his fame, small at that time and scarcely reaching to England, has gradually increased until it has made the circuit of the globe. Every year, on the 25th of January, the anniversary of his birth is celebrated as if he were the patron saint of Scotland. In every quarter of the earth, in the British Isles, in the United States, in Canada, in South Africa, in India, in Australia, in New Zealand, wherever half a dozen Scotsmen can be gathered together to repeat the song of *Auld Lang Syne*, and to assert with honest pride the truth which they have proved in their lives that 'a man's a man for a' that,' a festival is held in his honour, and patriotism shines with redoubled fervour at the mention of his name. It may be said of his renown, as Daniel Webster, the great American orator, said of the power of Great Britain, that 'it follows the sun in its course, and, keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one unbroken strain' of wholesome, invigorating, and patriotic song.

And while scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since the death and public funeral of Béranger, his fame, which then overshadowed the land, has been gradually diminishing. In our day it is almost wholly confined to France and to a small section of his countrymen. He has, in fact, been elbowed out of popular favour by Madame Thérèse and the vulgar lyrics of *La Fille de Madame Angot* and the *Grande-Duchesse*. Even his patriotic songs, if not quite forgotten, have ceased to be heard. They have had their day and served their purpose, and have become almost as obsolete as those of Clément Marot and Ponsard. The French seem to have room in their hearts but for one truly national song; that song is the *Marseillaise*, and nothing that Béranger ever wrote approaches it in popularity. Its poetry and music are in perfect accord; and it reigns supreme in the heart of the French people—the more's the pity! because it glorifies aggressive war, which is out of date, and takes no account of the progress of humanity.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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THE PROPER USE OF THE CITY CHURCHES.

It is reported that to the accomplished and intended destruction of City churches will shortly be added the demolition of Sion College, one of the most interesting buildings in the heart of London.

The City has too few ancient monuments that we should part with one of them without regret, and too few open spaces to give up even so small a one as the quadrangle of Sion College without at least a protest against the ground being covered by warehouses for buttons and tape. If, indeed, the clergy of Sion College need a larger room in which to meet, it would seem far better that they should occasionally take a public hall for their purpose away from the rest of their building.

The value of such a quiet nook, of so peaceful a library, of the time-worn building, seems far to outweigh any mere utilitarian arguments which may be brought forward on the other side. The interest that attaches to such a spot may perhaps be sentimental, but it is surely much when sentiment can cling round a space in the busy City, which certainly does not suffer from an excess of that quality. It is to be feared that if Sion College goes, so will also go its neighbour, the precious relic of old London Wall, which stands opposite its gateway; and two more links which connect London with its past will be swept away for ever beyond recovery.

No amount of money, even for a deserving charity, no extended room for the irritating volumes of modern theological controversy, no amount of space in which parsons of different schools should exercise their lungs, can weigh for one moment in my mind against the arguments for retaining the building where and as it now is. But the reckless spirit of destruction which sweeps away every old monument because its use is not at the moment apparent, is unlikely to stay its hand at the gateway of Sion College. It, too, will probably have to disappear, as well as many of the churches, the incumbents of which have been *ex officio* fellows of the College.

Attached to almost every church in the City has been its small churchyard, and with the demolition of the church there comes, only too often, the block of buildings over not only its site, but its neighbouring consecrated enclosure, so that another of the rare, if small, open spaces is lost to the City.

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Now these spaces are not only ventilating shafts through which a purer air may drop into the midst of the crowded town, but the actual trees or shrubs which are, or may be, planted in them, are a rest to the tired brain and eye, none the less real because those who benefit by them are perhaps unconscious of their subtle influence. To many who daily pass through Stationers' Hall Court, the great plane tree in the middle of that otherwise sordid enclosure brings precisely the same rest, in kind, though not, of course, in degree, that the Alps bring to the tired worker on his yearly holiday. There are many who, on their way from station or omnibus to places of business, deliberately go a few steps aside, in order to pass that and other trees which grow in the few quiet corners still left to London. In the churches themselves there are to be found old monuments, old decorations, precious relics of past years, old pictures, and, not least, old customs. The churches have curiously tended to preserve the memory of days when they were almost in the fields, when even the City of London was not unlike some of our larger country villages, in that the streets and lanes still preserve the old church paths, and mark the boundaries of parishes.

To the archæological student these are of the highest value, and they link us with the past in perfectly unexpected ways. It may not be generally known that there are shrines in the City, to which, in spite of the Protestantism of 300 years, Catholic pilgrimages are even now, though secretly, performed; and Pilgrim Street is still worn by the steps of those who are devoutly led to where once stood the shrine of St. Paul, as well as by the hundreds who hurry to Ludgate Hill Terminus.

London is again, in spite of the many exaggerations of modern architects, tending to become what once it was, a singularly beautiful town. Sir Christopher Wren knew perfectly well what he was about when, in rebuilding the City after the great fire, he designed the steeples of his various churches to harmonise with his great work at St. Paul's, the effect of which on the mind Mr. J. J. Stevenson, in his recent work on House Architecture, compares to that of a great mountain.

It is the most reckless Vandalism to destroy what of beauty is left, and it would seem little to ask, but more than has been granted, that at least those who pull down the churches might leave, for beauty's sake, the towers and spires still standing.

It is not, however, on these grounds, strong as they are, that I would rest my real argument for the preservation of City churches and City parishes. The reason for which they have been condemned has been a plausible one. The population, we are told, has left the City: there is no one to go to church. All round the City there has grown up a ring of dense population, for whom there is no church accommodation. Pull down, therefore, the useless buildings; unite

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three or four parishes into one; apply the funds to the erection of churches in the suburbs; replace what is now a sham by a reality.

These arguments seem to break down on every point. The population has not left the City; on the contrary, there is no spot in the world where so many human beings are crowded for the greater part of each week as the City of London.

If the bishops and other supporters of this spoliation scheme are going in for the extreme Protestant notion that Sunday is the only day on which men have souls to be saved, or can worship God, let them by all means be consistent and abolish the Prayer Book, which speaks of daily prayer, and has singularly little recognition of Sunday.

I maintain that there is absolutely no place on earth in which a multiplicity of church services might be so well attended, or prove such a refreshment to the weary, such a healing to the worn spirit, as the City of London; that there is scarcely any place in which a wise clergyman would have so great opportunities of usefulness among the young, the active, the intellectual, the sceptical, and the curious—in fact, among just those classes at whom the parson hardly ever gets.

Of course, if a London incumbent sticks to his dreary routine of 'Dearly beloved brethren,' and his no less dreary sermon, he can do nothing; but he will do much if he chooses to adapt himself to the needs of his strange, abnormal, gigantic population.

Not long ago an experiment of the kind I mean was tried at St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate Street on Wednesdays and Fridays, and, I think, every day during Lent and Advent. There was a short choral service at a quarter past one, lasting from twenty minutes to half an hour. The church was crammed at every one of these services; and such also, I believe, has been the result in like cases. But there came a foolish outcry about Ritualism, to which the parson no less foolishly yielded, and the church was closed.

What I want to see is the same sort of thing done in many churches. There are congregations for them all, and not only for one, but for several services at each. Let any City incumbent honestly try the experiment of having a short service at one or more hours in the middle of every day, between twelve and two o'clock. Such service might consist of a couple of chanted psalms, a short lesson, two or three collects, and a metrical hymn.

Let the parson send round to the houses of business within the parish a short circular stating what he means to do, and his wish to gather about him a voluntary choir. Let him, I should say, carefully eschew anything in the way of a sermon, except that perhaps occasionally, and not as of set purpose, he might speak a very few words of explanation or exhortation after the lesson. Let him also allow it to be distinctly understood that, for an hour

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before and an hour after his service, he is in the vestry, or in some room off the church, to give advice or instruction or help of any kind to those who would speak to him; and so soon as he has gained the confidence of persons by his mode of conducting the service, and by the few words he may say from time to time, he would find not only tens but hundreds of young men whom he might gather round him for good works of various kinds, and for their own mutual profit.

With them, if need be, he might make a raid upon the sin and misery, the ignorance, and the apathy of the parishes for which the new churches were to be built—of which more hereafter.

Of course all these services would not be conducted on one and the same plan. The Low Churchman, the High Churchman, the Broad Churchman, would each have his own way, and would gather round him his own special congregations, and he would also have his particular good works in which he would get his congregation to take part. One man might carry on a teetotal association through and by means of his services, another night-refuge work, another the reclaiming of the fallen, and so on; and then, if need be, he might fairly shut up his church on Sundays, and take his holiday, or occupy his day in such way as he pleased.

And remember it is not alone the orthodox, or those who might be called the religiously disposed, that would value these services. There is a religious sentiment which has to be satisfied totally apart from all questions of dogma. There is a rest to the spirit that is to be gained where others are praying, even by those who do not pray.

One who well knew boy-nature spoke of the advantage of the services in Eton Chapel, when describing the assembling of the boys, in these words:—

> They come from field, and wharf, and street,
> With dewy hair and veined throat;
> One floor to tread with reverent feet—
> One hour of rest for bat and boat.

It was simply the rest that he valued in a quiet place, quite independently of the prayers and the aspirations which might be offered there; and this I believe to be most true to nature. I know that the services at St. Ethelburga's were often the greatest refreshment to a wearied brain, and that one who turns with disgust from the ordinary Sunday services was often glad of the ten minutes or twenty minutes spent there.

Again, why should not the parson, when he has once gathered his congregation round him, put his church at their disposal? We often see abroad, in Southern Germany for instance, a congregation without a priest, led perhaps by the village schoolmaster, or some other acting as

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representative, reciting their own litanies, singing their own hymns, as though no priest were wanted to come between man and his God. Why, if the City incumbent does not always choose to leave his pleasant home in the suburbs to come and look after those few sheep in the wilderness of London, might he not at least allow the sheep to bleat within the enclosure?

It has been said, 'Keep, then, the churches in the great thoroughfare, and let us destroy the little out-of-the-way churches which no one can use.' Not so, say I; these are just among the places which are most precious. Open them as homes of quiet prayer and retirement; hang up in them a few good pictures; let an organist, a volunteer it may be, play some quiet and lovely music for an hour; give the tired a corner in which they may rest; give, again, the young man who wishes to devote himself to some religious work and life, but who has not as yet the courage to turn into the church in the great thoroughfare—give him, I say, a chance of strengthening himself in his convictions in the secluded church.

It may be urged that, in the strain and stress of London life, no one would have time to attend such services. Quite the contrary. Almost every one engaged in business in the City takes a full hour in the middle of the day, of which little more than a quarter is occupied in the necessary meal. This enormous population is composed mainly of young men. It is essential to them that the hour be taken in full, partly as a rest to themselves, and partly because they would not feel it fair to their companions to give up freely time, which, if they did not take it, might afterwards be demanded from them and their fellows.

Now how is a young man who wants perhaps a light dinner, despatched in less than half an hour, to employ the rest of his time? This might be to many the opportunity of instilling those religious principles which the clergy wish to instil, and which, so brought about, would be far more real than any which are induced by the stereotyped services of the Sunday, when in fact the young men of whom I am thinking would do far better to escape, if they could, into pure country air, and listen to the song of the birds, and see the springing of the grass, rather than be shut up in a church for two long hours.

The great Metropolitan Cathedral ought of course to lead the way. At present, in spite of some indications to the contrary, it is far from meeting the needs of the City. The deadly shade of canonical hours is over the whole thing; the services are too long, and at times when they are not really useful for the class for whom I am now speaking. By all means keep these, if any one likes them; but what is the use of a dean, four canons, and minor canons, if they cannot keep up a series of services all the year, and generally without sermons at the hours at which these might really be useful?

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Stroll into St. Paul's on a week day, between twelve and two, except during Lent, and note the crowds who enter and retire, treble or quadruple the number that enter during any other time, and ask what is the good of the cathedral to all these. If, indeed, the central dome is wanted for mere sight-seers, by all means keep it free, but have such a service as that of which I spoke in a side aisle, or in one of the numerous chapels which at present serve no purpose whatever. Let the organ play during these hours. I know that there are difficulties. So long as the canons and minor canons have other work than that of the cathedral, so long as the organist is a music master, and is not obliged to give his whole time and attention to his cathedral, so long as the organ is a thing sacred and apart, to be touched only by the fingers of its legitimate master, there will be difficulties. But they are not insuperable.

At the service at St. Ethelburga's of which I spoke, the whole cost of the services was defrayed by the voluntary offerings of the people. I see no reason why all such services, except perhaps at the cathedral, should not be defrayed by voluntary offerings; the mere halfpence which I verily believe would be saved from dinner beer would amply provide a whole staff.

But even now I have not exhausted the arguments in favour of the retention of City churches. If the Church of England is indeed unable to use these edifices, do not pull them down in a dog-in-the-manger spirit till you have at least offered them to other denominations. If there be churches which the Establishment will not use, offer them to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—offer them, if you will, to Mr. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Baldwin Brown. At least let them, if they please, see what they can do for the masses.

I said that the argument for the demolition of the churches broke down at every point. I know none at which it so breaks down as the providing what is called additional accommodation for the suburbs. What is wanted there is not so much the multiplication of buildings as the multiplication of services. The same sort of argument which pleads for the retention of many places in the City where the population is enormous, and yet no one has time to go more than a very short distance from his house of business, applies conversely to the multiplication of services in one large building in the suburbs, where every one has time to go some distance from home, where large buildings are wanted, and yet not services all at the same time or of the same length. I fully believe that in Hoxton, or Shoreditch, or Brixton, more good would be done by one central church, with a staff of ten clergy who would have short hearty services at every hour through the day, than by any ten scattered churches each with its incumbent and curate, and with its whole apparatus of the ordinary morning and evening prayer.

Believe me, I would say to bishop and clergy, I feel earnestly

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and even passionately on this subject. I who speak to you am not one who takes in any degree the views that you do on these subjects. I, who am not a believer in your sense, am pleading with you, who are, for what ought to be more to you than to me. Surely the London clergy should not allow it to be said that one who has deliberately abandoned the faith they hold should be more earnest to see their churches filled, more anxious that they should do their work in the world, than they are themselves, who are officially bound to do it, and, we may charitably hope, are inclined as well as bound.

If my plan really were carried out, the influence on society would be considerable. It would make men more thoughtful, more earnest, more inquiring, more religious than they are now; and when that is once done, I care little what particular development their opinions may take. They may or may not come through orthodoxy to the position I now hold. I know not, and I care not; but what I do care about is to see opportunities for quiet rest, refreshment, thought, provided in the midst of this bustling town. I do wish to see those who are professors of a great and august religion, the priests of a grand historic Church, at all events make an effort after real life before they die, if die they must, and attempt at least to cope with the apathy, the indifference, and the vice of the largest population in the world, instead of saying what is absolutely untrue, that they must needs pull down their churches because the population has left them.

C. Kegan Paul.

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IRISH LAND AGITATION.

In undertaking to reply to the article by Mr. O'Connor Power which appeared in the December number, I do not think I am guilty of undue assumption in saying that, if he had not had the fortune to obtain a footing in this Review, no man of common sense, who happened to light upon it, could for a moment have thought of bestowing on it half an hour's consideration.

Had Mr. Power taken up the important subject of which he professes to treat, supported it with anything in the nature of sound argument, and brought forward facts which he had reason to believe to be true, we should have had to acknowledge our obligation to him. But when he chooses to pour forth an avalanche of assertion unsustained by a single argument, and to launch against a large and important body of his fellow-countrymen accusations, not only without one particle of evidence, but without adducing facts with which the accused can grapple, it is evident that he degrades an all-important public question into a personal matter, and would impose it as a duty on the readers as well as the writers of the *Nineteenth Century* to make it a subject of discussion, whether they *are* or *are not* to believe in Mr. O'Connor Power. As for me, self-respect forbids me to characterise his assertions and his accusations in the manner which truth would justify, and I feel sufficiently magnanimous to hand him over to the tender mercies of a more friendly critic. The *Echo*, a newspaper of very advanced Liberal opinions, with no apparent antipathy to Mr. O'Connor Power, and rather disposed to range itself on a line with him in hostility, and, as it seems to me, somewhat unjust hostility, to the landlords of Ireland, in the publication of the 2nd of December is compelled by English honesty thus to speak of Mr. Power and his remarkable production: 'He seems to have mistaken vituperation for facts, and reiterated assertions for powerful arguments.' When this mild gall drops from a friendly pen, it is scarcely necessary to ask what must be the general verdict. And with reference to these sweeping accusations made against the landlords of Ireland, if even they had come through a more formidable channel,

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Irish landlords still might have taken comfort in the reflection that they were never in a better position for repelling such an onslaught. It is impossible to doubt that the long-continued and honest exertions of far the greater part of their number for the improvement of their tenants must at length have come to be appreciated by all that is best in Irish public opinion; and they have moreover recently received very valuable testimony from unexpected quarters. The admirable letter of Sir George Bowyer, M.P., coming, as it did, at the very nick of time, revealed to us much of the views on this subject of the late Cardinal Cullen, and a letter of mine to the *Times* made known the emphatic opinion in favour of the landlords of Ireland of a man equally eminent—the late Bishop Moriarty. Finding these views thoroughly supported by the very best of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, I venture to say that Messrs. Parnell, Power, and Co. may, without detriment, be allowed for some time to continue knocking their heads against authorities such as these. On a review then of the position, I should here be very glad to drop Mr. O'Connor Power, leaving him in the humiliating position in which he has chosen to place himself, and to consider the important subject we have before us in a somewhat larger and more philosophical spirit; but having taken him in hand, it may be my unpleasant duty to deal with him a little more in detail, and at least to make more evident the purpose of his article.

What surprises me on this occasion is, not finding a man who has fallen into a great number of errors, but finding one who appears to be afflicted with an intellectual incapacity even to understand what the truth is, and who, like the colour-blind, not even perceiving the deceptive condition of his optic nerve, fails to understand how he can all the time be thinking *in red* while he is seeing *in green*. These are no doubt severe words to apply to any man; but are they too hard for one who in December 1879, at the end of the ninth year of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, tells his fellow-countrymen in England that we have at this moment in Ireland landlords without sense of justice, 'grasping, rack-renting' (p. 955), 'guilty of unjust exactions' (p. 955), with all the 'natural selfishness of proprietors' (p. 956), bankrupt of the means, even had they the inclination, to do good (p. 957), who on the rarest occasions avail themselves of the means placed at their disposal for improvements (p. 957)—yet, strange to say, the records of the Board of Works tell us that they have borrowed for this purpose within a very few pounds of three millions sterling—and who, with regard to the farming population of Ireland, ventures to assert that at the present day a very large proportion of their number consists of what he is pleased to call tenants-at-will (meaning, we may presume, a very different thing, viz., tenants from year to year), whom he further describes as 'essentially demoralised and degraded' (p. 957), 'of blasted hopes and ruined homes' (p. 957),

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'bereft of comfort, encouragement, and aspiration' (p. 959)? How then are we to meet allegations which we know to be absolutely contrary to the facts? Am I not justified in offering the very flattest possible contradiction, and in opposing the very strongest counter-assertion—remembering that my assertions are not lightly formed, but that they are the outcome of a life-long struggle with the difficult problem which the adverse position of the Irish land presented to the landlord? I have already frequently, and notably in a former number of this Review (June 1878), stated that the main evil resulted from the overwhelming mass of the most pauperised tenants bequeathed to us at the expiration of the middlemen's leases. A detail of the manner in which I, and I believe the great majority of Irish landlords, encountered these difficulties, would be the most crushing and substantive contradiction to Mr. Power's misstatements both as affecting the landlord and as affecting the tenant; but as this would occupy a great deal of space and have somewhat the appearance of self-glorification, I gladly adopt a shorter means to refute the most important part of Mr. Power's assertions, viz., that which has regard to the present 'miserable' condition of the Irish tenant.

We have connected with the Land Act three facts undisputed and indisputable, which not even Mr. Power himself will venture to question, and which it will at once be seen are absolutely incompatible with his description of the Irish farmer. 1. The Land Act gave to the Irish tenant privileges far in excess of any remedial measure ever asked for by the tenant himself or his most ardent advocate. 2. We find that whereas there exist alongside of the Irish, and at no very enormous distance, the Scotch nineteen-year leaseholder and the English tenant from year to year, men who are admitted to be the first of their class among all the occupiers of Europe, the Land Act was not content with placing the Irish farmer, in point of privileges, on a line with those of Scotland and England, but raised him to a position by many degrees in advance. 3. We see that the Land Act conferred on the Irish farmer boons new and valuable, which no occupier of the soil, as distinguished from owner, up to this time had ever possessed; the *compensation for improvements*, even when executed without the landlord's consent, was an immense step in advance, and not unfrequently did very serious injustice to the landlord; *compensation for disturbance* was a stride still more enormous. We have it on official record that it gave to 360,000 of the smaller occupiers a lien to the extent of one quarter of the landlord's property; and we find on the authority of the late Sir John Gray, who, though he generally appeared in the character of 'Oliver asking for more,' and was not in such a case likely to be reticent—we have, I say, his assurance that the signing of the Land Act transferred, by a single stroke of the pen, seventy millions of property from the landlord to the tenant. We may leave it to Mr.

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Power to reconcile his description of the state of the Irish tenant with the recent acquisition of boons and privileges such as these.

I shall now proceed to deal with a few separate items which strike me as most important or most characteristic in Mr. Power's article. He commences by treating in rather an off hand manner two quotations which he makes, one from Mr. Lowther, one from Lord Salisbury, which he pronounces to be absurdly exaggerated and mere electioneering clap-trap. He states that Mr. Lowther applies the term 'undiluted Communism' to recent Irish agitation, while Lord Salisbury holds it guilty of 'doctrines which have never before been seriously raised in any civilised State.' As to Mr. Lowther's words it happens that I was under the gallery of the House of Commons when he made use of the expression; and, if my memory does not altogether lead me astray, Mr. Power must be aware of two things—*firstly*, that Mr. Lowther never applied the term to recent Irish agitation, but to some of the provisions of Mr. Butt's Land Bill then before the House; *secondly*, that if he had applied it as Mr. Power asserts, he must have known that these words so applied, as well as those used by Lord Salisbury, were not only *not* an exaggeration, but were very much of an understatement. Communism, if I understand it rightly, means that my property should be shared with A, B, C, and D, but I am at least allowed *a share*; while the recent Irish agitation would end in handing over my entire property to A, B, C, and D, reserving nothing for the former owner, who, if he remonstrates, is to be compensated by an ounce of lead.

One of the most important points, if not *the* most important, is his charge of excessive rent. Had he made good his general accusations of high rent throughout Ireland, or even made any serious approach to doing so, I should have had to admit a defeat. But, as it is, on this subject I consider myself to be impregnable. I have considered it deeply from every point of view, both practically and theoretically, tested it with every test, and debated it with so many able antagonists that I scarcely think it possible I can be mistaken; but I never yet have relied solely on my own opinion, or indeed on any Irish opinion, as such, however valuable, might be suspected of undue bias, either on the side of the tenant or of the landlord, and I have always looked upon it as a most fortunate circumstance that at the most critical moment, in the very throes of the Land Act, there came to Ireland from various parts, and of various classes, a number of men the very best qualified to pronounce on every question connected with land. They came with no very favourable dispositions towards the 'tyrannical' Irish landlord, to investigate his conduct, and to pronounce, if necessary, its condemnation. Speaking from memory, I can only enumerate as follows: Mr. Caird, Mr. McLagan, M.P., Sir George Campbell, M.P., Mr. O'Connor Morris (known as the *Times* Commissioner), Mr. Samuelson, M.P., Mr.

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Sanderson, M.P., and last, but very far indeed from least, Mr. H. S. Thompson, formerly M.P. for Whitby, of whom I shall by-and-by have to speak some special words. The opinion of each individual of this number would carry the greatest weight, but taken collectively their verdict would be quite overwhelming. These men, we are assured with a unanimity almost complete, pronounced that the land of Ireland was, as a rule, let very much below its intrinsic value. If this verdict is not to be held conclusive, how are we to arrive at a decision? But I wish to say one word as to Mr. Thompson, who, as I have indicated, stands *facile princeps* among the above authorities. Thoroughly steeped in the knowledge of agriculture in all its branches, President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, connected with the most important railway interests, specially trained on Irish questions by having made a tour of inquiry in 1839 and another in 1869, he was moreover the trusted friend, and, in reference to the Land Act, the private commissioner of Mr. Gladstone. It was, therefore, with the utmost pleasure that I accepted, in October 1869, an invitation to meet him at the house of my friend, Mr. Edmond Dease, since M.P. for Queen's County. The party besides our host consisted of Mr. Thompson and his son, Mr. Dease's brother, and myself. We found that before our arrival Mr. Dease had arranged to take us to Mountrath, some twenty miles distant, to confer with the two parish priests, Rev. Mr. O'Shee and Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, men well known (as since recorded by Mr. A. M. Sullivan) as the originators of the tenant movement in Ireland. These gentlemen entertained us most hospitably, and, the moment the decks were cleared, we set to at the Land Act then impending. Had there happily been a reporter present, a most valuable addition would have been made to the literature of this question. Our hosts were both very well-tempered, one of them a little loud, neither of them argumentative, but both full of the best intentions. They vented all the grievances to which the tenant was subject, and when encountered by Mr. Thompson, in the mildest voice and meekest manner, with a little bit of logic which they found it impossible to upset or to surmount, they invariably sought refuge by saying, 'Oh, Mr. Thompson, that is a matter of detail'—so much so that at Mr. Dease's hospitable mansion these words became a household phrase. Would that I could remember more of those 'details'! but, failing to do so, I must fall back on my own passage with these gentlemen, which I can only excuse for its practical bearing. They had all through expressed their desire that ample justice should be done to the landlord, that he should receive the full value of his land. I said to them: 'Are you aware, gentlemen, that we have in Dublin a Government valuation carried out by Sir Richard Griffith, which professes to be taken 25 per cent. under the full letting value? If you were now called upon to make a valuation of any estate, would you think it just to restore that 25 per cent.?' 'Perfectly so,' was their reply. I continued: 'Are you also

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aware that the valuation was based on a scale of the prices of all farm produce which has been recorded in the Government valuation office to this day? Would it then be fair, if now making a valuation, to vary the rents upwards or downwards in exact proportion to the degree in which prices of the last, say, three years have varied from the prices on which that Government valuation was based?' They replied: 'Perfectly fair.' 'Then,' said I, 'gentlemen, I will undertake to say that in so doing you will add, not a million, but millions a year to the pockets of the landlords and to the burdens of the tenants.' Of course my view was disputed, but I have only to say that the very instant I returned home I proceeded in the most careful and elaborate way to test the question. These calculations I have retained, and they are at the service of any who desire to see them. They are quite sufficient to establish the result of my principle. This principle I have since found of the greatest value in several debates in which I have been engaged. It is easy to see that it may be the means of closing numberless controversies; and it amply confirms the opinion of the English and Scotch gentlemen above alluded to as to the general moderate letting of Irish land.

With regard to the 'reclamation of land,' Mr. Power treats it in his usual asserting style, insisting that Government is bound everywhere to undertake it without either limit or discrimination; whereas any practical man knows that we have to deal with *reclamation* and *reclamation*. In some cases it may be amply remunerative, but more frequently as nearly as possible ruinous. To paint all in the same colour and with the same brush can be but the work of an ignorant empiric. At page 957 he comes into collision with an opinion recently given in the *Times* that we have in Ireland a population more than is needed for agricultural purposes alone, and that encouragement to emigration is therefore desirable. We may safely leave him in the grasp of that journal. In a similar way he takes upon himself to talk of the famine of 1846 (p. 958). No one who remembers, as I do, that awful period, can even now speak of it but with bated breath and the keenest feeling. He does not for a moment hesitate to assert that the 'people perished in the midst of food twice sufficient to sustain them.' What does he mean? Where was the food, and whom did it belong to? If I were to live a hundred years, I could not forget what we suffered in those agonising times. Toiling by day and frequently by night at relief committees, at the soup kitchen, at the relief work meetings, it would indeed have been like a waft of good news from heaven, to learn that we had *abundance of food* which we could have honestly used for the purpose that was weighing us to the ground; but even had we had the advantage of being educated in the doctrine that pressing need at once justifies the appropriation of other men's property, we hardly think it would have been *wise*

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to authorise the hungry band to possess themselves of the reserves of the meal merchant.

He treats of the peasant proprietors of France and Belgium, and contrasts them with the Irish tenants-at-will. As to the first he exaggerates and misleads; as to to the last he presents us with the offspring of a vivid imagination, and the results of his inner consciousness. He fails to see how much of French and Belgian success is dependent on soil and climate, and still more on the early training and habits of the people. I am myself as favourable as he can be to peasant proprietors. I go very much with Lord Lifford, who as a landlord entirely desires their introduction, but as an Irishman fears for the success and even doubts the benefit—I cannot close my eyes to the failures which we have already experienced. When I began to write this article a few days since, I was staying within a few hundred yards of the 'commons of Ardfert,' bits of land consisting of some 130 lots scattered over a considerable area, but not exceeding in the whole 250 acres, occupied by some 80 small proprietors, monarchs of all that had been *surveyed* for them, and who had not for over 100 years been approached by a tyrannical landlord. I do not believe that in any part of Ireland more squalid misery, more abject degradation, could be found than exists among this peasant proprietary. Again, let us look at a very different case, that of the statesmen of Cumberland. A few months ago I was staying in that county, where I knew that at one time the whole or a very great portion of the land belonged to statesmen, each absolute owner of his small plot. I made it my business to inquire from a most intelligent resident gentleman how the system had thriven, and learned that no failure could be more complete; that in point of temperance, intelligence, education, these absolute owners were below the ordinary day labourer; generally steeped in debt, their little estates were daily being bought up, greatly to their advantage, by the neighbouring proprietors, and absorbed into their lands. We are thus compelled to learn that peasant proprietary may be often disappointing and occasionally injurious, and, if it were carried out by a system such as Mr. Power's, would certainly be the latter. The body with whom he contrasts the peasant proprietors he calls 'tenants-at-will.' I am bound to explain that, so far as I know, we have no such thing in Ireland; but I have no wish to quarrel merely about words. Mr. Power probably means tenants who have no prolonged tenure by lease—tenants, in fact, from year to year. Can he be ignorant that these men, instead of being in the state he describes, are some of the most important and powerful in our country? It is constantly cast in our teeth, and with great truth, that they 'are our masters,' and it is to be considered that even in their feeblest aspect these men, if dispossessed 'capriciously,' would be entitled to the very substantial satisfaction of walking away with a third or a fourth of the landlord's

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property. It will scarcely be believed that at this moment we have large numbers of this class who refuse to escape from the 'helpless and degraded' position which Mr. Power attributes to them, and positively refuse to accept thirty-one year leases to which a short time since they had gladly assented. Look at a case of my own. In or about the year 1854, I was obliged to terminate by ejectment, for non-payment of rent, a middleman's lease, made 59 years previously by my father to *one tenant*, of about 1,800 acres in the island of Valencia. I found it with a population of about 540 souls, a large portion of whom held 'in Rundale,' that is to say, a group of a dozen or more tenants clustered into an aggregation of the most miserable hovels, holding all their land in common. Of every field every one of the twelve had his share. After two years' enjoyment of their separate potato ridges, a scanty handful of oats was scattered over the 'lazy beds,' and the land was allowed to struggle back to pasture as best it might. I took these wretched farmers in hand, enclosed for them twenty-five acre lots from the most reclaimable parts of the common pasture. I built them good slated dwellings with suitable offices for their cows, and gave them more easy access to their farms by making new roads. I agreed to give them thirty-one year leases on terms which involved but a very small money payment, the greater portion of the rent having to be laid out on works of improvement. I now find these tenants one and all anxious to remain in the miserable, downtrodden, helpless state described by Mr. Power, and resolutely refusing to accept the leases to which they had gladly consented, so much so that I am at this moment reluctantly obliged to enforce by legal steps the carrying out of our agreement. Were this a solitary instance, it would be idle to refer to it; but I happen to know that just now this state of feeling is not only general, but almost universal in the country.

As to what he says concerning marriages (p. 960), I hope he does not understand the meaning of the expression which he uses, and if he will take the trouble to make further inquiries he will find that his statement is unsupported by facts.

But not one of his assertions convicts him of such ignorance as does that relating to the money loss to Ireland caused by absenteeism. Without a moment's hesitation or compunction, he dashes off with an assertion of the loss of six millions sterling (p. 960). (This, by the way, it will be remembered, was the amount recently considered necessary for preparing us to enter into a European war.) Let us then look into this enormous amount. On referring to the pages of the invaluable 'Thom,' I find that the outside Government valuation of the entire absentee property in Ireland amounts to 2,470,816*l.* sterling. Adding to this a more than liberal percentage, to learn what the rent would amount to, let us take it at three millions: Mr. O'Connor Power then is already cut down by half. But

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is it not further clear that a large proportion of every man's income is spent identically in the same way, whether he be in Ireland 'or elsewhere'? The expenses of management, the rent-charges, poor-rates, county-rates, family charges, instalments due to the Board of Works, all go on while I am living abroad, just the same as if I were at home; and it is a matter of just calculation that on the average not more than half of the nominal income of Irish estates is free. We are thus compelled again to halve Mr. Power, bringing him down this time to 1,500,000*l.*; but if the unfortunate arithmetician expects even to make that sum good, he is sorely mistaken. Let us ask ourselves what that sum represents: it represents what is paid by absentee proprietors to their butchers, bakers, grocers, wine merchants, dressmakers, tailors, &c., what they spend on amusements and æsthetics. Is the cessation of expenditure such as this, and amounting to 1,500,000*l.*, equivalent to a loss of that amount? Test it by a single example. Suppose I have been in the habit of spending 100*l.* a year with my wine merchant in Dublin, whom I abandon for one at Cannes: does Ireland or the wine merchant lose the whole of that 100*l.*? It is clear that he loses no part of it which consists of capital; he can only lose that portion which results from profit, and, taking these profits at five, ten, fifteen, or even twenty per cent., the very outside of money loss to Ireland does not exceed 300,000*l.*, that is to say, one-twentieth of the amount claimed by Mr. Power.

The last and most important point is that which relates to rights of property in land. Mr. Power, as usual, deals with it in a very summary manner, telling us that the Land Act extinguished those rights altogether. He does not explain how, but within a few lines he gives himself the flattest contradiction in claiming the same rights in the most unrestricted manner for the tenant. Now it has always seemed to me that, in a question of this sort, the interests of the human race should be considered in their largest sense, and therefore from the simplest point of view, and that all minor complications should be at once eliminated. I shall now proceed to discuss the matter in this spirit. Since land is the only machine for the creation of food, it is tolerably clear that as much as possible of it should be brought into a productive state, and that its productiveness should be maintained, and, if possible, further stimulated. Is it not also clear, from the analogy of property of every other kind, that absolute right of property in soil, if allowed, will be most conducive to this end, and that, if in any way restricted, it will tend to lessen the productiveness referred to? Certainly the restriction of these rights may at any time be necessitated by some adequate cause, some matter concerning the public good. But is this to overthrow my views? No! We cannot too strongly condemn the common but pernicious fallacy, that, because these rights have been restricted *on some special occasion*, they are therefore abrogated *for ever*.

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True philosophy, it appears to me, leads us to an entirely opposite conclusion, viz. that having, for a great and sufficient object, interfered with certain rights or laws, you should all the more anxiously and speedily, for the general good, restore their just supremacy the moment that object is attained.

In conclusion I desire to take leave of all subjects such as these. Broken health constrains me to do so; and if we could hope to obtain from this controversy any practical beneficial result I shall be quite willing that every point at issue should be left to the arbitration of Mr. W. Shaw, M.P., the head of that Home Rule party to which Mr. Power professes to belong. With Mr. Shaw I have but a very slight personal acquaintance, but I have every reason to believe him to be a man of integrity, intelligence, and of very good intentions; and I have now only to ask his forgiveness for here introducing his name without having obtained his permission to do so.

PETER FITZGERALD, Knight of Kerry.

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GOD AND NATURE.

An elderly clergyman, dying some years ago in the East of London, bequeathed his silver spoons and the like to his nephews and nieces. But the spoons could nowhere be found. Ultimately they were discovered in a closet beneath a pile of sermons; the good clergyman having, for the sake of safety, chosen for his little stock of plate the place in which, as he imagined, it was most likely to be permitted to remain undisturbed.

I fear that I committed a mistake not long since by doing something analogous to that which was done by him whose providence I have just now chronicled, though with a different intention. I printed, in the form of an Appendix to a volume of *Oxford and Cambridge Sermons*, a Note on *Matter*, for some portion of which, at least, I should like to crave more consideration than perhaps it has already received. The following paragraph contains the thought which I wish just now to put before the reader and to develope in this essay:—

'I have referred to Cudworth's discussion of theories of matter with regard to the possible atheistic tendencies of some of them; and the time has not gone by, perhaps it never will, when the fear of atheism, as growing out of physical theories, will have ceased to exist. I am by no means prepared to say that there is no ground for such fear; but I think that some portion at least of the danger of science being found to have atheistic tendencies would be got rid of, if a clearer view could be obtained of the manner in which it is possible to establish a connection between physical theories and atheistic conclusions. It seems to me that we want a new word to express the fact that all physical science, properly so called, is compelled by its very nature to take no account of the being of God: as soon as it does this, it trenches upon theology, and ceases to be physical science. If I might coin a word, I should say that science was *atheous*, and therefore could not be *atheistic*; that is to say, its investigations and reasonings are by agreement conversant simply with observed facts and conclusions drawn from them, and in this sense it is *atheous*, or without recognition of God. And because it is so, it does not in any way trench upon *theism* or *theology*, and cannot be *atheistic*, or in the condition of denying the being of God. Take the case of

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physical astronomy. To the mathematician the mechanics of the heavens are in no way different from the mechanics of a clock. It is true that the clock must have had a maker; but the mathematician, who investigates any problem connected with its mechanism, has nothing to do with him as such. The spring, the wheels, the escapement, and the rest of the works are all in their proper places somehow, and it matters nothing to the mathematician how they came there. As a mathematician the investigator of clock-motion takes no account of the existence of clockmakers; but he does not *deny* their existence; he has no hostile feeling towards them; he may be on the very best terms with many of them; it may be at the request of one of them who has invented some new movement that he has undertaken his investigations. Precisely in the same way the man who investigates the mechanics of the heavens finds a complicated system of motion, a number of bodies mutually attracting each other and moving according to certain assumed laws. In working out the results of his assumed laws, the mathematician has no reason to consider how the bodies came to be as they are; that they are as they are is not only enough for him, but it would be utterly beyond his province to inquire how they came so to be. Therefore, *so far as his investigations are concerned*, there is no God; or, to use the word above suggested, his investigations are *atheous*. But they are not *atheistic*; and he may carry on his work, not merely without fearing the Psalmist's condemnation of the fool, but with the full persuasion that the results of his labours will tend to the honour and glory of God.'[1]

The thought contained in this paragraph, and which may be said to be compressed in the word *atheous*, appears to me to be interesting intellectually, and valuable morally. It is not desirable that the reproach of atheism should be thrown about rashly. That there is such a thing as atheism, and that the atheistic condition of mind may be not only a very miserable, but also a very immoral one, I would not venture to deny; but that charges of atheism are not unfrequently rashly made, and the attitude taken up by scientific investigators is sometimes regarded as atheistic when it is not fairly to be described by that terrible epithet, is also true. Physical science is not more essentially atheistic than arithmetical or geometrical: all three are atheous, not one is atheistic.

Yet God and nature are very close the one to the other: the *natura naturans* and the *natura naturata* must necessarily be contiguous. We need a 'scientific frontier' between them, a line which shall on no condition be transgressed by those who occupy the territory on one side or the other.

The necessity of keeping this frontier line sacred is perhaps not sufficiently recognised, and there is a great tendency to transgress it;

[1] *Oxford and Cambridge Sermons*, p. 280. (George Bell & Sons.)

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but it is not a mere arbitrary line to be laid down by treaty, as the boundaries of adjacent States are settled, but is like one of the great waterscheds of nature, which no human arrangement can alter: it is like the 'great divide' in the Rocky Mountains, one side of which means for every drop of rain that falls a passage to the Pacific, and the other side means a passage to the Atlantic. On a smaller scale there are similar edges on Snowdon and Helvellyn; you may stand upon them and throw two pebbles with the right hand and with the left, which will be miles apart before they come to rest.

For in truth the difference between the two territories, separated by our supposed scientific boundary, is greater than that which is expressed by the terms *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*.[2] The conception of a *natura naturans* might be merely that of a first cause, a logical beginning of nature, without any of those moral attributes which men with almost one consent associate with the name and conception of God. If the transgression of the legitimate boundaries of the field of physical science merely introduced the inquirer to metaphysical speculations, no harm would ensue, though possibly not much advantage. The condition and quality of mind which make a man a successful investigator of nature, either by the way of observation or by that of mathematical analysis, are seldom associated with those mental powers which enable a man to get beneath the surface of phenomena and speculate with any success as to the ground and underlying conditions of things. I do not say that a mind may not possess both kinds of power, but the combination is rare. Still, a man at the worst can only fail, and a brilliant observer or analyst may prove himself to be a poor philosopher, and that is the worst result that can come. But this is not in reality the result of crossing the scientific frontier; if on the one side is God and on the other nature, this means that on the one side you have a moral and religious region, and on the other a purely physical region; and the passage from one to the other is quite certain to be fraught with danger, not to say mischief.

Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to a passage in Ernst Haeckel's *History of Creation*.

> Creation (he writes), as the *coming into existence of matter*, does not concern us here at all. This process, if indeed it ever took place, is completely beyond

[2] I have used this phraseology as expressing the difference between the *cause* and the *phenomena* of the material universe. Bacon writes in the first aphorism of the second Book of the *Novum Organum*: 'Datæ naturæ Formam, sive differentiam veram, sive naturam naturantem . . . invenire, opus et intentio est humanæ Scientiæ.' But upon this Mr. Ellis remarks in a note: 'This is the only passage in which I have met with the phrase *natura naturans* used as it is here. With the later schoolmen, as with Spinoza, it denotes God considered as the *causa immanens* of the universe, and therefore, according to the latter, not hypostatically distinct from it.' As employed by me, the phrase is not intended (I need hardly say) to have any pantheistic tendency.

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human comprehension, and can therefore never become the subject of scientific inquiry. Natural science teaches that matter is eternal and imperishable, for experience has never shown us that even the smallest particle of matter has come into existence or passed away. . . . Hence a naturalist can no more imagine the coming into existence of matter than he can imagine its disappearance, and he therefore looks upon the existing quantity of matter in the universe as a given fact. If any person feels the necessity of conceiving the coming into existence of this matter as the work of a supernatural creative power, of the creative force of something outside of matter, we have nothing to say against it. But we must remark that thereby not even the smallest advantage is gained for the scientific knowledge of nature. Such a conception of immaterial force, which at the first creates matter, is an article of faith which has nothing whatever to do with human science. *Where faith commences science ends.* Both these arts of the human mind must be strictly kept apart from each other. Faith has its origin in the poetic imagination; knowledge, on the other hand, originates in the reasoning intelligence of man. Science has to pluck the blessed fruits from the tree of knowledge, unconcerned whether these conquests trench upon the poetical imaginings of faith or not.[3]

With much which is contained in the preceding quotation I entirely agree. *Where faith commences, science ends*; this is perfectly true; but I miss any recognition of the truth that the supernatural power which most persons 'feel the necessity of conceiving' is something much beyond a 'creative force outside of matter.' It is difficult, I think, for most of us to keep our minds clear of the conception of such force outside of matter, though I quite agree with the author that nothing is gained for the scientific knowledge of nature by adopting the conception. But what I think the mind feels chiefly the necessity of conceiving is the existence of a Being who is the ground of all the *moral* phenomena of the world; and, if a writer on natural history goes beyond his subject at all, he should recognise the fact that the passing of the boundary carries the mind into a region of moral philosophy and religion, and not merely into a speculation concerning the possible origination of matter.

That this criticism is not unfair and not unimportant may be, I think, concluded from the results to which Ernst Haeckel is himself led, and to which he wishes to lead his readers. He tells us that he has no fault to find with the hypothesis, if we feel it to be necessary, of an origin of matter; but he tells us subsequently that there is no purpose in nature, and no such thing as beneficence on the part of a Creator.

Every one (he writes) who makes a really close study of the organisation and mode of life of the various animals and plants, and becomes familiar with the reciprocity or interaction of the phenomena of life, and the so-called 'economy of nature,' must necessarily come to the conclusion that this 'purposiveness' no more exists than the much-talked-of 'beneficence' of the Creator. These optimistic views have, unfortunately, as little real foundation as the favourite phrase, 'moral order of the universe,' which is illustrated in an ironical way by the history of all nations. The dominion of 'moral' popes, and their pious Inquisition, in the mediæval times, is not less significant of this than the present prevailing militarism, with its 'moral' apparatus of needle-guns and other refined instruments of murder.[4]

[3] Vol. i. p. 8 (English translation). [4] Vol. i. p. 19.

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This passage, as will be seen, takes us into the region of morals. There is no question here of permitting the hypothesis of an originating force outside of matter, if we feel such an hypothesis intellectually necessary; but we have instead a denial *ex cathedrâ* of the existence of such a thing as a moral order or of such a person as a beneficent Creator. This is not merely *atheous*; it is *atheistic*. An investigator of nature has a right to say that the question of the existence of a beneficent Creator or the non-existence of such a Being does not affect his investigations; but he has no right, upon the strength of investigations purely physical, to deny the existence of beneficence as an attribute of the Creator, if a Creator there be.

But I am not surprised to find utterance given to some expression of opinion as to the moral character of the Creator, when once the legitimate boundary of physical science has been transgressed. If a man can be satisfied with examining nature as he finds it, whether as an observer or as a mathematician, the question of a Creator need no more trouble him than it troubles the man who is busied with integrating equations or devising a new calculus; but if he is not satisfied with this, then he can scarcely stop short of a complete investigation of the whole question of Theism; and the elements necessary to this complete investigation are certainly not to be found in physics, any more than you can find in physics the material for a complete treatise on poetry or music or painting.

For, in truth, physical science does not afford the basis even for a complete investigation of ourselves. When *anthropology* is classed amongst the physical sciences, it is necessary to confine the investigations comprehended under the title to the consideration of man as a creature having certain material attributes and leaving certain material marks of his existence in past ages: a study of the highest interest, and one which students have a right to call *anthropology*, if they please: but manifestly anthropology cannot be translated by the words 'the science of man,' for the science of necessity leaves out of consideration all that is most interesting to man or which makes man most interesting.

To say that physical science does not include the study of man is perhaps nearly the same thing as saying that man is not a part of nature; and though such an assertion may seem paradoxical, there is a sense in which it is quite true, and it is important to observe what that sense is. Putting aside all question of immortality, it is not difficult to conclude that mankind possess attributes which do not belong to other creatures, and which make it necessary, in examining the world, to put man in a class by himself.

Take a few examples. Let the first be that of will. The question is whether a human being has a command of his actions in a manner in which no other creature has. Simple experience seems to me to prove that he has: I do not feel that I need the help of philo-

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sophers to solve the question. A dog or a horse has in a certain sense a will, but I can calculate how a dog or a horse will act, if I know the conditions to which it is subjected; whereas I positively know from actual experience that I can do as I choose, independently of all external influences. Bring me to the test: tell me in any given circumstances what those circumstances will lead me to do, and I will undertake to do something different. And the power of will implies the capacity for self-sacrifice. Every animal is by its very nature selfish. Doubtless there are, in this as in other things, faint reflections of humanity in the humbler creatures, just as the στοργὴ of the animal, which lasts for a short time and utterly dies out when it has served its purpose, is the faint reflection of that human love which lasts through life and grows with years; but there is nothing in the life of animals which can be seriously named as being of the same kind as that feeling which inspired a Howard, or a Wilberforce, or a St. Vincent de Paul. The man who deliberately puts aside that which is most pleasant to men in general, and which he himself has every capacity to enjoy, and does something quite different from the dictates of his nature because he judges that something to be right or good, exhibits a quality and a power which is simply lacking in every other living creature except the human race.

Again, regard man as a being of purpose. I quoted a passage not long ago from Ernst Haeckel, in which he denies the existence of purpose in nature. Can purpose be denied to exist in man? If I am not mistaken, the whole history of civilisation may be described as a development of purpose. Every other creature is apparently content with the condition in which it finds itself. Birds build nests as their ancestors did thousands of years ago; fishes have no ambition; possibly the time may have been when ants did not know the luxury of keeping aphis-cows, or being waited upon by slaves of their own race; but, speaking generally, it may be said that unprogressiveness marks all other animals, as distinctly as progressiveness does man. I put out of consideration, as not belonging to the argument, the question of evolution, and the progression of living things in that sense of the word. I am speaking only of nature as we see it now, and not as it may possibly once have been; and certainly, as things are now, it seems impossible to deny that while the animals about us are as fixed in their habits and instincts as the plants, or nearly so, there is one race, namely, the human, which is not fixed at all, but is constantly devising something new, regarding nothing as gained while anything remains to be achieved.

Once more, take the more general attribute of thought. Much has been written of late concerning the minds of animals; it is a curious and interesting subject, and certainly I for one do not grudge our humbler friends in the great world-family of life any gift of mind with which they have been endowed. The brain of the ant is, as

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some one has truly said, perhaps the most wonderful little morsel of matter in existence. But certainly the mind of man is so incomparably more powerful and effective a machine of thought, that any comparison between it and the mind of the most gifted animal appears almost ridiculous. The fact is that our natural tendency is so much to assume the utter non-existence of mind in animals, that, when we find evidence of mind which we cannot resist, we stand amazed at the discovery. In many things, as we know, the inferior creatures are much more clever than ourselves; we could never build a nest like a bird, or make a comb like a bee, or do ten thousand things which are being done every day by spiders and beetles. But still thought in the highest sense belongs to man. A dog sometimes looks as though he was thinking a thing out, and dog-stories are very wonderful; but, after all, the cleverest dog that ever lived yet has never been able to get beyond 'Bow-wow,' and we may safely predict that no dog will ever acquire even the simplest elements of human knowledge. I cannot believe that this power of thought can properly be described as the mere result of phosphorus in the brain. That epigram, '*No phosphorus, no thought*,' strikes me as having in it more of smartness than of wisdom. It is of course true that the brain is in some manner the organ of thought, and phosphorus may be the most important element in the formation of the brain; but is not thought conceivable independently of this particular machinery for making it possible to a material creature, just as motion is conceivable apart from horses or steam, or any of the causes to which it is commonly due? Is there not a kind of absurdity in regarding thought as the result of phosphorus, as real as if we should say, what upon the same principle of philosophy we might say, that truthfulness, kindness, modesty were all functions of phosphorus? Nay, I do not know why we should not go further, and assert that there could be no thought without carbon or without any other element of which the human body is composed; for you can have no actual thought without a living creature, and no living creature without a body, and no body without carbon, ∴ &c.—Q. E. D.[5]

All these examples lead up to one sovereign attribute which comprehends and implies both them and others equally important, namely, the attribute of personality. A man can say, with a full sense of the meaning of what he says, not merely 'I eat, drink, and sleep,' nor even 'I am conscious of will, purpose, and thought,' but 'I *am*: I am a conscious person, not a mere machine, though the proprietor of a wonderful piece of machinery. My body, my brain, my mind, are not merely things which work with a living innate power,

[5] I had not observed, when this was written, that the Archbishop of York had said nearly the same thing. 'Without time, no thought; without oxygen, no thought; without water, no thought. All these are true, and they import a well-known fact, that man who thinks is a creature in a material world, and that certain forms of matter are needful to his existence as an organised being.'—*Design in Nature*, 'Word, Work, and Will,' p. 244.

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but they are *mine*, they work for *me*, they do what *I* tell them. If they are out of order, I know it, and I complain of it: I say, for instance, "I have overtasked my brain, I must give it some rest before I can do this or that; I know what I wish to do, and feel myself competent to do it, but my brain will not obey me because it is tired, just as my horse may be overworked, or as my knife will not cut when it has been blunted by too much use." So of the moral feelings. I can discuss them, I can guide my conduct by means of them, I can feel ashamed of this or that failure in upright or high conduct. A man knows that he is responsible for his actions. Sometimes a murderer is convicted twenty years after the offence has been committed, or he gives himself up after as many years because his memory and his conscience make his life intolerable. He has no doubt as to the fact that the person who did the deed of darkness years ago is the same person as he who feels the pangs of remorse to-day. Every material particle in his body may have changed since then; but there is a continuity in his spiritual being out of which he cannot be argued, even if any ingenious sophist should attempt the task. No ingenuity will prevent the conscience-stricken murderer from pleading guilty.

There are, undeniably, anomalies of a very remarkable kind connected with the sense of personality, and cases are recorded in which men and women have had (as it were) a different personality at different times. An instance is recorded of a young woman who habitually passed from one state of existence or consciousness to another, so distinct that when in the second state she knew nothing of what had happened when she was in the first. For example, having returned upon one occasion from a funeral, she fell asleep, and awoke in a few moments in her second state; all remembrance of the funeral was gone, and she wondered why she was in mourning. This case appears to have been carefully and scientifically watched for many years, and to have given undeniable evidence of what may be described as a double existence or double consciousness; so that the being in question would have no true sense of personality, and certainly would not be admissible in a witness-box as evidence of any event said to have taken place.[6] Instances more or less of the same kind may probably be produced without limit. What they prove is that we are dependent for the proper use of our faculties upon material conditions; the *corpus sanum* is one condition of the *mens sana*; but they do not prove the unreality of the attribute of personality any more than the existence of idiocy and insanity, or even the possibility of getting drunk and so losing all sense of who and what we are, prove it. Undoubtedly everything depends, in the case of a human being whose powers are exerted through material organs, upon the proper working condition of those organs, and a pressure of blood upon the brain may make a man of the holiest life and the most philosophical temper

[6] I take this from the *Causeries Scientifiques*, 1877 (Rothschild, Paris).

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commit suicide, as experience proves. But all such morbid exceptions to the general rule cannot destroy the belief which a man in his normal condition feels compelled by the conditions of his existence to hold, namely, that he is himself and no one else, that he is responsible for his actions, and that what he does now will bear fruit in his subsequent experience either for good or for evil, unless he becomes deranged. The author from whom I have taken the above case of double personality exclaims very naïvely: 'Ah! comme il faut avoir un peu de saine complaisance pour les sept péchés capitaux! Jugez: un peu de sang de trop, peut-être un centième de gramme mal dirigé au contact d'une pauvre petite résille de nerfs, et le voilà fait, l'orgueilleux, le vaniteux, le superbe!' True: we must be cautious in forming opinions of actions; and in any human court—we may believe also in the court divine—every circumstance connected with an action must be taken into account in order that a just judgment of it may be formed; but all this does not prove that there is no such thing as haughtiness, or vanity, or pride, or that sane men are not responsible for their temper of mind and the quality of their actions.

To come back then to the conception of personality. I cannot but feel sure that this is the highest conception that I can possess of my own being, or of any kind of being. All history seems to transmute itself into a kind of phantasmagoria or illusive pantomime, unless the attribute of personality be conceded to the actors. Socrates, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, must be studied without reference to phosphorus, and upon principles lying altogether outside the territory of physical science. And this postulate of personality seems to me to lead, by an intellectual necessity, to the conception of personality in a region not of *φωσφόρος*, but of *Φῶς* itself, the conception of *the Person*, *ὁ ὤν*, of whom persons like ourselves are, as it were, a faint reflection.

The study of the being and doings of this Person would seem to be of necessity one of the most interesting that can be suggested to the mind of man. The study may be conducted upon different, though not crossing, lines; the chief lines being the physical, the metaphysical or philosophical, the moral, the religious. Each of these branches has its own method and its own sources of illumination; each also has its own peculiar difficulties and its own anomalies and contradictions. A really complete scientific Theism, such a Theism as Bacon would have delighted to map out in detail, would comprehend all the different departments of which I have spoken; and in the unity of such a system physicists and philosophers and divines would be able to meet and shake hands.

It is a curious subject of inquiry, and the reader will, I think, pardon me for here introducing it, how far, upon the theistic view of nature, we can discriminate between that which is necessary in the nature of things and that which is to be regarded as being such as it

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is in virtue of a divine purpose or choice. It seems clear, for example, that when once matter is assumed to be the subject of a divine operation, as in the case of the universe with which we are acquainted and of which we form a part, certain necessary conditions are imposed upon the creative work or upon the system of nature. These conditions may be, in a certain sense, limitations of divine power; but they are not limitations in any more objectionable sense than are the truths of geometry or number, to which all created things must be conformable. Sometimes a condition of this kind exists which is not at all obvious at first sight, and which, nevertheless, is as necessary to be taken into account as the truth that two and two make four and cannot make five. Thus, for example, Laplace suggests that the utility of the moon is not as great as it might have been, and he points out an arrangement according to which, as he shows, the earth would have received much more light than it actually does; but I remember having read a memoir by Liouville in one of the numbers of his *Journal*, in which he shows that the arrangement proposed by Laplace would not be *stable*—that is, that it would only be possible in the sense in which it is possible to make a pin stand upon its point. An example of this kind shows the necessity of caution in any suggestions which may be made for the improvement of natural arrangements. But it does more than this: it helps to illustrate the point which I am now endeavouring to discuss, with reference rather to the philosophy of the arrangements which we see, than to any suggestions for improving them.

Let us consider for a moment what is called by mathematicians the *principle of least action*. Putting this principle into popular language, it may be described as asserting that the motion of bodies generally takes place in such a manner that the energy expended in the motion is the least possible. From this principle, when enunciated in a strict mathematical form, the equations of motion of a system may be deduced, or, in other words, the problem of the motion of a system may be solved. The remarkable fact connected with this principle is, that its truth was evolved by a speculative mind out of the general principle that nature would use the least effort possible to produce a given result, before it was demonstrated in its strict form by mathematicians; and, looking upon it thus, we should be disposed to regard the form of motion which involves least effort as being chosen out of all possible forms, much in the same way as a man who has to perform a journey or to do a certain piece of work inquires how the journey or piece of work can be reduced to a minimum of trouble or expense. But the fact of the 'principle of least action' being mathematically deducible from the principles of motion would seem to prove that there is in reality no choice in the matter, but that *least action* is as necessary a truth as is that of the least distance between two points on a sphere being that which is traced by the great circle joining them.

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Just consider this question of two points on a sphere. As a matter of geometry it is easy to show that the shortest path between them is that given by the great circle; and this principle is now well recognised in navigation. But change the problem from geometry to dynamics by supposing a particle to move on the surface of a smooth sphere under the action of a force tending to the centre, as that exerted by an elastic string in a state of tension: then it is equally easy to prove that this particle, when started in any direction, will describe a great circle—that is, its motion will be such that the distance traversed by it in passing from its point of departure to any point in its path will be the shortest distance between those points. It might be said that the particle *chose* the easiest path, but in reality there was no choice, nothing but necessity: in other words, the dynamical minimum stands on the same footing as the geometrical.

In truth the question of *mininum* comes under our notice very frequently and very curiously in nature. The path of a ray of reflected light may be determined upon the principle that it is the shortest possible; and this is not the only case in which the law of minimum is illustrated by optics. But take a very different case, that of the cells made by the bee. It is well known that the bee is a wonderful geometer. The cells consist of hexagonal prisms closed at the ends with three tiles having exactly the angles which with a given amount of material will make the cells most capacious, or with a given capacity will use the smallest amount of material. This has been long known, and has given rise to much speculation as to the manner in which the bee is guided to so remarkable a result. I am not aware that any satisfactory solution has been yet proposed; but the intellectual conception of the problem is much simplified if we bear in mind that the transverse section is the nearest form possible to a circle, and the form of the end of the cell the nearest possible to a sphere: so that it may be said that the instinct of making circular prismatic cells with spherical ends, and then clearing away unnecessary wax, is all the instinct which the bee requires. Let the reader observe that this is said not with a view to depreciate the bee's architectural skill, but only for the purpose of pointing out that the application of the wax in the most economical manner, making it go as far as possible, subject to the condition of forming prismatic cells, is a geometrical result from adopting the simplest plane and solid figures, namely, the circle and the sphere. Let me illustrate this by a simple example. Suppose I gave a coppersmith a lump of copper, and said, 'Make this into a bowl of given thickness, having a maximum of capacity:' my coppersmith would undoubtedly be posed. But suppose I said, 'Make this into as simple a bowl as you can, and let the material be of such a thickness:' he would almost certainly make it hemispherical, or nearly so, because that is the simplest form; but his hemispherical bowl

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would, as a matter of fact, possess the property of maximum content which I wished it to have.

It seems to me, therefore, that there may be not a few cases in which arrangements, that appear at first sight to be the result of a choice amongst many that might be possible, are in fact arrangements which are necessitated by geometrical conditions, or what may be equivalent to them. This consideration should make us cautious in attributing to an arbitrary will facts which might seem at first sight to warrant this conclusion. Then again there are phenomena in the ordinary functions of nature, having the appearance of chance, which yet are not chance in the true sense of the word, but which have strongly the appearance of it, and for which it is difficult to give any account. The manner in which plants turn towards the light is to me a profound mystery; there must be a force to produce the motion, but I do not perceive whence it can arise. And the instinct of seeking the light sometimes assumes the most wonderful form: I think I have read of a potato in a dark cellar throwing out a long sprout which extended itself till it emerged at a hole at a distance through which light entered. The power which living matter has to adapt itself to unforeseen circumstances, of which this potato may be taken as a humble instance, has very much of the appearance of choice. A limb is broken, or a skull is trepanned, and the limb becomes as strong as ever, and the skull retains whatever brain it may have had within it, in virtue of new efforts of nature exactly adapted to the wants; but these wants are such as could not have been foreseen, and could scarcely have been included in the original idea (so to speak) of the man to whom the accident has happened.

Therefore I feel that we are on very difficult and mysterious ground when discussing the place which should be assigned in nature to *choice*. I think that we ought to recognise the fact, that many things in the edifice of nature, which might strike us at first sight as the arbitrary touches of the great Architect, may in reality be the results of geometrical or other necessity inherent in the conditions of space, or time, or matter. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that a creation such as we see round about us, and of which we form a part, could have been evolved out of its primitive elements without the exercise of that which, for want of a better word, I will call choice. Why should our hearts be on the left side rather than on the right? Why should we have five digits rather than seven? Why should we have one thumb rather than two? Why, to take a larger instance, should the planets be exactly such as they are in size and in other conditions, which apparently follow no law whatever? Why should the exact quantity of matter exist which does exist, for an infinite quantity is, I suppose, inconceivable? And what determines the precise pace at which all the bodies which constitute the universe move? To use the language of a mathe-

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matician, what determines all the arbitrary constants and arbitrary functions in the integrals of nature's equations? This string of questions might be lengthened indefinitely; but the reader will see what the force of them is. If the principle of symmetry could be asserted concerning the human body or concerning the solar system, that symmetry might answer many questions: it might be said, 'This or that is so, because there is no reason why it should be otherwise.' But there is an absence of symmetry from many parts of nature; and when no geometrical or other cause can be assigned, you need the hypothesis of an independent will in order to render the irregular formation in any degree intelligible. A supreme will throws light upon the darkness; it may leave some difficulties unsolved, but we feel that in it we have got the key.

But my pen has run as far as perhaps my readers will care to follow me; and I conclude, therefore, by reminding them of the thesis which my essay has been intended to illustrate. It is the relation of God and nature, and the connection between the study of the latter and the knowledge of the former. I would say at the end what I said at the beginning, that physical science is properly and necessarily *atheous*, but not properly and not necessarily *atheistic*. Clerk Maxwell, that great intellect, whom Cambridge and the world have recently lost, was no atheist, but a devout believer in God; yet no man had penetrated more deeply and more successfully into the arcana of matter, and discussed more profoundly and more ingeniously the molecules of which the universe is made. Is this wonderful? I think not. It seems to me that, while it is the duty of a scientific inquirer, as such, to exclude from his inquiries anything that at all transcends the natural region, and therefore God can have no place in his inquiries, yet the moral effect of the discipline of investigation ought to be, in the case of a well-balanced mind, to compel it, if need be, to 'cross the boundary of experimental evidence' and recognise the existence of Him 'who hath created all things,' in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being.'

HARVEY CARLISLE.

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REASONS FOR DOUBT IN THE CHURCH OF ROME: A REJOINDER.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S criticism of 'Reasons for Doubt in the Church of Rome' calls for a reply.

The reasons given were:

First, that she sets up her own teaching in direct opposition to Christ's words.

Secondly, that she continues to invent new articles of faith unknown to the Apostles.

Thirdly, that she heretically refuses to accept what the Church has decreed, and that, so long as she does so, Christian unity is impossible.

To the first of these his answer is that Catholics believe the whole deposit of Revelation to have been committed to an organised body, the Church of Christ. The remarks applying to this theory will be further treated on in those on the third reason; and on the question of Communion in one or both kinds first to be discussed, it is only necessary to notice that, at the Roman Catholic Council held at Clermont in 1095 under Pope Urban II., it was directed that none should communicate unless he took the body separately, and the blood in like manner, except under necessity or by reason of caution; and at the Council of Constance in 1414 it was declared sinful to administer the cup to communicants. Which of these Roman Councils was divinely guided?

The question is, has the Church of Rome set up her own judgment in direct opposition to Christ's words?

Monsignor Capel contends that Christ's words, 'Drink ye all of this,' &c., when He instituted the Holy Communion, referred to the consecration of the wine only, but not to its reception, and that at an early period it was held to be sufficient if administered in one kind only. He cannot, however, deny that Christ ordained the Sacrament in two kinds, and that the disciples administered it in both. Monsignor Capel's words are: 'It may be fairly said that the Christians who lived *soon after the days of the Apostles* did not so understand the words of our Lord.' Is not this a direct admission that the Apostles did so understand them? And who but they can be accepted

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as authorised interpreters? Monsignor Capel proceeds to say: 'As to the necessity of the consecration of both species for the integrity of the sacrifice, all are at one with Rome. The commandment of our Lord was clear and absolute, and no power on earth can change it.'[1] 'Drink ye all of this' is a clear and absolute commandment as to reception, and was so held by the Apostles; and if so, Monsignor Capel holds that no power on earth can change it. But the Church of Rome, after waiting more than fourteen centuries, did change it; and the question is whether there is not, on that account, reason for doubt in the Church of Rome.

As to the second reason, that the Church of Rome invents new articles of faith unknown to the Apostles, Monsignor Capel admits that the words 'immaculate conception and Papal infallibility' are not to be found in Holy Scripture, but he holds that the Catholic cannot fail to see in the sacred pages the doctrine of which they are the expression and legitimate development. He gives, as instances in support of the Immaculate Conception, that Christ's mother is declared to be full of grace, and called blessed by all nations, and that the doctrine is no new thing in God's Church. He must know that it was long refused to be acknowledged in the Councils of the Church of Rome, and has only been accepted by the Church as an article of faith in the nineteenth century, and with no great favour by many zealous Romanists.

The ground on which this doctrine is contended for and maintained is that the Perfect Man must have had an immaculate mother. If so, it is surely most extraordinary that this necessity and the manner of the miracle should not have been communicated to us as fully and clearly as the conception of Christ. He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. The supporters of her immaculate conception feel unable to give her the same conception, as it would have made her God and woman. The way, therefore, in which the Church of Rome considers the thing, is by declaring conception to be twofold—*active*, in which the parents by natural means form the body, and *passive*, when the soul is united to that body. Under this doctrine the immaculate conception of the Virgin is held to have commenced when her immaculate soul was passively united to her body previously conceived actively in the natural way. Her conception, consequently, according to this invention, was only partially immaculate, and Christ was conceived in

[1] Monsignor Capel adds: 'By a strange contradiction the Communion Service in use among the Anglicans, who are so loud in their accusations of a mutilated sacrament, orders, in direct opposition to Christ's command, a new consecration under one kind only, in case either element should become short.' This is a misleading statement. If either bread or wine become short, that which is alone required is consecrated under the words specially used for that element, and, so consecrated, is taken and received by the communicant together with the other element already consecrated in like manner at the same service.

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that part which, when conceived, was subject to original sin. As matters stand, the Church of Rome does not appear to give a satisfactory explanation of the doctrine.

In regard to Papal Infallibility, Monsignor Capel lays it down that 'the successors of St. Peter did not wait for the Vatican Council to declare them infallible, but have from the earliest times acted as men who believed themselves possessed of this great gift.' Why, then was it not made an article of faith, if properly so, before the end of the nineteenth century; and why, if it was so, did it then require it? Monsignor Capel admits that the doctrine is not declared in Scripture, but holds that it can be legitimately developed from the words of Christ to St. Peter. The question as to the Pope being his successor has an important bearing on this argument; but, without entering into that inquiry, how does the matter stand? Was St. Peter himself infallible? There is positive evidence to the contrary. St. Paul tells us (Gal. ii. 11), 'When Peter came to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed, for that, before certain persons came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision.' Here we find St. Peter acting in a manner which threw doubt on that most important doctrine that Christian Gentiles are as good men as Christian Jews, which had been moreover especially delivered to him. Was he infallible when he so acted? What can be more absurd than the idea of human infallibility?

These new articles of faith, Monsignor Capel admits, are not to be found declared as such in the Scriptures, and were not taught by the Apostles. St. Paul tells us that if any man or even an angel shall preach otherwise than what they did, he is accursed. Is there not therefore reason on this account for doubt in the Church of Rome?

We have now to consider the third point on which doubts may arise, in that the Church of Rome refuses to accept what the Universal Church has decreed, and that, so long as she continues to do so, she renders Christian unity impossible, instancing what she has done in regard to the 28th Canon of the Council of Chalcedon.

Monsignor Capel admits that the Council was legally convened by Pope Leo, and that his four legates presided over it, and that he accepted all its decrees except the 28th Canon, which concerned discipline and not faith. I am glad to find that Monsignor Capel considers that the Church of Rome does not hold Papal supremacy a dogmatic article of faith, but only a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, as, if so, there may be less difficulty in dealing with it hereafter under a less bigoted Romanist than Pope Leo. But can any one reasonably contend that a question of church discipline was not a proper subject for a Council of the Universal Church in the fifth century to determine? Monsignor Capel tells us that 'the

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Church is the sole guardian, the unerring teacher, the indefectible witness of the faith, and the ultimate judge in all controversies concerning it, and that its voice is divine and therefore infallible.' The Church can only speak through its Councils. What right, then, had Pope Leo to refuse to accept a canon which the Council insisted on, though opposed in the strongest way by his authority and that of his presiding legates? What right had he to consider that its voice was divine and infallible in all things except what concerned the proper extent of his own supremacy, or that, if its voice was divine, he was not bound to attend to it?

And now let us examine the Canon and see whether the statement is not correct that the Church in the fifth century knew of no other right to the supremacy the Church of Rome claims than that given to her by the Fathers as the seat of imperial government. The words of the Canon are:—

> The fathers gave privileges to the ancient throne of Rome because *that city* had rule by right. Moved by the same consideration, we 150 most God-loving bishops have given the same privileges to the most sacred throne of New Rome (Constantinople), rightly ordering that a *city* which is honoured by imperial government and senate should enjoy the same privileges in ecclesiastical matters with the most ancient Queen Rome, and to be extolled and made great in the same manner, being the second in existence after her (*secundam post illam existentem*).

Do these words give any other reason for the exclusive supremacy in ecclesiastical matters till then enjoyed by Rome, than that that city had been the seat of temporal government to the same extent? Do they give any other reason for giving the same privileges to Constantinople, except that in like manner she had become an independent seat of temporal government over a portion of the Empire? Who so well, if not alone, qualified to determine what was expedient under such circumstances as a Council of the Universal Church? Pope Leo's objection to the Canon was in truth a personal one; he disliked giving up part of the supremacy he was enjoying, although the Church considered it had become necessary on account of the Empire having been divided in regard to temporal government, and he was not an impartial judge of what had become best for the Church on account of the change which had taken place.

There is much importance in the proper interpretation of the words in this Canon: 'secundam post illam existentem.' Monsignor Capel interprets them as declaring Constantinople 'second in rank to Rome.' The proper interpretation appears to be that New Rome should enjoy equal privileges in ecclesiastical matters as the most ancient Queen Rome, 'being the second imperial city in existence after her' in the Christian world, thereby declaring that, if other cases of independent imperial authority should arise elsewhere, a third or fourth or more of such governments ought to have the same independent ecclesiastical privileges granted to them. Who can deny that

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if the Church held it to be right to give ecclesiastical supremacy to the see of Constantinople over the portion of the Roman Empire under her civil government, the same principle must justly apply to other countries similarly independent?

What has been the result of the refusal of Rome to accept that decision? From that time no General Council of the Universal Church has been held, nor can one be held so long as Rome claims and insists on its universal supremacy and the right of the Pope to accept or refuse any canon agreed to by such Council. Consequently those Councils on which Rome relies for her special doctrines have not been Councils of the whole Church, but only of the Church of Rome, and have not therefore proper Catholic authority. Monsignor Capel cannot show that the Council of Trent or the last at the Vatican were Councils of the whole Christian Church.

Is there not then reason for doubt in the Church of Rome on this account?

REDESDALE.

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RECENT SCIENCE.

(PROFESSOR HUXLEY *has kindly read, and aided the Compilers and the Editor with his advice upon, the following article.*)

THE year 1774 will always stand out as a memorable year in the annals of chemical science. It was then that Priestley made his capital discovery of oxygen. It was then, too, that a poor Pomeranian apothecary, who had settled in Sweden, obtained for the first time a curious yellowish vapour, which was destined to acquire an importance almost equal to that of oxygen itself. This yellowish vapour—the *Chlorine* of modern chemists—was regarded, for many years, as a chemical compound; but from the time when Sir Humphry Davy brought forward the evidence upon which he based his opinion that it must be viewed as an undecomposable form of matter, chlorine has held its place, with but little dispute in this country, in our list of elementary gases.

It is therefore with much surprise that chemists have lately heard of certain experiments, conducted in the Zurich Polytechnikum, which tend to shake their faith in the views which have been accepted for well-nigh seventy years. We are asked, in fact, to believe that chlorine may, after all, turn out to be a compound body—possibly an oxygen-compound. Viewed in connection with other recent researches and speculations on the constitution of the so-called elements,[1] these experiments, and the deductions therefrom, are just now of peculiar interest; and, unless the Swiss chemists are curiously in error, their investigations will rank among the most important which have been undertaken during the past year.

To understand the strange reversion to old views which seems likely to follow from these recent researches, it is necessary to look back upon the history of chlorine. The discoverer of this gas was Carl Wilhelm Scheele, a native of Stralsund in Pomerania, who in 1773 removed to Upsala in Sweden. His taste for research had attracted the attention of the great chemist Bergmann; but the discoveries of the young apothecary soon overshadowed those of his patron, and gave rise to the remark that 'the greatest of Bergmann's discoveries was the discovery of Scheele.'[2]

[1] See 'The Chemical Elements,' by J. Norman Lockyer. *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1879, p. 285.

[2] *The Chemical Essays of Charles William Scheele.* London, 1786. Preface by Dr. Beddoes, of Edinburgh, p. vi.

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It was during the examination of some ores of manganese that Scheele first procured chlorine. Although some of these ores had been known for ages, very crude notions prevailed as to their composition until Scheele entered upon their study. The most common ore of manganese is known to mineralogists as *Pyrolusite*, a name which it has received in consequence of its use by the glassmaker in cleansing, or decolorising, molten glass which may happen to have become tinted by the presence of iron. The same application of this 'fire-washing' mineral earned for it its old name of 'glass-soap;' and it is still known in French glass-houses as *savon de verriers*. Formerly it was called *Magnesia vitrariorum* or *Magnesia nigra*. But Scheele, in his elaborate investigation of the mineral, showed that it was distinct from the various substances with which it had previously been confounded, and that it represented, in short, a peculiar earth.[3]

In the course of his inquiry into the nature of this substance, Scheele subjected the manganese-ore to the action of various acids, including the *spiritus salis*. It was this experiment that led to the discovery of chlorine. When the manganese was digested in spirit of salt—or *marine acid*, as it was also called in those days—Scheele observed an effervescence, due to the escape of a yellowish vapour which possessed a very pungent odour resembling that of warm *aqua regia*. This curious kind of 'air' he collected in a bladder which was tied to the neck of the vessel in which the manganese and acid were exposed to heat. He was thus enabled to examine the vapour, and especially to observe its powerful bleaching action upon vegetable colours—a property which has since given to chlorine so much of its industrial importance.

The reaction which occurs during the preparation of the chlorine was interpreted by Scheele according to the lights of his day. At that time the famous phlogistic theory was flourishing, and Scheele explained the reaction by assuming that the manganese attracted phlogiston from the acid, while the residue was the suffocating yellow gas. This gas being therefore nothing but the marine acid deprived of its phlogiston, what more logical than to call it *dephlogisticated marine acid*? And such, in fact, was the name under which chlorine was originally introduced to the chemical world.

A careful inquiry into the nature of this gas led the French chemist, M. Berthollet, to take a different view of its constitution.[4] Turning his back upon the phlogistic doctrine, he regarded the chlorine as a combination of the marine or muriatic acid with oxygen. Hence, when Lavoisier and his friends revised the chemical nomenclature of their day, they suggested the term '*gaz acide muriatique*

[3] 'Om Brun-sten eller Magnesia, och dess Egenskaper.' *Kongl. Vetenskaps Academiens Handlingar*, 1774, pp. 89–116.

[4] 'Mémoire sur l'acide marin déphlogistiqué,' par M. Berthollet. *Mémoires de l'Acad. Roy. des Sciences*, année 1785, p. 276.

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oxygéné au lieu de *gaz acide marin déphlogistiqué*.'[5] Even this new name soon took another shape when introduced into England, for Mr. Kirwan conveniently reduced the expression *oxygenated muriatic acid* to *oxymuriatic acid*. It was under this name that chlorine continued to be distinguished up to the time of Davy's classical researches.

Before referring to Davy's views on the elementary nature of chlorine, it should be mentioned that the two eminent French chemists, Gay-Lussac and Thénard, had suggested, prior to the publication of Davy's paper, the possibility of chlorine being a simple form of matter. Referring to the fact that this gas is not decomposed by carbon, they remark that 'on pourroit d'après ce fait et ceux qui sont rapportés dans ce mémoire, supposer que ce gaz est un corps simple.'[6] Nevertheless they rejected such a supposition, and clung to the old belief in its compound nature, under the impression that it offered a more plausible explanation of the phenomena under discussion.

On November 15, 1810, Sir Humphry Davy read before the Royal Society the famous Bakerian lecture, in which he described the series of researches that led him to regard the yellowish vapour of Scheele as an elementary substance.[7] In this discourse he shows that 'the body improperly called, in the modern nomenclature of chemistry, *oxymuriatic acid gas*, has not as yet been decompounded; but that it is a peculiar substance, elementary as far as our knowledge extends, and analogous in many of its properties to oxygene gas.' It is worth noting, however, that he carefully avoids giving a direct denial to the statements of those who still held that the chlorine might be an oxygenated compound; for in taking exception to some experiments by Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, he cautiously remarks, 'There may be oxygene in oxymuriatic gas, but I can find none.'

After Davy had given to the world his views on the chemical simplicity of chlorine, it took some time for them to gain general acceptance. Berzelius, for example, steadily resisted them for many years; and in France they were strongly opposed by Berthollet, though such men as Gay-Lussac and Thénard had become converts. In time, however, even Berthollet was converted; and, writing in 1816, he publicly expressed his concurrence in the generally accepted view. After referring to the fact that Gay-Lussac, Ampère, and Dulong had, for some years, taught in their lectures that chlorine

[5] 'Méthode de Nomenclature chimique proposée par MM. de Morveau, Lavoisier, Berthollet et de Fourcroy.' *Observations sur la Physique*, juillet 1787, t. xxxi. p. 210.

[6] 'De la nature et des propriétés de l'acide muriatique et de l'acide muriatique oxygéné.' *Mémoires de Phys. et d. Ch. de la Soc. d'Arcueil*, 1809, t. ii. p. 357.

[7] 'On some of the Combinations of Oxymuriatic Gas and Oxygene, and on the Chemical Relations of these Principles to Inflammable Bodies.' *Philosophical Transactions*, 1811, p. 1..

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was an element, he makes a remark which is worth quoting, since it exposes the jealousy between the French and English chemists of that day. 'Ils [Gay-Lussac and the others] ont bien droit à prétendre qu'ils ont les premiers regardé le chlore comme un être simple, quoique M. Davy ait le premier établi publiquement cette opinion, et sans connaître ce qui avait précédé.'[8]

When Davy had convinced himself of the elementary nature of the so-called oxymuriatic acid, he naturally looked about for a more appropriate name. In his Bakerian lecture he tells us that, 'after consulting some of the most eminent chemical philosophers in this country, it has been judged most proper to suggest a name founded on one of its obvious and characteristic properties—its [greenish-yellow] colour—and to call it *chlorine* or *chloric gas*.'

The shock which has lately disturbed our faith in the soundness of Davy's views as to the elementary nature of chlorine has come from the researches of Professor Victor Meyer and Herr Carl Meyer, of Zurich, and is a direct consequence of their determination of the density of chlorine at high temperatures.

It is frequently required in chemical researches to ascertain the specific gravity of a substance when in the state of vapour, or, in other words, to determine its 'vapour-density.' Organic chemists especially have recourse to this operation in order to throw light upon the constitution of the various compounds which they prepare, and are therefore grateful for any means of simplifying the process. Some time ago Victor Meyer devised an ingenious method which is at once simple in principle and rapid in execution. It is by means of this new method that the density of chlorine at high temperatures was examined.

In Meyer's method, the specific gravity of the vapour is determined in a cylindrical glass vessel, to which is affixed an upright glass tube closed at the top with a caoutchouc stopper, and furnished at one side with a narrow delivery tube for the escape of air. The vessel may be raised to the required temperature by heating it in a bath of vapour or of liquid, having a proper boiling-point. If a very high temperature be required, as in the chlorine experiments, a gas furnace is used as a source of heat, and the bulb is constructed of porcelain. When the vapour-density of a solid or of a liquid is to be taken, the specific-gravity vessel is heated to the temperature necessary to volatilise the substance under examination. A weighed quantity of the substance is then cautiously introduced into the vessel, and the orifice at the top is immediately closed. The heat converts the body into vapour, and this vapour chases the air out of the vessel through the lateral delivery tube. The amount of extruded air is determined by collecting it in a graduated vessel standing over water,

[8] 'Note sur la composition de l'acide oximuriatique.' *Mémoires de la Soc. d'Arcueil*, t. iii. p. 603. Memoir read April 10, 1816.

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beneath which the end of the delivery-tube dips. Having thus measured its volume, and knowing also the temperature and pressure, together with the weight of the substance employed, it is easy to calculate the density of the vapour. Should the presence of air be objectionable, the apparatus may be filled with nitrogen.

With this simple apparatus Professor Meyer determined the vapour-density not only of numerous organic and inorganic compounds, but also of several of the elements, at various temperatures up to about 1567° centigrade. Even at this temperature he found that the vapour-densities which he obtained conformed fairly with those deduced from theory. All went on well, in short, until he turned his attention to chlorine, when a glaring anomaly soon presented itself.

At about 620° the density of chlorine, referred to air as unity, agreed with its calculated density of 2·45. But on raising the temperature the specific gravity unexpectedly diminished. At 808° it was between 2·21 and 2·19. At 1028° it sank to between 1·85 and 1·89. On elevating the temperature to 1242° the density was reduced to 1·65 or 1·66, but at still higher temperatures it was found to remain tolerably constant. Thus at 1392° it was still 1·66 or 1·67, and even at the maximum temperature of 1567° it remained about 1·60 or 1·62.[9]

Now the diminution of density may be explained in one or other of two ways: it may be either physical or chemical. From the figures which have just been cited, it will be seen that, at high temperatures, the density of chlorine is only two-thirds of its density at the normal temperature. It is clear, therefore, that every two volumes of the gas must have expanded to three volumes. Such an expansion is precisely the same as that which occurs when ozone is transformed into ordinary oxygen. It has generally been admitted, since the researches of Sir B. Brodie, that ozone is condensed oxygen. While oxygen is but sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, bulk for bulk, ozone is twenty-four times heavier. There is reason to believe, indeed, that the molecule of oxygen contains two atoms, while the molecule of ozone contains three atoms. In the language of modern chemistry a *molecule* is a group of *atoms*, representing the smallest quantity of a substance capable of existing in a free state. Since the molecule of ozone occupies only the same space as the molecule of oxygen, it is obvious that whatever volume be occupied by two molecules of ozone must become a volume and a half when the two ozone molecules are converted into three molecules of oxygen. As an expansion to exactly the same extent is shown by Meyer to occur when chlorine is strongly heated, it might seem reasonable to assume that in this case the increment of bulk is due to a similar physical change.

[9] 'Ueber das Verhalten des Chlors bei hoher Temperatur.' *Berichte der deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft*, 1879, No. 12, p. 1426.

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There are, however, theoretical considerations which forbid so simple an explanation of the phenomenon in question. The chemist is therefore driven to believe that the increased bulk is due to a multiplication of molecules consequent upon the *dissociation* of the chlorine—that, in fact, the two molecules of chlorine are resolved at a high temperature into three molecules of some simpler forms of matter. If the chlorine can thus be decomposed by heat, is it possible to determine what are its components?

In the original paper by Victor and Carl Meyer, previously cited, no mention is made of any attempt to answer such a question; but some interesting suggestions, helping us towards an answer, may be gleaned from a discourse delivered by Professor Meyer before the Chemical Society of Zurich, and reported by Mr. Watson Smith,[10] as also from other information supplied by Mr. F. Barkas, of the Zurich Polytechnic.[11] On passing the expanded gas into a liquid which absorbs chlorine, such as mercury or a solution of iodide of potassium, it was found that a small proportion of gas always remained unabsorbed. This residual fluid proved to be *oxygen!* Assuming that no source of error has crept in, the obvious inference is that chlorine is an oxygenated compound, and that a portion of the oxygen may be set free at a sufficiently high temperature.

It should be noted that extraordinary care appears to have been taken by the Zurich chemists to guard against the introduction of error in these experiments. The chlorine was prepared, free from all contamination, by the action of heat on pure platinous chloride. Nor was any pains spared in thoroughly drying the gas. It was conceivable that at a very exalted temperature the chlorine might act upon the unglazed porcelain vessel in which the density was determined, and might thereby evolve oxygen. Experiment has shown, however, that the vessel is not attacked under the conditions which obtained in these researches. Again, it has been suggested that the finely divided platinum left on the decomposition of the chloride might be volatilised; but this objection has been satisfactorily disposed of by direct appeal to experiment. In short, it is difficult to detect the smallest loophole through which error could possibly gain entrance in the course of this investigation.

It has been pointed out by Dr. Armstrong that the alleged discovery of Meyer is quite in accordance with the results of Mr. Lockyer's spectroscopic study of chlorine; for this physicist found that under certain conditions 'the red line of oxygen is one of the most prominent lines in the spectrum of chlorine.'[12]

[10] 'Behaviour of Chlorine at a High Temperature, or Results of Viktor Meyer's recent Researches.' *Chemical News*, vol. xl. No. 1027, p. 49. Meyer himself has borne witness to the accuracy of this report.

[11] *Ibid.* No. 1044, p. 263.

[12] 'The Dissociation of Chlorine.' *Nature*, vol. xx. No. 511, p. 357.

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Assuming that chlorine is an oxidised body, it has been proposed to call the hypothetical element, of which it is an oxide, *Murium*. There is no need, however, to alter the name of chlorine itself, since this name merely denotes the colour of the gas without connoting anything about its constitution. Indeed, Davy, foreseeing the possibility of future contradiction to his own views on the elementary nature of chlorine, selected a name which in that event should still be unobjectionable. 'Should it hereafter be discovered to be a compound, and even to contain oxygen, this name,' said Davy, 'can imply no error, and cannot necessarily require a change.'[13]

If the researches of Meyer should be corroborated by those of other investigators, attention will of course be directed to the behaviour of the chemical congeners of chlorine. Chlorine is but one member of a very natural family, known as the *Halogens*, comprising bromine, iodine, and fluorine. When one halogen has been dissociated at a high temperature, it is almost fair to expect that the others may be dissociated under similar conditions. Professor Meyer has, in fact, found that iodine behaves similarly to chlorine, and has thus lent some support to the conjecture that the whole family of halogens may some day be blotted out of our list of chemical elements.

While Professor Meyer has been engaged in experimenting on the dissociation of chlorine, Professor Raoul Pictet, of Geneva, has been independently speculating on the possibility of decomposing some of the other non-metals by means of heat.[14] It will be remembered that it was this physicist who first accomplished the feat of liquefying oxygen. M. Pictet appears to have been led to his present views on dissociation by considering the striking fact that while the solar spectrum has so much to say as to the presence of a number of metals in the sun, it is almost mute when questioned as to the non-metals. If the non-metals exist in the sun, most of them are probably dissociated by the high temperature to which they are exposed, and M. Pictet has therefore exercised his ingenuity in devising means for producing a higher temperature than any heat which we can command in our laboratories.

When heat-waves pass from one body to another, separated by a considerable distance, the period of vibration, or wave-frequency, will remain unchanged during the transmission. On encountering the second body, the waves tend to throw its molecules into oscillation in unison with the original vibrations. If the receiving body be free from external influences which would modify its temperature, it will gradually acquire exactly the same temperature as that of the body

[13] Bakerian Lecture, 1810. *Phil. Trans.* 1811, p. 32.

[14] 'Considérations sur la possibilité expérimentale de la Dissociation de quelques Métalloïdes.' *Archives des Sciences physiques et naturelles* (Geneva), No. 10, 1879, p. 377.

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from which the vibrations originally proceeded. The two centres of radiation will then be in a condition of thermic equilibrium. As these phenomena are independent of the distance between the emitting and the receiving body, they may be supposed to obtain between the sun and the earth. The solar rays, therefore, preserve their period of vibration until they reach the earth, where they tend to produce a temperature equal to that of the sun itself. Hence Professor Pictet proposes to concentrate the solar rays, by means of an enormous mirror, upon the substance which he desires to decompose; and at the same time he prevents, as far as possible, all loss of heat by radiation or by conduction.

On the hypothesis that most of the non-metals exist in the sun in a state of dissociation, the terrestrial non-metals ought also to suffer decomposition if they can be brought, by means of solar radiation, into thermal equilibrium with the sun's surface. To obtain this equilibrium, Professor Pictet proposès to construct a silvered-copper parabolic mirror of gigantic size. He calculates that the diameter of this mirror should not be less than ten mètres. It is needless to follow him into the details of its mechanical construction, which are discussed at some length in the memoir cited above.

The rays reflected from such a mirror would not converge to a true focal point, but would be spread over a circular surface about eight or ten centimètres in diameter. Knowing the amount of solar radiation received by the earth in a given time, he estimates that about one thousand calories (French thermal units) per minute would be thrown by the mirror upon this focal space. This heat would be distributed in three ways. In spite of all precautions, the greater part would inevitably be lost by radiation. Another part would be carried off by conduction, since the chamber which would be placed in the focus—the *chambre solaire*—must needs be supported, and the supports would steal away some of the heat. Finally, there would remain a fraction of the original heat available for the decomposition of bodies placed in the solar chamber.

This chamber, which would resemble a great sphere about one mètre in diameter, should be constructed of the most refractory materials at our disposal, such as lime and zirconia. The substances to be operated upon would be introduced into the chamber through a tube of zirconia, which must descend to such a depth as to deliver the substance, in a state of vapour, at the point where the heat attains to its greatest intensity. When the vapour passes through the zone of maximum heat, the eventful moment arrives, and it is expected that the body would then suffer dissociation. If dissociation did occur, and if the two component vapours which would probably result from the decomposition differed from each other in density, a fraction of one of the vapours would certainly be separated from the other by means of diffusion. To prevent this

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liberated element from re-combination, it would be caused to pass through a large metal tube containing wire-gauze, and surrounded by a refrigerating apparatus, whereby its temperature could be reduced to −56° centigrade. In this tube the eliminated element might possibly condense, or even crystallise. Professor Pictet has such faith in the soundness of these views that, if the expense of constructing such apparatus were within his means, he would immediately put his speculations to the test of experiment.

It is well known that the *actinism* or chemical action of the solar spectrum—as determined, for instance, by its effect upon a sensitive photographic surface—is far from being equally distributed throughout the luminous image. Nor is the maximum of chemical action coincident with the maximum of luminosity; in other words, the seat of the greatest photographic potency is not in the brightest part of the spectrum. Moreover, the chemical activity, instead of ceasing at the limit of the visible spectrum, stretches, to a greater or less extent, beyond the violet end; and Captain Abney has shown that it may also be detected beyond the red end. The ultra-violet portion of a spectrum, consisting of rays of higher refrangibility than those which excite vision, varies considerably in magnitude according to the source of light which is subjected to analysis. The electric light is so rich in these extra-visual rays that, if its spectrum fall upon a surface prepared with chloride of silver, the image may be prolonged to four or five times the length of the visible spectrum.

It is found that these chemical rays can pass freely through certain media, but are powerfully arrested by others. Those substances which are chemically transparent are said to be *diactinic*, while those which are chemically opaque are, of course, *adiactinic*. Because a body allows a free passage to the luminous rays, it by no means follows that it will also offer a free passage to the chemically active rays: a body may be optically transparent, yet chemically opaque. Thus, colourless glass exerts great absorptive action upon the chemical rays; and hence the practice of using prisms and lenses of rock-crystal, instead of glass, when experimenting upon the diactinic properties of various substances.

Our knowledge of actinic absorption was originally due to the researches of the late Professor W. A. Miller; and his investigations have lately been taken up and extended by Professor Hartley, now of Dublin, and Professor Huntington, of King's College, London.[15] The object of these investigators was primarily to determine whether any, and, if any, what, relation exists between the molecular constitution of an organic substance and its actinic absorption. They therefore ex-

[15] 'Researches on the Action of Organic Substances on the Ultra-violet Rays of the Spectrum.' *Philosophical Transactions*, 1879, p. 257 part iii. in *Proc. Roy. Soc.*, No. 198, p. 290.

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amined *homologous* series of alcohols and acids—that is to say, series in which the successive members differ from each other by an amount of carbon and hydrogen indicated by CH_2. In such a series we generally expect to find a regular gradation of physical properties in the consecutive terms; nor is this law broken by their diactinic properties. In fact, for every increment of CH_2 in the molecules of such alcohols and acids as were examined, there was found to be an increased absorption of the more refrangible rays.

Great care was taken in these delicate researches to insure purity in the substances under examination. Methylic alcohol, when absolutely pure, proved to be almost as chemically transparent as water. Messrs. Hartley and Huntington have found that the photographic absorption-spectra are in many cases so characteristic as to be capable of employment in the identification of organic substances, and are useful as a most delicate test of their purity. The examination of various essential oils has thrown much light upon the constitution of these bodies. The spectrum was photographed, not only when the liquid under examination was in a state of purity, but also when diluted with various known proportions of alcohol. This process of dilution enabled the experimentalists to detect the presence of the aromatic series in the essential oils, and even in certain cases to estimate the amount of the substances which are thus present.

It appears, from a remarkable accident which occurred a few months ago in a French coal-pit, that a new source of danger must be added to the long catalogue of perils which beset the miner in the prosecution of his underground work. The attention of the French Academy of Sciences has been called to the peculiarities of this accident by M. Delesse, whose explanation of the origin of the catastrophe is of much scientific interest. The accident occurred at the Rochebelle Colliery in the Département du Gard—a mine which had always been so free from fire-damp that the miners were in the habit of working with naked lights.

On the 28th of last July some miners in one of the galleries of this colliery heard a short, sharp explosion, which was followed in less than a minute by a second detonation more violent than the first. The lamps were immediately extinguished, and the miners experienced such giddiness as to render their escape difficult. Nevertheless they managed to reach the cage, and were brought in safety to the surface. In one of the other galleries, however, three men were killed by suffocation.

On attempting to enter the mine after the accident, it was found that the workings were filled with carbonic acid gas, and ingenious devices of various kinds were adopted in order to effect its removal. When at length it was possible to gain access to the galleries, it was seen that vast quantities of coal had been broken down by the

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explosion, and projected to a considerable distance from the working-face.

Although it was at first naturally thought that the accident was due to an ordinary explosion of fire-damp, a slight examination was sufficient to convince the engineers that this was not the case. The bodies of the men who were killed by the explosion showed no trace of the effects of fire; some gunpowder and cartridges in the neighbourhood had not been exploded; and, in short, everything went to show that the detonation was not accompanied by flame.

After a careful study of all the circumstances connected with this disaster, the engineers have come to the conclusion that it arose from the sudden disengagement of large volumes of carbonic acid gas, which, issuing from the coal with explosive violence, swept down not less than seventy-six tons of coal, and filled the workings with a deadly atmosphere. It had long been known that carbonic acid was slowly evolved from the coal in this mine, and great care was consequently taken to secure efficient ventilation. But never before had the gas been known to exist in the mineral in so condensed a state as to rend the face of the coal, and to stream forth with explosive force.

What could possibly be the source of so large a quantity of this gas? Carbonic acid, like carburetted hydrogen or fire-damp, is formed during the conversion of vegetable matter into coal; but it is hardly to be supposed that so great a volume would remain pent up in the pores of the coal as must have been set free by this explosion. Another source of carbonic acid is found in the exhalations of volcanoes. In old volcanic districts the gas frequently issues from crevices in the rocks; in the neighbourhood of Vichy and Hauterive, for example, the gas is disengaged in such large quantity, and the supply is so constant, that it has actually been utilised in the manufacture of white-lead. Again, at the lead-mine of Pontgibaud, in the old volcanic district of Auvergne, and in the coal-mine of Brassac, this gas is constantly being evolved. But in the neighbourhood of Rochebelle there are no lingering vestiges of volcanic activity, and we are consequently forced to seek another source of the carbonic acid which made its unexpected appearance in this colliery.

A careful study of the geology of the district has finally led to the conclusion that the gas in the Rochebelle mine must have been disengaged by the action of acid waters upon calcareous rocks. In the neighbourhood of the mine there is a large deposit of iron pyrites. This pyrites, by slow oxidation through atmospheric influences, is constantly producing sulphuric acid, which, dissolving in the subterranean waters, is carried down to the underlying rocks. In its underground course it meets with the subjacent Triassic limestones, and chemical action is at once set up. The carbonic acid which is thus slowly evolved by the action of the acid on the calcareous rock is greedily absorbed by the coal, which is not only porous, but is broken up and

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fissured in all directions. In the cracks and crevices of the coal the gas gradually accumulates, and its pressure increases, until it eventually attains sufficient tension to burst forth with disruptive violence, producing such devastation as that which accompanied the Rochebelle explosion.[16]

In connection with this colliery accident, attention may be called to the explosion of a diamond, which may perhaps be referred to a similar cause—namely, to the sudden outburst of a volatile fluid which was enclosed in the mineral in a state of great tension.

Professor Leidy has exhibited, before the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, a sleeve button bearing a rose diamond which had exploded under the influence of sunshine.[17] It appears that the person who wore this button was one day startled by hearing a distinct report due to the sudden rupture of the stone. The diamond was rent along a cleavage plane, and the fracture disclosed a dark particle of carbonaceous matter. It is believed that the explosion resulted from the rapid expansion of a volatile liquid enclosed in a cavity. Many crystals contain cavities which enclose volatile liquids, such as condensed carbonic acid. Sir David Brewster found that some diamonds contain so many microscopic cavities that they impart a dark colour to the mineral. It is probable that the liquids and gases which are pent up under great tension in such cavities would exert considerable pressure outwards; and indeed the behaviour of certain diamonds under polarised light seems to show that parts of the stone are in a state of great strain. It is easily conceivable, then, that the tension of the enclosed fluid might go on increasing until the diamond, no longer able to resist the strain, would give way with explosive violence.

In a recently published memoir on the *Foraminifera* of the 'Challenger,' Mr. H. B. Brady[18] devotes some pages to a summing up of the question, so much discussed of late years, as to whether these organisms live both on the sea bottom and at the surface.

Up to a comparatively recent period it was thought that the *Foraminifera*, under ordinary circumstances at any rate, lived on the sea-bottom; in several isolated instances, however, specimens were taken at the surface, and the extensive series of gatherings made by Major Owen showed, beyond the possibility of doubt, that several species of *Globigerina*, *Orbulina*, and *Pulvinulina* are pelagic; that they live and multiply at the surface, and that, when dead, their skeletons

[16] 'Explosion d'acide carbonique dans une mine de houille.' Note de M. Delesse, *Comptes Rendus*, t. lxxxix. No. 20, Nov. 17, 1879, p. 814.

[17] 'Explosion of a Diamond.' *Philosophical Magazine*, Supplementary number, Dec. 1879, p. 572.

[18] 'Notes on some of the Reticularian Rhizopoda of the "Challenger" Expedition.' *Quart. Journ. of Micros. Sci.*, July, 1879.

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fall to the bottom, and form the well-known globigerina-ooze, of which a large part of the sea-bottom is composed.

It then became a question whether the calcareous *Foraminifera* were exclusively pelagic, or whether some forms might not have their regular habitat on the sea-bottom, even at great depths, the latter opinion being supported by several observers who found the sarcode or protoplasm still contained in the shells of dredged specimens.

The facts brought forward by Mr. Brady seem to show very clearly that this is actually the case. A tolerably weighty piece of negative evidence is afforded by the fact that, after all the extensive series of observations which have been made on the surface fauna, only a very few out of the numerous species of *Foraminifera* have been taken in the tow-net; all the others have been obtained exclusively by dredging, that is, from considerable depths.[19]

Many forms of *Foraminifera* do not secrete a shell of carbonate of lime, but build up for themselves one of sand grains. It is evident that these arenaceous forms must live at the bottom to obtain the materials for their skeleton, and there is, therefore, no improbability that porcellanous and hyaline species may be able to exist under like conditions.

An important argument is also to be deduced by the comparison of surface and bottom specimens, rendered possible by the large series of gatherings made in the 'Challenger.' It is found that the largest pelagic *Globigerinæ* are markedly smaller than average-sized specimens from the sea-bottom, and that the shells of the former are very much thinner than those of the latter—often less than half, and rarely more than two-thirds, as thick. In *Orbulina* the difference in the size of the shells is less marked, but, as in *Globigerina*, the species from the bottom have shells of much greater thickness, and often exhibiting a laminated structure, never found in pelagic forms.

Another fact of some importance is that shells of *Globigerina* are found in the stomachs of some of the deep-sea brittle-stars; but the most convincing proof of all is that, by dissolving the shells of dredged specimens with acid, the protoplasmic bodies have been obtained in a thoroughly good state of preservation. This Mr. Brady has been able to do with material obtained by the very useful method adopted in the 'Challenger' of attaching a tow-net, such as is used for surface-collecting, to a trawl. It is quite true that the specimens thus obtained have never been seen to extrude their pseudopodia or show any other signs of life; but, as Mr. Brady points out, this can hardly be expected in animals subjected to such an entire change of

[19] Mr. Brady gives a list of the species now known to be pelagic. They are—*Globigerina*, 6 species; *Orbulina*, 1 sp.; *Hastingerina*, 1 sp.; *Pullenia*, 1 sp.; *Sphæroidina*, 1 sp.; *Candeina*, 1 sp.; *Pulvinulina*, 4 sp.; *Cymbalopora*, 1 sp.; and *Chilostomella*, 1 sp.

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surroundings as are these *Foraminifera* when brought to the surface from a depth of many hundred or even thousand fathoms.

Altogether the balance of evidence seems to show, as Mr. Brady says, 'that organisms so simply constituted as this group of *Protozoa* may be equally at home at the surface and at the bottom of the ocean;' so that among the *Foraminifera*, as in many other groups of the animal kingdom, closely allied forms are found living, on the one hand, on the surface, exposed to light, to varying temperatures, and to slight pressure, and, on the other hand, at great depths, where light is absent, the temperature uniform, and the pressure immense.

One of the most striking results of modern anatomical and embryological research has been to show that the higher groups of animals, the echinoderms, molluscs, arthropods, and vertebrates, are all derivable from some modification of the worm type. Amongst other facts having an important bearing upon this question, we may mention the discovery of segmental organs in vertebrates, the resemblance of the larvæ of echinoderms and of many molluscs, notably brachiopods, to worm larvæ, and the close similarity between worms and vertebrates in the mode of development of the nervous system and of the mesoblast.

One of the most remarkable of these worm affinities was brought out by the investigations of Mr. Mosely on *Peripatus*, a caterpillar-like creature formerly placed among the worms. Mr. Mosely showed that *Peripatus* possessed tracheæ, structures hitherto known only in the air-breathing *Arthropoda*; and the genus is now, in consequence of this discovery, placed in that sub-kingdom as the single example of the *Protracheata*, the nearest living representative of the worm stock from which myriapods, arachnids, and insects may be supposed to have sprung.

As bearing on the affinities of *Peripatus*, on the one hand with worms, and on the other with arthropods, some recent discoveries of Mr. Balfour[20] are of the greatest importance. In all the *Tracheata*, the excretory organs consist of numerous blind tubes—the Malpighian tubules—opening into the hinder part of the intestine; while, in worms, the excretory function is performed by the 'segmental organs,' coiled tubes, one pair to each somite, at one end opening on the external surface of the body, and at the other either opening into the body cavity or terminating blindly.

The differences between worms and *Tracheata* in the matter of excretory organs being so great, it is interesting to find that the least modified tracheate animal, *Peripatus*, has segmental organs in essential particulars quite like those of many worms, particularly the leeches. Each organ consists of a coiled glandular tube, connected

[20] 'On certain Points in the Anatomy of *Peripatus capensis*.' *Quart. Journ. of Micros. Sci.*, July 1879.

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at one end with a short tube of somewhat different character, and probably opening into the body cavity, and at the other end dilating into a vesicle which opens on the surface of the body at the base of the corresponding foot.

A point of less, but still of considerable, importance is the interpretation given by Mr. Balfour to the organ usually considered as a fat-body. He shows that it is in reality a gland, opening by a duct into the mouth, and comparable with the simple salivary gland of the millipede. As salivary glands are highly characteristic of *Tracheata*, while they are altogether absent in worms, the homology thus suggested indicates a new and unexpected affinity with *Arthropoda*.

An important inquiry on the pathology of starvation has been made by Surgeon D. D. Cunningham, of the Indian Medical Service, in relation to the recent famines in India, and the result of his researches is published in the current number of Professor Lankester's journal.[21]

With a view of directly observing the effect of diminished food supply upon protoplasm, Mr. Cunningham undertook an elaborate series of experiments upon easily observable plants and animals, selecting for his purposes two common moulds, *Choanephora* and *Pilobolus*, and the tadpoles of a toad (*Bufo melanostictus*), and of a frog (*Rana tigrina*), all of which were kept for a longer or shorter period in freshly distilled water, and the effect upon their tissues of the deprivation of food observed from time to time.

The fresh hyphæ of the fungi were filled with cloudy protoplasm, containing vacuoles and here and there highly refracting granules of an oily nature. Replacement of the nutritive solution by distilled water produced an entire change; the oil-globules gradually accumulated, the protoplasm at the same time undergoing disintegration, until, at the end of twelve hours, the hypha contained a mere network of protoplasmic threads crowded with bright fat-granules. These further accumulated, and, the network disappearing altogether, were set free in the cavity of the hypha, often uniting into large oil-globules.

These experiments showed, therefore, that starvation, in the two moulds investigated, was accompanied by fatty degeneration, followed by entire disintegration of the protoplasm.

In the tadpoles, the parts to which attention was more particularly directed were the tissues of the tail and of the alimentary canal, both of which are readily observable in the fresh and unaltered state.

Under normal conditions, a certain small proportion of the cells in the deep layer of the epiderm undergo a peculiar process of fatty change. They enlarge greatly, and become completely filled with oil-

[21] 'On certain Effects of Starvation on Vegetable and Animal Tissues.' *Quart. Journ. of Micros. Sci.*, January 1880.

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globules, which are eventually discharged, leaving a conspicuous cavity in the position formerly occupied by the cell. This process, a local and occasional one during health, goes on through the whole of the deep layer of epiderm in starvation, so that this layer is at last converted into a mere network of filaments with granular cells in its meshes, all traces of the normal cells having vanished. As in the plants, the protoplasm has undergone complete fatty degeneration.

A similar process was observed to take place in the amœboid cells of the connective tissue beneath the epiderm. They become so completely crammed with oil-globules, that, when treated with ether, hardly any protoplasm is left—only the merest shadow of what was once a cell.

The blood-corpuscles suffered a like fate. Oil-globules appeared in them, and increased in size and number until they became conspicuous even under low powers; the colouring matter of the corpuscles disappeared, and the corpuscles themselves, breaking up, discharged their contained oil-globules into the plasma.

The wall of the intestine of the tadpole consists of an outer layer of muscle, then one of adenoid tissue, consisting of a protoplasmic network with nuclei in its meshes, and finally of a single layer of columnar epithelial cells bounding the cavity.

During starvation, the same deposit of fat took place in the nuclei of the adenoid tissue, and in the epithelial cells, as has been described in the various tissues of the tail. The changes were most marked in the epithelium, the cells of which, after undergoing the usual fatty change, were completely destroyed, the particles set free by their disintegration being passed into the cavity of the intestine, the inner surface of which was, in this condition of things, formed by adenoid tissue. In the nuclei of the latter a great deposit of pigment, as well as of fat, took place; this was probably derived from the broken-up blood-corpuscles.

Along with these changes in the constituents of the intestine, a general atrophy of the whole tube was observed, its length being diminished by more than one half, and its diameter by more than a third.

These experiments show that, in animals as well as in plants, starvation is accompanied by fatty degeneration of the tissues, this degeneration, in the case of animals, reaching its maximum in the lining cells of the digestive canal, which are, if the supply of food is withheld for a sufficient time, completely swept away, leaving the canal devoid of epithelium, and consequently incapable of performing any longer its functions of secretion and absorption. It is evident that, when this stage is reached, the result must be fatal; as long as the epithelium is left, even in a degenerated condition, recovery is possible, but after it has once been destroyed no amount of food will serve to prolong life.

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In the concluding section of his paper, Mr. Cunningham draws a comparison between the results of these experiments and those of the numerous *post-mortem* examinations made by him on the patients who died in the relief camps established in Madras during the famine. It was a common case that people coming into the camp in an advanced state of starvation, but with no symptoms of actual disease, were attacked by diarrhœa and dysentery, which were almost sure to be fatal. The cases afforded, in fact, a striking example of what has long been recognised as one of the most important results of starvation, a complete incapacity for assimilation.

The *post-mortem* examinations showed that, just as in the case of the batrachian larvæ, the result of starvation was a fatty degeneration, followed by a complete destruction, of the tissues, particularly of those of the alimentary canal; so that, the epithelium being actually destroyed, food taken into the intestine could no longer be digested and absorbed, but acted merely as an irritant on the abraded surface. So long as the sufferers from extreme starvation took only their usual small amount of nutriment, no active symptoms were produced; but, as soon as they were admitted into the relief camps, and experienced the change to a more copious and generous diet, famine-diarrhœa and famine-dysentery set in and finished what starvation had begun. The most careful dietetic *régime* was found to be ineffectual in these advanced cases; as long as only slight changes in the tissues had taken place, a judicious supply of food might serve to counteract the effects of privation, but, as soon as extensive destruction of the mucous membrane had set in, no amount of care was of the slightest avail.

The importance of these results, checked as they were by careful observation of the uncomplicated cases of starvation afforded by the experiments already described, will be plain to every one. As Mr. Cunningham remarks at the end of his paper—

> The insidious character of the mischief has a most important bearing on the practical question of the management of famines. Due to it, relief camps may, to a great extent, be rendered useless by the people failing to have recourse to them until it is too late. They, too, are likely to be deluded by the idea that, when no active symptoms have appeared, no permanent damage has been done, and that they may safely delay until their distress has counterbalanced their natural inertness and dislike of disturbing their ordinary habits.

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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.[1]

THIS volume is the work of a lady, manifestly possessed of a great talent either for politics or, at any rate, for the effective handling of political controversy. It is the work of an advocate and a partisan. And this fact it is which gives it, for all sober-minded Englishmen, a marked value. For, where there is contention, or a disposition to contention, the most important of all preliminary guarantees is to get possession of the whole case of the other party; and this wholeness can rarely be represented in the official correspondence of a country, where the writers are of necessity hemmed in on this side and that by a thousand restraints. What may be the relations between O. K. and her own Government, we on this side need neither know nor care. She canvasses its proceedings freely, and her advocacy and partisanship appear to be enlisted not for her Government but for her country. She has this title to the particular respect of English Tories, that she glows with a fervent patriotism, which with them is, as we know, 'the very bond of peace and of all virtues;' and which, therefore, cannot be a sin in O. K., since virtue is virtue all the world over. The deity, which they worship on the Thames, they cannot renounce on the Neva.

The name of O. K. is well known; but the transparent veil, with which she has thought fit not to hide but to shade her features, is not to be removed by the rash hands of a reviewer. For a considerable time she has been wont, amidst our hottest controversies on the Eastern Question, to state boldly the case of her country in the columns of a provincial journal which is called the *Northern Echo*, is published at Darlington, and has fought the battle of the subject races in the Ottoman Empire for the last four years with the unhesitating courage of Britons, and the keen intelligence of Yorkshiremen. Some of our political Bashi-Bazouks have freely indulged their imaginations in describing the *rôle* assigned to her in England. She is, however, a woman of station who goes into society, cultivates the acquaintance of all and sundry, and wears, if not her heart, at least her nationality, upon her sleeve. She puts in claims to a warm sympathy with England. She teaches that there is no good reason why our four- or five-and-thirty millions, and Russia's eighty

[1] *Russia and England.* By O. K. (London, Longmans, 1880.)

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should hate, or fear, or worry one another. But she has at least a lover's quarrel with us, and in conducting it she exercises the privilege of plain-speaking. Were she reserved, diplomatic, and (to use a homely phrase) mealy-mouthed on this point, her work would be a pointless dart. But although plain-speaking, done by Englishmen, has not only been treated by many amongst us as a crime, but has so put them past their patience and self-command that they have systematically stopped their ears, it is possible that they may bear to hear Russian sentiments from a Russian mouth. If they can on any terms condescend so far, they will be able to do it on the terms which this book offers them. For while the authoress tells home-truths with pungency, and by no means keeps the button on the foil, she observes the laws of the game, and never breaks into bad manners. Under this condition, it is, in fact, the stringency and severity of her critical remarks which give the book its principal interest and value. It must be read by Englishmen, at a multitude of points, with needful and salutary pain.

Nor is the work, when viewed apart from its politiçal and moral aims, by any means without literary value. It is eminently readable; clear and fresh in style, full of point and ease. The English of O. K. is better than the English of a majority of native writers; and the rare and widely-separated instances, in which a foreign hand may be surmised, have this recommendation, that they testify to the spontaneity of the work, and suggest that it has not been trimmed out of any of its life and spirit by the mechanical operations of an Anglican schoolmaster. It presents another touching claim to the regard of every feeling man; it is dedicated to the memory of an heroic brother, Colonel Nicholai Kiréeff, who wooed and won a hero's death at the outset of the Servian war of 1876, and whose blood, through the electric effect produced upon the Russian mind, seems to have been the seed of Slavonian liberty, as the blood of martyrs is said to be the seed of the Church.

The first vital point, which O. K. has irrefragably established, is the series of concessions by which (and no wonder) the Russian Government struggled to avoid the alternative of war with Turkey. She endeavoured in every way to maintain the European concert, and to adapt herself to the views of England. At the outset, indeed, she had acted in the Triple Alliance; a method of which England and France had just reason to complain not against her only, but at least as much against Germany and Austria. As regards Turkey, however, the most jaundiced eye can hardly detect in the Andrassy Note, or the Berlin Memorandum, a craving for blood. At Constantinople she took, says O. K. (p. 360), the English plan rather than her own, and, for the sake of peace, did not refuse to reduce the irreducible minimum. When, at the close of the Conferences, the whole of the Powers of Europe allowed themselves to be spat upon (the thing requires the word) by the Turkish

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refusal, she meekly betook herself to the manipulation of the Protocol. This Protocol, in its eventual form, abandoned everything, except a declaration of the Powers that they would watch over the condition of the Turkish provinces, and that if something happened in them which was not defined, they would, at a period which was not specified, consider whether they should do anything or nothing (p. 12). But this Protocol, so whittled down that the thinnest end of the thinnest wedge in the world was bluff and broad in comparison with it, was rejected by the Turk. For he believed, and by at least two successive Ambassadors we know that he was taught to believe, that there were vast British interests involved in his preservation, which must always in the long run compel us to secure him impunity for his crimes. Even so Pharaoh hardened his heart, and would not let the people go. Anything short of zero the Russian Government was prepared to accept. But the cipher pure and simple it would not away with. Utter defeat of Europe, total inaction after the Bulgarian massacres, or worse than total inaction, a renewal of hollow and unmeaning diplomatical appeals to be met by promises stamped with falsehood from their birth,—such was the only alternative offered. And so Russia went into the war. Alone she did it. There was many a murmur, many a scowl, and many a shrug; but there was not one approving voice from a nation, or a Government, or a party. Solitary voices there may have been, but they were without an echo. As none divided with the empire of the Czars the cost of the war in treasure or in blood, so none shared its responsibility, and none share its glory. The children of Russia are the more fully warranted in appropriating the permanent results of the war for good, because so few even of those who approved its object cared to be responsible for her solitary action. The opinion of the great majority among them was that coercion was required, but that such an instrument was only safe in the hands of a united Europe; and it was the abandonment of concert together with coercion, which formed the gist of their charge against the Government of 1876–7. We must not now claim the credit of results which we desired, because we assumed no responsibility for the means by which alone such results were, or (let us fairly admit) under the circumstances could be, obtained.

Like the gentlest touch upon flesh laid bare of its natural integument, and highly excited by inflammation, so the very simplest statement of the case as between Russia and her opponents in respect to the facts of the war with Turkey will give the keenest offence, I fear, to that great body of partisans which, backing the official representatives of the nation, has, together with those representatives, made up the England of the Blue Books, the England of Berlin. I say in respect to the facts of the war with Turkey, not the motives; for I have not the faculty, so common among even the humbler Tories, of reading, under all their disguises, the motives which sway the human

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breast. My conjecture is that the motives which impelled Russia to the war were, like the motives which brought England to the Conference at Constantinople, various if not conflicting; that the people of Russia were impelled by an uncalculating enthusiasm, and that official Russia gave a reluctant assent. I say again the facts, in their main outline, and not in their details, with which at present I have nothing to do. English Tories will only lay up a more and more cruel future for themselves, the longer they close their eyes to the fact that Russia has acquired by the war a great store of glory. Glory does not depend upon motive; it often fails to stand a close examination. In this case it will bear any amount of scrutiny, at least as to results. For, maimed though it has been in certain respects, a great work of emancipation has been wrought. Ten millions of men, well fitted for civilised life, have made a stride onwards, either into complete freedom, or out of debasing servitude; while the rest have acquired, by the public law of Europe, actual or constructive claims fraught with the hope of similar advancement in an early future. At one spot on the map at least, namely in Eastern Roumelia, England has helped the work in its latest stage. Why should we not cheerfully recognise it as that which it indubitably is, a great boon conferred upon humanity? Why will we not see that the best hope for Turkey, in this final period of her European existence, is to make terms with the populations? She did it long ago in Samos. She has done it recently in the Lebanon. Why can she not do it in Macedonia, Albania, and Crete? Is it to be always impossible to recommend without offence a thing that is right in itself, and good for all whom it concerns, merely lest Russia should by some happy chance take pleasure in it?

O. K. has done the writer of these pages the honour[2] to reply to an essay of his, in which it was argued that Russia had been, under Alexander I. and Nicholas, the head of European Toryism, and the most important member of the Holy Alliance; but that in Christian, and especially in Slavonic Turkey, the sympathies of religion and race had placed her, especially of late, on the side of freedom. It was further noticed, that this was the only question on which the Toryism of England had entered the lists against her. But as Toryism opposed her when, instead of forging chains, she was breaking them, so the Liberalism of England, which had opposed her in doing wrong, declined to censure her for doing right. It could not cease to be Liberal, because Russia was doing Liberal[3] work; and Toryism did not require to be 'patriotic,' but required only to be Tory, when it

[2] Part iv., chap. iv. 'The Friends and Foes of Russia,' *Nineteenth Century*, January 1879, p. 7.

[3] I make this claim for the Liberal sentiment of England generally; not for every individual member of the Liberal party, nor for every act of every Liberal Administration.

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denounced and resisted Russia for favouring one of those works of liberation which, whether in Italy, or Greece, or Belgium, or elsewhere, it was itself accustomed to resist or to denounce.

The Russian authoress has set herself to rebut this charge. She contends that Russia in saving Austria from the Hungarians had the approval of Lord Beaconsfield on the 1st of February, 1849, and of a Conservative Secretary of State (p. 297); that at Laybach in 1819 and at Verona in 1821 (p. 313) Russia in concert with England supported the cause of 'order;' that in 1846 she joined with Austria in destroying the independence of Cracow, and was eulogised (p. 314 *n.*) by Mr. Disraeli for the act; that in 1878 England had sanctioned the restoration of Bessarabia to Russia. But these are only so many illustrations of the main proposition of *The Friends and Foes of Russia*; namely, that in her antagonism to liberty Russia had never been resisted by the Toryism of England.

In p. 315, O. K. sets forth the various occasions on which Russia had rendered services to the subject races of Turkey; sometimes alone, sometimes in concert with England; twice against England, namely in 1868 with reference to Crete, and in 1877 with reference to Bulgaria. There again she only adds force to the statement that she had been opposed, not in her bad deeds, but in her good ones. She is able indeed to show that the Tory Government of 1867, which had Lord Derby the father for its head, and Lord Derby the son for its Foreign Minister, co-operated with her in procuring the evacuation of the Servian fortresses. Would that there were a larger number of such acts to be set down to the credit of the party now in power!

But the courage of our authoress is equal to greater exploits than these, and she boldly contends (1) that Russia in 1831 co-operated with England in establishing the kingdom of Belgium; (2) that she saved Schleswig-Holstein from Germany in 1850, and (3) Belgium from Napoleon III. in 1851; that (4) in 1859, against England, she supported the liberation of Italy by the French, and (5) that in 1866 she favoured Prussia in her war with Austria, which began the German unity, completed the unity of Italy, and resulted in the freedom of Hungary (pp. 315–6).

It would not be possible to enter into details on these several allegations. But the first may assuredly be regarded as unhistorical. The second and third touch questions in which it was not properly the question of freedom that was at issue, but that of public right and national independence; and it would be unjust to deny that on these occasions Russia may claim to have been on the right side. In 1859, it was only the Toryism of England that was adverse to the partial emancipation of Italy, but Liberals might well feel some misgivings as to the title of Louis Napoleon to interfere, and the decided advocacy of Russia, which O. K. pronounces, is hardly an established fact. In 1866, as in 1859, she had motives of her own for being adverse to

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Austria, and she repaid to Prussia the debt of the Crimean period more scrupulously, perhaps, than Germany in 1878–9 acquitted herself of the heavy obligation to Russia contracted in 1870. O. K. undoubtedly succeeds in showing that the escutcheon of England is not unstained; but she surely fails in the effort to attenuate the part played by Russia in European politics, setting aside the question of the East, between 1815 and the Crimean War; and she fails not because she lacks either ability or good will, but because the thing is impossible.

I shall now proceed to cite from the pages of O. K. such passages as most briefly and pointedly exhibit her views, on the most salient points, of the questions which have been raised between England and Russia, of our position in Afghanistan, and of the present reciprocal attitude of these two great States.

O. K. compares the English and the Russian volunteers:

> You sent an admiral to command the Turkish ironclads, and a general, fresh from penance, to command a Turkish army. There were others also, but again there was a difference. Our volunteers sacrificed everything—home, family, friends, country, life itself—in order to free their brethren: and one-third fell on Servian soil. Your volunteers, less idealistic and more practical, sold their services for gold, and all of them seem to have succeeded pretty well in preserving their precious skin—p. 74.

Our finance, the 'strong point' of the Administration, attracts the lightning of her sarcasm:

> It did not need the jingling of (the) six millions vote of confidence, warranted not to be spent, to convince us that England was rich. In fact, we thought she was so rich, that she would not have needed to have gone a-borrowing to raise so small a sum. Any one can borrow, even poor, dear Austria—p. 90.

Mr. Aksakoff, who speaks the popular Slavonian sentiment, and is apparently an effective orator, gives vent (p. 99) to the indignation of the nation at the concessions which were made by the official Russia at Berlin with respect to the reduction of Bulgaria. But O. K. knows that there is, or was, also a national, as well as an official, England. She rejoices that

> on two occasions, when the English Government so far forgot its true interests (1791 and 1876) as to threaten to make war upon Russia, the war should have been prevented by the vigorous protests of the English people. The instinct of the nation was wiser than the statecraft of its rulers: and the English succeeded, on two occasions, in doing that all but impossible thing, even in Constitutional countries, of restraining a Prime Minister who was bent on going to war—pp. 356, 357.

A large reward might properly, and safely, be offered to any one who would supply an answer to the comparison, in point of principle, drawn by this Russian authoress between the Crimean War and the Anglo-Turkish Convention. That war, and that convention, cannot, in public right, stand together. The affirmation of the one is the condemnation of the other.

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Russia's policy, against which you fought in the Crimea . . . now needs no defence. It has received tardy but ample justification at the hands of the English Government. Russia's offence, in the eyes of the West,[4] was the claim, based upon an undisputed treaty, to an exclusive Protectorate in the Ottoman Empire. That offence is now declared to be a virtue. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is England's official confession that, in principle, Russia was right, and the West was wrong, in the dispute of 1853—p. 311.

The work of Lord Clarendon has been undone by Lord Beaconsfield, and the Russian principles, eclipsed by the disasters at Sebastopol, have been vindicated at last by the English Government. . . .

The Anglo-Turkish Convention is but the Treaty of Kainardji, written large, and applied to Asia, where there was much less need for it than in Europe, where our protectorate was needed for the protection of the Christian nationalities—p. 137.

The Duke of Wellington is cited on that principle of European concert which the Opposition have urged in vain, and which Lord Cranbrook described in the House of Commons as another name for a general scramble.

The object of our measures, whatever they are, should be to obtain an engagement, or at all events a clear understanding among the Five Powers, that in case of the dissolution of the Turkish Monarchy, the disposition of the dominions hitherto under its government should be concerted and determined upon by the Five Powers in Conference—p. 6 (quoting Dispatches, vol. vi. p. 219).

Next we have a word on the European consequences of an Austrian aggression in the East, which some, and apparently some Ministers, have deemed favourable to England and to the general peace.

It is assumed by some that England and Austria have settled everything without consulting the other members of the European concert. Such a settlement would only settle one thing, and that is—war. . . . We seek no annexations for ourselves; but this very disinterestedness justifies us in resolutely denying annexations to others—pp. 148, 149.

The authoress tells us bluntly that Russia does not interpret either the shrieks or the whinings of alarmists as tokens of a self-possessed and manly valour.

In Russia we cannot understand why Englishmen should permit a dread of Russian power to colour all the speeches of your Conservative politicians, and to bias the policy of your Ministry: we know too much of the power of England to accept such a compliment as quite serious. . . . We know that she is all powerful at sea, and her financial position is first-class. Russia, on the other hand, is not wealthy. . . . Why, then, this irrational panic, which haunts the imagination of what used to be the most self-confident, self-reliant, and fearless race in the world? If I were an Englishman, I should blush for shame if I entertained this coward fear of any Power on earth—pp. 121, 122.

Resolutely autocratic in Russia, O. K., although we may not see in her the 'makings' of an English Liberal, does not prescribe

[4] And of the East also, *i.e.* of Prussia and Austria, until it came to the last issue. W. E. G.

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autocracy for England, and quotes from De Tocqueville a wise and weighty word.

> Are you not rather inclined to approximate to Russian doctrines? Is your Premier not exalting the Royal Prerogative, and your Parliament only allowed to discuss trivialities and *faits accomplis*? . . . . Autocracy has been good for Russia; I doubt whether it would be as good for England. Autocracy without an autocrat, or a constitutionalism reduced to a despotism *plus* humbug, is not attractive to me, and I hope no unkind friend will accuse me of endeavouring to popularise absolutism in England. 'In submission to despotism,' wrote M. de Tocqueville, 'after having enjoyed liberty, there is nothing but degradation; but there often enters into the submission of a people, who have never been free, a principle of morality, which must not be overlooked'—pp. 223–4.

The authoress admits that we can bring 'not one but several handfuls of Oriental troops' for war in Europe, but does not think Sepoys will terrify troops that have faced Englishmen and Frenchmen without dishonour; and cites General Grant to show that the presence of British ironclads, though they might have destroyed much of Constantinople, did not deter the Russian army from entering it.

> No power, but the autocracy, could have compelled our victorious army to halt within sight of Constantinople. . . .
>
> Last year I met General Grant, the American ex-President, in Paris. Almost the first thing he asked was, 'Can you explain how it happened that the Russians did not occupy Constantinople, when they had it entirely in their hands?'

On receiving her reply, the General, though far from garrulous, yet smiled and said:

> 'Well, I can only say one thing; had I been one of your generals, I would have put the order in my pocket, and opened it at Constantinople three or four days later'—p. 241.

Again:

> Lord Beaconsfield adopted a policy of isolation from his devotion to 'English interests.' Tell me, has it been so much to your interest to care for nothing but 'interests'? Has any one gained by it? Of course Russia has suffered. We have lost two hundred thousand lives, not to speak of money; but is that an adequate compensation to you, for having made enemies of a hundred millions of Slavs?
>
> Has England benefited herself? Have you reaped any material advantages? But if not materially, perhaps you have gained much morally? Have you added much to your prestige? Does your national honour stand higher, since your secret agreements, and your Cyprus concessions?—pp. 265, 266.

O. K. reminds us (p. 182) that the knout has, since 1863, been forbidden in Russia; but the literary knout is an instrument which she seems to apply in controversy with tolerable efficacy to the shoulders of her opponents. She does not scruple to allege plainly (p. 288) the indignation of her countrymen. She thinks that they desire English friendship; but, after the repeated rebuffs they have

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suffered, that the next overtures must come from us. And she certainly does not seek to purchase our goodwill by an unworthy or too modest reticence.

The Future is ours!

'The Germans have reached their day, the English their mid-day, the French their afternoon, the Italians their evening, the Spanish their night: but the Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning.'—p. 289.

As might be expected, O. K. does not overlook the situation of affairs in Asia; except, indeed, that inconvenient part of it which touches the conduct of Russia to the unfortunate Shere Ali, her victim as well as ours.

You say you annex unwillingly under imperious necessity, and you alone among the nations are destitute of 'earth-hunger.' Possibly. Judging, however, by results, it appears that, although you have no appetite, no one contrives to make a larger meal—p. 322.

Russia has never yet annexed a foot of land, that is not conterminous with her frontier. Time after time she has tried to arrest the natural and inevitable advance of her frontiers, and she has always tried in vain. Her conquests are free from the suspicion of profit. Our annexations (I am sorry to say) are almost all what Afghanistan will probably be to you, a permanent source of ruinous expenditure.

Russia and England, of all nations, ought to be the readiest to excuse each other's failings, because, alone among nations, we have to grapple with the same difficulties. . . .

To Russia has been given the cold inhospitable North, and the barren burning steppe; while to you belong the teeming myriads of the South, with all the fabled wealth of Hindostan.

You have antique civilisations at your feet: we have but to deal with the nomad of the desert, and the savage and the fanatical Tartars of Turkestan—pp. 322–324.

This writer cites the words of Sir Henry Rawlinson, an adverse yet very upright witness, 'Russia cannot stop midway in the career on which she has now entered,' but holds that Russia could as soon invade England by sea, as India through the rugged defiles of Afghan hills (p. 335). She passes to the case of the 'robber-khanate,' Khiva.

We have been repeatedly pressed to take Khiva; but we have hitherto resisted the pressure, chiefly in order to keep, what many amongst us thought, our most unreasonable promise to England. Who is grateful for our efforts to keep faith? Nay, who even recognises them?—p. 326.

In the next chapter she passes into very free criticism.

The first Afghan war cost you twenty millions. How much the second will cost you, your Government, probably, will not hurry too much to state. Yet you are further off your object to-day than ever you were before. When our mission visited Cabul in 1878, the Afghans declared that the year 1842, when the English had ruined nearly the whole of their country, remained fresh in the memory of all the inhabitants. These memories have not been effaced by your triumphs in 1879:

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and, the more you are disliked, the warmer will be the welcome which the Afghans will extend to your enemies, be they who they may.

So far from creating a barrier to Russia's advance to your frontier, your recent operations have removed the only political difficulty from our path; which would now be easy enough, if the real obstacles had not always been natural, not political—pp. 336, 337.

These citations will have been sufficient to convey a fair idea of the style, the talents, and the aim of our authoress; and with these some useful lessons to ourselves. They may or may not contain statements open to question, coloured with the spirit of advocacy, or open to the observation that O. K. in these pages thinks what she wishes to be thought to think. But few will fail to recognise, amidst their stringency and pungency, a basis of good sense, and even of goodwill, together with much persuasive power. She recites with zest the facts of alliances, and the declarations in favour of friendship and co-operation, between England and Russia; nor is she speaking sarcastically, to all appearance, when she closes her list with one of the latest and most significant among them, which she has scarcely overstated (though there is a slight mistake in stating the time).

I believe it was Lord Beaconsfield who pointed eight years ago to an Anglo-Russian alliance as a means of preventing Napoleon's march *à Berlin*, which terminated so disastrously at Sedan—p. 364.

Those who, on a broader ground, may consult this book for indications of probable Russian and Slavonian policy as to the future of Eastern Europe, will be at no loss to find what they seek.

The 'East of Europe' has however a unity as a geographical expression, which does not belong to it as a political entity. In the latter view, it presents itself under three main heads, without including one or two collateral and secondary questions such as the prospective position of Albania. These three heads are as follows: 1. The Slavonian States and populations, among whom for the present purpose Roumania may rank. 2. The Hellenic populations. 3. Constantinople, which is neither Slavonic nor Hellenic, and which is the key to the Straits.

Nothing can be more explicit than the announcement of the general principle on which and on which alone the Balkan Peninsula, instead of being, as it has hitherto been, miserable and dangerous, can eventually be made happy in itself, and harmless to the rest of the world.

Of these States, as well as of all the territory left to the Sultan by the Berlin Treaty, Russia claims nothing and concedes nothing. The Balkan lands belong to the Balkan people. Mr. Aksakoff accurately stated the views of Russia when he wrote 'the East of Europe belongs to Oriental Europeans; the Slav countries belong to the Slavs. It is not a question of territorial conquests for Russia; it is a question of calling to an independent existence, political and social, all these different Slav groups which people the Balkan Peninsula'—p. 149.

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The Hellenic case is disposed of in a few words, flavoured with a sarcasm under which some 'galled jades' may wince.

> Greece should receive Epirus, Thessaly, Crete, and the Hellenic Islands; which may perhaps include Cyprus, when you get tired of it—p. 159.

With regard to the district 'not sufficiently Hellenic to be annexed to Greece, or Bulgarian to be annexed to Bulgaria,' O. K. considers that it should be governed in the manner now applied to Eastern Roumelia, and that in time, either by the amalgamation of races, or by a predominance naturally and quietly growing up, it would gravitate to its proper destination.

But there remains Constantinople; a question of primary interest to the littoral states of the Euxine; and to Austria-Hungary, through the Danube, not as a matter of safety, but in regard to her commercial intercourse with the world. The language of O. K. is even upon this 'last word of the Eastern Question,' as it was well called by Lord Derby, language for the most part of an outspoken transparency. 'The Sultan is as good a gate-keeper of the Euxine as Russia could wish to have' (p. 162). 'If he has a fault, it is that he is a little too weak to uphold his treaty rights against the encroachments of England' (p. 163). He need not have more than 'a cabbage garden in Europe' (p. 163). As a Turkish empire in Europe did not for nearly a century require the possession of the City of Constantine, so the City of Constantine might be held after the Turkish empire in Europe shall have disappeared. O. K. then quotes a rumour incredible except in the days which have seen the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and in which, by parity of reasoning, everything is credible:

> That the English Government intended to incite Austria to occupy Constantinople when the collapse comes—p. 164.
>
> Russia desires (so proceeds this able writer) to see at Constantinople what your Ministers pretended to desire to see at Cabul, a strong, a friendly, and an independent Power—p. 165.

And—

> It is quite true that Constantinople occupies such a place in the Russian imagination that, questions of self-preservation apart, no Russian Emperor could tolerate the Austrians on the Bosphorus—p. 166.

Let me now break the thread of O. K.'s expositions for a moment. It is the determination of Europe that Russia shall not annex Constantinople: subject, I presume, to this condition, that the Powers most interested in preventing dangerous aggrandisement from that quarter shall assume the responsibilities of their position, instead of flinching from them as they did on one great occasion. It may, however, be a black and evil day for Europe should Austria be tempted to make the wild attempt. Perhaps it might even be said that such an attempt, and such an attempt alone, might result in throwing Constantinople into the hands of Russia. I do not speak of

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a transformed, of an Orthodox and Slavonic Austria. Every sober-minded person will postpone his belief in such an Austria until the period when he sees it, or, at the very least, until an example shall be shown in history of such a transformation. The accounts which are rendered from Bosnia by the most recent and trustworthy witnesses do not indicate the smallest approximation to a change of this kind. Should the only Austria known to history and tradition make the attempt, she will give to Russia that which alone is wanting to render her truly formidable, namely, the place and part of the champion of freedom, independence, and nationality on behalf of the Balkan States. That those States will ever surrender their hard-earned liberties to Russia is in the highest degree improbable. That they will spend blood and treasure to enable Austria to absorb and overshadow their Orthodox and Slavonian lands with her traditions of Latinism and domination is surely a wild and idle dream. Some combinations in that part of the world may be found desirable for peace and progress. Austria had one, though perhaps only one, bright page in the records of her Foreign Office: it was when Count Beust propounded as an Eastern policy that the establishment of autonomous tributary States should, by European concert, be promoted in the Balkan Peninsula. Thus, if ever, was opened the door of hope for insinuating an Austrian influence into the Slavonic mind. But at, and since, the Congress of Berlin Austria has thrown her weight into the scale adverse to the Christian races, and has thus, not less effectively than unconsciously, repeated the lesson which events have too often rung in the ears of the Slav population in the Balkan Peninsula, that Russia has cared for them in the day of trial, and that the other Powers have not.

Thus the policy of the future is exhibited in these articles: Slavonic soil for the Slavs: Hellenic soil for the Hellenes. Segregation from both for the districts of mixed race, in order that, when gifted with a political existence, they may feel for and find their way. No territorial claim advanced for Russia: none permitted for anybody else. Now let us look calmly into the future, which is as yet, it may be hoped, neither clouded by our prejudices, nor forestalled by our conventions: and ask ourselves, in the calm of contemplation, whether this is not, so far as it goes, a reasonable and a desirable settlement for the East of Europe? If so, it is something to have it proclaimed in England, from the mouth of a Russian in strong sympathy with her Slavonic compatriots, and, if unable to claim the sanction of her Government for her opinions, yet far from likely to promulgate what they would find unpalatable. For my own part, I have only to add a corollary and a caveat. The corollary is that, while a positive arrangement for Constantinople is not demanded by the urgent interests which press for other solutions, there has not yet come into view any insurmountable difficulty in the way of its being consti-

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tuted under European guarantee as a free State and port. The second is that while O. K. undisguisedly writes as one prepared to solve the Eastern Question to-morrow, at least on its European side, others, when defining the point towards which to steer, may consult the political barometer, and may exercise their own discretion as to the time for beginning the voyage.

For the sea may yet be found a stormy one. Russia, effectually warned by the Crimean War against arbitrary dealings in the East, has been relieved from her territorial fine, and replaced on the Danube. She has also acquired new territory in Armenia. But more than either or both of these: she has found a case for single-handed interference in Turkey, so strong that Europe has been under moral, and even physical, compulsion to recognise its main results. Under the Treaty of San Stefano, curtailed by the Treaty of Berlin, more than half of European Turkey has been set absolutely or virtually free. A territorial claim has been set up by European authority against the Porte on behalf of Greece; and the entire territory of the Empire is affected by a sort of mortgage, not to all only, but, I apprehend, to each of the contracting Powers, since Turkey has contracted with each of them for the universal introduction of reforms. England, the great witness for peace and justice in Europe, is, in the opinion of a large part of her people, shamed and greatly disabled by her own offences against them, and is, in the sphere of fact apart from opinion, crippled in her freedom of European action by wars and warlike contingencies at many points of the surface of the globe. She is marked out by tradition, by honour, and by feeling, as the one independent champion of the smaller free States of Europe. Who is there that will say the position of these States is now secure, or that the position of England is as favourable as it was in 1870 for the maintenance of their cause? There are Western questions, as well as Eastern. But everywhere, East and West, North and South, the demon of Militarism, the universal enemy, makes progress: and the professions of peaceful inclination, with which it is sought to hide or temper its advances, grow more and more threadbare with every repetition. Meantime we are told of an alliance between Germany and Austria, and are invited to accept the intimation as 'good tidings of great joy.' It would be well that we knew more of its purpose, before subscribing to the sanguine and lightminded certificate. I for one agree with the ablest and most independent of the ministerial newspapers, which says, in commenting on the recent speech of the German Emperor, 'No abatement of misgiving will be found in the contemplation of proposals for coalitions on behalf of peace.'[5]

Mr. Forster has well reminded us that alliance with one is apt to be estrangement from another. We must not rush headlong into unfavourable judgments. But undoubtedly the presumption is

[5] *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 13, 1880.

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against these partial alliances. There is but one of them, known to the experience of the last half-century, which appears entitled to claim at the hands of history a favourable verdict. It was the alliance of England and France. It dated from the accession of the Liberal Government in 1830. It suffered a rupture in 1847, but subsisted, with some alternations of health and weakness, until it lapsed in 1870, not from any cause of quarrel between the two nations, but because it was out of the question to follow Napoleon the Third in a war which we had declared unwarrantable. That alliance has left special and honourable monuments of its effects in Belgium, in the Peninsula, and in Italy. In 1875, the year of the Triple Alliance (the memory whereof has been almost effaced by exciting events), England and France endured a slight in common, which could not have been ventured on had the Anglo-French *entente* been in existence. But, over and above special monuments, we can allege that its influence was used with considerable steadiness on behalf of ordered freedom; that it contributed [to the stability of the European system; and lastly, and most of all, that it never was used for a mean, or a lawless, or an oppressive purpose. It was an alliance that did injure, and that could injure, none except the enemies of justice. It deducted absolutely nothing from our general friendliness to the other States. It had its failures, such as the case of Denmark in 1862: but it had no crimes. Reaching over so many years, and rich in so wide an experience, it seemed to show, without claiming for either State an exemption from political vice, that the two never were, and never could be, subject to a common temptation to do wrong, while they often found a common inducement, and exhibited a common disposition, to do right. Antecedently to the trial, a junction between the naval supremacy of England and the military strength of France might well have been deemed dangerous to the safety of the world. As illustrated by fact, it was a force of police, devoted to the service of freedom, peace, and order. Englishmen and Frenchmen, after their long-continued but now long-forgotten antagonism, may look back with thankful satisfaction to this great chapter of history, common to the annals of them both. To remember happiness in the midst of misery, says Dante, is bitter to man. To remember a powerful mechanism operative for good, amid the now darkened prospects of Europe, is a pleasure at once allowable and vivid. That alliance, indeed, of which I speak, is a thing of the past. Yet it may not be wholly excluded from the possibilities of the future. I say only the possibilities, because I adhere to the general rule that exclusive alliances commonly tend to entangle the States concerned, and to estrange the States excluded. In particular I do not easily comprehend how an alliance which shuts out two such powers as Russia and France by a great military combination set down between them, and which manifestly points to a junction between those two States

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and Italy, should on the face of it be at once interpreted as a self-evident security for peace.

There is another form of special understanding between Powers, which rests upon a different footing, inasmuch as it is limited to those special objects, in which each of the parties has a natural, direct, and necessary interest. Thus nothing can be more proper or desirable, than that Austria and Italy should have a cordial understanding with respect to the Italian Tyrol, defined by an oddly drawn line, which forms a portion of the North-Eastern frontier of Italy. In this sense it is eminently to be wished that England and Russia should have, not only a *modus vivendi*, but an *entente cordiale* with respect to Central Asia. Such an understanding was in full vigour six years ago. How far it now subsists may best be explained by those admirers of the Ministerial policy in Afghanistan, who justify the costly, sanguinary, and protracted conflict we have gratuitously sought and found, by alleging the necessity of guarding by decisive measures against the sleepless plots of Russian aggression.

It is hard to conceive how, when passion shall have subsided, any portion of our countrymen can do otherwise than desire the re-establishment of a cordial relation in Central Asia. Our authoress goes far beyond this:

> Four years after the war vote of 1791, the two Powers entered into a close alliance. Who knows but the same thing may happen within four years of the war vote of 1878?—p. 359.
>
> It is not only in Asia, that the two nations stand side by side—p. 360.
>
> I look forward confidently to the conclusion of a good understanding between Russia and England, based upon the peaceful but effective elimination of Turkish authority from Europe—p. 362.

To those of us who do not conceive that England has a greater interest in the confinement of Russia within due bounds, or in the settlement of the Turkish Question, than other Powers nearer to the East, the argument for close and special understanding with Russia may seem open to question. But to the raving journalists who say that the defence of Constantinople is next to the defence of London, and to the wise Ambassadors who, in our name, have taught that our interests in this matter are beyond all price, the invitation of O. K. ought to be highly acceptable. The only power whose interests are involved in the Eastern Question, in a degree at all corresponding to those of Russia, is Austria. But Austria is a house divided against itself. She can neither act nor even think without balancing her Slavs against her Magyars, her Cis-Leith against her Trans-Leith, or without having regard to a formidable personage that sits moodily in her rear. But Russia knows her own mind, is always on the spot, has a definite creed about Turkey, rests upon the sentiment of a united people, has acted and may again act alone. Surely those who believe Constantinople is the

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key to London, ought, in rational consistency, to aim at some understanding about this matter of life and death with the Power which weighs so powerfully upon it. They cannot be certain that they would not succeed, for the plain reason that they have never tried.

It may be thought by some that the recent explosion of Nihilism in Russia weakens the hands of the Government, and that the days of the Autocracy, which O. K. glorifies with a filial reverence, are already numbered. She treats Nihilism with an abhorrence, which it seems to deserve.[6] Thus far I had written before this country, and the whole civilised world, were stunned with the intelligence of the plot in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, which, if it has been correctly reported to us, aimed at the destruction of an indefinite number of wholly innocent persons, for the remote chance of destroying one who, even in the estimation of its authors, is personally innocent, and in no other sense guilty than officially, and by an heirship which he could not honourably renounce. As the design, so reported, went beyond perhaps everything that has heretofore been known, and is indeed indescribable, so is the feeling it has roused; in which however neither disgust nor horror ought to exclude alarm, any more than the deferential sympathy, nay the profound compassion, with which we all may contemplate, from our safe obscurity, the intended victims of this extraordinary wickedness.

But as in general the reader will find the defensive parts of O. K.'s able work on Poland and Siberia the slightest in their texture and the least sufficient for their full aim, so he will be struck by her surely inadequate estimate of Nihilism as a fact in the social and political condition of her country. She does not appear alive to that significance that, in the eyes of foreigners, it can hardly fail to bear as a symptom of some deep-seated evil, which, lacking remedial appliances, bursts forth in vile and cruel conspiracies, adding the practice to the theory of pure destruction.

Neither the Camorra in Italy, nor the Commune in Paris, nor this monstrous growth far surpassing either, and itself unsurpassed, nor any other product, however extreme, generated from the deepest abyss of corruption, is accidental or uncaused. As among individuals *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, so in States the most terrible developments of lawlessness and crime are indicators of some disease which, however deep, yet in a community is, if taken in time, never fatal. And it will be a mistake scarcely less ruinous in its extent than the iniquity, if the feelings which that iniquity excites are allowed to exhaust themselves in indignation, or in retribution, and if they do not accept as the one paramount lesson from the catastrophe the absolute necessity of careful study, and of appropriate remedies.

It may be divined from the manner, in which O. K. treats the subject of Nihilism, that she has not yet studied the domestic

[6] Part iii., chap. vi.

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problems which perplex the Russian State with the same completeness as the controversy with the English Government. It is well called by Signor Arnaudo in his work *Il Nihilismo*[7] a social gangrene: but that able writer has shown that it is organised, that it is widely ramified, that it has attracted the attention of many Russian writers, and notably of M. Turgeneff, that it lurks in the seats of instruction, and finally that the conspiracies against the Emperor form the climax of a long series of attempts against the constituted order of things, which have marked with many a bloody trace the most recent annals of Russia. Some of these attempts have struck at men of known harshness, but other victims have been conspicuous for humanity. If, as Signor Arnaudo thinks, the present reign has been marked in some cases by error and by intolerance, he does not set these down as more than secondary provocatives; and, writing in a spirit far from reactionary, he nevertheless apprehends that the emancipation of the serfs was too little or too much, and that it has been, as matter of fact, chief among the causes of political Nihilism.[8]

But, hidden as is the precise origin of this political and moral no less than of the natural volcano, of some things we may draw from the subsisting facts a certainty or a presumption. If it be an indication that Russian absolutism has overlived its time, if its epitaph is to be written over the grave of Alexander II., who has achieved for it its noblest and most enduring triumphs, if a cure for peccant humours is to be sought and found in giving freer scope to the natural and healthful powers of the body politic, then the great nation, hitherto without political rights, will find its way to the possession of them, and we shall hereafter have to deal with a Russia more or less constitutional and popular. This is a presumption. But it is a certainty that, when Russia shall thus have found herself a voice, the effect will be to give a fuller and more powerful development in practical policy to the national sympathies. O. K. reports a conversation with an English alarmist, having the appendage of M. P. to his name, who told her that Russia was dangerous because she had no Constitutional Government. A strange simplicity! It was Parliamentary Government, which disposed and enabled us to carry on against America a war that would have been impossible for the Tudors or the Stuarts. The war of the United States for the integrity of their national existence never could have been waged had an autocrat, perhaps it may even be said had a monarch, sat in the seat of plain Abraham Lincoln, who was called in mockery the rail-splitting attorney. At this moment, in France and in Germany, where the people are endowed with political rights, the military conscription is borne perhaps without repugnance, certainly without such outbreaks of dissatisfaction

[7] Torino, October 1879. See, in particular, chap. vi.

[8] *Il Nihilismo*, p. 101.

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as it seems to create in Russia. There it emanates not from popular suffrage in any form, but from the pure will of the Czar; and there, according to Arnaudo, the endeavours to resist it are many, and the fugitives are of necessity hunted (p. 109) as if they were wolves or foxes, and absolutely forced into the ranks. Nowhere more than in Russia is it the business of bureaucratic and official power to repress, rather than to express, the desire and tendency of the people. For a country tolerably homogeneous, the measure of popular influence and control over the Government will be the measure of its energy in a policy of liberation for the Southern Slavs: and, if we have found it difficult to hold back the tide of freedom in the face of an autocratic Russia, we shall find our means still less adequate to our ends when the institutions of that country shall have passed into a form more agreeable to Western traditions and ideas. Those, who wish Russia to be weak, should, in consistency, wish her also to be despotic; but that, it seems too probable, is only to wish in other words for the continued prosperity of Nihilism.

As then, these remarks began, so let them end with a tribute of just acknowledgment to this Russian authoress. She has not been heard of in any controversy anterior to the great struggle of the last four years, but her pen would do honour to a practised hand, and in truth she writes with a mixture of ingenuity, pungency, and tact, which few, whether practised or unpractised, have at their command. Her admiration for the England she rebukes is evidently not simulated; it will do little of itself to conciliate the advanced alarmist, who has now concentrated on Russia all the anile susceptibilities that, a few years ago, kept him in dread of France or America or Germany. These unmanly whims, in his state of fervid aberration, he crowns with the name of patriotism, and then coolly sets up above the moral law, by claiming that everyone shall follow his impulses, upon the plea that they are English, without inquiring whether they are right or wrong. But even upon these nearly hopeless victims an ultimate effect will be produced by every contribution to the general discussion which pursues ambiguity and subterfuge into their hiding-places, and drags them forth to the light of day: which does not exaggerate differences, but does not conceal them: which does not supply the lack of argument by imputations of motives: which does not, on behalf of the Power whose cause it advocates, set up claims like those of the clergy in the Middle Ages, to be tried by exceptional laws or a tribunal of its own colour: which helps us, in a word, to know what are the matters really in controversy, and what are the views taken of us by other parties to the suit. The essence of our difficulty does not lie in the real issues, for the Empire of the Queen is strong enough to defend itself, with a good cause, against Russia and against all comers. It lies in the gross self-delusion, the fatuous self-worship which, like the coat of an armadillo, envelops minds inflamed by

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prejudice, and leaves them not a single pore open to the access of the truth. But as the atmosphere is cleared around us by the frank and unreserved interchange of opinion, a better state of things is gradually prepared, and prepared by the joint efforts of friends and of opponents, provided only they speak out, and keep to the point. To these conditions the volume now under view conforms. It probably did not require the name and the preface contributed by a distinguished historian, in order to insure its effectual introduction to the notice of the reading public in this country. It certainly pursues what is still the English method, as we have not yet got the Indian Press Act in force among us, of a fair, and almost uniformly of a very courteous fight upon an open field. So that, quite irrespectively of concurrence, with each of its particular opinions, its publication should be hailed with thankfulness, as a contribution to the cause of peace, and to the consolidation, now sorely needed, of public order and confidence in Europe.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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THE DOCILITY OF AN 'IMPERIAL' PARLIAMENT.

The instinct which seems to have penetrated both parties to the present contest with the conviction that something is now going on much more interesting and much more important than a mere party contest, something that will decide our destinies for ages after the busy actors in the present struggle have left the scene, is, as it appears to me, by no means destitute of a solid foundation. The Liberal party are, as it seems to me, much what they have always been. The admirable address and speech of Lord Hartington are just what might be expected from a man acting on fixed and well-known principles, in the promulgation of which he has neither doubt nor hesitation, and which he is prepared to apply without shrinking or faltering to circumstances as they arise. The whole subject has been fairly thought out and settled before the emergency arose. If the Liberal party should return to power, no one can fairly pretend that he does not know what he has to expect. The lines are clearly and broadly marked, and it would be mere waste of time to repeat them. Their merit is, that they are not new, but such as have satisfied the reason of Liberals of the past and of the present—principles such as Burke laid down in his best days, before his fine mind lost its equilibrium and its judicial power amid the excesses of the French Revolution—such as dawned on the latter and better days of Canning and the later and wiser days of Russell and Palmerston.

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Now for the other side. An error I note, but upon which I need not dwell, is a striking breach of decorum, and of the respect which is due to the House of Commons. The announcement of the Dissolution should not be explained and commented upon in the first instance by a Peer of Parliament. Such comment ought not to have been made at all by a Peer, but if it was so made, it would have been decent to have accompanied it with the address of the leader of the House of Commons. This may be considered a small matter, but it is wise in all delicate matters to check the first tendency to take liberties. We hope it will not soon happen again that the Dissolution of Parliament shall be first communicated and commented on in a letter from an Earl to a Duke.

The first point to which I desire to draw attention is the extreme and very suspicious anxiety of the Prime Minister to prove that it was always intended that Parliament should be dissolved as soon as the Bill for relieving Irish distress had become law. The words are: 'The measures respecting the state of Ireland which her Majesty's Government so anxiously considered with your Excellency . . . . are now about to be submitted for the Royal assent, and it is *at length* in the power of the Ministers to advise the Queen to recur to the sense of her people.' Is it possible to put any other construction on these words than that the sole object with which Parliament was called together, was the passing the Bill for relieving Irish distress, and that this object having been accomplished, the immediate Dissolution of Parliament became a matter of course? Had there been a shadow of doubt on this subject, it would, I think, be removed by the following passage: 'Even at this moment, the doubt supposed to be inseparable from popular election, if it does not diminish, certainly arrests her (England's) influence, and is a main reason for not delaying an appeal to the national voice.'

Now look at the other side. Upon Lord Beaconsfield's view of the subject, nothing would have been so natural as to have given to the House the information as to his intention which was imparted to the Lord Lieutenant. Indeed, if, as is clearly expressed in the passage which I have quoted, this was always the intention of the Government, I cannot imagine any reason for their reticence. But what was their conduct? Parliament was opened with all, and more than all, the usual formality, since it was honoured with the presence of the Queen. Private business was commenced in the usual manner, Bills of very great importance were brought in by private members, and the Government not only brought in important Bills of their own, but referred long and difficult inquiries to select committees. On this subject I am myself a witness. I was placed at the request of the Government on three committees, two of which, the committee namely on the Medical Acts and on the Criminal Code, were investigations of great

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length and labour. Little did any of us suppose that of which we are now informed by the Prime Minister, that the duration of our labours was to be strictly measured by the duration of the debates on Irish distress, and that the whole affair was a farce got up for the private diversion of the Prime Minister himself. Lord Beaconsfield is therefore placed in this most unenviable dilemma. If he did not mean to dissolve when he called Parliament together, he has been guilty of gross prevarication in his letter to the Lord Lieutenant. If he did mean to dissolve as soon as the Bill for the relief of Irish distress had passed, he has inflicted a gross and unpardonable insult not only on his opponents—for which he probably cares nothing—but on his own followers, for whose comfort and immunity from such treatment he is in the highest degree responsible. I leave him to take his choice between these alternatives. Assuming for the purpose of our further argument that he spoke the truth and has only been guilty of a gross and unprovoked insult to his friends and opponents, which is the mildest construction his acts admit of, and therefore the one on which I shall reason, I should like to know why so much time and trouble was wasted on carrying a Bill for the repression of obstruction which was forced so eagerly through the House, with such scant time for consideration, and without consulting the Speaker, the experienced and highly and justly respected Clerk at the table, or the leaders of the Opposition, who are equally interested with the party in power in preserving the dignity of the House and the order of debate. Of course, on the alternative which we have adopted, it cannot have been for the benefit of the present Parliament, and there is at first sight no very obvious reason why the matter should not have been left alone to await the consideration of a new House of Commons.

There is yet another part of the letter of the Prime Minister to which I must allude. He says:—

> The first duty of an English Minister should be to consolidate that co-operation which renders irresistible a community educated as our own in an equal love of liberty and law. And yet there are some who challenge the imperial character of this realm. Having attempted and failed to enfeeble our colonies by their policy of decomposition, they may perhaps recognise in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which will not only accomplish but precipitate their purpose.

Now, I do not pretend to understand this passage, nor have I been so fortunate as to meet with anyone who does. But so much I can make out amidst its tawdry and slipshod rhetoric—that there are some persons who, having attempted in vain to enfeeble our colonies by some bad policy which the Prime Minister is pleased to call decomposition, are likely to try the same specific on the United Kingdom. As these persons seem to be the class principally struck by the Dissolution, it would be very desirable to know who they are. The only mark the

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Prime Minister gives us by which to know them is that they have tried to enfeeble the colonies and failed. The only period that I can recollect in which we have meddled with the colonies is between 1840 and 1855; but then that was done by Parliament to strengthen them by giving them free government—as it undoubtedly did—and few who took a share in these proceedings survive to trouble the repose of Lord Beaconsfield, much less to be the objects struck at by a general Dissolution. Or does he mean the withdrawing of the troops from Canada and New Zealand, and his own proposed withdrawal of the troops from the Cape at the end of the war? But this can hardly be, for he might get rid of his Colonial Secretary by a shorter cut than a Dissolution of Parliament, and we never heard of his enfeebling the colonies or trying to do so. Perhaps after all it is Lord Granville who is denounced, who did with the best effect remove the troops from New Zealand. But then he is a peer, and a Dissolution will not relieve the Premier from his presence.

I now turn from the Prime Minister to a theme which has at least all the advantage of contrast. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is in all respects a marked contrast to his wordy, Delphic, and alliterative and bombastic chief. He is modest and humble. With a good taste and dexterity with which we are by no means surfeited in the manifesto of Lord Beaconsfield, he avoids altogether the awkward topic of the Dissolution and any mention of the existence of a Government of which he has been the leader in the House of Commons during the last six years. All the admiration he has to bestow he gives freely and entirely to the House of Commons itself. One would suppose from reading his address that the House was everything, and the Ministry the mere obedient puppet of their will. The address consists of ten paragraphs. Nine of these are devoted to the history of the exploits of the Parliament, and it is only in the tenth that we learn that there is such a thing as a Ministry at all. This is an excess of modesty which provokes the censure which it seems at first sight calculated to avoid. Everybody knows that it is on the Ministry rather than on the Parliament that the direction of business rests, and that when the Minister praises a measure it is the Government and not the Parliament that he is understood to commend. The artifice is dexterous, but it is easily seen through. If the Parliament is to have the credit it must also bear the blame, and thus by this affected modesty and humility the responsibility which really belongs to the Ministry is virtually evaded. The truth is that a Ministry, to form an accurate estimate of its merits, must be regarded from two different points of view, and be submitted to two different tests. So far as the House is a political body identified with the Ministry that leads it, the Parliament must partake of the good or bad reputation of the Ministry; and it is mere straw-splitting to endeavour to make dis-

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tinctions between them. We call it a good or bad House just as its conduct happens to agree or differ with our notions of political expediency or justice. Of that I will speak presently.

But there is another view that may be taken of the duty of Parliament, which is raised above the considerations of party, and in which men differing most widely in political opinions may, and often do, cordially agree. An English Parliament is, or at any rate ought to be, something very different from a mere assembly of eager partisans. It has traditions, duties, and obligations far wider and nobler than are fulfilled by the support of any party or any Minister. It may be described, from one point of view, as the very embodiment of faction, but it has a higher mission than that. Parties innumerable have risen, have flourished, and have disappeared, while Parliament has remained intact, because Parliament has on the whole known how to maintain its distinctive rights and privileges against all aggressors, be they of what political opinion they may.

Let us consider how far the Parliament which is now drawing its last breath has discharged the duty of keeping alive its ancient fame and power. Most of the nations of Europe had some kind of Parliament, but the Parliament of England has alone been able to preserve its power untarnished and unbroken. Why was this? It was simply because, by the happy constitution of England, the power of the purse was reserved to the Commons. The result was that while almost all the other Parliaments of Europe were gradually extinguished by the hand of arbitrary power the Parliament of England grew and increased in strength. Others may boast that they won their freedom by the sword. Our liberties were honestly bought and paid for in current coin of the realm. An ambitious and warlike king, unable to live on the revenues of his crown, was obliged to come for money to the Parliament, and the Parliament granted him a subsidy in consideration of the abatement of some particular grievance, and thus by degrees we bought ourselves free of all our oppressions. The Commons still retain the right of the purse; no money can be granted without their assent, and thus they have become the principal power in the realm. The right of refusal draws after it the right of being furnished with the grounds upon which the money is required, and consequently the right of being consulted as to the policy for which the money is to be spent.

As it is not a Ministry but a Legislature which we are about to elect, shall we elect a House similar to that which is about to disappear? I say without the least hesitation, No. We want a Parliament which shall maintain, irrespective of party considerations, its dignity, and its power, a Parliament which, though composed of men of strong political views and sympathies, is capable of rising above them whenever its own rights and duties are concerned, a Parliament

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in whose hands the great landmarks of the Constitution are safe and run no danger of being obliterated.

I claim for the Commons of England that they should be something more than a party majority. The right of refusal gives them the right to judge of the service for which the public money is required, and if they fail to exercise that right they are unfaithful to the trust which the nation has reposed in them. Try the present House by this test. They have been content that secret treaties involving immense concessions to Russia, and other treaties involving tremendous responsibilities to be undertaken by England in remote countries should be concealed from them, and that acquisitions of territory should be taken by us in exchange, which, so far from being an indemnity, are a burden and a disgrace. They have submitted to Indian troops being brought into Europe in defiance of the letter and spirit of an Act of Parliament which it was their duty to support, and they have ratified the invasion of Afghanistan, and tamely supplied the funds for an unjust war, about which they were not consulted till it was actually declared after a secret deliberation of three years.

These are no party questions; the question is nothing less than this:—Are the electors prepared to return Parliaments which, instead of sedulously guarding their rights and liberties, deliberately sacrifice them at the shrine of party, and, sooner than concede any advantage to their antagonists, are content to offer up to the Moloch of narrow partisanship the honour and the power which in an evil hour has been intrusted to their hands.

What are the merits of the policy which the present Parliament has followed we will consider presently; what we now are concerned with is the undoubted fact that, during the last four years, Parliament has sunk from being the most important estate of the realm to the degrading position of the tool of the Ministry of the day; that in order to serve that Ministry it has forgotten at once its dignity and its duty; that it has descended from the high position which the Constitution allots to it to be the mere echo of decisions in which it is allowed no voice, and that while this shameful abdication of a great constitutional mission has been accomplished, not a single member of the majority has risen to remind his party that while they are thinking of nothing but how to support the Ministry, that very Ministry is by every means in its power undermining the ancient constitution of England, and placing her Parliament under the feet of whatever faction may for the time seize the reins of power. While the Tory majority have been intent merely on the acquisition and retention of power, it has entirely escaped their notice that they owe allegiance to something far above party, that they may not always be at the helm, and they have set the example and sanctioned the prin-

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ciple of ruling by tricks, surprises, equivocations, and concealment, and thus not only outwitting their adversaries but destroying the very Parliamentary machine by which they work. To support a Government is one thing. To allow it to deceive, to overreach, to conceal important facts and support it in such conduct, is not only ruinous to a party, but lays the axe to the very root of the Constitution, the mutual confidence between the executive and the taxing power.

So much being premised, we are now in a position to estimate at its due value the unbounded eulogium of Sir Stafford Northcote on the expiring Parliament. I cannot agree that the age of the Parliament is, as he says, to be determined by the magnitude of the issues which it has been called upon to decide, but should rather suggest that its age should be decided by the magnitude of the issues which the Government has decided without consulting it at all. That, indeed, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's method of mensuration, would draw out its life to a venerable antiquity. I do not deny that it might have been all that its panegyrist says it was, if the Government whose it was and whom it served had only given it a chance. But

> Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
> Celata virtus;

and the executive merits of the House were certainly hid under a bushel. The House, we are next told, has laboured to prevent war, and when that could not be done, to circumscribe it. In what hidden volume are these mysterious labours recorded? Was it the war with Russia, which was settled behind the back of the House and the country, by secret and shameful negotiation, which left to Parliament nothing but to assume the disgrace of that with which they had never been trusted or allowed to deal? or was it the war of Afghanistan, which was painfully matured in secret for three years, and only allowed to see the light when every possibility of preventing war had been entirely cut off? Thus much may suffice as a specimen of the defence which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to offer for what he is pleased to call the House of Commons, but what is really himself and his colleagues. He lavishes praise on the picture, but omits to tell us that the likeness is meant for himself.

All these things seem to converge on one point, on the unspeakable importance of the use that may be made of the next few weeks. Of course it is very easy to represent the contest as a mere vulgar struggle for place and power. In the opinion of many persons, all political struggles resolve themselves into the simple phrase, *ôte-toi que je m'y mette*. Nothing is so cheap, nothing so easy, as to attribute

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to opponents the meanest motives that can possibly actuate a given course.

But the demands of the present occasion are such as may well make the most frivolous man serious and the most mercenary patriotic. The country has before it two administrations, each of which had and used the opportunity of carrying out their respective theories of government to their full extent. Both doubtless committed many faults. There has never, as far as I am aware, been charged against Mr. Gladstone anything worse than an overstrained zeal for the public service, and a wearisome activity which left no time for repose. Let us admit whatever can be said against us to the full. Better and wiser men may come in our places, but if they are better and wiser we know what will be their rule of action, what they will be willing to do and what no consideration will induce them to touch. We know the lines on which they will proceed. We are sure that they will not hold that means are justified by the end. They will disdain all chicanery and equivocation. They will not attempt to deprive the country or the Parliament of the fullest and fairest information on matters which it is their right and their duty to know. On the Liberal side we cannot pretend to say what amount of ability may be found, but at any rate the public knows what they have to expect, and can form by the past some notion of what the future is likely to be. There was a time when much of what I am saying now could have been said of the Tories. We might differ from and even ridicule their opinions, but we at any rate knew what those opinions were. We could not share them, but we could respect their honesty, and could gauge with considerable accuracy what we had to expect from them. We knew the worst and could bear it.

But I would put it to any reasonable and moderate man, of whatever politics he may be, if he has the slightest idea what will be the course of policy which the present Government will adopt if the pending election shall confirm their hold on power. What will be their relations with foreign Powers—we know how they treat them—will the crooked and tortuous diplomacy which every man of honour must regard with shame be finally laid aside and replaced by dealings of openness and honour? And, even if it be, is it in the power of the Minister to re-establish the confidence which has been so rudely shaken? Indeed, to do him justice, he is not very careful to answer us in this matter. On Monday last he told the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords 'that he does not understand what he means by perpetually impressing him with the necessity of publishing to the nation every single thing connected with our foreign affairs, as if he were to take every opportunity of shifting and shuffling off the responsibility which it is our duty as Ministers to

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encounter.' The words are worthy of the man, having about them a ring of sham magnanimity. It is very magnanimous to talk of assuming a responsibility of which you cannot possibly divest yourself, and thus taking credit for what is an inseparable incident of the position of a Minister. But the magnanimous nature of the declaration is somewhat tarnished when we remember that, by means of this assumption of a responsibility that is his already, the Minister conceals his conduct altogether from those who are most interested to know what it is, and takes the chance that, if he can only conceal it long enough, he may evade the very responsibility which he pretends to court. Is not the inflated inanity, the vague and bombastic phraseology, in which the Prime Minister has just been indulging in his pompous claim of ascendancy in Europe at a time when he has not added a man to our army, or a ship to our fleet, as dangerous as it is vulgar and degrading? Where are the allies and friends that our spirited foreign policy has made for us? and, if we had them, what chance have we of keeping them in face of the insults which our spirited Minister is never tired of flinging at his equals and inferiors? So much for foreign policy—let us look for a moment at that very insignificant place called home.

Even as we felt abroad so we feel here—we have taken an entirely new departure, and our landmarks are gone—we have learnt to believe that nothing is impossible—it is not what we have actually suffered, it is the utter shipwreck of all confidence, the utter uncertainty of what may happen next, the feeling that there is nothing which the combined ignorance, vanity, and audacity of one man may not attempt which hangs heavily on thinking men. We feel that we are in a new region under new auspices, and we have not learnt yet the true nature of our present situation. One thing we can see clearly, and that is that everything is done which can be done in order to stimulate and swell the vanity of the nation. The old English simplicity, that said less than it meant and did more than it promised, is out of fashion, and is replaced, as far as the present Government can influence it, by vulgarity, pretension, and ostentation; unless a stop can be put to this grievous evil, we are assuredly advancing on the course that leads to some great calamity. I have pointed out how the very foundation of our Government is shaken by the utter contempt with which Parliament is treated, and the incredible meanness with which that treatment is submitted to. All these things indicate a state of transition, and, as far as it is permitted to judge, a transition directly downwards. For all this there is but one remedy, and that remedy is now before us. We may, if we will, get rid of this incubus which is degrading our character in Europe, demoralising our people by teaching them to take tinsel for gold and glass for diamonds, sapping our prosperity by deranging our finances, laying

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a serious hearing for their claim, they must face the truth, disencumber themselves of their worthless baggage of 'parallels,' and recognise the fact that upon them lies the burden of proof. When they have produced a scheme of federation which shall furnish even a *primâ facie* answer to the objections urged against Home Rule, it will be time to ask Parliament to examine the question in a practical spirit and with an open mind. It is puerile to contend that the principle of a federal system can be discussed without reference to its details. The opponents of Home Rule affirm that no scheme of federation applicable to the British Islands can be framed which would not involve disastrous consequences, leading directly and inevitably to the 'dismemberment of the Empire' or an appeal to the sword. Parliament cannot be called upon to waste the public time, and perhaps to arouse misleading expectations, by discussing any proposals which do no not at least pretend, with some sort of plausibility, to avoid those ruinous results.

In the March number of this Review an article was published from the pen of my friend, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., to which I turned with much interest. Here, if it were anywhere possible, I thought that I should find the demands of the Home Rule party stated in a form compelling thorough and serious examination. Mr. McCarthy is not only an accomplished man of letters; he has a wide and sound knowledge of politics, disciplined by long experience in political discussion outside the House of Commons and inside it. His geniality and freshness of thought have won him the liking of all who are acquainted with him, and, if he will permit me to say so, his judgment is very highly valued by those who know him best. If anyone could put the Home Rule case in an attractive and effective shape, it would be Mr. McCarthy. One doubt alone could rest upon the worth of his advocacy. It may well be questioned how far Mr. McCarthy's 'sweet reasonableness' can be held to represent the spirit of the anti-English sentiment in Ireland, as revealed during the agrarian agitation of the autumn. It may, perhaps, be said of his arguments :—

> These are the afterthoughts that reason coins
> To justify excess, and pay the debt,
> Incurred by passion's prodigality.[1]

But, conceding to Mr. McCarthy's exposition of the Home Rule case all the representative authority which he could claim for it himself, what is its substance and its worth? I am forced to say that it is a most disappointing production, though the fault is, doubtless, in the case, not in the advocate. Nothing can be more smooth and pleasant than the flow of what is seemingly Mr. McCarthy's argument, addressing itself with easy confidence to the intelligence and the fairness of Englishmen. But when it is examined it shows only

[1] *Philip van Artevelde*, Part II. act ii. scene 1.

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a concatenation of unproved assertions, audacious inferences, and incorrect statements as to matters of fact. The real difficulties which would arise out of a federal connection between Great Britain and Ireland are airily put aside by Mr. McCarthy, are ingeniously evaded, or altogether ignored. I propose, in the first place, to offer a few criticisms upon Mr. McCarthy's apology for Home Rule; and afterwards to set forth the objections to an Anglo-Irish Federation which arise out of those criticisms or upon points unnoticed by Mr. McCarthy. In my judgment the Home Rulers are not entitled even to a provisional hearing until they grapple, as they have never yet done, with the arguments on the other side, and show how it is possible to avoid some at least of the mischiefs which Home Rule would apparently bring upon the people of these kingdoms.

The tone of Mr. McCarthy's article is suspiciously triumphant. It presents the Home Rule demand as absolutely clear, simple, convincing, almost self-evident, to be resisted only by sheer stupidity or rancorous prejudice. This is a familiar artifice of forensic rhetoric. An advocate pleading a doubtful cause will say: 'Gentlemen of the jury, it must be patent to the meanest intelligence that the defendant meant this or that;' 'No fair-minded men can refuse to recognise the incontestable rights of my client;' and so on. Can Mr. McCarthy really believe that his case is irresistible? If so, how does he account for the fact that outside the Irish Home Rule party there are to be found no adherents of the federal scheme in the three kingdoms? The whole body of thinking Englishmen cannot be overridden by prejudice, ignorance, and incapacity to hear reason. I will cite one name which Mr. McCarthy, I am sure, will admit is that of one not warped by anti-Irish prejudice and not afraid of new ideas. I cite Mr. Mill's name as an example, showing that intelligent and unprejudiced persons see enormous—nay, insuperable—difficulties where Mr. McCarthy would have us believe there are none. 'Any form of federal union between Great Britain and Ireland,' says Mr. Mill, 'would be unsatisfactory while it lasted, and would end either in total conquest or in complete separation.' Of course Mr. Mill's authority does not conclude the argument, but it warns us not to follow Mr. McCarthy in assuming that a complex political problem is as easily solved as a sum in simple addition.

The title, no less than the tone, of Mr. McCarthy's article is misleading. It is 'The Common-sense of Home Rule,' whereas it might with more propriety be 'The Common-places of Home Rule.' The following are the main propositions upon which Mr. McCarthy's appeal rests. (1) That it is unfair to condemn Home Rule as leading to the dismemberment of the Empire: (2) That Home Rule would leave the House of Commons 'exactly as it is': (3) That Parliament is overloaded with business more properly to be dealt with by local bodies: (4) That 'the day will come' when England and Scotland,

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as well as Ireland, will demand Home Rule, and when the colonies will be represented in the Imperial Legislature: (5) That the existing Parliamentary system is an utter failure: (6) That it is unjust and mischievous to refuse to regard Home Rule as a question open for discussion: (7) That since Irish and Scotch measures are, or ought to be, practically settled by Irish and Scotch majorities, the debates on them at Westminster are waste of time: (8) That the relations subsisting between Great Britain and Ireland before the Union were in every way satisfactory: (9) That the federal system represents the most advanced type of modern polity, and has been everywhere successful: (10) That a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland would pursue a wise, just, and practical policy. Into Mr. McCarthy's closing remarks upon national sentiment it is unnecessary to enter, since he disclaims the intention of resting any part of his argument upon that ground. On the propositions summarised above is founded his contention that 'Ireland's demand is the demand of common sense.'

1. Does Home Rule mean, or would it come to mean, the 'dismemberment of the Empire'? Mr. McCarthy insists that the phrase is misleading. Is the Empire dismembered, he asks, when self-government is extended among our colonial fellow-subjects? Was the Empire dismembered before the Act of Union? The answer is obvious. No colony can be compared with Ireland; the colonies have never been represented, as Ireland has been, in the Imperial Parliament, and the concession of self-government to any of them is merely an acknowledgment that the time has come when, as adolescent communities, they may be released from the tutelage of autocratic officialism. There is in such cases no abandonment of a closer union for one more lax and lightly fitting. The separate existence of Ireland before the Union did not involve dismemberment for the same reason: there was no pre-existent bond to be loosed. But if there was not dismemberment, there were relations of unstable equilibrium between the two countries. To go back to those relations after national unity has been established for eighty years would severely strain the framework of society and government, even if it did not lead, as I believe it would, to further disintegrating processes. It is hardly worth while disputing about words. Mr. Shaw, in his address to the electors of Cork county, says:—

> The Prime Minister, not for the first time, misrepresents the general opinion of the people of Ireland, as expressed by a majority of her representatives, in favour of self-government in domestic affairs, as if it meant the dismemberment of the Empire. No one knows better than the Prime Minister that that is not a true statement of the case. *We mean by Home Rule not that the connection between the two countries should be destroyed, but that the relationship may be placed on a healthy and natural and honest basis;* and we seek this object by strictly legal and constitutional means.

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This is the kernel of the whole question. The opponents of Home Rule contend that the proposed change in the relations of Great Britain and Ireland would be neither healthy, nor natural, nor honest, and they believe that it would end, whatever its promoters design, in separation or civil war.

2. Home Rule would leave the Imperial Parliament 'exactly as it is.' This statement is an astounding proof that even the ablest of the Home Rulers have not taken the trouble to work out in their own minds the application of their theory. If an Irish Parliament were established bearing a federal relation to the Parliament at Westminster, the constitution of the latter must be radically changed. It would be necessary to break with all our Parliamentary history and traditions, to abolish the so-called omnipotence of Parliament, and to define its powers by one or more 'organic laws.' The characteristic feature of the British polity is that it is not 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' by any paper constitution. Under a federal system we should have one, or perhaps several, such constitutions, outside of the bounds of which neither the Imperial nor the local legislatures could lawfully step. Mr. McCarthy may deem this an improvement, but he cannot deny that it would import nothing less than a revolution in our political system. Moreover, since the enactment of a law under those conditions by either the Imperial or the local legislature would not be valid unless it were in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, an independent and impartial tribunal must be established to decide upon disputed questions of 'constitutionality.' The Supreme Court of the United States and the *Bundes-Gericht* of the Swiss Confederation perform this delicate work in a fairly satisfactory manner, though, as in the Dred Scott case, their decisions have sometimes provoked dangerous popular discontent. The Imperial Parliament, hide-bound by a written constitution, and subject to have its acts reviewed by an external tribunal, would nevertheless remain, Mr. McCarthy assures us, 'exactly as it is.' In a certain sense, perhaps, it might be said that when a man's head was cut off his heart and lungs were left in their former position; but this would hardly be 'common sense.' If the Home Rulers do not seriously contemplate these great changes, they are bound to show that federalism can be worked without them: if they do contemplate them, they ought not to conceal their intentions. No one would infer from Mr. McCarthy's article that he was an advocate of a written constitution and a judiciary with power to declare laws unconstitutional.[2]

[2] It is proper to state that these remarks were in print before the appearance of Sir George Bowyer's letter in *The Times* (March 15th). The late member for Wexford says:—'A mature study of the subject leads to the conclusion that a Constitution of limited powers, like that of the United States, affords the only possible solution of the problem of Home Rule. I mean a constitutional law defining the powers of the provincial and Imperial Parliaments, and a supreme court to decide all questions arising between them.'

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3. It may be admitted that Parliament is overburdened with work. The proper remedy is not to split Parliament up into smaller legislatures, but to transfer that which does not necessarily involve legislative principles to non-legislative bodies. Questions involving principles, however small and local they may seem, ought to be settled upon the broadest basis. Mr. McCarthy alludes to one or two Irish questions, which he takes as examples of those which ought to be handled by an Irish Parliament—Sunday closing of public houses, and outdoor relief of distress. These seem to me to be eminently questions of principle, the local application of which cannot be separated from the general interest. The objections to determining the nature of outdoor relief at Westminster would be just as valid if urged against the settlement of the matter in Dublin. The 'local authorities' would not be the Home Rule Parliament any more than the Imperial Parliament. Local minorities must be protected against local majorities, and a central legislature is more likely to do this effectively than a provincial one. Mr. McCarthy, I fancy, is a devotee of 'the god Majority'; at least, he would not agree with Goethe that 'alles Grosse und Gescheite existirt in der Minorität.'[3] But he would probably allow that minorities have their rights, and even their uses. Mr. McCarthy introduces confusion, it must be noted, into his complaint of an accumulation of Parliamentary business by gliding, without discrimination, from public measures to private Bills. The latter do not strictly belong to legislation at all; and I shall offer some remarks on them by-and-by.

4. It is needless to dwell upon Mr. McCarthy's anticipation that 'the day will come' when England and Scotland will demand Home Rule, and the colonies Imperial representation. Remote and improbable contingencies of this sort afford no safe ground-work for serious political discussion. Should the changes to which Mr. McCarthy looks forward ever come to pass, Home Rule itself will lose much of its importance in a wider revolution. That anyone should desire to precipitate a movement the results of which are outside the sphere of rational calculation seems to me scarcely credible. We are told that we must not speak of Home Rule as dismemberment, yet in the same breath we are asked to hand over the Empire as a *corpus vile* for the most hazardous experiments. Unfortunately examples of this sort of political temerity have never been very rare. 'An ignorant man,' says Burke, 'who is not fool enough to meddle with his clock, is, however, sufficiently confident to think he can safely take to pieces, and put together at his pleasure, a moral machine of another guise, importance, and complexity, composed of far other wheels and springs and balances, and counteracting and co-operating powers.'

[3] 'All greatness and good sense are to be found in the minority.'—Eckermann, *Conversations*, &c., February 12, 1829.

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5. Of course, if Mr. McCarthy's next proposition be admitted—namely, that Parliamentary government in the United Kingdom has utterly failed—he cannot be censured for projecting even the roughest and most venturesome experiments. But few, except those who are committed beforehand to extreme measures of change, will accept Mr. McCarthy's account of the matter as adequate. Whatever shortcomings our Parliamentary system may show, however legislation may be sometimes delayed and time wasted, it is still the most vigorous, efficient, honoured, and powerful of representative governments. No carping criticism can alter this truth. The House of Commons, with all its faults, stands on higher ground than any other legislative assembly in the world. Neither the Congress at Washington, nor the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, nor the Reichstag at Berlin, not to mention less important bodies, would be placed upon a level with it by any unprejudiced political disputant. Yet Mr. McCarthy tells us it has 'utterly broken down'; in his eyes all that it does or tries to do ends in culpable, scandalous, irremediable failure. This jaundiced view may be left to correct itself. I will only observe that the last thing of which many of us are inclined to complain is that there is too little legislation under our existing Parliamentary system. Some might rather be tempted to say, *Ut olim flagitiis, sic nunc legibus laboramus.*

6. It is said that to refuse to deal with the Home Rule claim as not open for discussion is 'fatal' and 'fatuous.' Mr. McCarthy knows very well that many questions as important as Home Rule are placed by the common consent of all practical men outside the pale of Parliamentary controversy. There are some politicians who consider that the monarchical constitution of the country might be changed with advantage; there are more than might be suspected who think it would be expedient to relieve the overburdened taxpayers by wiping out the national debt; there are quite a considerable number who are eager to establish some sort of inconvertible paper currency; I fear there are even a larger body who would gladly exclude foreign rivalry in manufacturing and agricultural production by prohibitory duties. But Parliament rightly refuses to waste its time in debating issues settled long ago. No statesman has declared that the Home Rule controversy must not be opened in Parliament in language more decided than that which Lord Beaconsfield used when replying last year to the attacks of Lord Bateman and the Duke of Rutland upon free trade. I am sure Mr. McCarthy would be the first to condemn the Government if they yielded to a demand for inquiry into the expediency of re-establishing protection. The Home Rule demand is subject to the same disability. The arguments against conceding a separate legislature to Ireland have never been met. I have summarised them further on, and if it is alleged that they have been already answered, I must be allowed to ask for

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'chapter and verse.' Certain it is that no such answer is to be found in Mr. McCarthy's 'Common-sense of Home Rule.'

7. It is said that the formal discussion at Westminster of measures which are, or ought to be, settled by the Irish or the Scotch representatives involves useless waste of time. A distinction must be made between the principle and the details of such measures. The former ought to be watched by Parliament as a whole, since even a Sunday Closing Bill or a Seed Potatoes Bill may establish precedents of extreme gravity. Details may be left, and are generally left, to members immediately interested.

8. Mr. McCarthy asserts that the legislative independence of Ireland before the Union involved no dangers or difficulties. The Irish Parliament, he says, was loyal, peaceable, orderly; the rebellion of 1798 was due to the 'infatuation' of the English Government in refusing Catholic emancipation.[4] These statements show a curiously confused and inexact conception of the condition of Ireland at the close of the last century. A Roman Catholic writer of strong national opinions says of the protests of the Catholic delegates in 1792: 'They were introduced to George III. by Edmund Burke. His Majesty sent a message to the Irish Parliament, requesting them to remove some of the disabilities, but the Parliament treated the message with contempt.' Such liberal concessions as were granted at that time were due—so Grattan acknowledged in 1805—to the wise policy of Pitt, which was fatally thwarted by adverse influences in Dublin. The legislative independence of Ireland, such as it was, lasted only for eighteen years; in 1782 the menace of civil war forced the English Parliament to repeal Poynings' Law and the Act of George I. 'for the better securing the dependency of Ireland on the Crown of Great Britain.' Previously, it is plain, the Irish Parliament could do little harm because of its utter insignificance. Afterwards it came near enough to a conflict with England upon Pitt's commercial measures in 1785, and upon the question of the regency in 1788. If it had not been for the recovery of the king, the Regent's power in Ireland would have differed in the most important points from his power in England. Even foreign complications were not wanting; Ireland barely escaped engaging in a war on her own account with Portugal. The alleged material prosperity of the country after 1782 was produced by lavish bounties which pampered industries under unhealthy conditions, quickened the growth of population, and paved the way for an inevitable and ruinous reaction. Mr. McCarthy resents the prevalent opinion that the members of the Irish Parliament

[4] Mr. McCarthy adds: 'Repeal of the Union would leave the Irish people in a very peculiar position. It would put them in possession of a Parliament in which no Catholic could sit, and *for the election of a member to which no Catholic could vote.*' In point of fact the Roman Catholics of Ireland had been admitted to the elective franchise several years before the Union (Irish Statutes, 33 Geo. III. c. 21).

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quarrelled among themselves; for evidence on this point he may consult Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs, *passim*. But, he asks, was not that Parliament, with all its faults, loyal and even Conservative? If it was so, it was by the operation of influences and conditions which cannot be reproduced. The Irish Government was a permanent link of connection between the two countries; it was not dependent on a Parliamentary majority; indeed, it may be said the majority in Parliament was generally dependent on the Government. Half the members occupied 'proprietary seats.' In 1784, the Government commanded, for certain 'considerations,' eighty-six votes of this class, twelve votes of their own, forty-five of various placemen, and thirty-two of politicians with 'expectations.'[5] Patronage and other inducements were habitually and freely used. The House of Commons was wholly Protestant, and for the most part identified with Protestant ascendancy and the landed interest. Lord Charlemont, the chief of 'the volunteers of '82,' who is reckoned an eminent patriot, was opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Those who were not horribly afraid of the Catholic masses were appalled by the importation of French revolutionary ideas. It is difficult to see how, in such circumstances, the Irish House of Commons could have been other than 'loyal' and 'conservative,' according to its lights, which, however, did not prevent it from doing much mischief.

9. The assumption that a federal system of government represents the most advanced form of polity, vindicated by universal success, is entirely unfounded. In almost every case the adoption and the development of federal institutions have tended to draw the confederated communities closer together, not, as in the proposed modification of the Union of these kingdoms, to relax a pre-existing bond. The Constitution of the United States was substituted for the articles of confederation, and it was because the original colonies, distinct in origin, and already recognised as sovereign States, were unwilling wholly to part with their separate existence, that the doctrine of State rights was left to trouble the Union for three generations, and received its *coup de grâce*—if, indeed, it do not still remain a potential cause of disturbance—in the greatest of modern wars. In Switzerland the loose confederation established by the Congress of Vienna led to perpetual conflicts, ending in the war of the Sonderbund and the victory of the centralising party. The *Staatenbund* (confederacy of States) was transformed into a *Bundesstaat* (federal State) in 1848, and the new constitution of 1874 has gone still further in the direction of centralisation. The same tendency appears in our colonies. The foundation of the Dominion brought the previously independent Governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the rest under the same Central Parliament as the Canadas. An attempt is now being made to draw together in the same way the dis-

[5] Massey's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 264.

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connected colonies of South Africa. But these experiments, whatever their value may be, are all in the direction of consolidation, not of disintegration. In a country where only saddle-horses and pack-horses had been known, the introduction of carts and carriages would be a great step in advance; but when once railways have been brought into use it would be childish to propose to go back to the mail-coach and the wagon. The peculiar dangers of any federal relation must be borne in mind. In the United States and in Switzerland the resolution of a minority, with a distinct political existence, not to submit to the predominance of a majority in the federation, had to be overcome by the sword. Under these and other federal governments—as in Canada lately, in the case of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just—there have been frequent conflicts between the different powers in the State. A struggle of this kind between the Imperial and the Irish Governments would probably terminate in an appeal to force. Hitherto, whatever may be charged against the Union, it must be admitted that it has prevented Irish disaffection from blazing out in civil war. The wretched risings of 1848 and 1867, which were crushed by a handful of police-constables at Ballingarry and Tallaght, cannot be dignified with that terrible name. They cannot be compared with the ordeal through which Switzerland passed in 1847 and the United States in 1860–65.[6]

10. Mr. McCarthy is at some pains to convince us that a Home Rule Parliament would pursue a wise, just, and practical policy. To this it may be answered that Mr. McCarthy can in no way vouch for what an Irish Parliament may choose to do if it should ever get the bit between its teeth. There are many Home Rule members—Mr. Shaw, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. McCarthy himself—who talk mildly, and would perhaps act moderately, if they had their own way. But can anyone be certain that these gentlemen would have power, would even have seats, in an Irish Parliament two or three years hence? Could anyone, when Mr. Butt first brought the Home Rule demand before the House of Commons, have predicted the achievements of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Donnell, and their associates in public life?

[6] I have not referred above to the cases of Austria and Germany. A glance at the constitution of either empire will suffice to convince any Home Ruler that it would be impossible to put Ireland in the position of Hungary, still less in that of Bavaria. The smaller German kingdoms and principalities—Bavaria, Würtemberg, &c.—have their separate dynasties and institutions, which Ireland cannot have unless we make the current of history flow backward. The Dualist Constitution of Austria-Hungary is founded upon the principle of exact and acknowledged equality between the Cisleithan and Transleithan kingdoms. The 'Common affairs' (Gemeinsame Angelegenheiten) of the Empire are those only which arise out of military, naval, or diplomatic transactions. These are dealt with by the 'Delegations' (sixty members from Austria and sixty from Hungary, the Upper House in each kingdom choosing one-third and the Lower House two-thirds); the Austrian delegates sit in one chamber and the Hungarian delegates in another, for the consideration of 'Common affairs' as aforesaid. It is only when there is a disagreement upon any practical issue that they assemble in one body and come to a final vote, without debate.

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The obstructionist campaign was not more a surprise to moderate men than was the anti-rent agitation of the autumn. It is, unfortunately, too evident that in Irish politics moderation is always distanced by violence. The danger that this would happen, when the restraint of having to defend extreme measures before an assembly responsible to English and Scottish as well as Irish opinion was removed, would not be lessened by the lowering of the franchise in Ireland. The extreme measures which would probably find favour with an Irish Parliament can only be conjectured. It is not, however, unfair to suppose that, the power of taxation being wholly under the control of a House of Commons elected by the Roman Catholic majority, the Church of Rome would be substantially, if not formally, endowed, and that a system of denominational education—primary, secondary, and academic—directed chiefly by the monastic orders, would be established in Ireland. These things would certainly be done if Ireland were independent; for among the Irish Roman Catholics there is nothing resembling the spirit of French or Belgian Liberalism. The majority of the electors being connected with agriculture, measures of sweeping agrarian reform would certainly be introduced. The landlords would for the most part be expropriated or forced to sell their estates by indirect pressure, such as exceptional taxation; the tenant farmers would obtain fixity of tenure, either with 'fair rents' and 'free sale,' or as owners subject to a state mortgage. Public works would be instituted upon a large scale at the expense of Government—that is, of the taxpayers of the upper classes, on whom these and other such charges would be made to fall. Manufactures would be 'fostered' by bounties and protective duties, for nine out of ten Irishmen are Protectionists at heart. Agriculture would in its turn demand protection against foreign grain and foreign meat. It is likely that there would even be an attempt to enact a navigation law for the development of shipping and shipbuilding in Irish ports. The criminal law and the civil law would be modified in many parts, and Ireland would thus be made to diverge from England in the non-political relations. The relief of the poor and the administration of justice would be 'popularised.' Patronage would be created wholesale, and offices would be held 'at pleasure.' The constabulary would, doubtless, be maintained as a semi-military force, which, on occasion, could be employed as a national army.

All these changes could, beyond question, be carried out by an Irish Parliament, and I leave it to those who know Ireland well to say whether it is not almost certain that they would, at least, be attempted. Every one of them would widen the breach between Great Britain and Ireland, would engender bitter feelings, and, sooner or later, would provoke interference. It is needless to point out how closely interwoven are the interests of this country and the sister island. Not alone are the owners of land in Ireland connected by

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many ties with England and Scotland, but English capital is largely invested upon Irish mortgages, in Irish railways and other companies, and in the interchange of trade. England could not look with indifference on confiscations, crushing imposts, and Protectionist measures enforced by an Irish Parliament. It may be said that in the proposed Federal Constitution provisions might be inserted guarding against the most flagrant invasions of proprietary and other rights. But should a later Irish Legislature decline, as it would, to be bound by such stipulations, what remedy could be applied? The Imperial Parliament would have no means of compelling Ireland to keep the terms of the federal compact, except by levying war, as the Government at Washington was forced to levy war against South Carolina and the rest of the Southern States. It may be presumed that the dominant party in Dublin would choose a time when it might be difficult for the Imperial Government to assert its authority, as during a crisis in Europe or an actual conflict. One instance of such a complication and probable conflict will be enough. I do not find in Mr. McCarthy's article any statement of the financial relations of Ireland to the Imperial Parliament under a federal system. The original scheme, however, as adopted in Dublin ten years ago, embodied the following resolution:—

> To secure for that Parliament [of Ireland], under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and *control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the Imperial expenditure.*

Thus the Irish Parliament would not only have the power of carrying out its own fiscal policy,—which would probably be mischievous, and would almost certainly be divergent from that of England,—but would have no other obligation towards the Empire than the payment of a stipulated sum as a contribution for Imperial objects. Is it unlikely that, perhaps in a year of distress, a cry would be raised against this contribution, and that the drama of the anti-rent agitation would be enacted once more on a wider scene? The relation of Ireland to the Imperial Government would closely resemble that of a tenant to his landlord, and no constitutional pact could be regarded as more binding between nation and nation than is the unconditional promise to pay a fixed rent between man and man. A refusal to pay on the part of Ireland would place the Imperial Government in a dilemma. If the demand for an abatement were once admitted, the full sum, on one or another pretext, would never again be paid. If it were resisted, the money would have to be levied by force, which would be met by force.

I will now enumerate the objections to the Home Rule proposal which have been suggested, directly or indirectly, by Mr. McCarthy's argument in its favour.

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1. It would be, in a very grave sense, a revolutionary measure, involving (*a*) the abrogation of our unwritten constitution, and the acceptance in its stead of a charter, strictly limiting the powers of the Imperial Parliament on the one hand and the Irish Legislature on the other; and, as a necessary consequence, (*b*) the establishment of an independent tribunal to pronounce upon the constitutional character of statutes, and to confine both federal and local assemblies to their respective spheres.[7]

2. An Irish Parliament would widen the breach between Great Britain and Ireland by pursuing a divergent course on many most important questions, some of which would lead to recrimination and collision. These are: (*a*) the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church;[8] (*b*) the establishment of an educational system under priestly control; (*c*) the unsettlement of land tenure and landed property in Ireland and of the interests connected therewith; (*d*) the alteration of the general law of contracts; (*e*) of marriage and divorce; (*f*) the introduction of changes in the criminal law; (*g*) in the poor relief system; (*h*) in the administration of justice; (*i*) in the character and management of the police force. Many of these questions may be dealt with, to public advantage, in a reforming spirit; but if they are dealt with in the spirit which the 'active party' among Irish politicians have shown, it is clear that Ireland will be drawn forcibly away from England and placed in conspicuous and provocative opposition to English ideas and institutions.

3. The financial policy of an Irish Parliament would include (*a*) unequal taxation of landed proprietors, railway stock holders and other capitalists; (*b*) an outlay, mainly from the above source, on the artificial production of peasant proprietors and the compulsory expropriation of landlords; (*c*) a similar outlay on bounties for the encouragement of different industries; (*d*) the protection of Irish manufactures by prohibitory duties; (*e*) the like protection for the farmers, in respect of corn, cattle, butter, &c.; (*f*) the enactment of a navigation law for the development of the shipping interest; (*g*) the 'development of the resources' of Ireland by a system of public

[7] Yet the third resolution passed by the Home Rule conference of 1873 asserts: 'that such a (federal) arrangement does not involve any change in the existing constitution of the Imperial Parliament, or any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown or disturbance of the principles of the constitution.'

[8] Mr. McCarthy ingenuously asks how it can be supposed that a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland would run counter to Irish Protestant feeling, when several Home Rule politicians—Mr. Shaw, Mr. Parnell, and others—are Protestants. Anyone who knows what Irish Protestant feeling is will recognise the irrelevancy of this argument, which, however, cannot be discussed—for obvious reasons. I can only say that politicians have to bow outwardly to influences against which *in foro conscientiæ* they revolt. I have heard lately of an illustrious pillar of the United Kingdom Alliance whose supporters kept open a host of public-houses during a contested election in an Irish borough. Yet the triumphant candidate whose victory was thus compassed was, I have no doubt, at heart as ardent in his 'Abstinence' principles as Mr. Shaw or Mr. Mitchell in their Protestantism.

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works undertaken at the cost of the State, and the practical adoption of the *droit de travail.*

4. Under the two previous heads I have set down the probable course of independent Irish legislation, and impartial persons must decide whether that policy, or a policy of wisdom, justice, and sound economy, is likely to be pursued. But should even a few of the errors which seem probable be committed by the Irish Government, a controversy with the Imperial power could scarcely be avoided. English opinion would be violently stirred by the complaint of the Saxon and Protestant population of Ireland, were the latter to be heavily taxed for the support of Roman Catholicism or to be deprived of their proprietary rights. The adoption of a close protective system in Ireland would be not more endurable. But the point upon which a conflict would be most likely to arise is the payment of the stipulated contribution for Imperial purposes. It is also to be observed that Irish popular feeling might insist upon defying the decisions of the Supreme Court or the demands of the Imperial Parliament in a question of foreign policy. The objection I urge is that occasions of strife would be inevitable.

5. Moreover, Ireland, in the event of a quarrel, would be induced to hold her ground by the fact that she would possess the machinery of Government and the sinews of war. At present an Irish insurrection is not only hopeless, but is recognised as hopeless by Irishmen. It might be otherwise if there were a Legislature, an Executive Government, and a State Treasury in Dublin, and if a majority of Irish Nationalists commanded the financial resources of the country, and possessed in the constabulary something not unlike an army. It may be added that a Home Rule Legislature would at once enrol and arm the peasantry under the name of volunteers. Everything points to the probability that the first serious controversy would end in civil war. As certainly civil war would end in the reconquest of Ireland.

6. Even should it be possible to escape this desperate conclusion, the working of Parliamentary government in Ireland would, it may be feared, be deplorable. It is difficult enough at present to find one hundred men of character and capacity to represent Irish constituencies at St. Stephen's. Where could thrice as many more be found to sit in the Parliament on College Green? This difficulty presents itself wherever, as in the United States and Canada, local and federal legislatures exist side by side. The ablest Irish politicians, such as my friend Mr. McCarthy, not being able, as Sir Boyle Roche said, to be 'in two places at once, like a bird,' would probably elect to remain members of the Imperial Legislature. The Home Rule Assembly would be left to men of an inferior order, with less culture and intelligence, less self-respect, honour, and even honesty. It would, perhaps, be found ere long that Ireland under Home Rule was worthy to be matched with New York when Tweed was the

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autocrat of the 'Empire City,' and was kept in power for years by the votes of Irishmen.

In these conclusions—some certain, some overwhelmingly probable—there is, it seems to me, a case against Home Rule which cannot be easily met, and which, so far as I am aware, has not been hitherto met at all. Lord Hartington's avowed determination to oppose not only 'any concession,' but 'any appearance of a concession,' to the Home Rule demand, is amply justified by the vague generalities or the ominous silence of the Home Rulers. The true policy of the Liberal party—nay, of the whole nation—could not be more admirably defined than in Lord Hartington's address to the electors of North-East Lancashire. While the claim for the legislative independence of Ireland must be rejected, it is imperative to show that, within the lines of the Constitution, Irishmen may insist upon obtaining complete political and social equality. But Liberal statesmanship might go beyond this, and prove the sincerity of its repudiation of Home Rule by annihilating the only effective argument of the Home Rulers. It is true that Parliament is overburdened with work, and it is as ridiculous as it is true that a large part of the business thus thrown upon the most important legislative body in the world is not legislative work at all. Mr. McCarthy alludes to private Bills as exhausting the energies of Parliament, but he confounds this complaint with one wholly different concerning public business of the strictly legislative sort. The private business which comes before Parliament is no more proper for a Legislature to deal with than the business of the Metropolitan Board of Works or of the juries at the Old Bailey. A private Bill committee is a bad arbitration court, and nine-tenths of the members who serve upon them are puppets in the hands of clever Parliamentary counsel. Moreover, if the truth must be told, there is, outside Parliament, a half-acknowledged suspicion that these tribunals are not altogether impartial. The impression, no doubt, is baseless, though others beside Mr. Grissell play upon it; but it prevails, and it is not likely to disappear until Parliament has the courage to cut itself free from embarrassing and burdensome business with which it is not properly concerned. The presence in Parliament of a great number of directors of railway, tramway, and dockyard companies does not, indeed, justify the imputation—which I find in some American criticisms on English politics—that 'log rolling' has been naturalised among us. The transfer, however, of private Bills to non-political bodies sitting all the year round in the chief towns of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, is desirable on this and other grounds. It would immensely diminish the cost of public improvements and economise time and temper as well as money. A body like the Railway Commission, with power to sit in various circuit centres and in separate courts, might be constituted to the satisfaction of all interested parties, and to the great relief of Parliament.

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It is alleged, indeed, that although there are no presentable arguments in favour of the retention by the Legislature of the jurisdiction over private Bills, the fact of possession is not to be overcome. But Parliament, since the beginning of the present century, has voluntarily divested itself of many functions which it traditionally exercised. General Acts relating to Enclosure, Drainage, Improvement of Land, Tithe Commutation, Copyhold Enfranchisement, Joint Stock Companies, Railways, Local Courts, Poor Relief, Towns Improvement, Lighting, Police, Water Supply, Public Health, Piers, Harbours, and Pilotage, Fisheries, Turnpike Trusts, Constabulary, Entailed Estates in Scotland, Landed Estates in Ireland, Naturalisation and Divorce, were all passed by Parliament in surrender of legislative or quasi-legislative powers previously in force and use.[9] A more recent and remarkable abandonment of a jurisdiction, which had nevertheless considerable political importance, was that of the trial of contested elections transferred to the judges of the High Court of Judicature. There seems no reason to believe that, if the demand were made with energy and supported by authority, either the House of Lords or the House of Commons would cling to an onerous and ungrateful duty. If private business could thus be withdrawn from Parliament, as it might be without raising any political question at all or proposing the creation of any body with legislative functions, the argument that Parliament is overweighted with work would lose a great deal of its force. Upon the ground of policy, the Home Rule party can put forward no claim for the concession of a separate legislature to Ireland which is not outweighed by the reasons I have stated. Upon the ground of national sentiment I am glad to feel that I have not to meet Mr. McCarthy. I would only remind him that the history of the United Kingdom offers one eminent example of the manner in which such a local prejudice—cherished with all the obstinacy of Scotsmen—may be successfully lived down.

EDWARD D. J. WILSON.

[9] Enumerated by Sir Erskine May, *Parliamentary Practice*, pp. 636–642.

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THE COMMON-SENSE OF HOME RULE.

II. A REJOINDER.

It is pleasant to have to discuss a great question with so courteous and so earnest an antagonist as my friend Mr. Wilson. We have had our interchanges of opinion before now on many subjects of controversy, and shall have many yet, I hope. Mr. Wilson undertakes to assail my positions concerning 'the Common Sense of Home Rule' point by point. He disposes of them first, however, in the gross. He says that my article on the Common Sense of Home Rule 'shows only a concatenation of unproved assertions, audacious inferences, and incorrect statements of fact.' He then tabulates ten propositions which he assumes to be mine, and he goes on to attack each of the ten in turn. Next he puts forward six propositions of his own; and so the matter is finished. Now, it will be convenient, in the first instance, to reduce the number of the propositions which Mr. Wilson sets up as mine. Some of them are not mine; and so we may get rid of them at once. Number eight, for example: 'That the relations subsisting between Great Britain and Ireland before the Union were in every way satisfactory.' I never said so; nobody, so far as I know, ever said so. To adopt the lively illustration of Sam Weller, forty lunatic asylums could not produce a madman equal to such an assertion. I said that 'the Independent Irish Parliament was, in many respects, an untrustworthy and incapable body; but, with all its shortcomings, it effected an immense amount of practical good for Ireland during its short existence;' and that 'during its brief career it was thoroughly loyal.' I did not resent 'the prevalent opinion that the members of the Irish Parliament quarrelled among themselves.' I believe that during the existence of the Irish Parliament the members of the British Parliament also quarrelled among themselves. I am under the impression that the members of the Imperial Parliament quarrel among themselves now. What I did say was, that the Irish Parliament, in its day, did a great deal of good practical work, and furnished no evidence to justify the common prediction that a Home Rule Parliament 'would occupy itself only in political faction-fights and struggles of sect against sect.' We may get rid also of proposition number two: 'That Home Rule

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would leave the House of Commons exactly as it is.' I gave it as my opinion that Home Rule would leave the Imperial Parliament constituted exactly as it is at present. I explained that it would be, as it is now, a Parliament of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh members. Of course, if the words 'exactly as it is' were to be taken in rigid literalness, my statement would deserve all the criticism Mr. Wilson bestows on it. The Imperial Parliament could not be 'exactly as it is,' in that sense, if all local business were to be taken away from it. For that matter, the House of Commons would not be to-morrow exactly as it is to-day if it were to have a new carpet put on its floor. One cannot literally say that a house with a new carpet is exactly the same as a house with an old carpet. But what I pointed out was, that the composition of the House of Commons would remain as it is now. I was combating the common notion that, if Home Rule were established, there would be no Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.

I think we may also put aside proposition number one, which raises the question of dismemberment. I only spoke of dismemberment to illustrate the fact that men are much governed by mere phrases. There are vast numbers of persons on whom the whole of Mr. Wilson's clever, keen, and closely-reasoned article will not make nearly the same impression that the four words 'dismemberment of the empire' are capable of producing. But he and I need not discuss the dismemberment question. I have stated as clearly as I can what I think a Home Rule system would be. If he calls that dismemberment of the empire, there is nothing more to be said. I do not understand Mr. Wilson to say that he thinks it would be dismemberment; but of course in any case it is the thing and not the word which would alarm a man like him, and a mere contention about phrases would be useless. Mr. Wilson admits, too, that Parliament is at present overburdened with work, and, indeed, he admits to a great extent the principle on which I base my argument, by proposing that an entirely new institution must be called into existence to relieve it of some of its labours. But of course he does not admit the propriety of my suggestions for its relief; and therefore on that question we come simply to our main controversy. Nor need we pursue the question as to whether England, Scotland, and the Colonies are ever likely to ask for new arrangements of government. Mr. Wilson declines to discuss 'remote and improbable contingencies.' I do not think them perhaps quite so remote or improbable as he does; but to get into a separate argument on that point, even if Mr. Wilson were willing to argue it, would take us too far out of our main road. Again, we need not linger long over the question as to whether the failure of our present system is 'utter' or only comparative. The railway management which only succeeded in getting one out of every four of the trains

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it started safe to a journey's end would not in one sense be an utter failure. It could proudly point to the fact that one train in every four had come all right. I am afraid it would, however, be roughly condemned by public opinion as a very decided failure. I am not inclined to go far into the controversy as to whether the federal system represents 'the most advanced type of modern polity, vindicated by universal success.' I did not say anything in my article about its being the most advanced type of modern polity, nor did I propose to apply it to all kinds of states. I described it as 'a new principle of government for empires with mixed nationalities,' which has been successful wherever it has been tried. But I think Mr. Wilson somewhat underrates the stock of information which some of us Home Rulers bring to bear on this part of the controversy. He says that 'the Home Rule apologists' are 'not even aware—or if they are they carefully conceal their knowledge of the fact—that the federal systems to the success of which they appeal'—that is to say, in the United States, in the Dominion of Canada, in Austria-Hungary and in the German Empire—'have scarcely more resemblance to each other in essentials than the government of Napoleon the Third and the government of President Grévy.' I think most of us know that the systems of these countries are not all the same. We are also acquainted with the fact that Austria is part of the Continent of Europe, and that America lies on the other side of the Atlantic. What we say is that in all these various systems, each applied to conditions of its own, there is one essential principle; the principle which separates what I may now call imperial from what I may call national or local interests. What we say is that where you have a great empire, monarchical or republican, which is made up of various distinct nationalities and races, the system of government which has hitherto proved most successful for them is the federal, not the centralised, system. I find that great use is made in this controversy of the relationship between Austria and Hungary. 'Do you call that satisfactory?' I am often asked in a tone of anticipated triumph. I may answer at once I do not call it satisfactory. I am afraid the wit of man could hardly devise a satisfactory system of government for an empire so composed and so situated as that of Austria. But I consider it, on the whole, much more satisfactory than the condition of things which prevailed when Austria and Hungary were enemies on vast battle-fields, or even when Hungary was the sullen, silent enemy only waiting for an opportunity to pierce Austria in the side. Again, Mr. Wilson appears to argue—although I do not suppose this could have been the intention of one so well informed as he—that the American civil war was the consequence of the federal system of government. The American civil war was caused by the fact that there had grown up in the States, beginning and ripening while they were still part of a monarchical empire, a conflict of interests so

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direct and irreconcilable that it could only be decided by a trial of strength. The Southern planters—very wrongly, as I think—became convinced that the whole existence of their class depended upon the preservation of slavery. They fought for it as men fight for their lives; they would have fought just the same if they had been the subjects of an Alexander who emancipated their slaves by a stroke of his pen. But the federal system provided a means for the reconciliation of antagonisms after the struggle was over, and when strokes had done the inevitable work of arbitration on the one great question. Out of the existence of the slave system grew all these conflicts of authority which Mr. Wilson believes would prevail in an Irish Parliament. He complains that the Home Rulers make no account of the different conditions under which different systems are carried on. But he seems himself to make little account of the fact that Mr. Shaw is not exactly another Jefferson Davis, and that there is no seemingly irreconcilable antagonism of interests at work which inspires Cork with the conviction that, if Belfast is to live, she, Cork, must die.

I think my friend Mr. Wilson is a little unreasonable in one of his own propositions. 'In my judgment,' he says, 'the Home Rulers are not entitled even to a provisional hearing, until they grapple, as they have never yet done, with the arguments on the other side.' If we are not to have even a provisional hearing, how can we grapple to any purpose with the arguments on the other side? If you will not listen to us provisionally, how are you to know whether we have or have not grappled with anybody's arguments? 'Until you convince me that you have answered my objections, I will not listen to you.' But, if you will not listen, how can you know whether we have answered your objections? The worst of it is that Mr. Wilson does seem to have acted to some extent on this paradoxical principle. There is one very important part of my article which he evidently did not read. This is the passage to which I refer: 'The Imperial Parliament, made up of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh members, just as it is at present, would have to discuss and decide all questions of the common interest, all Imperial questions as we may call them, Imperial taxation, commercial policy, treaties of all kinds, the army, the navy, foreign policy, all subjects that belong to the making of war or to the conclusion of peace. What it would not have to trouble itself with are the questions of strictly domestic interest to Ireland.' That is my definition of Home Rule. As far as I know, it is now the definition accepted by all representative Home Rulers. Such was the definition adopted during a recent election contest in England by some of the Home Rule members of Parliament, who may be considered as entitled to speak on such an occasion with authority, and to represent the views of their party. It is plain that, if Mr. Wilson had read this part of my article, he would have been spared the pains of writing many pages of disparaging criticism. Great part of his reply is

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framed on the assumption that I had included in the business of an Irish Parliament the imposition of taxes, the making of treaties, and the settlement of a commercial policy. On this assumption he feels compelled to enter into a long argument to show the inconvenience of written Constitutions and Supreme Courts and organic laws. I might very well decline to enter into any of this part of his argument; the words to which it would apply are not mine. But I may say that a Supreme Court is needed in the United States, because Congress is not like the Imperial Parliament; it is not a body having supreme power. It has to act under the laws and the Constitution. Our Imperial Parliament would always have, as it has now, supreme power over all Imperial legislation. The domestic Legislatures would be supreme in their own sphere; the province of the domestic Legislatures would be marked out once for all by the Act of Parliament which called them into existence. If any one likes to call that an organic act, he is in my mind perfectly welcome to do so. The question of possible conflict of authority is not one which could in any case be settled by the creation of a Supreme Court. In these countries there is, and there can be, no ultimate security that a Parliament, Imperial or domestic, will keep to its own work, unless that which is found in the reasonableness of the majority of its members, and their willingness to admit the principle of compromise. There would be no more need of a written Constitution for the domestic than for the Imperial Parliament. The Act which constituted the domestic Parliament would define its functions: that is to say, its relationship to the business of the Imperial Parliament. What would happen suppose the Imperial Parliament were to insist on going beyond its proper functions? Suppose a Bill were brought in to re-enact sumptuary laws, or to decree that every woman must dress according to Dr. Richardson's plan? Everyone would feel that such legislation would be ridiculously outside the proper functions of Parliament. But there is no Supreme Court to settle the question by law; nor do we want any. What would happen? The House of Commons would reject the Bill. But suppose the House of Commons did not reject it? Then the House of Lords would reject it. But suppose both Houses were in favour of it, and that it was carried and received the Royal assent, what then? I can only say that I cannot imagine anything of the kind; that our whole system rests on the assumption of rational principles of action among the majority; and that, if ever the nation did become afflicted with common unreason, a Supreme Court and a written Constitution would not keep it in order. In the same way I think of an Irish domestic Parliament. The Act which created it would set forth, not how it was to do its business, but what the business was which it was called upon to undertake. If the Irish Parliament persisted in interfering

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with questions that were not Irish, but Imperial, I presume the intervention would begin in the form of a Bill brought in to the Representative Chamber. I presume that somebody would point out that it was a question of Imperial and not of national policy. I take it that the majority of the Irish House of Commons would perceive this and act accordingly. If, however, they were induced to pass the Bill, I take it that the Second Chamber, the House of Lords or Senate, would give a little time for cool consideration by throwing out the Bill. If the House of Commons again passed the measure, and that House had really lost its head in the wild desire to interfere with what did not concern it, I do not see how any Supreme Court or organic law could mend the matter. But we must assume as the basis of all argument on such a subject the sanity of the majority both of Englishmen and Irishmen. There are questions in this country still undecided as to the authority of Parliament and of the Law Courts. What would happen if some really formidable conflict broke out, and neither party would give way or compromise? What would happen if the sovereign really persisted in making earls out of all the cobblers in the kingdom? What would happen if the Government kept on dissolving every Parliament the moment it met? I do not know; nobody knows; nobody wants to know. The advocates of Home Rule can afford to be as little concerned about what would come to pass if an Irish Parliament insisted on seizing the Customs' duties or declaring war against Portugal.

I do not quite understand what Mr. Wilson means when he says that my statement that the rebellion of 1798 was due to the infatuation of the English Government in refusing Catholic emancipation 'shows a curiously confused and inexact conception of the condition of Ireland at the close of the last century.' Does the confusion consist in the assumption that the refusal of Catholic emancipation was the immediate cause of the rebellion? If so, the confusion of ideas is shared by a good many who, one would think, were in a position to have very clear ideas on the subject. The opinion I have expressed was the opinion of Grattan, of Lord Fitzwilliam, of the leaders of the United Irishmen themselves. It is the opinion of Mr. Lecky. 'The rebellion of 1798, with all the accumulated miseries it entailed, was,' says Mr. Lecky, 'the direct and predicted consequence' of the policy pursued in that respect by the English Government. I am well aware, of course, that, although Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen began by professing only to desire the introduction of religious equality, they were really anxious for revolutionary change. What I said in my article was that the policy of the Government drove the Catholics for the first time into the arms of the United Irishmen—'drove the whole national sentiment of the country to the side of the party of action.' I am glad that Mr. Wilson has corrected the curious mistake I made in saying that a Catholic could not at

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the time of the Union vote for the election of a member of Parliament. I had forgotten for the moment that the right to vote was given by the Act of 1793. The fact, however, only shows that the Irish Parliament was capable of being made the instrument of some good. I had understated my case in that respect.

Mr. Wilson and I come into direct antagonism on what he puts as my tenth proposition: 'that a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland would pursue a wise, just, and practical policy.' This is Mr. Wilson's way of putting the case. I am quite willing to allow it to be taken as mine, provided only I am not pinned down to the literal meaning of the words my friend has used. I should be very sorry indeed to pledge myself to any Parliament or any man pursuing always a wise, just, and practical policy. If such a Parliament of the ideal or the Socratic 'wise and good' could be found in Dublin or elsewhere, the best thing would be to invite it to undertake the government of all mankind. But I am willing to adopt Mr. Wilson's words in so far as they are understood to express my conviction that the policy of an Irish Parliament would, on the whole, be sound and just. My own words were that 'shrewd common sense would be its principal inspiration, and a sincere desire to set the country permanently on its feet, and make it independent of the chances of passing seasons and the help of foreign charity.' I have a strong belief in the common sense and the business capacity of my countrymen as a whole. I am convinced that they could manage their own affairs better than any other people, however well meaning, could manage those affairs for them. I think there are already existing in Ireland all the materials out of which a capable Parliament might be constituted. There are, as I said in my article, the landlord class, the shopkeepers, the bankers, merchants, manufacturers, the shippers, the tenant-farmers—a very intelligent class of men, who would soon school themselves into practical politicians of a remarkably good order. Ireland has an ample list of barristers and professors. She has her peerage to form the basis of a Second Chamber—a peerage which, if some practical duty were attached to the conditions of its station, would be well qualified to do service to the country. I confess that I, for one, should rejoice to see the peerage and the gentry of Ireland united with other representative men of all classes in giving practical direction and effect to the national spirit. Mr. Wilson has much doubt as to the possibility of making up a competent Irish House of Commons. 'It is difficult enough at present,' he says, 'to find one hundred men of character and capacity to represent Irish constituencies at St. Stephen's; where could thrice as many more be found to sit in the Parliament on College Green?' Does Mr. Wilson really believe that there would be any difficulty in finding three hundred men of intelligence and respectability to take their places in an Irish Parliament? The reference to St. Stephen's, even if the assertion it

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contains were correct, is curiously misleading. For all the talk of steam bridging the sea, there is still a great difference to a busy man between going from Limerick to Dublin and going from Limerick to London. Besides, a large number of the very men whom it would be particularly desirable to have in an Irish national Parliament, because of their sound local knowledge, are men who do not care to give up their time to the Imperial Parliament, with its long debates on foreign policy, on London water schemes, and on Scottish hypothec. It is well to remember, too, that the choice of Irish representatives now is inevitably limited by the fact that some men in every county and borough who would otherwise be desirable members of Parliament are separated from the national aspiration on this very subject of Home Rule. Most properly, most justly, the Irish constituencies are becoming more and more determined that they will not elect any man who will not support the national demand on this most important question. But there are in every locality some men who, if that question were once settled, would be very suitable members of either Parliament, Imperial or Irish. In the Irish counties I know best, I could pick out scores of men admirably qualified to become excellent members of a national Parliament, who have not the time or the inclination to spend long weeks in St. Stephen's waiting for the chance of some subject coming up for discussion in which they take a practical interest. The Lord Lieutenant might at last become of some real use under a Home Rule system. I was speaking the other day to an Irish member who is not at all likely to be a great admirer of the Castle system in Dublin, but who declared that he would always vote against any proposal to abolish the Irish Viceroyalty, because so long as it remained there was one practical recognition of the distinct nationality of Ireland, and one piece of the machinery for the construction of a domestic Parliament ready to hand. His words are well worth consideration.

But the great strength of Mr. Wilson's article is, after all, rather prophetic than political. He points to the fearful array of disturbing deeds that an Irish Parliament would do. His visions of the future are so clear that he can actually number and tabulate them as they pass before his prophetic gaze. Swedenborg passing in review the various occupants of other worlds, Blake describing a fairy's funeral, was not more precise than Mr. Wilson in his predictions of what an Irish Parliament would do. He actually dockets the various revolutionary acts of this future Parliament (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), (*d*), and so forth. I can easily imagine some readers being profoundly impressed by the rigorous precision of the (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), and (*d*). Here is a man who indeed knows all about it, they will say; not only can he tell you all that an Irish Parliament will do, he can arrange its misdeeds in order; misdeed *a*, misdeed *b*, misdeed *c*—there they are laid out and ticketed in advance. Mr. Wilson is of opinion that

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an Irish Parliament would, among other things, endow the Catholic Church, alter the general law of contracts, take away the property of railway stock-holders and other capitalists, and lay it out in bounties for the encouragement of various industries, establish all manner of new and complicated protective duties, and turn the constabulary into an army. He is also much concerned about the probability of its doing something or other with the law of divorce. I wonder he did not extend his list. The Irish Parliament would decree (w) that seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny; (x) that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops; (y) that it should be felony to drink small beer; and (z) that all the realm should be in common. Is it not Grattan who says we cannot argue with a prophet; we can only decline to believe him? I altogether refuse to accept my friend Mr. Wilson as a prophet. He is a remarkably well-informed man and a keen reasoner, as no one knows better than I; but I have no faith in his prophetic dreamings. Some of the revolutionary changes which he says the Irish Parliament would make would be absolutely out of its scope and power. About others one can hardly form any opinion. Mr. Wilson says, for example, that an Irish Parliament would introduce changes in the Poor Relief system. But he does not tell us what the changes would be. Surely it is too much to ask us to recognise as an objection to a domestic Legislature that it would introduce changes of which Mr. Wilson does not even hint at the nature. Why not tabulate the exact details in this instance as in others, and let us know whether the changes are good or bad? Even the poor relief system is not absolutely perfect. Who knows that the changes in it might not be improvements? Mr. Wilson, at all events, does not seem to know, for he offers no hint on the subject. I would thus classify and summarise Mr. Wilson's array of predicted measures. (a) Measures entirely outside the province and powers of a domestic Parliament. (b) Measures so wild that no assembly of rational Irishmen would agree to pass them into law. (c) Measures involving questions fairly and properly open to discussion, and on which it is not possible for reasonable men to pronounce a dogmatic and final opinion offhand.

Some of the changes Mr. Wilson seems to object to only as changes. I am utterly unable to form any opinion as to the merits of a change in the poor relief system, the administration of justice, and the management of the police force, without knowing something about the nature of the proposed changes. But I assume that the Irish Parliament would be composed for the most part of men capable of discussing new measures in a reasonable way. The assumption that all Irishmen are more or less mad is well enough for certain comic periodicals; but I presume Mr. Wilson, himself an Irishman, does not adopt it as the basis of his argument. One of Mr. Wilson's strongest reasons for opposing the idea of an Irish

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Parliament is that such a Parliament would admit inquiries into the propriety of re-establishing Protection. I have to remark that the Imperial Parliament actually has admitted a demand for such an inquiry. If Mr. Ritchie's Committee on sugar industries is not such an inquiry, I have no idea of what the protective principle really is. Mr. Wilson and I are quite in accord as to the question of Protection at least; but I am afraid we must admit that Parliamentary assemblies are to be allowed to exist even though they contain considerable minorities, or considerable majorities, who are not yet in agreement with us on that and other important subjects.

A few words in conclusion. Mr. Wilson speaks more than once of Ireland being placed by a Home Rule Parliament in opposition to English ideas. Can there be a more incautious, not to say dangerous, way of arguing the question? Mr. Wilson can hardly mean that the Imperial Parliament is to say to Ireland: 'We will make English ideas the standard for you to conform to, and you shall perforce come under it.' Yet this would seem to be his meaning, not only from casual words, but from much of the spirit of his argument. He has laboured with patient earnestness to prove that Ireland has in general different inclinations and principles from those of England. The alarmist passages of his article strike this note with especial loudness. It would seem, then, as if he meant to say—'Here is a people with feelings, principles, and tendencies decidedly unlike those of England: if we give them any measure of self-government, they will be doing things that are not in accordance with our English ideas; therefore they shall have no self-government.' This is putting in the bluntest fashion what Mr. Mill called 'the eternal political *non possumus*,' which means, as he truly said, 'we don't do it in England.' Mr. Wilson fancies, he says, that I am a devotee of 'the god Majority.' I have not had much to do with that divinity in my time. But surely he must be a worshipper, a fanatic adorer of the god Majority, who proposes to settle any demand made on behalf of the Irish people with the words—'These are not English ideas; they don't suit the English majority.' 'Not English!' said Mr. Podsnap, 'clearing the world of some of its most difficult problems by sweeping them behind him and (consequently) sheer away.'

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

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THE DEEP SEA AND ITS CONTENTS.

WHEN, in June 1871, I placed before Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, the scheme I had formed for a Scientific Circum navigation Expedition, I stated as its general object 'the extension to the three great oceanic areas—the Atlantic, the Indian and Southern, and the Pacific—of the Physical and Biological Exploration of the Deep Sea, which has been tentatively prosecuted by my colleagues and myself, during a few months of each of the last three years, on the eastern margin of the North Atlantic, and in the neighbouring portion of the Mediterranean.' Those researches had been regarded by the scientific public—not of this country only, but of the whole civilised world—as of extraordinary interest; not only for the new facts they had brought into view and the old fallacies which they had exploded, but for the new ideas they had introduced into various departments of scientific thought. And I felt myself justified in expressing the confident belief 'that the wider extension and systematic prosecution of them will be fruitful in such a rich harvest of discovery as has been rarely reaped in any scientific inquiry.'

The 'Challenger' Expedition, thus originated, was fitted out in the most complete manner, everything being done which skill and experience could suggest to make it a complete success. A ship was selected whose size and construction rendered her peculiarly suitable for the work; she was placed under the command of Captain (now Sir George) Nares, than whom no more highly qualified head could have been chosen. In the work of the ship he had the zealous co-operation of a selected staff of naval officers; whilst for the direction of its Scientific work the expedition had the advantage of the services of Professor (now Sir) Wyville Thomson, with five assistants, each of whom had already shown special proficiency in the particular department committed to his charge.

The expedition left Sheerness on the 7th of December 1872, and returned to Spithead on the 24th of May 1876; having altogether traversed a distance of nearly *seventy thousand* nautical miles (or nearly *four times* the earth's equatorial circumference), and having, at intervals as nearly uniform as possible, established 362 observing stations along the course traversed. This course

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was, for various reasons, anything but a direct one. In the first year the Atlantic was crossed and recrossed three times each way; and a diversion was made from Bermuda to Halifax, and back again, for the special purpose of examining the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. This first part of the voyage terminated at the Cape of Good Hope; from which a fresh start was made for Kerguelen's Land, on which Captain Nares was directed to report in regard to the sites most suitable for the observation of the approaching Transit of Venus. Thence the 'Challenger' proceeded due south towards the Antarctic ice-barrier; and, after making the desired observations along its margin, she proceeded to Melbourne, Sydney, and New Zealand. The next portion of her voyage was devoted to an examination of the western part of the great Pacific area, with a diversion into the adjacent part of the Malay Archipelago; and it was when proceeding almost due north from New Guinea to Japan, that her deepest sounding (the deepest *trustworthy* sounding yet made) of 4,475 fathoms—26,850 feet, or more than *five miles*—was obtained. From Japan her course was shaped almost due east, keeping near the parallel of 38° N. as far as the meridian of the Sandwich Islands, so as to traverse about two-thirds of the North Pacific; and then, taking a southern direction, she proceeded first to that group, and thence across the Equator to Tahiti, thus making a north and south course through the tropical Pacific. From Tahiti she proceeded S.E. towards Cape Horn, with a detour to Valparaiso; and after passing through the Straits of Magellan, touching at the Falkland Islands, and putting in at Monte Video, she proceeded eastwards halfway across the South Atlantic, to complete the E. and W. section partly taken in the first year of the voyage on the parallel of the Cape. Changing her course to the north, she ran a N. and S. line as far as the Equator, in the meridian of Madeira; and then, turning N.W., and keeping at some distance from the African coast, got into the middle line of the North Atlantic, which she followed past the Azores; after which she bore up for home.

At each of the observing stations a sounding was taken for the determination of the exact *depth*; the *bottom-temperature* was accurately ascertained; a sample of *bottom-water* was obtained for chemical and physical examination; and a sample of the *bottom* itself was brought up, averaging from one ounce to one pound in weight. At most of the stations, *serial temperatures* also were taken; *i.e.* the temperature of the water at several different *depths* between the surface and the bottom was determined, so as to enable 'sections' to be constructed, giving what may be called the *thermal stratification* of the entire mass of ocean-water along the different lines traversed during the voyage; and samples of sea-water were also obtained from different depths. At most of the stations a fair sample of the *bottom-fauna* was procured by means of the dredge or trawl: while the *swimming animals* of the surface and of intermediate depths were

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captured by the use of a 'tow-net,' adjusted to sweep through the waters in any desired plane. And while the direction and rate of any *surface-current* were everywhere determined by methods which the skilful navigator can now use with great precision, attempts were made to determine *the direction and rate of movement* of the water at different depths, wherever there was any special reason for doing so. In addition to all this, which constituted the proper work of the expedition, meteorological and magnetic observations were regularly taken and recorded.

The mass of accurate information, and of materials from which accurate information may be obtained, which has thus been collected in regard to the Physics of the Ocean, affords a vast body of data, for scientific discussion of which, when it shall have been fully published, advantage will doubtless be eagerly taken by the various inquirers into the different branches of this subject, who are at present anxiously waiting for it. And, in like manner, the enormous collection of marine animals that has been most carefully made along the whole of the 'Challenger's' course, and at various depths from the surface down to more than four miles—the locality and depth from which every specimen was obtained having been accurately recorded—attests the entire success of the Biological portion of the 'Challenger's' work. But here, again, however great the amount of work done, much more remains to do, in the 'working up' of this most valuable material. It has been distributed among Naturalists of the highest competence in their respective departments, each of whom will report separately upon his own subject. And only when all these separate reports shall have been published, which cannot be for some years, will it be possible to give any general *résumé* of the zoological results of the expedition. But in the study of the *bottom-deposits* more progress has been made; and Mr. Murray—one of the 'Challenger' scientific staff, who was specially charged with this department during the voyage—has already arrived at some results of such remarkable interest, as fully to justify the belief I had expressed to Mr. Goschen, 'that the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of our globe is at present lying at the bottom of the sea, waiting only to be brought up.'

I have been so often asked, 'What has the "Challenger" Expedition done for science?' that, notwithstanding what I have shown to be the impossibility of at present giving more than a very inadequate idea of the results of its work, I shall now endeavour briefly to show what light these results have thrown on a few *general questions* of great interest; some of which were first opened up in our previous deep-sea explorations, while on others not apparently related to it, the 'Challenger' researches have been found to cast an unexpected light.

The question which naturally takes the first place in order is that of the *depth and configuration of the Ocean-basins*, as to which

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little had been previously learned with certainty, except in the case of the North Atlantic, which had been carefully sounded along certain lines with a view to the laying of telegraph-cables. The first systematic survey of this kind brought out a set of facts which were then supposed to be exceptional, but which the soundings of the 'Challenger,' taken in connection with those of the United States ship 'Tuscarora' and the German 'Gazelle,' have shown to be general; viz. (1) that the bottom sinks very gradually from the coast of Ireland, westward, for a hundred miles or more; (2) that then, not far beyond the hundred-fathom line, it falls so rapidly that depths of from 1,200 to 1,500 fathoms are met with at only a short distance further west; (3) that after a further descent to a depth of more than 2,000 fathoms, the bottom becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so low as to show scarcely any perceptible alteration of depth in a section in which the same scales are used for vertical heights and horizontal distances;[1] and (4) that on the American side as on the British this plain is bordered by a very steep slope, leading up quickly to a bottom not much exceeding 100 fathoms in depth, which shallows gradually to the coast-line of America. Nothing seems to have struck the 'Challenger' surveyors more, than the extraordinary *flatness* (except in the neighbourhood of land) of that depressed portion of the earth's crust which forms the floor of the great Oceanic area: the result of one day's sounding enabling a tolerably safe guess to be formed as to the depth to be encountered on the following day; and thus, if the bottom of the mid-ocean were laid dry, an observer standing on almost any spot of it would find himself surrounded by a plain only comparable to that of the North American prairies or the South American pampas.

Thus our notions of the so-called 'ocean-basins' are found to require considerable modification; and it becomes obvious that, putting aside the oceanic islands which rise from the bottom of the sea, as mountain-peaks and ridges rise from the general surface of the land, the proper oceanic area is a portion of the crust of the earth which is depressed with tolerable uniformity some thousands of feet below the land area, whilst the bands of shallow bottom which usually border the existing coast-lines are to be regarded as submerged portions of the adjacent land-platforms. The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean, is rather, indeed, to be likened to that of a flat waiter or tea-tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply sloping rim, than to that of the 'basin' with which it is commonly compared. And it further becomes obvious that the *real* border of any oceanic area may be very different from the *ostensible* border formed by the existing coast-line.

Of this difference between the shallow water covering submerged

[1] Sections drawn (as is usual) with a *vertical* scale enormously in excess of the *horizontal*, altogether misrepresent the real character of the oceanic sea-bed.

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land, and the deep sea that fills the real ocean-basins, we have nowhere a more remarkable example than that which is presented to us in the seas which girdle the British Islands. These are all so shallow, that their bed is undoubtedly to be regarded as a continuation of the European continental platform; an elevation of the north-western corner of which, to the amount of only 100 fathoms, would reunite Great Britain to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France, and would bring it into continuity with Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Shetland and Orkney Islands. Not only would the whole of the British Channel be laid dry by such an elevation, but the whole of the North Sea also, with the exception of a narrow deeper channel that lies outside the fiords of Norway. Again, the coast-line of Ireland would be extended seawards to about 100 miles west of Galway, and that of the Western Hebrides to beyond St. Kilda; but a little further west, the sea-bed shows the abrupt depression already spoken of as marking the commencement of the real Atlantic area. A like rapid descent has been traced outside the hundred-fathom line in the Bay of Biscay (a considerable part of which would be converted into dry land by an elevation of that amount), and along the western coast of Spain and Portugal, where, however, it takes place much nearer the existing land-border. The soundings of the U.S.S. 'Tuscarora' in the North Pacific have shown that a like condition exists along the western coast of North America; a submerged portion of its continental platform, covered by comparatively shallow water, forming a belt of variable breadth outside the existing coast-line, and the sea-bed then descending so rapidly as distinctly to mark the real border of the vast Pacific depression. And as similar features present themselves elsewhere, it may be stated as a general fact that *the great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas.*

On the other hand, a *depression* of the existing land of northern Europe to the same or even half that amount, would cause very extensive areas of what is now dry land to be overflowed by sea; the higher tracts and mountainous regions alone remaining as representatives of the continental platform to which the submerged portions equally belong. This, as every geologist knows, has been, not once only, but many times, the former condition of Europe; and finds a singular parallelism in the present condition of that great continental platform, of which the peninsula and islands of Malaya are the most elevated portions. For the Yellow Sea, which forms the existing boundary of south-eastern Asia, is everywhere so shallow, that an elevation of 100 fathoms would convert it into land; while half that elevation would lay dry many of the channels between the Malay Islands, so as to bring them into continuity not only with each other but with the continent of Asia. And Mr. Wallace's admirable researches on the zoology of this region have shown that such con-

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tinuity undoubtedly existed at no remote period, its mammalian fauna being essentially Asiatic. On the other hand, a like elevation would bring Papua into land-continuity with Australia; with which, in like manner, the intimacy of its zoological relations shows it to have been in former connection. The Indo-Malay province is separated from the Papuo-Australian province by a strait, which, though narrow, is so much deeper than the channels which intervene between the separate members of either group, that it would still remain as a fissure of considerable depth, even if the elevation of the two parts of the great area it divides were sufficient to raise most of each into dry land. And thus we may view the whole area extending from south-eastern Asia to South Australia as a vast land-platform (partly submerged), of which the great fissure that divides it into two distinct zoological provinces may be considered as corresponding with the great break made by the Mediterranean in the continuity between Europe and Africa, and that made by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea in the continuity between North and South America. There is generally a very marked contrast in elevation between the slightly submerged portions of this land-platform, and the deep sea-floors in its neighbourhood; the descent from the former to the latter being very abrupt.

Now these facts remarkably confirm the doctrine long since propounded by the distinguished American geologist, Professor Dana, when reasoning out the probable succession of events during the original consolidation of the earth's crust, and its subsequent shrinkage upon the gradually contracting mass within,—that these elevated areas now forming the Continental platforms, and the depressed areas that constitute the existing Ocean-floors, *were formed as such in the first instance*, and have remained unchanged in their general relations from that time to the present, notwithstanding the vast disturbances that have been since produced in each by the progressive contraction of the earth's crust. For this general contraction, coupled with the unequal bearing of the different parts of the crust upon one another, has been the chief agency in determining the evolution of the earth's surface-features, producing local upheavals and subsidences alike in the elevated and depressed areas; so that lofty mountains and deep troughs have been formed, with plications and contortions of their component strata; metamorphism of various kinds has been produced in their rocks; and volcanic action, with earthquake phenomena involving extensive dislocations of the crust, have been repeated through successive geological periods, mostly along particular lines or in special areas;—without making any considerable alteration in the position of the great Continents, or in the real borders of the Oceanic areas, though the amount of the continental areas that might be above water, and the position of their coast-lines, might vary greatly from time to time.

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This idea of the general permanence of what we used to call the great 'ocean-basins' had, in fact, struck me forcibly, as soon as the soundings of the 'Challenger' and 'Tuscarora,' in the Pacific, enabled me to work out the enormous disproportion between the mass of land above the sea-level and the volume of the water beneath it. At the end of our first ('Lightning') cruise in 1868, my colleague, Professor Wyville Thomson, had pointed out to me, that there is no adequate reason for supposing that the present bed of the North Atlantic has ever been raised into dry land since the termination of the Cretaceous epoch, which was marked by the elevation of the chalk formations of Europe and Asia on the one side, and of North America on the other, into dry land; and that the persistence of a considerable number of cretaceous types in its marine fauna justifies the conclusion that the deep sea-bed of this ocean has not undergone any essential change of condition through the whole of the Tertiary period. This conclusion I unhesitatingly indorsed; and though the announcement of it rather startled some of our geological Nestors, it has come to be generally accepted by the younger generation as by no means improbable. Subsequent reflection upon the disproportion to which I have just referred, though from imperfect data I at first *under*-estimated it, disposed me to extend the same view to the ocean-basins generally; and happening at the same time to become acquainted with the doctrines which had been advanced by Professor Dana (then little known in this country), I was strongly impressed by their accordance—this being the more remarkable on account of the entire difference of the data and lines of reasoning which led Professor Dana and myself to the same conclusion.[2]

We are now able to form an estimate of the relative masses of Land and Sea, which is probably not far from the truth. The *area* of the existing land is to that of the sea as about 1 to $2\frac{3}{4}$, or as 4 to 11; so that if the entire surface of the globe were divided into fifteen equal parts, the land would occupy only four of these, or rather more than a quarter, whilst the sea would cover eleven, or rather less than three quarters. But the average *height* of the whole land of the globe above the sea-level certainly does not exceed 1,000 feet; that of Asia and Africa being somewhat above that amount, while that of America (North and South), Europe, and Australia is considerably below it. On the other hand, the average *depth* of the ocean-floors is now known to be at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and may be taken (for the convenience of round number) at 13,000 feet. Thus, the average depth of the ocean being 13 times as much as the average height of the land, and the area of the sea $2\frac{3}{4}$ times that of the land, *the total volume of the ocean-water is* $(2\frac{3}{4} \times 13)$ *just* 36 *times that of the land above the sea-level.*

Now this disproportion appears to me to render it extremely

[2] See my article 'Atlantic' in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

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improbable that any such geological 'see-saw' as may have produced successive alternations of land and water between the several parts of the same continental platform, can have ever produced such an exchange between any continental platform and an ocean-floor, as was assumed by Sir Charles Lyell to have taken place over and over again in geological time.[3] For even supposing all the existing land of the globe to sink down to the sea-level, this subsidence would be balanced by the elevation of only *one thirty-sixth* part of the existing ocean-floor from its present average depth to the same level. Or, again, let the great island-continent of Australia (whose area is about one seventeenth of the total land-area of the globe) be supposed to subside to the depth of the average sea-bed, so as to be altogether lost sight of not only by the surface navigator but by the deep-sea surveyor,—and a compensatory elevation to take place in the existing land area,—this, if limited to an area of the size of Australia (which is about equal to that of the whole of Europe), *would raise it all to nearly the height of Mont Blanc*; whilst, if spread over the entire land area of the globe, *it would nearly double its present average elevation.*

Now we have no reason whatever to believe that *vertical* upheavals or subsidences have ever taken place over extensive areas to anything like such amounts, which have their parallels only in the elevation of lofty mountain chains, or in the complementary formation of deep troughs now filled by sedimentary deposit originating in the degradation of the neighbouring land; which local disturbances (as Professor Dana has shown) have been effected by the *lateral* or *horizontal* thrust engendered during the shrinkage of the globe in cooling. Moreover, the contours of the Oceanic area, so far as they have been yet determined by the 'Challenger' and other soundings, give no sanction whatever to the notion of the existence of any submerged continental platform. On the contrary, the 'Challenger' observations enable it to be affirmed with high probability that the Islands which are met with in the real oceanic area (as distinguished from those which, like the British Isles, are really outlying parts of the slightly sunken corner of the platform which rises into continental land in their vicinity; or which, like the great islands of the Malayan Archipelago, are the 'survivals' of a continental platform more deeply submerged) are all of Volcanic origin, having been projected upwards from beneath, instead of having gone down from above. This may be stated with confidence in regard to all those which consist of inorganic rocks; and since it is equally true of those coral islands whose rock basis shows itself above the surface, the same may be fairly presumed in regard to the submerged peaks on which those 'atolls' rest, above whose level platforms no rocky base now rises. These volcanic vents are generally found on upward bulgings of median portions of the depressed ocean-floors; whilst, on the other

[3] See chap. xii. of his *Principles of Geology*.

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hand, the volcanoes which rise from the elevated land-platforms are for the most part thrown up near their oceanic margins; and Professor Dana gives mechanical reasons for both these classes of facts, deduced from consideration of the mode in which the horizontal thrust will be exerted in the two areas respectively. The 'crumpling' of the elevated portions of the crust which throws up mountain ridges, produces at the same time equivalent depressions. These will be filled by sea-water if it has access to them, as is the case with the enormously deep pit-holes found in various parts of the Malayan area; or with fresh water, where, being cut off from the sea, they are surrounded by a mountainous region affording a large supply of it, as in deep lake-basins of Switzerland: or they may remain almost empty for want of water, like the deeply depressed valley of the Jordan; or may be partly filled, like the Caspian. And thus the distribution of land and water over different parts of the Continental platforms may have been greatly changed from time to time, and groups or chains of islands may have been raised and again submerged in the Oceanic area, without making any such essential changes in the Map of the World as Sir Charles Lyell supposed to have taken place over and over again.

Now this view of the permanence of the great original division of the crust of the earth into elevated and depressed areas, and of the non-conversion of any considerable part of a continental platform into a deep sea-bed, or of a deep sea-bed into a continental platform, has received a most unexpected and explicit confirmation from the study of the *deposits* at present being formed on the Oceanic sea-bed, of which a sample was brought up in every sounding taken by the 'Challenger,' whilst larger collections of them were made by the trawl and the dredge. For such deposits as are obviously formed by the disintegration of ordinary land-masses, were, as a rule, only found in the comparatively shallow waters in the near neighbourhood of those masses; the almost universal absence of the ordinary *siliceous sand* of our shores being a most noteworthy fact. Indeed, the exception served to prove the rule; for it was only when the 'Challenger's' course lay parallel to the coast of Africa, some two or three hundred miles to the westward of it, that the soundings gave evidence of its presence; and that this sand had been *blown* over the sea-surface from the Sahara was indicated by its deposit as a fine dust on the ship's deck. Deposits of volcanic origin, however, were met with in unexpected abundance; the most common being a *red clay*, first found on the deepest areas of the Atlantic, the source of which was for some time a question of great perplexity to the scientific staff of the 'Challenger,' from its presenting itself at such a distance from any land that it could not be supposed to have been brought down (as the clay deposits of shore-waters are) by continental rivers. The clue to the solution of the difficulty was furnished by the unexpected capture, in the 'tow-net,' of a considerable number of

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floating masses of pumice-stone; whilst the trawl frequently brought up bushels of such, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a foot-ball. Now pumice is formed of ordinary lava which has been 'raised' (like dough) into a spongy condition by the liberation of gases in its substance, and contains a considerable proportion of feldspar, which affords the material of clay; and as the clay deposits were found to contain fragments of pumice in various stages of disintegration, the probability of their volcanic origin seems so strong as to justify its full acceptance. Mr. Murray thinks it likely that not only all the pieces of pumice which float on the surface, but those spread over the sea-bottom, have been ejected from *land*-volcanoes; some of them, perhaps, having fallen into the sea in the first instance, but the greater number having been washed down by rain and rivers. After floating for a longer or shorter time, so as to be carried about by winds and currents, perhaps to very considerable distances, they would become water-logged and sink to the bottom, and there undergo gradual disintegration. They were always found in greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of volcanic centres, such as the Azores and the Philippines; and within their areas, again, were found tufaceous deposits—dust and ashes which had been carried by the winds blowing over the craters. But there were also occasionally found, at several hundred miles' distance from any land, small pieces of obsidian and basaltic lavas, whose presence there could only be accounted for by *submarine* volcanic action.

In association with the clays there were found remarkable deposits of *manganese*, sometimes incrusting corals, &c., with a coating of greater or less thickness, but more generally forming nodular concretions, varying in size from little pellets to several pounds in weight, which were usually found to include organic bodies, such as sharks' teeth or whales' ear-bones. The following summary of this curious class of facts is given in Lord George Campbell's 'Log-letters:'—

> In some regions everything at the bottom, even the bottom itself, would appear to be overlaid by and impregnated with this substance. Sharks' teeth of all sizes (many gigantic, one was four inches across the base) are frequent, and are sometimes surrounded by concentric layers of manganese of nearly an inch in thickness. A siliceous sponge, bits of pumice, radiolaria and globigerinæ, and lumps of clay, have all been found forming the nuclei of these nodules. We have caught in one haul, where there has been no reason to suppose that the trawl has sunk more than two inches in the clay, over 600 sharks' teeth, 100 ear-bones of whales, and fifty fragments of other bones, some imbedded in manganese an inch thick, some with only just a trace of manganese on them, and some with no trace at all. These sharks' teeth are all *fossil* teeth, the same as are found in great quantities in Tertiary formations, particularly in Swiss miocene deposits.[4]
>
> As we have every reason to believe that this aggregation of the manganese is a very slow process, the occurrence of these teeth and bones, some imbedded deeply and some not at all, in the same surface-layers, argues strongly in favour of an ex-

[4] The writer does not seem aware of the extraordinary abundance of similar sharks' teeth and whales' ear-bones in the so-called 'coprolite pits' of our Suffolk crag.

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tremely slow rate of deposition. On the other hand, the occurrence of sharks' teeth in shore deposits is extremely rare, and in the organic oozes slightly less so—p. 495.

This deposit of manganese seems, like that of the red clay, traceable to a volcanic source:—

Wherever we have pumice containing much magnetite, olivine, augite, or hornblende, and these apparently undergoing decomposition and alteration, or where we have great showers of volcanic ash, there also is manganese in the greatest abundance. The correspondence between the distribution of these two may therefore be regarded as very significant of the origin of the latter. Manganese is as frequent as iron in lavas; and in magnetite and in some varieties of hornblende and augite it partially replaces peroxide of iron. It is therefore probable that the manganese, as we find it, is one of the secondary products arising from the decomposition of volcanic minerals, that decomposition being caused by the carbonic acid and oxygen of ocean-waters.[5]

These deep-sea deposits of manganese differ in mineral structure and composition from any of the known ores of that metal; and the conditions under which they are being formed constitute a problem of very great interest, to which, as to other points of this inquiry, a most distinguished Continental petrologist, the Abbé Renard, is now giving the most careful attention, with the full expectation of being able to throw great light upon the mode of production of many minerals whose origin has been hitherto unaccounted for.

But there is yet another form of inorganic deposit whose character is even more remarkable:—

In the midst of the clay from the bottom (says Professor Geikie) Mr. Murray found numerous minute spherical granules of native iron, which, as he suggests, are almost certainly of *meteoric* origin—fragments of those falling stars which, coming to us from planetary space, burst into fragments when they rush into the denser layers of our atmosphere. In tracts where the growth of silt upon the sea-floor is excessively tardy, the fine particles scattered by the dissipation of these meteorites may remain in appreciable quantity. It is not needful to suppose that meteorites have disappeared over these ocean-depths more numerously than over other parts of the earth's surface. The iron granules have no doubt been as plentifully showered down elsewhere, though they cannot be so readily detected in accumulating sediment. I know no recent discovery in physical geography more calculated to impress deeply the imagination than the testimony of this meteoric iron from the most distant abysses of the ocean. To be told that mud gathers on the floor of those abysses at an extremely slow rate, conveys but a vague notion of the tardiness of the process. But to learn that it gathers so slowly that the very star-dust which falls from outer space forms an appreciable part of it, brings home to us, as hardly anything else could do, the idea of undisturbed and excessively slow accumulation.[6]

Next to the volcanic clays, the *globigerina-ooze* (which had been brought up by the hundredweight in the 'Lightning' and 'Porcupine' dredgings) proved to be the most abundant oceanic deposit. Not only from the completeness of their minute shells in the surface-layer, but also from the fact that a large proportion of these shells were occupied by their sarcodic bodies in an apparently fresh condition,

[5] *Log-Letters*, p. 495. [6] *Lecture on Geographical Evolution*, p. 7.

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we had concluded that the Globigerinæ live on the bottoms on which their remains accumulate. But since, in nearly all but the coldest parts of the oceanic area traversed by the 'Challenger,' they were collected in abundance by the 'tow-net' drawn through the water at or beneath the surface, Sir Wyville Thomson and some of his associates have come to the conclusion that they pass their whole lives in the surface stratum, their subsidence to the bottom only taking place after their death. I have myself, however, remained of the opinion that they subside during life, when the addition of new chambers has come to an end, and the further exudation of carbonate of lime has been applied to the thickening of the walls of the old; and that they continue to live on the bottom, continually adding to the thickness of their shells. And in this I have the satisfaction of finding myself supported by Mr. H. B. Brady, into whose most competent charge the Foraminifera of the 'Challenger' have been given for 'working up.' For the result of a series of most careful comparisons between the Globigerinæ brought up from any bottom, and those captured floating in the upper waters of the same region, shows that the shells of the former so greatly exceed those of the latter in size and massiveness as to make it certain that they continued to live and grow after their subsidence.

The careful examination in which Mr. Murray has been engaged of the *calcareous* deposits (resembling chalk in process of formation), chiefly consisting of globigerina-ooze, but also containing the disintegrated remains of free-swimming Pteropod molluscs, as well as of shells and corals that have lived on the bottom, has led him to the remarkable conclusion, that in their descent from the upper waters towards the deeper sea-bottoms, the thin shells of Globigerinæ and the yet more delicate pteropod shells are again dissolved, by the agency of the carbonic acid that is held in large proportion in those abyssal waters. And thus it was that in the deepest parts of the Oceanic area, though Globigerinæ were captured by the surface tow-net in the same abundance as elsewhere, their remains were entirely wanting on the bottom beneath. At intermediate depths the ooze and the red clay would often be found mixed, in proportions that seemed related to the depth. But in the shallower waters not sufficiently charged with carbonic acid to exert any solvent power, the organic deposit prevailed almost to the exclusion of the inorganic. This, then, seems to have been the condition of the marine area in which the old Chalk was deposited; a variety of considerations pointing to the conclusion, that the sea-bottom whereon accumulated the foraminiferal ooze of which it is almost entirely composed, was of no considerable depth.

But the surface-waters are also inhabited by microscopic organisms, whose skeletons are composed, not of carbonate of lime, but of *silex*; and of these, some—the Diatoms—are vegetable, whilst

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others—the Radiolarians—are animals of about the same simplicity as the Foraminifera. The Diatoms abound in those colder seas which are not prolific in Foraminifera; often accumulating in such numbers as to form green bands that attract the notice of both Arctic and Antarctic voyagers. And their exquisitely sculptured cases, accumulating on the bottom, form a siliceous 'Diatom-ooze,' which takes the place in higher latitudes of the white calcareous mud resulting from the disintegration of foraminiferal shells. The foraminiferal ooze, moreover, generally contains, in larger or smaller proportion, the beautiful siliceous skeletons of Radiolaria; and sometimes these were found to predominate to such a degree that the ooze mainly consisted of them, in which case it was designated as radiolarian. As siliceous skeletons are not—like calcareous—dissolved by deep-sea water, those which fall down from the surface even upon the deepest bottoms rest there unchanged; and thus it happens that they are found diffused through the red-clay deposits, and, at the greatest depths, sometimes almost entirely replace them. Some of these minute organisms were almost everywhere captured alive in the tow-net; but, like the Diatoms, they commonly aggregate in patches or bands, and this to such a degree as to colour the sea-surface, the hue of their animal substance being usually red or reddish brown. Such patches are often seen in the neighbourhood of the Shetlands, where they are designated by the fishermen as 'herring food.'

Thus, then, if we compare (1) the deposits now going on upon the deep Oceanic sea-bed, which consist either of organic 'oozes,' or of the clays formed by the decomposition of volcanic products, (2) the sediments at present in course of deposition on the shallower bottoms nearer land, and (3) the materials of the sedimentary rocks of all geological periods, we see that whilst there is a close correspondence between the second and the third, the first differs so completely—in most particulars—from both the others, as to be utterly beyond the range of comparison with them; the chief exception being presented by those calcareous sediments, which correspond with the various Limestone formations intercalated among the sandstones and clays that have had their origin in the degradation of pre-existing land. We now know for certain that the sands and clays washed off the land—whether by the action of ice or river-waters on its surface, or by the wearing-away of its margin by the waves of the sea—sink to the sea-bottom long before they reach the deeper abysses; *not the least trace of such sediments having been anywhere found at a distance from the continental platforms.* And thus the study of the deposits on the Oceanic sea-bed has fully confirmed the conclusion drawn from the present configuration of the earth's surface, as to the general persistence of those original inequalities which have respectively served as the bases of the existing continents, and the floors of the great ocean-basins.

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In the masterly lecture on 'Geographical Evolution' recently given by Professor Geikie before the Royal Geographical Society, the importance of these results, as affording the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of the earth, is most fully brought out. 'For,' he unhesitatingly asserts, with all the authority of a vast geological experience, 'from the earliest geological times the great area of deposit has been, as it still is, *the marginal belt of sea-floor skirting the land.* It is there that nature has always strewn "the dust of continents to be." The decay of old rocks has been unceasingly in progress on the land, and the building up of new rocks has been as unceasingly going on underneath the adjoining sea. The two phenomena are the complementary sides of one process, which *belongs to the terrestrial and shallow oceanic parts of the earth's surface, and not to the wide and deep ocean-basins.*' 'No part of the results obtained by the "Challenger" expedition,' he goes on to say, 'has a profounder interest for geologists and geographers, than the proof they furnish that the floor of the ocean-basins has no real analogy among the sedimentary formations which form most of the framework of the land.' And after dwelling on the chief facts I have already brought together, he thus sums up:—

> From all this evidence we may legitimately conclude that the present land of the globe, though composed in great measure of marine formations, has never lain under the deep sea, but that its site must always have been near land. Even its thick marine limestones are the deposits of comparatively shallow water. Whether or not any trace of aboriginal land may now be discoverable, the characters of the most unequivocally marine formations bear emphatic testimony to the proximity of a terrestrial surface. The present continental ridges have probably always existed in some form; and as a corollary we may infer that *the present deep ocean-basins likewise date from the remotest geological antiquity.*

No part of the 'Challenger's' work has been more thoroughly and successfully carried out, than the determination of the *thermal stratification*, or vertical distribution of temperature, in the different parts of the Oceanic area; an inquiry first prosecuted with trustworthy thermometers ('protected' to resist pressure) in the 'Porcupine' expeditions of 1869 and 1870. This determination was effected by 'serial' temperature-soundings; thermometers attached to a sounding-line being let down to depths progressively increasing by 10 fathoms down to 200, and below this to depths progressively increasing by 100 fathoms to the bottom. It is in the upper stratum of 200 fathoms that the most rapid reduction of temperature usually shows itself; the further reduction beneath this stratum taking place at a progressively diminishing rate, until, from 1,500 fathoms downwards to the bottom at any depth, there is usually very little change.

The Temperature-soundings of the 'Challenger,' supplemented by other more limited explorations of the same kind, have clearly brought out this most unexpected result—that the low bottom-temperatures

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previously observed represent—not, as has been supposed, the overflowing of the sea-bed by 'Polar currents' of limited breadth and inconsiderable thickness, overlaid by a vast mass of comparatively warm water—but the reduction of nearly the whole body of Oceanic water, in every basin except that of the North Atlantic (to whose exceptional character I shall presently advert), to a temperature which averages but a very few degrees above 32° Fahr., that of its deepest stratum being sometimes even a degree or two *below* the freezing-point of fresh water; while the heating influence of the solar rays is limited to a very small depth beneath the surface.

Thus in the South Atlantic, in which a sounding taken near 37° S. lat. gave a depth of 2,900 fathoms and a bottom-temperature beneath 32° Fahr., the lowest stratum, consisting of *absolutely glacial water*, was found to have the enormous thickness of 1,000 fathoms: this was overlaid by another stratum of 1,000 fathoms, in which the temperature rose slowly from 32° at its lower, to 36½° at its upper surface; and this, again, by another of about 500 fathoms, which showed a further rise at its upper surface to 40°, the rate of elevation from below upwards being no more than about 0·7° for every 100 fathoms. Thus it is only in the uppermost layer of about *four hundred fathoms* (less than one seventh of the whole) that the temperature exceeds 40°; and the regularity of the rise of the thermometer, from 40° at its base to the summer surface-temperature of 70°, at the rate of about 7½° for every 100 fathoms, justifies our regarding the plane of 40° as the limit of the depth at which the solar rays here exert any direct heating influence.

On her passage southwards towards the Antarctic ice-barrier, the 'Challenger' found the progressive reduction of surface-temperature to correspond with the progressive thinning of the warm superficial layer, in a manner which clearly showed that the thermal condition of the Southern Ocean is entirely dominated by the flow into it of the great mass of glacial water which has been cooled down in the Antarctic area; and that it is, so to speak, a vast *reservoir of cold*, the outflow from which keeps down the temperature of every part of the Oceanic area in free communication with it. This we see best in the Pacific, whose vast basin is almost entirely filled by water of glacial or sub-glacial coldness, on the surface of which in the inter-tropical region there floats a layer whose temperature rises rapidly from its lower limit of 40° to 80° at the surface, and whose thickness is nowhere more than *one fifth* of the whole depth. This exceptional stratum, which clearly derives its heat from the direct action of the solar rays upon its surface, progressively thins away in either hemisphere as it is traced from the tropic to the parallel of 55°, where it disappears altogether, except in the course of the Kuro Siwo, or gulf-stream of the Pacific, which slants northwards from Japan towards Behring's Strait. That the cold of the great mass of

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glacial and sub-glacial water which everywhere underlies it, and which rises to the surface beyond its northern and southern borders, is due to an underflow from the Antarctic area, is distinctly indicated by the absolute continuity of the same glacial temperature throughout the deepest stratum—all the way from the Southern Ocean to the Aleutian Islands; the bottom-temperatures at depths of 2,000 fathoms or more not differing as much as 1° Fahr., whilst the thermal stratification of the whole superincumbent mass up to within 500 fathoms of the surface shows a similar uniformity.

The thermal condition of the North Atlantic, however, is very different. Putting aside the extraordinarily low temperature of 29½° revealed by the 'Porcupine' temperature-soundings in the stratum occupying the deeper part of the channel of 500 fathoms between the Faroe and the Shetland Islands, which has been since proved to be a southward extension of the true Arctic basin, no lower bottom-temperature than 35° had been anywhere met with in our earlier work, while we had found the thickness of the warm stratum ranging from 40° upwards to range from 800 to 900 fathoms. This want of a truly *glacial* understratum I attributed to the limitation of the communication between the deeper parts of the Arctic and North Atlantic basins, preventing the coldest water of the former from flowing out into the latter. And this explanation has been borne out by the subsequent temperature-soundings of the 'Valorous,' which have shown the existence of a ridge between Greenland and Iceland, lying at a depth which allows water of 35° to pass over it, while keeping back the deeper stratum of Arctic water. I had further predicted that an Antarctic underflow would probably be found to range to the north of the Equator, where it would be recognised by the reduction of the bottom-temperature below 35°: and this prediction was verified in the first temperature-section carried by the 'Challenger' obliquely across the Atlantic to St. Thomas's, the bottom-temperature there falling a degree, and showing a still further reduction as it was subsequently traced southwards to the Equator, where it fell nearly to 32°.

But, further, I had ventured the prediction that the meeting of the Arctic and Antarctic underflows under the Equator would cause an uprising of cold water from the bottom towards the surface, so that the plane of 40° would be found nearer the surface in the neighbourhood of the Line, than either to the north or to the south of it; and it was a great surprise to many on board the 'Challenger' to find, as they first approached the Equator from the Tropic of Cancer, the plane of 40° rapidly rising from a depth of 700 fathoms towards the surface, though the temperature of that surface-stratum was itself becoming higher and higher; until water of 40° was found at a depth of less than 300 fathoms, descending again to about 400 as the 'Challenger's course was laid towards the Tropic of Capricorn.

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This anomaly had been remarked by Lenz fifty years previously: but the valuable series of temperature-observations which he took in Kotzebue's second voyage was strangely overlooked by those who ranked as the highest authorities on the Physics of the Earth, until recently disinterred by Professor Prestwich.

Not only is the stratum of above 40° Fahr. exceptionally deep in the North Atlantic, but it is exceptionally warm, especially on its western side, where a stratum of water having a temperature above 60° Fahr. was found by the 'Challenger' to range to a depth of nearly 400 fathoms. Taking all circumstances into account, I entertain no doubt that Sir Wyville Thomson is right in regarding this stratum as the reflux of the northern division of the great Equatorial Current, from the coast of the West India Islands and of the peninsula of Florida, added to that of the Gulf Stream proper. In consequence of the evaporation produced by its prolonged exposure to the tropical sun, this water contains such an excess of salt, as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder water which would otherwise occupy its place in the basin; and consequently substitutes itself for the latter by gravitation, to a depth of several hundred fathoms. Thus it conveys the solar heat downwards, in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of 20° and 40° a great reservoir of *warmth*, the importance of which will presently become apparent.

The 'Challenger' investigations have now, I think, afforded the requisite data for the final solution of a question which has been long under discussion—what, namely, the Gulf Stream (or Florida Current) *does*, and what it *does not*, for the amelioration of the climate of North-western Europe. All the best hydrographers, both of this country and of the United States, agree in the conclusion that the Florida current dies out in the mid-Atlantic, losing all the attributes by which it had been previously distinguished—its movement, its excess of warmth, and its peculiarly deep colour; and that it then degenerates into a mere surface-drift, the rate and direction of which depend entirely upon the prevalent winds. But, on the other hand, most conclusive proof has been obtained by the systematic comparisons of sea- and air-temperatures along the western coasts of North-western Europe, that the amelioration of its winter climate is due to the afflux of water of a temperature considerably higher than that of the air. It has been urged with conclusive force by Admiral Irminger (of the Danish Navy) that nothing else can account for the openness of the fiords and harbours of the indented coast of Norway, even beyond the North Cape, through the whole winter; whilst the opposite coast of East Greenland, ranging, like it, between the parallels of 60° (that of the Pentland Firth) and 72° N., is so blocked with ice throughout the year as only to be approachable in exceptional summers. And this view has derived full confirmation from the

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observations systematically carried on under the direction of Professor Möhn of Christiania (the able head of the Meteorological Department of Norway), which have shown how completely dependent the temperature of the coast-line is upon that of the sea which laves it. For while the temperature of the air is generally much below the freezing-point during the winter months, that of the water is always considerably above it; the average excess at Fruholm, near the North Cape, being as much as 14½° Fahr. And it has been further shown by Professor Möhn, that not only the coast-temperature of Norway during the winter, but its inland climate, is affected in a very marked manner by this afflux of warm water; for the 'isocheimals,' or lines of mean winter-temperature, instead of corresponding with the parallels of latitude, lie parallel to the coast-line.

How, then, are these phenomena to be explained? If the *vis a tergo* of the Gulf Stream has spent itself in the mid-Atlantic, what force brings this afflux of warm water to our shores, and carries it on to the N.E., along the coast of Norway, and even past the North Cape towards Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla? And how does it happen that the water which laves our north-western shores in winter is not only so much warmer than the air which rests upon it, but continues to preserve a notable portion of that warmth at least as far as the North Cape, notwithstanding that as it flows northwards its temperature is more and more in excess of that of the atmosphere above it?

It is obvious that the continual outflow of the deeper stratum of Polar water, of which we have evidence in the constant maintenance of the glacial temperature, not only of the sea-bottom, but of the great mass of the water contained in the vast oceanic basin, cannot be maintained without a continual indraught of the upper stratum towards the Poles: this, as its temperature is progressively lowered, decreases in volume and increases in specific gravity; and as the lower stratum flows away under the excess of pressure, the upper stratum, now cooled down nearly to the freezing-point of salt water, will sink into its place, making way for a new indraught above. The two Polar underflows, on the other hand, meeting at or near the Equator, will there tend to rise towards the surface, replacing the water which has been draughted away towards either Pole; and thus a constant 'vertical circulation' must be kept up by opposition of temperature alone, analogous to that which takes place in the pipes of the hot-water apparatus by which large buildings are now commonly warmed. The only essential difference between the two cases is, that whilst the *primum mobile* in the latter is the heat applied to the bottom of the boiler, making the warmed water ascend by the reduction of its specific gravity due to its expansion, the moving power in the former is the cold applied to the surface of the Polar water, making it descend by the increase of specific gravity due to the diminution in its bulk as its temperature is lowered.

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This doctrine was first distinctly promulgated nearly forty years ago by the eminent physicist Lenz, on the basis of the temperature-observations he had made in Kotzebue's second voyage more than ten years previously; these having satisfied him of two facts—first, the general diffusion of a glacial temperature over the ocean-bottom, which he rightly interpreted as dependent on an underflow of Polar water; and, second, the nearer approach of cold water to the surface under the Equator, than either on the north or on the south of it, which he considered to indicate an uprising of that Polar water from below, where the two underflows meet. But, though accepted by Pouillet and other distinguished physicists, this doctrine, with the observations by which it was supported, was entirely lost sight of, until independently advanced by myself as the only feasible explanation of the Poleward movement of the whole upper stratum of North Atlantic water, and of the southward outflow of glacial water from the Arctic basin, of which the 'Porcupine' temperature-soundings seemed to afford conclusive evidence.

My explanation, though contested by Mr. Croll, and not accepted by Sir Wyville Thomson, has been explicitly adopted by a large number of eminent physicists, both British and Continental, among whom I may specially mention Professor Möhn of Christiania, who had previously maintained the dependence of the remarkable climatic condition of Norway on the N.E. extension of the true Gulf Stream. Immediately on receiving the report in which I had demonstrated the inadequacy of the Florida current to propel as far as the coast of Norway the vast body of warm water required to keep its harbours open, and had shown the dependence of the N.E. movement of the warm upper stratum, to the depth of 500 fathoms (which I had myself first recognised in the 'Porcupine'), on the Poleward indraught that forms the necessary complement of the outward glacial underflow, Professor Möhn not only expressed to me his entire concurrence in both views, but communicated to me a remarkable example he had himself met with, of a similar vertical circulation on a smaller scale. It is to the remarkable thickness of this Poleward flow that the surface-layer owes its power of so long resisting the cooling effect of the atmosphere which overlies it; so that, as it flows along the coast of Norway towards the North Cape, its temperature even in winter sustains so much smaller a reduction than that of the atmosphere, as to give it an excess which constantly increases with its northing. But though its surface-temperature is so little reduced, the thickness of this warm stratum is undergoing progressive diminution, as its deeper layers successively go up to replace those which have been chilled and have gone down; so that beyond the North Cape, the surface-temperature rapidly falls with the eastward movement of this flow along the northern shores of Europe and Asia; and all trace of heat imported from the south-west at last dies out.

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As the superheating of the upper stratum of the mid-Atlantic is dependent on the influx of Gulf Stream and other water exceptionally warmed in the Equatorial Current, the *thermal effect* of its N.E. flow is mainly dependent upon the Gulf Stream and its adjuncts, while its *movement* is kept up by the Polar indraught. Thus neither the general Oceanic Circulation, nor the Gulf Stream, could alone produce the result which is due to their conjoint action. The Gulf Stream water, without the Polar indraught, would remain in the mid-Atlantic; and the Polar indraught, without Gulf Stream water to feed it, would be almost as destitute of thermal power as it is in the South Atlantic.

The transient visit of the 'Challenger' to the Antarctic ice-barrier gave her scientific staff the opportunity of examining the structure of the southern icebergs, which altogether differs from that of the icebergs with which our northern navigators are familiar; these last being now universally regarded as *glaciers*, which have descended the seaward valleys of Greenland and Labrador, and have floated away when no longer supported by a solid base; and the information they have gathered is of considerable interest, as helping us to form a more definite conception of the condition of our own part of the globe during the glacial epoch. For a number of independent considerations now lead almost irresistibly to the conclusion, that the icebergs of the Antarctic are for the most part detached portions of a vast *ice-sheet*, covering a land surface—either continuous, or broken up into an archipelago of islands—which occupies the principal part of the vast circumpolar area, estimated at about four and a half millions of square miles, or nearly double the area of Australia. Of this ice-sheet, the edge forms the great southern 'ice-barrier,' which presents itself, wherever it has been approached sufficiently near to be distinctly visible, as a continuous ice-cliff, rising from 200 to 250 feet above the sea-level.

The icebergs of the Antarctic Sea are, as a rule, distinguished by their tabular form, and by the great uniformity of their height; this, in bergs which show least signs of change since their first detachment from the parent mass, seldom varies much from 200 feet above the sea-line. The tabular surface of the typical berg is nearly flat, and parallel with the sea-line; its shape usually approaches the rectangular, and it is bounded all round by nearly perpendicular cliffs. From a comparison of the specific gravity of berg-ice with that of sea-water, it appears that the quantity of ice beneath the surface required to float that which is elevated above it must be about nine times as great; in other words, supposing that a berg had the regular shape of a box, its entire depth from its upper surface to its base must be ten times its height above the sea-level. Consequently, if the latter be 200 feet, the entire height of the mass would be 2,000 feet, which might

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thus be assumed to be the thickness of the ice-sheet from whose margin it was detached. This estimate must not be accepted, however, as other than approximative.—The dimensions of these bergs vary greatly. Those seen from the 'Challenger' were generally from one to three miles long; but single bergs are reported of seven or even ten miles in length; and an enormous mass of floating ice, probably composed of a chain of bergs locked together, forming a hook 60 miles long by 40 broad, and enclosing a bay 40 miles in breadth, was passed in 1854 by twenty-one merchant ships, in a latitude corresponding to that of the northern coast of Portugal.

The upper part of the ice-cliff that forms the exposed face of the bergs is of a pale blue, which gradually deepens in colour towards the base. When looked at closely, it is seen to be traversed by a delicate horizontal ruling of faint blue lines separated by dead-white interspaces. These lines preserve a very marked parallelism, but become gradually closer and closer from above downwards, their distance being a foot or even more at the top of the berg, but not more than two or three inches near the surface of the water, where the interspaces lose their dead whiteness, and become hyaline or bluish. There can be no doubt that this stratification is due to successive accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface, the spaces between the principal blue lines probably representing approximately the snow-accumulations of successive seasons. The direct radiant heat of the sun is very considerable even in these latitudes, so that the immediate surface of the snow is melted in the middle of every clear day; and the water, percolating into the subjacent layers, freezes again at night. The frequent repetition of this process will convert a very considerable thickness of snow into ice; the blue transparent lamellæ being the most compact, whilst the intervening white veins are rendered semi-opaque by the presence of air-cells. And it is obviously the compression which these undergo, that causes the approximation of the blue lines, and the change to a greater compactness and transparence in the intervening layers, towards the bottom of the cliff. Slight irregularities in the general parallelism of the stratification, and the occasional thinning-out of particular lamellæ, were easily accounted for by the drifting of the snow-layers of the surface, before they had become consolidated. And although there are various cases in which the strata had been changed from their original horizontality to various degrees of inclination, sometimes also being traversed by 'faults,' and occasionally even twisted and contorted, these might all be accounted for by forces acting subsequently to the detachment of the bergs. For their plane of flotation is liable to alteration by changes of form due to unequal melting, and the separation of large masses either above or below the surface; and 'dislocations' of various kinds will be produced by collisions and lateral thrusts, when bergs are impelled against each other by the wind. Sir Wyville Thomson and

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Mr. Moseley entirely agree in the statement that they could nowhere trace any such 'structure' as is produced in a land-glacier, during its movement down a valley, by the curvature and contraction of its rocky borders, and the inequalities of the bottom over which it moves. And the presumption is altogether very strong, that these vast masses have originally formed part of a great ice-sheet, formed by the cumulative pressure of successive snow-falls over a land area of no great elevation; which flows downwards from its highest level in the direction of least resistance, that is to say from the Polar centre towards the continually disintegrating margin, progressively diminishing in thickness as it extends itself peripherally. Thus gradually moving seawards, the ice-sheet will at last pass the margin of the land, but will continue to rest upon the gradually descending sea-bed, flowing down its gentle slope until lifted by its own buoyancy (like a vessel on launch), when vast masses will break off and float away.

Although the observers of the 'Challenger' did not see either masses of rock, stones, or even gravel upon any of the icebergs they approached, Wilkes and Ross saw many such: and the 'soundings' of the 'Challenger' were found to consist of such comminuted clays and sands as would be the result of the abrasion of rocky surfaces over which the ice-sheet had moved; while the dredge brought up a considerable quantity of land *débris*—chiefly basaltic pebbles about the meridian of 80° E., and pebbles and larger fragments of metamorphic rocks further to the eastward. It was probably from the valleys of the great volcanic range, that the rock-masses came which were observed on bergs by Wilkes and Ross; one of which, clearly of volcanic origin, weighed many tons. That the southern circumpolar area is chiefly land, and not water, seems to be further indicated by the absence of any such low temperature of the deeper water, as Sir George Nares ascertained to exist beneath the 'palæocrystic' ice of high northern latitudes. For the thermometers lowered through borings in that ice gave 28° Fahr. at all depths; this being the lowest temperature at which sea-water can remain unfrozen under ordinary circumstances. On the other hand, the bottom-temperatures taken in the 'Challenger' in closest proximity to the Antarctic ice-barrier nowhere proved to be lower than the temperature of the surface-stratum which was cooled by the melting of the berg-ice; thus indicating the absence of any supply of yet colder water from a source nearer the Pole.

Thus the Antarctic 'ice-barrier' is to be regarded as the margin of a Polar 'ice-cap,' whose thickness at its edge is probably about 2,000 feet, nine tenths of it lying beneath the water-line. This margin is not permanent, but is continually wasting away like the terminal portion of a land-glacier—not, however, by liquefaction, but by disruption,—and is as continually renewed by the spreading out of the piled-up ice of the area within. What may be the thickness of

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the 'ice-cap' nearer its Polar centre, we have at present no means of knowing; but it must doubtless be kept down by the facility of downward flow in almost every direction towards its periphery of 10,000 miles.

In regard to the *animal life* of the deep sea, the 'Challenger' researches do not seem likely to yield any new *general result* of striking interest. Our previous work had shown that a depth of three miles, a pressure of three tons on the square inch, an entire absence of sunlight, and a temperature below 32°, might be sustained by a considerable number and variety of animal types; and this conclusion has been fully confirmed and widely extended. Many specimens have been brought up alive from depths exceeding four miles, at which the pressure was four tons on the square inch, considerably exceeding that exerted by the hydraulic presses used for packing Manchester goods. Even the 'protected' thermometers specially constructed for deep-sea sounding were frequently crushed; and a sealed glass tube containing air, having been lowered (within a copper case) to a depth of 2,000 fathoms, was reduced to a fine powder almost like snow, by what Sir Wyville Thomson ingeniously characterised as an *im*plosion; the pressure having apparently been resisted until it could no longer be borne, and the whole having been then disintegrated at the same moment. The *rationale* of the resistance afforded by soft-bodied animals to a pressure which thus affects hard glass, is simply that they contain no air, but consist of solids and liquids only; and that since their constituent parts are not subject to more than a very trifling change of bulk, while the equality of the pressure in every direction will prevent any change in their form, there is really nothing to interfere with the ordinary performance of their vital functions.

The entire absence of solar light, which constitutes another most important peculiarity in the conditions of deep-sea life, would seem at first sight to be an absolute bar to its maintenance. Experimental evidence has not yet, I believe, been obtained of the direct penetration of the solar rays to more than 100 fathoms; but as I dredged slow-growing red calcareous Algæ (true *corallines*) in the Mediterranean at a depth of 150 fathoms (at, or below, which Edward Forbes also would seem to have met with them), the actinic, if not the luminous, rays must probably penetrate to that range. Below what Edward Forbes termed the coralline zone, it would seem impossible that any other type of vegetable life can be sustained, than such as have the capacity of the fungi for growing in the dark; living, like them, upon material supplied by the decomposition of organic compounds. Such lowly plants have been found by Professor P. M. Duncan in corals dredged from more than 1,000 fathoms' depth.

Upon what, then, do deep-sea animals feed? In the early stage

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of this inquiry, it was ascertained by Dr. Frankland that the samples of water procured by the 'Porcupine,' not only at considerable distances from land, but also from bottoms exceeding 500 fathoms' depth, contained so much organic matter *not* in a decomposing state, that animals having a large absorbent surface, and requiring but a small proportion of solids in their food, might be sustained by simple imbibition. And an adequate provision for the continual restoration of such material to the ocean-water seemed to be made by the surface-vegetation which fringes almost every sea-margin, and which occasionally extends itself over large tracts in the open ocean, as, notably, in the Sargasso Sea. But the 'Challenger's' researches have thrown a new light on this question, by showing that the animals of the deep sea are largely dependent for their food upon the minute organisms and the *débris* of larger ones, which are continually falling to the bottom from the upper waters.

This *débris* (says Mr. Moseley) is no doubt mainly derived from the surface Pelagic flora and fauna, but is also to a large extent composed of refuse of various kinds washed down by rivers, or floated out to sea from shores, and sunken to the bottom when water-logged. The dead Pelagic animals must fall as a constant rain of food upon the habitation of their deep-sea dependents. Maury, speaking of the surface Foraminifera, wrote, 'The sea, like the snow-cloud, with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells.' It might be supposed that these shells and other surface-animals would consume so long a time in dropping to the bottom in great depths, that their soft tissues would be decomposed, and that they would have ceased to be serviceable as food by the time they reached the ocean-bed. Such, however, is not the case, partly because the salt water of the sea exercises a strongly preservative effect on animal tissues, partly because the time required for sinking is in reality not very great.[7]

Of this Mr. Moseley assured himself by an experimental test, which indicated that the dead body of a floating salpa might sink to a depth of 2,000 fathoms in little more than four days, whilst its body might remain for a month so far undecomposed as to be serviceable as food to deep-sea animals. As land was neared, moreover, many interesting proofs were obtained of the feeding of deep-sea animals on *débris* derived from the neighbouring shores.

Thus, off the coast of New South Wales we dredged from 400 fathoms a large sea-urchin which had its stomach full of pieces of a sea-grass (Zostera) derived from the coast above. Again, we dredged from between the New Hebrides and Australia, from 1,400 fathoms, a piece of wood and half a dozen examples of a large palm-fruit as large as an orange. In one of these fruits, which had hard woody external coats, the albumen of the fruit was still preserved, perfectly fresh in appearance, and white, like that of a ripe cocoa-nut. The hollows of the fruits were occupied by two molluscs; the husks and albumen were bored by a teredo-like mollusc; and the fibres of the husks had among them small nematoid worms.[8]

Branches of trees, also, and leaves of shrubs, in a water-logged condition, were occasionally brought up in the dredge from great

[7] *Notes by a Naturalist*, p. 582. [8] *Ibid.* p. 583.

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depths; and their occurrence, as Mr. Moseley remarks, is of importance, not only to the naturalist, as showing that deep-sea animals may draw large supplies of food from such sources, but also to the geologist, as indicating the manner in which specimens of land vegetation may have been imbedded in deposits formed at great depths.

The entire absence of sunlight on the deep-sea bottom seems to have the same effect as the darkness of caves, in reducing to a rudimentary condition the eyes of such of their inhabitants as fish and crustacea, which ordinarily enjoy visual power; and many of these are provided with enormously long and delicate feelers or hairs, in order that they may feel their way about with these, just as a blind man does with his stick. But other deep-sea animals have enormously large eyes, enabling them to make the best of the little light there is in the depths, which is probably derived (as suggested in the report of the 'Porcupine' dredgings) from the *phosphorescence* emitted by many deep-sea animals, especially a certain kind of zoophytes. 'It seems certain,' says Mr. Moseley, 'that the deep sea must be lighted here and there by greater or smaller patches of luminous alcyonarians, with wide intervals, probably, of total darkness intervening; and very possibly the animals with eyes congregate round these sources of light.' It is remarkable that with such poverty of light there should be such richness of *colour* among deep-sea animals. Although most deep-sea fish are of a dull black colour, and some white as if bleached, deep-sea crustaceans, echinoderms, and zoophytes usually exhibit more colour than the corresponding forms that inhabit shallow water. Thus the deep-sea shrimps, which were obtained in very great abundance, were commonly of an intensely bright scarlet; deep-sea holothurians are often of a deep purple; and many deep-sea corals have their soft structures tinged with a madder-colouring matter resembling that which occurs in surface-swimming jelly-fish.

As was to be expected from the results of the 'Lightning' and 'Porcupine' dredgings, the more extended explorations of the 'Challenger' have shown that there still live in the sea-depths a number of animal forms which were supposed, until thus found, to be extinct, existing only as fossils. And large numbers of interesting new genera and species of known families of animals were obtained; whilst many forms which had been previously accounted of extreme rarity have proved to be really common, having a wide geographical range, and occurring in large numbers in particular spots. This is the case, for example, with the beautiful *pentacrinus*, a survivor from the old Liassic times, of which the living specimens preserved in all the museums of the world could have been counted on the fingers not many years ago, all of them having been brought up on fishing-lines from the neighbourhood of the West India Islands. As many as twenty specimens of a new species of this most interesting type,

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however, had been brought up from a depth of 800 fathoms in one of the 'Porcupine' dredgings off the coast of Portugal. The 'Challenger' made a large collection, including several new species, from various localities. And yet more recently the dredgings of Professor Alexander Agassiz in the Gulf of Mexico have shown how thickly many parts of the sea-bed are covered with these 'lily stars' mounted upon their long wavy stalks.

Those, however, who had expected results of greater zoological and palæontological importance from these explorations must confess to some disappointment:—

> Most enthusiastic representations (says Mr. Moseley) were held by many naturalists, and such were especially put forward by the late Professor Agassiz, who had hopes of finding almost all important fossil forms existing in life and vigour at great depths. Such hopes were doomed to disappointment; but even to the last, every cuttle-fish which came up in our deep-sea net was squeezed to see if it had a Belemnite's bone in its back, and Trilobites were eagerly looked out for. . . . We picked up no missing links to fill up the gaps of the great zoological family tree. The results of the 'Challenger's' voyage have gone to prove that the missing links are to be sought out rather by more careful investigation of the structure of animals already partially known, than by hunting for entirely new ones in the deep sea.[2]

The work which has been already done by Mr. Moseley himself in this direction, contained in the memoirs he has presented to the Royal and Linnæan Societies, is of first-rate value. And if the whole, or even any considerable part, of the vast 'Challenger' collection shall be worked out by the various specialists among whom it has been distributed, with anything like the same completeness and ability, it cannot be questioned that the series of volumes in which the scientific results of this voyage will be embodied, will far surpass in interest and importance those reports of previous Circumnavigation Expeditions which are accounted models of their class.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

[2] *Notes by a Naturalist*, p. 587.

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AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN.

It is acknowledged on all sides that Agnosticism is gaining ground among men. It is not so thoroughly realised that in this case it must in the long run equally gain ground among women. This side of the question is not one that is often raised. Men do not see willingly that which they dislike to see, and there can be little doubt that the spread of Agnosticism among women would tend to make them discontented with the quiet home life which is often their only lot. It would, moreover, increase tenfold the cry of women for the right of employment in the more active lines of life at present denied to them. Men prefer to hope that women will be slow to drive logic to its ultimate end; that they will still cling with womanly inconsistency to all that is refining and soothing in the old creeds; and that the newer and colder lights of their husbands and brothers will only serve to eliminate from those creeds the elements of superstition and fear which are now considered so debasing. But in a day when intellect in women is valued more highly than it has ever been, they will not long be willing to hold a belief that is not shared by men. All around them they see the men they admire and reverence drawn away from the beliefs of the past. Progress allures and fascinates all, and the rational mind, as opposed to the instinct, is the god at whose shrine all desire to worship. With this atmosphere around them it is not possible that women, highly emotional in temperament and essentially timid in intellect, should long remain proof against it. But, granted that Agnosticism in the long run will grow among women as it has grown among men, how will it affect their interests and their employments? It may be replied that it will affect them no otherwise than it does men; but to make this reply is to forget that women are very differently constituted. Their nature and their pursuits are different. Few women—at least so far as society is framed at present—can have a profession. Few women can hope to take an active share in political life. Even if they gain the suffrage, the pride of their equality with men on this point will only suffice to give an excitement to a few days of political contest, or may possibly awaken a keener advocacy of their special prejudices. Some among them, by the help of a busy life spent in society, are carried along by the current; and a certain percentage, and these perhaps the happiest, are obliged to work for their own

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living. These at least are spared the discouraging question, 'Who will profit by what I do?' I am not speaking of the young. They, for the most part, do not trouble their heads about their belief, their work, or their future. They are content to let their tastes rule them. Whether it is lawn-tennis, or dancing, or more intellectual pursuits, it is all the same. In the earlier years of existence, life and energy are fully sufficient in themselves for happiness, provided those years are uncrossed by any severe lines of mental or bodily pain. Nor is it in the early days of married life that such questionings arise. While the children of a household are young, the mother has engrossing duties and pleasures, and few immediate difficulties arise in the way of education. But it is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: Taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the wellbeing of those they love. How will Agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of a member of the family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case. Without dwelling on the greater physical weakness of women in general, it is a fact that their brains are more easily deranged, and unless they change greatly they are apt to deteriorate in essential womanly qualities if thrown

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much or prominently before the world. They are seldom fitted to rule; emulation and jealousy being generally strong in their character, while their feelings and judgments are often rapid in the extreme. It is in the heart, therefore, that a woman will more especially feel the effects of Agnosticism, whether those effects be for good or for evil. Her head may gain in grasp of logic and in clearness of view; but if her heart, with all its powers for good, is weakened and discouraged, she will gain little ultimately by the spread of the new views. When the heart is dispirited, or thrown back upon itself, the action that springs from it tends inevitably to fall lifeless to the ground.

Let us now look more closely at the effect Agnosticism is likely to produce upon women's employments. Take first the duty of tending the old in the person whether of a parent or of the poor; a duty into which many a woman whose life would otherwise be very desolate has thrown herself with self-denying devotion, and in which she often finds her sole strong interest. If she is an Agnostic, she has nothing left her but to realise that each day that passes leaves those she loves and reverences weaker and more failing in body and mind. Like shadows of their former selves she will see them fading from her sight; not in any hope of a future glorified existence, nor even, perhaps, with that amount of earthly honour they would have had if they had died while the generation who knew them in earlier days was still alive. Gradual decay of body and mind envelops them like a mist, and causes the pettier side of character to loom largely in the foreground. All power of mental growth comes to an end, and the best that can be hoped is that death will come before second childhood has set in. From the Agnostic point of view, can there be more effectual pleading in favour of euthanasia, and for the 'noble suicide' of the old Romans? It may be urged that old age has its lessons to read to youth, and that it is cowardly to fly from a post where one was placed by the unerring hand of Fate. What will arguments like these tell in the face of dimmed intellect or terrible disease, when the judges regard love and honour in the world's sight alone? In the case of the poor this will be felt even more strongly. How can it be reconciled with true progress to keep alive at the public expense the old, who, being sick and ignorant, can add nothing to the march of progress? By what arguments will it be brought home to the Agnostic ratepayer that it is his duty to support the hopeless lunatic or incurable pauper? No appeal to humanity is effectual here. Humanity in its purely human aspect would do well to put an end to their sufferings. It is indeed whispered that even now this is sometimes done when hopeless agony and horrible disease become too much for the endurance of those who watch such cases. And surely, from the Agnostic point of view, the action is a right one. It is not desirable here to enlarge upon the Christian

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view of such matters. It is sufficient to note that, from the Agnostic point of view, the soothing elements of hope in the future, belief in the possible purification through pain, and sense of a greater and more loving Power above all, are wholly lacking in a work which is essentially and specially woman's work, and which tries her heart to the utmost.

Teaching the ignorant may seem a more promising field; yet even this has a hopeless feature in it. If this life is all, what does education tend to? It tends practically with many natures to heighten and intensify unhappiness. This is a startling assertion, and will probably at once be dismissed as untrue by some who read it. Still I can at least show that it is true in certain cases. To begin with, to *know* that you are unhappy is to feel it. Many people get through life of a very unpleasant kind more or less comfortably by the simple means of never realising what they are suffering. Comparisons make up a large half of our miseries, and there can be no comparisons for those who know no better life than their own. Of course, if you can attain what you desire in the way of good, it is all a gain to desire it. Still there are so many good things that education helps people to long for, nay almost to consider essential to their happiness, which the poor especially can never hope to enjoy, that I do say that education often breeds a discontent that embitters and disheartens the whole of a man's life. This is not a reason for ceasing to educate. Much that may be very justly reckoned as certain gain can only be attained through education, and from the Christian point of view it may also be progress in a path that will only become larger and larger as our powers grow and intensify in a future world. But in the case of people who believe that this world ends all, education has a different side to it. What gain will it be to the poor to know and realise fully that their lot is pain and discomfort in this world, and that this world is the only one? How will certain hard questions about justice and equality be answered? Let us place ourselves in the position of a man with education enough to know that the whole of his surroundings are necessarily wretched, and that it is only a question of money that makes the difference between his working all day on his back in a coal-mine and his master working in a comfortable room. How much happiness will his education bring him? To realise clearly what we desire and not to attain to it is often far more trying than never to have conceived anything much better than we have. People who are contented with their own way of life, and never aspire to a higher, may not be of an elevated order of mind, but they are often of a very happy one. All knowledge in its very essence ought to bring the longing for more, but if that longing can never be gratified, to raise it is a doubtful contribution to the sum of human happiness. It is only in view of attaining a higher step that a lower one is an unmixed good. Those

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who have worked personally among the poor can see something of this in the class of women who through more refining employment become discontented with their own position. The contrast is so extreme between the necessary squalor of the very poor and the least culture that comes from the outside. It is to be remembered too that the poor, for all practical purposes, must be compared to those orders of creation that cannot really alter much. A few here and there, by a happy combination of chances, will rise above their comrades and make good their better side, but it can never be so with the bulk of that vast seething multitude that swarms in our great towns, or makes a struggle for existence in our agricultural counties. By all means let us go on with institutes and educational schemes and help the few, but let us never forget that the many do and must remain hopelessly unable to break the barriers that lie between them and happiness produced by culture.

Let us now imagine that the reasonable dreams of the philanthropist have been realised, and that the bulk of our lower classes have become fairly thrifty and clean, able to read and write, and have at least as much arithmetic at their command as will be required to add up their savings. The social change would be enormous. Our poor would have come to take a more reasonable view of what ought to constitute happiness—that is to say, they would feel uncomfortable when they were dirty, and sufficiently anxious about the future to take pains to save. They might defer marriage, and they might economise in all they could—which would mean going without many of the things that now amuse them. However, as these amusements are usually of a physical, not to say debasing, kind, this would not so much matter from the culture point of view. But what is there in all this to fire the enthusiasm of our thoughtful women? Coffee-palaces, with their harmless amusements, will take the place of the public-house. The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popular lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-men; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillikins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes.

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What a tiny drop in the cup of human happiness at best! And to gain this our women are to give the same enthusiasm, the same self-denying devotion, that is now given to winning immortal souls. Does any one really imagine that the enthusiasm for making people warm and comfortable can ever be as ardent as the enthusiasm for making them love God? Besides, the picture itself is not one to attract our best energies. Grant that the poor have the comforts I have described, are sorrow and care banished as a matter of course? Will the Agnostic promise that the human heart will have no longing after something higher than our poor human perfection? Will he lessen the unquenchable desire for reunion with those who are parted from us by death? If he cannot do this, his efforts to make people happy in this world alone will not come to much. Material comfort adds strangely little to the sum of human happiness. Riches may smooth over difficulties and help to distract the thoughts, but what heart has ever found solid comfort in real trouble from material prosperity? Love and hope in the future alone will do this. Let our poor gain *these* through their institutes and coffee-palaces, and they will then be works to devote a lifetime to, and to fill the hearts of women with eager enthusiasm. More than this. Even if self-denying women were yet to be found to give their lives for such small ends, the ebbs and flows of human progress are too powerful and too slow to be affected perceptibly by individual effort: without the thought of fruit in the future, who would care to sow the tiny seed which may hardly throw up so much as a leaf here? To work with interest we must work with hope, and it is only in the light of a future world that work among the poor can sustain its hope long. Modern science teaches the lesson of the sacrifice of the individual for the community, and modern life carries out the lesson to its extreme end. It is on certain sides a most true and valuable lesson, and its logic is incontestable as far as this world is concerned. But woman's work, as a rule, deals with the individual, and the lesson comes home with cruel force to an Agnostic when perchance she loses the individual, and has only an intellectual appreciation of the community. If the individual is not made happy here, where else will he be made happy? Let none of us measure these things by our own firesides and among our own friends. To weigh them truly we must go among those who are sick in body and mind; human in their feelings and desires; animal in their hope and in their death. Who would wish to give more knowledge to dumb animals? Their ignorance is their grand medicine against pain. What are our feelings in a foreign country when we see animals suffering, and know that nothing that we can say can help them? The wisest of us turn away and forget the sight as soon as may be. It will be the same when we are brought face to face with hopeless misery, ignorance, and sin, and we are unable to say one word

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of real comfort or hope. The inevitable trials of the poor are almost overwhelming, and they are often of a kind that no human comfort can touch. Brave indeed will be the love that will lead our women, when they have become Agnostic, to watch the suffering of those whom no help here or hereafter can reach! It is no use to say that the old myths may still be taught to the poor. No true man or woman could teach them so as to come home to their hearers if they did not believe them themselves. Never are lies seen through more surely than by children and by the poor.

One other lot especially belonging to women remains. It is that of waiting in patience for the turning again of those who have chosen to pursue an evil path. How will Agnosticism affect them here? I will answer it by asking if there is any woman, be she Agnostic or Christian, whose first instinct is not in such a case to pray. It is not too much to say that prayer in one form or another makes up the life of very loving natures. It gathers up all that is best and noblest in woman's character. Her hope finds its fruition, her endurance gains fresh strength, her pleading adds new force to her love. If only the effect on herself be considered, what fountains of courage are opened by prayer! But I shall not dwell here on this side of the question. It is conceded by all that if Christianity is held in very truth it brings a peculiar happiness to the person holding it. It is the reverse picture to this that must be considered. Hope for a better future in this life may still be kept alive in the heart of the Agnostic waiting for the turning again of those she loves; but how very little she can often do towards it! It may be a brother or a son, and he is far away, and she cannot tell how she may use her influence over him. Or, it may be, she comes across him once more when he is dying—still young—but dying with no hope, with no opportunity of making restitution, no possibility of fresh endeavours. It may be a lingering deathbed, with remorse very keen and conscience fully alive. All she can do to soothe and comfort only brings out more clearly what might have been. She can hold out no hope that ardent desire after better things may still bear its fruit in another world. She can bring no comfort by dwelling on the thought that pain lovingly borne purifies heart and soul. There is no guarantee that Agnosticism will always be confined to highly conscientious people; and it is not by them alone that we should test the strength of a belief or unbelief. The belief in an abstract ideal of virtue can sustain some minds in the battle between good and evil; but it will be a sad day for our women when they have nothing but that to carry to the deathbeds of those they love—when there is nothing between them and their despair but the realisation of how far short of the ideal the individual human being, love for whom constitutes the sum of earthly happiness to woman, has fallen.

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In the future, then, women will, it may be feared, have either to sit still and see their best hopes fade away, or else throw themselves eagerly into the more active lines of employment. The cry for emancipation and the right of all women to share equally with men in the rush of professional work that can drown thought and bring riches and fame will then grow too strong for resistance. Those who are most opposed to it now will in very compassion further all openings that will help to fill the void that the loss of belief will leave in the heart of women. But when the rights of women have been fully established—when their claim to contend with men for all that feeds ambition in a worldly career has been freely admitted, what is gained? Women in their truer and nobler mission must still be the centre of home life. The few may make their mark in a profession; the many must still find their occupation in their affections, and in the refining influence they exercise over the lives of men. Take away Prayer and Hope, and you take away the very power that enables women to do this cheerfully, and to do it cheerfully is only another word for doing it successfully. It may be urged that the gain to a woman's intellect from the surrender of an unprovable religion will be so great that the sacrifices her heart must make will be endured with gladness. At the same time, those who urge this must remember that it is in her heart that a woman's chief strength lies, and that it is therefore on her that the greatest suffering caused by hopelessness will fall. To have to comfort and sustain hope when this life ends all will make the path of those to whose lot it falls to do it more suffering than that of the martyrs of old. They, at least, died for a belief that brought joy in its train. The Agnostics will live in the loss of such a belief, and be unable to look beyond the inevitable sufferings around them.

I feel I owe a word of apology for what I have written. It is true I have broken that golden rule which forbids us to repeat what is neither new nor encouraging; but I have one excuse to offer. Not for a moment would I have any one believe in Christianity for its promises. In its truth or untruth it stands or falls, and the happiness or unhappiness of a religion does not constitute its truth. It is only in the light of the probable truth of a religion as designed by a merciful Creator that such a consideration could arise, and the position of the Agnostic is a much earlier one than that. If Agnosticism is held through the earnest conviction that it is the only true standpoint, and that nothing better is possible for the human intellect to hold, the honesty of the position is its best justification. Our conscience is the sole ultimate tribunal before which to try any such question. But it is not always through earnest conviction that Agnosticism is held. To be in the front ranks of progress, and in the tide of intellectual fashion; to rise above the 'prejudices' that spring from our instincts rather than our reason; and above all to be in sympathy with the

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men they admire, are often the more potent influences that sway a woman's mind towards the atheism of the present day. It is with the desire that minds likely to be so influenced should look facts in the face that I have written what I have. But if it is the lot of any to be obliged through honesty of thought to cast away their ancient landmarks, at least let them consider if it is all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise. What has the Agnostic to offer in compensation? In the strength of his days he sets out for the goal of culture. Physical, mental, moral culture, is his aim and his watchword. Enlightenment in this world takes the place of hope in the next, and the intellect alone sets its seal upon the future. Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that which is untrue for the individual cannot be true for the human race. With their faith that of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain to it.

BERTHA LATHBURY.

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A NONCONFORMIST'S VIEW OF THE ELECTION.

THE union of the Liberal party is now a *fait accompli*. It is not to be supposed that there is or ever will be that absolute accord which to outward appearance exists in a party whose creed at present resolves itself into one article—faith in Lord Beaconsfield. But the very eagerness with which this new *ism* is pressed upon the country has worked wonders in the way of stifling internal dissensions among Liberals, and uniting all who dislike this new scheme of personal government in opposition to the monstrous claims which the Prime Minister has advanced. His letter to the Duke of Marlborough is nothing more or less than a demand for a vote of absolute confidence from the constituencies, and is resented accordingly. It would not be easy to find a parallel to its tone in the appeal of any great political chief to the country under similar circumstances. In thought it is marked by that grotesqueness which many regard as a sign of the writer's extraordinary genius; in style it is as un-English as the policy of its author, and exhibits the same contempt for the traditions of the language as he has shown for the best precedents of our history and the fundamental principles of our Constitution. But defects of this kind might have been more easily pardoned than the arrogance and unfairness with which he represents his opponents as enemies of the country, and asks the nation to support him as its only patriot statesman. The charge against the Liberal chiefs would awaken indignation if it did not, as soon as we have recovered from the first shock, provoke contemptuous laughter. There is a considerable amount of gullibility among certain classes of the people, especially at election time, but even the most besotted Tory will hardly believe that his political adversaries, among whom are some of England's proudest nobles, and at whose head is the heir of one of the greatest dukedoms in the kingdom, are bent on the humiliation of the country in which they hold so lofty a position, and that the only hope of its salvation lies in Lord Beaconsfield. The voice is the voice of Sidonia discoursing with all that ingenuity and eloquence which entertained us so many years ago. The only novelty is that Sidonia is now Prime Minister of England, and that the chivalry of the Tory party

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are willing to rally to his standard. It is a strange episode in our national story—this struggle about the pretensions of a political charlatan, who has no vital relations to either party, and is only using the ambitions and prejudices of his trusting adherents to advance his own individual ideas, and who, in fact, cares as little for the old Tory cries on which he trades as the best men among his followers for those strange dreams of imperialism which he seeks to realise.

The real significance and full absurdity of the situation will be understood only by our posterity, and it is safe to say that there are few chapters in our annals which will be conned more curiously or which will wear so different an aspect in the time to come from that which it has to us. Sufficient for the day, however, is the strange phenomenon which this manifesto presents. According to the eminent French journal whose comments have so often been quoted by the Ministerial organs in our press in the hope of influencing English opinion, this extraordinary document 'shows the old Disraeli with his clever way of putting things, his controversial fervour, and all the audacities which he has often pushed to the length of effrontery.' Still the *Journal des Débats* fancies that it will serve his purpose: 'It is unjust, exaggerated, but skilful, and will weigh heavily on the Liberals.' The passage is worth citing only because of the view which it suggests of the temper of the English people as judged by an acute foreign critic. The nation has fallen so low in his opinion that it is either so blind as not to perceive the injustice of the accusations hurled against some of its noblest chiefs, or so given up to its idol that it will not resent them. Englishmen who care for the honour of their country may well hope that the forecast may, as we believe it will, prove untrue. The Jingoes, no doubt, will applaud it as they would applaud any utterance of their chief, however extravagant, but wise men of the Tory party shake their heads, and the middle party, who are said to hold the balance of power, are disgusted. As to Liberals, they are unconscious of the heavy pressure on their cause of which the French critic speaks. On them the chief effect of the manifesto has been to weld the party into a more compact force and inspire it with a more resolute purpose to emancipate the country from the influence of a statesman who not only weaves into his formal address aspersions upon his adversaries as baseless as they are malicious, but who is so lacking in patriotism that, while pretending to be the guardian of the integrity of the Empire, he does not hesitate to stimulate that antagonism between the peoples of England and Ireland by which alone it could be endangered.

The contrast between the condition of the Liberal party to-day and that which it presented in 1874 is, indeed, as remarkable as it is full of promise. Six years ago the first business of the leaders in the different constituencies was to adjust the internal controversies by which the party had been rent in twain, and to find some terms of

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compromise which would allow of union at the polls. Faith in Mr. Gladstone still kept numbers true and loyal to the Liberal standard, but the disintegrating influences which had been at work had created divisions which it was simply impossible at once to heal. In some cases the battle between Liberal and Liberal was fought out to the bitter end—the end being the triumph of Toryism. But even where an outward union was preserved, there was an amount of apathy, the natural consequence of which was disaster and defeat. I fear it must be confessed that in many instances Liberals were more eager in their attacks upon one another than in their assaults upon the common foe; and though the completeness of the Tory success came upon them as an unpleasant surprise, there were not a few who were quite prepared for the overthrow of the Liberal Ministry, and regarded it with so much indifference that they did little or nothing to avert it. There is nothing of the kind to-day. We have, as we shall always have in a party of independent thought and progressive tendency, great variety of opinion. There are here and there men so devoted to a particular object that they assume a lofty superiority not only to the interests of their party, but to the practical results of their conduct on their own special reform, and pursue tactics which caricature the principle of representative government, while they tend to defeat the very end they have in view. Personal jealousies and local influences will also be sure sometimes to intrude themselves, and will work more evil among us than in a party where the discipline is compact and the weight of authority more powerful. But these causes tell infinitely less to-day than they did at the last General Election! Among other results of six years' experience of absolute Tory domination has been the consolidation of the Liberal force. Advanced Liberals are no longer heard to say that it matters little which party is in office, since Liberalism is always in power. The last three years have dispelled an illusion due to the fact that since the days of Sir Robert Peel, who was anything but a Tory of the modern type, Toryism has had no opportunity of exhibiting its real temper until now. Very possibly Sir Stafford Northcote, left to himself or under a Prime Minister of kindred spirit, would have governed England on principles not very different from those of moderate Liberalism. But a Cabinet, which is not so much presided over by Lord Beaconsfield as it is Lord Beaconsfield, has another conception of our national duty, and it is perhaps well that it should have had the opportunity of translating its ideas in deeds. It has taught multitudes of Liberals a lesson they are not likely soon to forget; and when the author of a policy which has been a continued series of outrages upon their ideas of international right, constitutional practice, and moral principle, asks the nation with a blind faith to place its destinies in his hands, they can only meet so preposterous a demand with a stern and unanimous negative.

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By no members of the party is this felt more than by Nonconformists. If they troubled their leaders with complaints in 1874, they are now resolved to atone by the more intense earnestness which they throw into the present conflict. Mr. Walter told the Liberals at Newbury, on the authority of Mr. Samuel Morley, that seventy-five seats were lost to the party in 1874 by the divisions created by the Nonconformists. The statement is not true, and Mr. Morley did not make it. What Mr. Morley did say was that seventy-five seats were won—chiefly by the Conservatives, and some also by Liberals—by small majorities, and that in some cases where Liberals were defeated they would certainly have been victorious but for their internal differences. In some of these Nonconformists were doubtless concerned. They were smarting under a sense of injury done them; and though they did not (except in one or two cases) bring out candidates of their own, and though their abstentions from the poll were not by any means so numerous as has been imagined—probably not so numerous as those of the 'timid Churchmen,' frightened (as Mr. Clayden tells us in his valuable history of the present Government) by the 'dissatisfied Dissenters'—it is not to be denied that there was no enthusiasm in their support of their old allies: it would be more correct to say positively there was great apathy. The situation is described by Mr. Clayden in a sentence: 'While, therefore, the Nonconformists were lukewarm on the one hand, many Churchmen who usually act with them were suspicious and reluctant on the other hand.'[1] What course the 'timid Churchmen' may pursue at the forthcoming election it would be extreme presumption for me to predict, though I would fain hope that there are numbers of them who follow the lead of men like the Bishops of Manchester and Oxford, of Canon Liddon and Mr. Oakeley, and of the brave and faithful few who have borne their testimony against a policy which its champions do not even attempt to reconcile with the principles of religion which the Church of England exists to teach. But for the Dissenters as a body I feel I can answer. They have never wavered in their view of those principles of foreign policy which are now submitted to the decision of the country, or as to the methods by which they have been forced upon Parliament and the nation; they have done their utmost, despite the odium heaped upon them, and the possible loss of adherents indignant at finding that they, as professed Christians, did really believe in the teachings of their Master, to expose the iniquity as well as the impolicy of the imperialism once so popular; and now they will spare no effort to secure the verdict of the constituencies in reprobation of a Minister against whose procedure they have never ceased to protest. They enter into the fight, not in hope of securing any sectarian aims, but simply to discharge their duty as patriots and Liberals. The joint candidature of Mr. Forster and Mr. Illing-

[1] *England under Lord Beaconsfield*, p. 27.

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worth at Bradford is one of the best indications of the spirit by which they are moved. Mr. Forster is the member of the late Cabinet who has taken the most decided ground against Disestablishment; among Nonconformists there is not a more uncompromising champion of religious equality, or one who has less of the spirit of opportunism, than Mr. Illingworth. As Bradford was the field on which the sharpest of the struggles between Liberal and Liberal was fought in 1874, it is only fitting that it should now witness an alliance which perhaps beyond any other circumstance indicates the hearty union of the Liberal party. There is no compromise on either side. Both candidates retain their distinctive opinions, but they both feel that their differences do not touch the practical politics of the time; as they are agreed upon that which is of paramount and immediate interest, they combine to secure a common end.

It certainly cannot be said that Nonconformists have been induced to enter into the conflict with such ardour by any baits which have been held out to them by the Liberal chiefs. They are promised a Burials Bill; but as the House of Lords has already assented to a resolution which carries its principle, and done it with the sanction of the Archbishops and in opposition to all the influence of the Tory Government, it can hardly be thought that there is any great boon in the concession of a simple act of justice. There is an understanding, based on the declarations of Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone, that the Scotch Church is to be disestablished as soon as the Scotch people are agreed in demanding the change; but he must be sanguine indeed who expects that any proposal of the kind will be laid before the next Parliament. The idea of Mr. Gladstone seems to be that, before so great a revolution is effected, the question should be distinctly submitted to the constituencies as a simple issue. In truth, if Dissenters were at all disposed to look to sectional interests, and to forget that they are an integral part of the Liberal party, they might have found in the omission of distinct reference to questions of religious equality in the manifestoes of the Liberal leaders some excuse for taking independent action.

They have had too much practical wisdom as well as too much patriotism to adopt a policy so suicidal. They are not content to see the resources of the nation wasted, and its character for fair dealing compromised, the dignity of Parliament lowered, and the Constitution strained, in order to testify their supreme devotion to the principle of religious equality. That principle is, after all, only one element of their Liberalism, and it would be folly indeed were they to sacrifice all the rest because the immediate triumph of that one in which they may be specially interested is impossible. Such action could not advance their special end, and it would imperil much which is as dear to them as to other Liberals. Were the

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battle between Conservatism like that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and that moderate Liberalism of which Mr. Walter is a self-constituted representative, they might well have doubted whether there was anything at issue to stir their enthusiasm or call forth their effort. But in a struggle for the establishment of an imperialism which does not conceal its contempt for those great constitutional rights of which Englishmen have hitherto been most jealous, they would be false to every principle they profess and every tradition they inherit were they to sulk in their tents unless their leaders would purchase their services by pledges which, until a decided majority of the nation is converted to their view, they would be absolutely unable to fulfil. There has been far too much of this fighting for the honour or success of the regiment without regard to the interests of the army or of the nation at large. There is a manifest need of special organisations for the purpose of educating public opinion relative to special points of reform; but when, instead of being regarded as auxiliaries to the Liberal party, they are employed for the purpose of checking its action, unless its leaders will make concessions of whose soundness and expediency they are not themselves convinced—when, in fact, they endeavour to extort by menace what they cannot secure by reason—they become a serious evil. It is possible to conceive of circumstances which might justify such sectional action. A leader yielding to the opposition of a section more influential than numerous might shrink from adopting a policy on which a vast majority of the party, and of the nation also, were agreed, and in such a case it might become necessary for the majority to resort to decided procedure. But such a contingency is too remote and improbable to be taken into account. It does not touch the point with which we are dealing, the attempt of a section to coerce the action of a great party.

There are few points on which it is less likely that a section, however numerous and energetic, will be able to dictate its own terms than in the question of the National Church. Our reforms have been permanent because they have always followed, instead of anticipating, public opinion. Those who would pursue a contrary course, and fancy that they can force an unpopular measure on the country by the dexterous management of electoral minorities, forget that any temporary success would produce a reaction which would probably go further than the undoing of the premature reform they had so unfairly pressed. The strength of the publicans at present is due mainly to the contempt shown for this very obvious fact by the advocates of the Permissive Bill. On the other hand, Tory managers exhibit their usual ingenuity by playing upon the jealous anxiety of Churchmen, and endeavouring to create the impression that Nonconformists would extort Disestablishment from a Liberal Ministry, however reluctant its chiefs might be to accede to such

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a demand. It is a pure illusion. It is impossible, indeed, to repress a smile at the exaggerated fears of those who are alarmed at the possibilities of a political manœuvre which shall sweep away a Church that is rooted so firmly in the faith and affections of a large body of the people, as well as in the traditions and habits of the national life, by a process as summary as that by which a tax is imposed and a Ministry is overthrown. Dissenters certainly understand better the conditions of the problem they have to solve. They trust not to the skilful manipulation of political forces, but to the quiet growth of opinion. They understand that they have to convert the nation, not to manage a party. They have never sought to conceal their aims, nor will they desist from the use of all legitimate means to realise them, and they have full confidence that, as their demands are better understood, the nation will redress the injustice from which they at present suffer. Till then they can submit with patience. They will urge their claims on all proper occasions; when they are in the majority in the constituencies, they will send to Parliament representatives who will support their views; but the last policy they will adopt is to become obstructives in the party in the hope of securing a premature and unsatisfactory triumph. The case is very well put by the *Guardian* in a recent article:—

> The real strength, such as it is, of the party now in power lies in the motley character of the Opposition, and in the misgivings and distrust with which quiet folks regard a large and very active part of it. These misgivings especially point to the possibility of a movement for the disestablishment of the Church, a possibility which certainly exists, and will continue to exist as long as Dissent is strong in England, whether the party with which Dissenters ally themselves are in office or not. Dissenters as a body desire disestablishment; they will go on desiring it: and if ever they can draw to their side a mass of opinion powerful enough to overcome the enormous difficulties of the work, they will accomplish it. Whether the movement in that direction is more likely to be strengthened by the return of the Liberal party to power, or by their remaining excluded from it for some years longer, is quite another question. If we were to venture to frame auguries on the subject, it is perhaps to the latter alternative that we might incline.

The opinion of so loyal an advocate of the Church will have weight with those who might naturally regard the view of a Dissenter as prejudiced. When thoughtful friends of the Establishment look back on the history of the last few years, they may reasonably doubt whether its power has been strengthened by the ascendency of the party which professes to be the natural defender of its privileges. A Liberal Ministry could hardly have worked it so much harm as has already accrued, and will accrue to a still larger extent in the future, from the silent acquiescence of a large body of the clergy in the high-handed deeds of our Government, to say nothing of such open vindications of injustice and wrong as have been heard from some of its pulpits, on pleas as futile as that of the Archdeacon-bishop who described Great Britain as the 'moral police of the world.' No doubt

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there are Churchmen, like the clerical correspondents who assailed the *Guardian* for its manly and independent utterances, as to the unrighteousness of the foreign policy of the Government, who will feel that a Cabinet which contains such very good friends of the Establishment as Lord Cairns, and makes such admirable appointments as that of Canon Ryle, ought to be supported at all costs; and in comparison with such virtues, offences like the invasion of a neighbouring race, or the appropriation of territory in order to secure a 'scientific frontier,' are too trifling to take into consideration. But the day may not be distant when they will learn from bitter experience that the *Guardian* was as wise and farseeing in its policy as it was sound in its principles, and that churches as well as individuals are subject to the law of their one Master, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.' The excellent Dean of Norwich, at the risk of the misrepresentation to which one who takes a course unpopular in his own circle must ever be liable, has just spoken wise and courageous words to this effect; and it is the section of the clergy (perhaps not so small as may be generally thought) who refuse to bend their knee to the idol of the hour—those who follow the lead of Manchester or Oxford rather than of Peterborough—who will do the best service to their Church at this crisis. The devotion of the clergy to Lord Beaconsfield may yet prove as mischievous, and be looked back upon with as much regret and humiliation, as the devotion of their predecessors to Lord Bolingbroke.

At least Dissenters will not follow the evil example of turning a struggle about great national questions into a strife of sects. They are Liberals first, Nonconformists afterwards. Liberalism is in their view a consistent whole, and they have no hope of securing the triumph of one element in it by pressing it on to the exclusion of all others. Their prospect of ultimate success depends on the ascendency of Liberal ideas, and can be realised in no other way. They are willing, therefore, for the moment to subordinate all other considerations to the primary object of getting rid of an incubus which renders all progress impossible. This is not the time for discussing the articles of a programme. We have leaders whom we, like other Liberals, trust, and our first business is to secure for them the opportunity of entering on that course of legislative and administrative reform which has been interrupted during the late disastrous years.

No special credit is claimed for Nonconformists, as though they showed some extraordinary virtue in adopting this course. We act thus simply in obedience to principle. With our views it would be an act of political immorality and cowardice to be silent at this juncture. The Beaconsfield policy has never had any attraction for us, and, with an instinctive feeling of the vital and irreconcilable antagonism between us, the Premier has done us the distinguished honour of treating Nonconformists as altogether inaccessible to this influence. It could not well be otherwise. We certainly are not indifferent to the

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honour of our country, and should be as ready to make sacrifices on her behalf as the worshippers of the new god, Jingo, whose faith, despite their noisy shoutings, is of so doubtful a character that the Government have been afraid to try whether it would justify itself by works. But in our view it has been the special glory of our country to be the hope of the sufferers and the oppressed, to encourage the aspirations of freedom, to respect the rights of the weak, and to make her influence felt without having recourse either to empty bluster or unworthy intrigue. We should be false to every tradition of our history if we had not resented the desertion of Bulgaria, the betrayal of Greece, the duplicity and violence shown to Afghanistan, the patronage of Turkish despotism and corruption, the subordination of our entire foreign policy to a hatred of Russia, which appears to us a sign of cowardice rather than courage, and of weakness rather than strength. Hating despotism everywhere, we are as anxious to see the influence of Russia curtailed as the most passionate follower of the Ministry, but we are unable to perceive that to us belongs the duty of holding that great power in check, and still more difficult do we find it to see how the policy of the Government has contributed to that end. But we feel that in pursuing this end the Constitution of our country has been subjected to a severer strain than has been put upon it for more than a century. Perhaps it may be that our Puritan blood and training has made us specially sensitive on this point, but we cannot think lightly of the liberties for which our fathers fought and bled. Some of their keenest battles were waged about things which the political cynicism of our day would treat as trifles, and it is not surprising if those of us who have drunk in the spirit of the seventeenth century should regard with alarm any dispositions to set aside those precedents and traditions on which the great fabric of our Constitution has been reared. We are proud of Parliament, and, when we see its prestige lowered and its influence quietly undermined, there is to us sufficient reason for uniting in one determined effort to arrest a movement not the less perilous because there are such numbers who indulge in a false security, and put aside all objections as the scruples of constitutional purists. A sneer at purists is one of the latest devices for putting discredit on sound principle. It is financial purism to insist that a nation ought to pay its debts; it is constitutional purism to enforce respect for precedent and law. The reproach does not trouble us who are not ashamed of Puritanism, but it becomes utterly pointless now that the justice of our contention is admitted by Lord Derby, who of all men is least likely to be carried away by sentiment, or to sacrifice practical wisdom at the shrine of pedantry. His secession is the severest blow the Beaconsfield policy has received.

It is not to be concealed that Nonconformists would have preferred to fight the battle under the flag of Mr. Gladstone. The passionate

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enthusiasm which he has awakened among us is, I believe, absolutely without parallel, and the feeling is as deep and intelligent as it is fervid. It is the result of a profound admiration of his transcendent genius, of a grateful sense of the work he has done in every field of reform, but, above all, of an undoubting faith in his conscientious earnestness. It may be, as our enemies would say, very weak and sentimental, but we are not ashamed of acknowledging the power of sentiment; and, whatever else it is, it has at least no taint of selfishness. We expect nothing from Mr. Gladstone but that service to his country which his pure patriotism will dictate, and his distinguished ability will enable him to render. Nor is our devotion to him mingled with any distrust of Lord Hartington. There is not and cannot be rivalry between them; and Lord Hartington, by the bold and decided tone which he has taken, the high qualities for leadership he has developed, and the true view of Liberalism which is heard in all his utterances, has won the confidence of Nonconformists as other Liberals. But it is impossible wholly to exclude the personal element from our political controversies. Mr. Gladstone has done his party incomparable service, and it would be a poor return if now the neglect or indifference of his friends should even seem to ratify the persistent and malignant calumnies of his foes. Such an issue of the struggle is surely impossible, and the warmest admirers of Mr. Gladstone may cherish the assurance that the Liberal party will not deprive itself and the country of the services of its greatest statesman, nor lay itself open to a charge of ingratitude as deficient in chivalry as it would be lacking in practical wisdom.

J. Guinness Rogers.

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DAYS IN THE WOODS.

Towards August or September, any man who has once been in the woods will begin to feel stirring within him a restless craving for the forest—an intense desire to escape from civilisation, a yearning to kick off his boots, and with them all the restraints, social and material, of ordinary life; and to revel once again in the luxury of mocassins, loose garments, absolute freedom of mind and body, and a complete escape from all the petty moral bondages and physical bandages of society. To a man who has once tasted of the woods, the instinct to return thither is as strong as that of the salmon to seek the sea. Let us, then, go into the woods. I will ask permission to skip all preliminary travelling, and consider that we have arrived at the last house, where Indians and canoes are waiting for us. Old John Williams, the Indian, beaming with smiles, shakes hands, and says: 'My soul and body, sir, I am glad to see you back again in New Brunswick. How have you been, sir? Pretty smart, I hope.' 'Oh, first-rate, thank you, John; and how are you, and how did you get through the winter, and how is the farm getting on?' 'Pretty well, sir. I killed a fine fat cow moose last December, that kept me in meat most all winter; farm is getting on splendid. I was just cutting my oats when I got your telegram, and dropped the scythe right there in the swarth, and left. I hear there's a sight of folks going in the woods this fall; more callers than moose, I guess.' And so, after a little conversation with the other Indians, in the course of which we discover that though they have been there three days, they have never thought of patching up the canoes, and have left the baking-powder or frying-pan or some equally essential article behind, we enter the settler's house, and so to supper and bed.

The first day is not pleasant. The canoes have to be carted ten miles to the head of the stream we propose descending, and the hay wagon wants mending, or the oxen have gone astray. Patience and perseverance, however, overcome all these and similar difficulties, and at last we are deposited on the margin of a tiny stream; the settler starts his patient, stolid oxen, over the scarcely perceptible track, saying, 'Well, good day, gents; I hope you will make out all right,' and we are left alone in the forest.

The first thing to be done is to make a little fire, and then with

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a hot brand melt the gum on the seams of the canoes where it may have been cracked by the jolting of the wagon, and to patch up with resin and pieces of calico, brought for the purpose, any holes in the bark. An Indian ascertains that his canoe is watertight by the simple method of applying his lips to every seam that appears leaky, and seeing whether the air sucks through. This ceremony he religiously performs every morning before launching his canoe, and every evening when he takes her out of the water. It looks as though he were embracing her with much affection, and it sounds like it; but in reality it must be an osculatory process more useful than agreeable, for a canoe, like an Indian squaw, though excellent for carrying burdens, cannot be particularly pleasant to kiss. Our canoes having successfully passed through this ordeal, they are carefully placed upon the water, brush is cut and laid along the bottom, the baggage carefully stowed, and away we start at last, three canoes with a white man in the bow and a red man in the stern of each. Civilisation, with all its worries, anxieties, disappointments, heat, dust, restraint, luxury and discomfort are left behind; before us are the grand old woods, the open barrens, stream, lake, and river—perfect freedom, lovely cool autumnal weather, three weeks' provisions, plenty of ammunition, the forest and the stream to supply food, and the fishing-rod and rifle with which to procure it.

Down we go, very slowly and carefully, wading half the time, lifting stones out of the way, tenderly lifting the canoes over shallows, for the stream scarcely trickles over its pebbly bed. After a while the water deepens and becomes still. We take to the paddles and make rapid progress.

'Guess there's a dam pretty handy,' says John, and so it turns out to be, for after a mile of dead water we are brought up by a beaver-dam, showing an almost dry river-bed below it. Canoes are drawn up and the dam is demolished in a few minutes, giving a couple of nights' hard labour to the industrious families whose houses we had passed a little way above the dam. Then we have to wait for half an hour to give the water a start of us, and then off again, poling, wading, paddling down the stream, until the sinking sun indicates time to camp.

In a few minutes—for all hands are used to the work—canoes are unladen, two tents pitched, soft beds of fir-tops spread evenly within them, wood cut, and bright fires burning, more for cheerfulness than warmth. A box of hard bread is opened, tea brewed, and ham set frizzling in the pan. Tea is a great thing in the woods. Indians are very fond of it; their plan is to put as much tea as they can get hold of into a kettle, and boil it until it is nearly strong enough to stand a spoon upright in. Of this bitter decoction they drink enormous quantities for supper, and immediately fall fast asleep, having nothing about them that answers to civilised nerves.

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Sunrise finds us up; breakfast is soon over, tents are struck, canoes loaded, and we are on our way down the deepening stream. It is a river now, with lots of trout in the shallows, and salmon in the deep pools. About noon we turn sharp off to the eastward up a little brawling brook, forcing our way with some difficulty up its shallow rapids till it gets too dry, and we are compelled to go ashore and to 'carry' over to the lake whither we are bound. One of us stops behind to make a fire, boil the kettle, and prepare the dinner, while the Indians swing each a canoe on to his shoulders and start through the woods. In three trips everything is carried across, and we embark again upon a lovely lake.

The 'carry' was not long, only about half a mile, and there was a good blazed trail, so that it was a comparatively easy job; but under the most favourable circumstances this *portaging*, or *carrying*, is very hard work. It is hard enough to have to lift eighty or one hundred pounds on your back. It is worse when you have to carry the burden half a mile, and get back as quickly as you can for another load; and when you have to crawl under fallen limbs, climb over prostrate logs, balance yourself on slippery tree trunks, flounder through bogs, get tangled up in alder swamps, force yourself through branches which slap you viciously in the face, with a big load on your back, a hot sun overhead, and several mosquitoes on your nose. I know of nothing more calculated to cause an eruption of bad language, a considerable gain in animal heat, and a corresponding loss of temper. But it has to be done, and the best way is to take it coolly, and, if you cannot do that, to take it as coolly as you can.

Out on the lake it was blowing a gale, and right against us. We had to kneel in the bottom of the canoes, instead of sitting on the thwarts, and vigorously ply our paddles. The heavily laden craft plunged into the waves, shipping water at every jump, and sending the spray flying into our faces. Sometimes we would make good way, and then, in a squall, we would not gain an inch, and be almost driven on shore; but after much labour we gained the shelter of a projecting point, and late in the evening reached our destination, and drew up our canoes for the last time.

While others make camp, old John wanders off with head stooped, and eyes fixed on the ground, according to his custom. The old man always looks as if he had lost something and was searching for it. Indeed, this is very often the case. I remember, after watching him one day prying and wandering about an old lumber camp, asking him what on earth he was doing. 'Oh, nothing, sir,' he answered; 'I hid a clay pipe here, somewhere—let me see, about thirty-five years ago, and I was looking for it.' After dark he comes quietly in, sits down by the fire and lights his pipe, and, after smoking a little while, observes: 'Moose been here, sir, not long ago. I saw fresh

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tracks, a cow and a calf close handy just around that little point of woods.' Another silence, and then he looks up with a smile of the most indescribable cunning and satisfaction, and adds: 'I think, mebbe, get a moose pretty soon if we have a fine night.' 'Well, I hope so, John,' say I. 'Yes, sir, I see where he rub his horn, sir; you know the little meadow just across the hard wood ridge? why, where we saw the big cariboo track three years ago. He's been fighting the bushes there. My soul and body, a big bull, sir, great works, tracks seven inches long.' And so we fall to talking about former hunting excursions till bedtime, or rather sleepy time, comes, and we curl up in our blankets, full of hopes for the future, which may or may not be disappointed.

Moose-calling commences about the 1st of September and ends about the 15th of October. A full moon occurring between the middle and end of September is the best of all times. The best plan in calling is to fix upon a permanent camp and make little expeditions of two or three days' duration from it, returning to rest and get fresh supplies. Then you enjoy the true luxury of hunting. Then you feel really and thoroughly independent and free. The Indian carries your blanket, your coat, a little tea, sugar, and bread, a kettle, and two tin pannikins. The hunter has enough to do to carry himself, his rifle, ammunition, a small axe, hunting-knife, and a pair of field-glasses. Thus accoutred, clad in a flannel shirt and home-spun continuations, moose-hide mocassins on your feet, your trousers tucked into woollen socks, your arms unencumbered with that useless article, a coat, you plunge into the woods, the sun your guide in clear weather, your pocket-compass if it is cloudy, the beasts and birds and fishes your companions; and wander through the woods at will, sleeping where the fancy seizes you, 'calling' if the nights are calm, or still hunting on a windy day. Calling is the most fascinating, disappointing, exciting, of all sports. You may be lucky at once and kill your moose the first night you go out, perhaps at the very first call you make. You may be weeks and weeks, perhaps the whole calling season, without getting a shot. Moose-calling is simple enough in theory; in practice it is immensely difficult of application. It consists, as I have before explained in this Review, in imitating the cry of the animal with a hollow cone made of birch bark, and endeavouring by this means to call up a moose near enough to get a shot at him by moonlight or in the early morning. He will come straight up to you, within a few yards—walk right over you almost—answering, 'speaking,' as the Indians term it, as he comes along, if nothing happens to scare him; but that is a great *if*. So many unavoidable accidents occur. The great advantage of moose-calling is, that it takes one out in the woods during the most beautiful period of the whole year; when Nature, tired with the labour of spring and summer, puts on her holiday garments, and rests luxuriously before falling into

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the deep sleep of winter. The great heats are past, though the days are still warm and sunny; the nights are calm and peaceful, the mornings cool, the evenings so rich in colouring, that they seem to dye the whole woodland with sunset hues, for the maple, oak, birch, and beech trees glow with a gorgeousness unknown to similar trees in this country. If the day is windy, you can track the moose and cariboo, or perchance a bear, through the deep shady recesses of the forest. On a still day, you may steal noiselessly over the smooth surface of some lake, or along a quiet reach of still river water, fringed with alder, winding tortuously through natural meadows, or beneath a ridge crowned with birch and maples, whose feathery branches and crimson leaves are so clearly reflected on a surface perfectly placid, that you seem to be gliding over a forest of submerged trees. Or you may indulge to perfection in that most luxurious pastime—doing nothing. I know a lovely place for that, on a hunting-ground I use to frequent, a little island of woods about a quarter of a mile from camp, with a tall pine-tree in the middle, which was kind enough to arrange its branches in such a way that it was very easy to climb. Thither I would go on lazy days, when tired with hunting, with my gun and a book, and, leaning against its friendly trunk, read till I was tired of literature, and then climb up in the breezy branches and look out far and wide over the barrens on either side. Many a cariboo have I seen from thence, and shot him after an exciting stalk out on the plain.

Let us imagine a party of three men to burst out of the thick woods on to a little open space, or barren, hot and tired, about four o'clock on a fine October day. Before them lies a still deep reach of a little river, fringed on the near side with brown alders; on the opposite side lies a piled-up ragged heap of loose grey granite blocks, with one solitary dead pine-tree, stretching out its gaunt, bare, shrivelled limbs against the clear sky. Just beyond is a little clump of pines, and all around a grey meadow, quite open for some fifty yards or so, then dotted with occasional unhappy-looking firs, sad and forlorn, with long tresses of grey moss hanging from their stunted limbs. The trees grow closer and closer together, and become more vigorous in appearance till they merge into the unbroken forest beyond. Supposing that I formed one of the party, I should immediately take measures to make myself comfortable for the night, for I am of a luxurious habit. I should set one Indian, say John Williams, to look for water, which he would find by scooping a hole in the moss with his hands, into which cavity a black and muddy liquid would presently flow, not inviting to look at, but in an hour's time it will have settled clear enough to drink—in the dark. I and the other Indian, say Noel Glode, would turn to and make camp. That is easily done when you know how—so is making a watch. You clear away a space beneath some tree, making it nice and level, and set up a shelter on whichever side you apprehend the wind will come from.

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You stick some poles or young fir-trees into the ground, prop them up with other trees, lash a pole horizontally along them, with a bit of string if you have it, or the flexible root of a fir if you have not. Cut down a lot of pine branches, and thatch the framework with them till you have formed a little lean-to, which will keep off a good deal of wind and all the dew. Then you strew the ground thickly with fir-tops or bracken, gather a lot of dry wood in case you want to make a fire, and all is ready for the night.

In a scene very like that, I spent the last two nights of the calling season, not a hundred years ago. It was nearly sundown before our work was over, and, leaving Noel to finish camp, I sent John to a tree-top to look out, and sat down myself on a rock at a little distance to smoke the calumet of peace. These 'barrens' are very melancholy at the decline of day, intensely sad, yet in their own way beautiful, full of delicate colouring. The grey, dead, tufted grass lies matted by the margin of the stream, over which brown alders droop, looking at their own images in the water, perfectly still, save when some otter, beaver, or musk-rat plunges sullenly in and disturbs it for a moment. The ground, carpeted with cariboo moss, white as ivory but with purple roots, is smooth, save for a few detached rugged masses of granite covered with grey or black lichens. An occasional dwarfed pine, encumbered with hanging festoons of moss, strives to grow in the wet soil; and on drier spots, two or three tall, naked, dead firs that have been burned in some bygone fire, look pale, like ghosts of trees in the deepening twilight.

Beyond all, the forest rises, gloomy, black, mysterious. Nature looks sad, worn-out, dying; as though lamenting the ancient days and the inevitable approach of the white man's axe. Well in harmony with her melancholy mood are the birds and beasts that roam those solitudes, and haunt the woods and streams. The hooting owl, the loon or great northern diver, that startles the night with its unearthly scream, are weird uncanny creatures; the cariboo or reindeer, which was contemporary with many extinct animals on this globe—mammoths, cave bears, and others—and which has seen curious sights among aboriginal men, has a strange look as if belonging to some older world and some other time, with his fantastic antlers and great white mane; and so, too, has the huge ungainly moose, that shares with him the forest and the swamps.

I had not, however, much time to indulge in reverie, for scarcely had I sat down before I heard old John call gently like a moose to attract my attention. Now it must be borne in mind that when hunting you never call to any one like a human being, for to do so might scare away game; but you grunt like a moose, or, if you prefer it, hoot like an owl, or make any other sound emitted by one of the brute creation. I crept up quickly, and in obedience to John's whisper gave him the moose-caller, and, following

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the direction of his eyes, saw a small bull moose slowly crossing the barren some four or five hundred yards to our left. At the first sound from John's lips, the moose stopped dead short, and looked round, then moved a few steps towards us and stopped again. We watched him for some time. He was evidently timid, and it seemed doubtful whether he would come up; and, as it was growing dark, Noel and I started to try and steal round the edge of the wood in order to cut him off before he could get into the timber and cross our tracks. We had not gone a hundred yards before we heard another bull coming up from a different direction through the forest, answering John's call. We could tell by the sound that he was a large one, and that he was coming up rapidly. The small bull heard him also, and stopped. We were now, of a truth, in a dilemma. There was a moose in sight of us, but it was ten to one that he would smell our tracks and get scared before we could reach him. There was a larger moose coming through the woods, but where he would emerge it was impossible to say; and, to make matters worse, it was rapidly getting dark. The difficulty was soon settled, for the smaller moose moved on again towards the woods, crossed our track, snuffed us, and started off across the barren at a trot: so we had to turn our attention to the larger one. He came on boldly; we could hear him call two or three times in succession, and then stop dead silent for a few minutes to listen, and then on again, speaking. We planted ourselves right in his way, just on the edge of the woods, and, crouching close to the ground, waited for him. Presently we heard his hoarse voice close to us, and the crackling of the bushes as he passed through them; then silence fell again, and we heard nothing but the thumping of our hearts; another advance, and he stopped once more, within apparently about fifty yards of us. After a long, almost insupportable pause, he came on again; we could hear his footsteps, we could hear the grass rustling, we could hear him breathing, we could see the bushes shaking, but we could not make out even the faintest outline of him in the dark. Again he stopped, and our hearts seemed to stand still also with expectation; another step must have brought him out almost within reach of me, when suddenly there was a tremendous crash! He had smelt us, and was off with a cracking of dead limbs, rattling of horns, and smashing of branches, which made the woods resound again. Disappointed we were, but not unhappy, for the first duty of the hunter is to drill himself into that peculiar frame of mind which enables a man to exult when he is successful, and to accept ill-luck and defeat without giving way to despondency.

It was by this time pitch dark, and there was no use therefore in calling any more. So in a few minutes we were seated round a bright cheerful little fire: the kettle was boiled, and we consoled ourselves with what story-books call 'a frugal meal' of bread and tea; and then reclining on our beds of bracken, with our backs to

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the fire, smoked and chatted till sleep began to weigh our eyelids down. I have observed that in most accounts of travel and hunting adventure people are represented as lying with their feet to the fire. That is a great blunder. Always keep your shoulders and back warm, and you will be warm all over. If there are a number of people round one fire, and it is necessary to lie stretched out like the spokes of a wheel, with the fire representing the axle, it is advisable, no doubt, to lie with your head outwards, for it is better to toast your heels than to roast your head; but if there is room to lie lengthways, always do so, and keep your back to the fire.' Of course we talked about the moose we had so nearly killed. 'My soul and body, sir,' says John, 'never see such luck in all my life; most as bad as we had two years ago when we was camped away down east by the head of Martin's River. You remember, sir, the night we saw the little fire in the woods close by, when there was no one there to make it. Very curious that was; can't make that out at all. What was it, do you think?'

'Well, John,' I said, 'I suppose it must have been a piece of dead wood shining.'

'Yes, sir; but it did not look like that; most too red and flickering for dead wood.'

'Perhaps ghosts making a fire, John,' said I.

'Yes, sir, mebbe; some of our people believes in ghosts, sir; very foolish people, some Indians.'

'Don't you, John?'

'Oh no, sir; I never seed no ghosts. I have seen and heard some curious things, though. I was hunting once with two gentlemen near Rocky River—you know the place well, sir. We were all sitting in the camp; winter time, sir; pretty late, about bed time. The gentlemen were drinking their grog, and we was smoking and talking, when we heard some one walking, coming up to the camp. "Holloa!" says one of the gentlemen, "who can this be at this time of night?" Well, sir, we stopped talking, and we all heard the man walk up to the door. My soul, sir, we could hear his mocassins crunching on the hard dry snow quite plain. He walked up to the door, but did not open it, did not speak, did not knock. So, after a little, one of us looked out—*nobody there*; nobody there at all, sir. Next morning there was not a track on the snow—not a track—and no snow fell in the night. Well, sir, we stayed there a fortnight, and most every night we would hear a man in mocassins walk up to the door and stop; and if we looked there was no one there, and he left no tracks in the snow. What was it, do you think, sir?'

'Don't know, John, I am sure,' I said, 'unless it was some strange effect of wind in the trees.'

'Well, sir, I seed a curious thing once. I was hunting with a gentleman—from the old country, I think he was—my word, sir, a

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long time ago, mebbe thirty years or more. My soul and body, sir, what a sight of moose there was in the woods in those days! and the cariboo run in great herds then; all failing now, sir, all failing. We were following cariboo, right fresh tracks in the snow; we were keeping a sharp look-out, expecting to view them every minute, when I looked up and saw a man standing right between us and where the cariboo had gone. He was not more than two hundred yards off—I could see him quite plain. He had on a cloth cap and a green blanket-coat with a belt round the middle—not a leather belt like we use, sir, but a woollen one like what the Frenchmen uses in Canada. There was braid down the seams of his coat and round the cuffs. I could see the braid quite plain. He had no gun, nor axe, nor nothing in his hands, but just stood there with his hand on his hip, that way, right in the path, doing nothing. "Our hunting all over, sir," I said to the gentleman. "We may as well go home." "Why, what is the matter, John?" says he. "Why, look at the man there right in the track; he's scared our cariboo, I guess." Well, sir, he was very mad, the gentleman was, and was for turning right round and going home; but I wanted to go up and speak to the man. He stood there all the time—never moved. I kind of bowed, nodded my head to him, and he kind of nodded his head, bowed just the same way to me. Well, I started to go up to him, when up rose a great fat cow-moose between him and me. "Look at the moose, captain!" I said. "Shoot her!" "Good heavens, John!" he says, "if I do, I shall shoot the man too!" "No, no, sir, never mind," I cried, "fire at the moose." Well, sir, he up with the gun, fired, and downed the moose. She just ran a few yards, pitched forward, and fell dead. When the smoke cleared off, the man was gone; could not see him nowheres. "My soul and body! what's become of the man, Captain?" I says. "Dunno, John; perhaps he is down too," says he. "Well, sir," says I, "you stop here, and I will go and look; mebbe he is dead, mebbe not quite dead yet." Well, I went up to the place, and there was nothing there—nothing but a little pine-tree, no man at all. I went all round, sir—no tracks, no sign of a man anywhere on the snow. What was it, do you think, sir, we saw?'

'Well, John,' I replied, 'I think that was a curious instance of refraction.' 'Oh, mebbe,' says John; 'guess I will take a little nap now—moon get up by-and-by;' and in another instant he was fast asleep. Indians have a wonderful faculty for going to sleep. They seem to shut themselves up at will, with a snap like slamming down the lid of a box with a spring, and are fast asleep in a second; and there they will lie, snoring and shivering with cold until you touch or call them, and then they are wide awake in an instant, as if they pressed some knob concealed in their internal mechanism, and flew suddenly open again.

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I remember seeing a curious instance of refraction once myself. We were paddling home one evening, old John and I, along a still deep reach of dead water, gliding dreamily over a surface literally as smooth as a polished mirror. It was evening, and the sun was only just clear of the tree-tops on the western side. Happening to look up, I saw on the eastern side a shadow, a stooping form, glide across the trees about twenty or thirty feet from the ground and disappear. It looked very ghost-like, and for an instant it startled me. In a few seconds it reappeared, and, the trees growing thicker together and affording a better background, I saw the shadows plainly—two figures in a canoe gliding along in the air, the shadows of John and myself, cast up at an obtuse angle from the surface of the water by the almost level rays of the setting sun.

The Indians soon were comfortably sleeping, and had wandered off into the land of dreams; but I, my nature being vitiated by many years of civilisation, could not so easily yield to the wooing of the drowsy god. For some time I lay awake, blinking lazily at the fire, watching flickering forms and fading faces in the glowing embers, speculating idly on the fortunes of the Red Indian race, and on the destinies of the vast continent around me—in memory re-visiting many lovely scenes, and going over again in thought the hunting adventures and canoeing voyages of former days. The palmy days of canoeing are past and gone. Time was when fleets of large birch-bark canoes, capable of carrying some tons weight, navigated the waters of the St. Lawrence, of the Ottawa, and of the great lakes to the mouths of different rivers on the north shore of Lake Superior, where they are met by smaller canoes arriving from the shores of the Frozen Ocean, from unnamed lakes and unknown rivers, from unexplored regions, from countries inhabited by wild animals and fur-bearing beasts—districts as large as European countries lying unnoticed in the vast territories of British North America.

All that is changed, though a great trade is still carried on by means of these primitive but most useful and graceful boats. Steamers ply upon the lakes and ascend the rivers, the country is being rapidly opened up, wrested from wild nature, and turned into a habitation fit for civilised man. One of the pleasantest canoe voyages I ever made was from Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaministiquoya, to Fort Garry, situated close to the junction of the Assineboin with the Red River of the North, and near to the shores of Lake Winnipeg. That was but a few years ago; but how all that country has changed since then! Winnipeg was a very small place then, scarcely known to the outside world. I remember I met a family in the steamer on Lake Superior, a lady and gentleman and their children, and when in the course of the conversation it came out that they were going to Winnipeg, I felt almost as much

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astonished as if they had told me they were on their way to spend the summer at their country residence at the North Pole. Now Winnipeg has become a flourishing town. The trading post of Fort Garry is submerged and overwhelmed by a mass of civilisation; Manitoba is a province, and a growing and prosperous one. One of the finest, if not the very finest, agricultural districts in the world has been opened up to man. It is a district capable of producing the choicest wheat in practically limitless quantities. It is blessed with many advantages, but it also labours under certain disadvantages which must not be overlooked. Three great rivers flow into Lake Winnipeg—the Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Winnipeg. The latter river is magnificent so far as scenery is concerned, but it is full of dangerous rapids, and will never be of any great commercial value to the country. The Red River is navigable for steamers for a distance of six hundred miles. One hundred and eighty-five miles only of its course lie in British territory; the remainder of the distance it traverses the state of Minnesota. The land it drains is rich alluvial prairie. At a distance of forty miles from its mouth it receives the waters of the Assineboin, a river flowing entirely through British territory; it is said to be navigable for three hundred miles. The two Saskatchewans rise in the Rocky Mountains about thirty miles apart, and pursue slightly diverging courses, till they become separated by a distance of nearly three hundred miles. They then gradually converge again until they join together at a distance of about eight hundred miles from their head-waters, and then after a united course of nearly three hundred miles, discharge their mingled waters into Lake Winnipeg. With the exception of the last few miles of their course, these rivers are navigable for steamers, the one—that is, the North Saskatchewan—for one thousand, and the South branch for eight hundred miles. Between them, and on each side of them, lies the fertile belt, a virgin soil of any depth. No forests encumber the land. The farmer has but to turn up the soil lying ready waiting for the seed. It is a mistake to suppose that all this great Western country is good land; that is nonsense. There is good and there is bad; but it is true that there is little bad and much good. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of acres of the best land in the world are lying there idle, waiting for man. From the southern boundary of the United States to the South Saskatchewan, there is no such fertile tract as this. It is like a huge oasis lying between the parched pastures of the south and the frozen solitudes of the icy north. Nor is the wheat-growing country confined to the great tract that drains into Lake Winnipeg. If the reader will look at the isothermal line upon a map, he will find that it takes a tremendous sweep northward a little to the west of the centre of the continent, and includes the great Peace River valley, a portion of the Athabaska district, and of the valley of the

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Mackenzie River. The day will come when wheat will be grown in that country within a very few degrees of the Arctic Circle. Nature has beenbountiful to these north-western provinces. The warm breezes from the west waft them prosperity, but it is their northern position which proves the only drawback to them. The chief difficulty is a difficulty of communication. The value of land, in a country where land is plentiful and cheap, depends upon the cost of transporting the produce of the soil to market. The great wheat-producing region I have described is at present tapped by a line of railway running south through the United States. That cannot be called a natural, or altogether a proper outlet. It is not worth while anticipating any serious difficulty between the United States and the British Empire. We may for practical purposes dismiss that contingency from our calculations, as one most unlikely to occur. It is becoming more and more improbable every year as the two nations learn to understand and appreciate each other better. But, at the same time, it is highly inexpedient that the produce of any portion of the British Empire should, in seeking its natural market in other portions of the same Empire, be compelled to pass through the territories of another nation. When that produce consists of the first necessary of life, the inexpediency is increased.

There is another line of railway in course of construction which will carry grain from Manitoba to the north shore of Lake Superior, whence it can be transported by ships or barges over the broad waters of the great lakes, and down the majestic current of the St. Lawrence to the ocean. But on this line also there is a difficulty, an obstruction. The waters of that inland sea, Lake Superior, pour themselves into Lake Huron in a boiling, tumultuous flood down the rapid known as the Sault St. Mary. This rapid is quite impassable, and ships go round it through a canal which is in the State of Michigan. This is a disadvantage to the route, but not a very great one, for the canal is only a few miles in length. A convention, I believe, exists between the Canadian and United States Governments, regulating the rates to be charged upon it, and, moreover, there is no engineering difficulty whatever in constructing a canal on the British side of the river. It is true that the canal is closed by ice during the winter months, but free navigation exists during the greater part of the year, and the St. Lawrence is also closed during the winter. Any one looking at a map of British North America will say at once, 'But neither of these routes is the natural geographical road in and out of this country. The Hudson's Bay Company long ago discovered and made use of the proper outlet, and the grain of thousands and thousands of fertile acres will find its way to London by the same means, and over the same roads, as the skins of wild animals have been brought to that market.' I wish I could think that was true. Then indeed would Manitoba and the

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great North-West be the most favoured country in the world—the earthly paradise of the agriculturist.

Hudson's Bay and the river flowing into it from Lake Winnipeg form the natural gateway to the great North-West, and Lake Winnipeg is the natural centre of distribution and collection for a large portion of that vast region. But there is an icy bolt drawn across the door, barring the way. Lake Winnipeg is a huge lake, an inland sea of some three hundred miles in length and fifty or sixty in breadth. It receives the drainage of the fertile belt through navigable rivers, and it sends off that drainage towards the North through a large river—the Nelson—which pours its waters into Hudson's Bay. The Nelson is, in fact, the continuation of the Saskatchewan. Lake Winnipeg is in the very centre of the continent. If ocean steamers could penetrate to that lake, it would be like despatching a steamer direct from the port of London to the grain elevators of Chicago. It would be even better, for a vessel loading in Lake Winnipeg could take in her grain at the mouth of rivers penetrating to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, navigable for a thousand miles through the richest land of the continent. Cannot this magnificent water system be utilised? I fear not. There are two obstacles which I am afraid will prove insurmountable. These are, the navigation of Hudson's Straits, and the navigation of the Nelson. Of Hudson's Bay and Straits we can speak with some confidence, for the Hudson's Bay Company have for a long period sent two, and occasionally three, ships every year to their two principal posts on Hudson's Bay; namely, Moose Factory, situated at the head of James Bay, the most southern indentation of Hudson's Bay, and York Factory, which is placed close to the mouth of the Nelson River.

Hudson's Bay is open for four or five months in the year. But Hudson's Straits are not, and there is little comfort in having open water inside in the Bay when you cannot reach it, and it is a poor consolation to know that the warm ocean is close to you outside, when you cannot get out. There are years in which the straits are not open for more than two or three weeks. Ships have occasionally failed to force a passage through the Straits, and ships have been detained in the Bay all the summer, unable to work their way out.

The average duration of open navigation of the Straits is about five or six weeks in the year; you cannot depend upon more than that, though it may be open for nearly as many months. Of course the substitution of steam vessels for sailing ships would make considerable difference; but, even supposing steamers adapted to the purpose to be used, it must, I fear, be conceded that the navigation would be precarious, and the open season short. Moreover, the navigation is difficult and peculiar at the best of times, and it is doubtful whether ordinary steam vessels could be used; and problematical whether a

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trade could possibly be made to pay, requiring especially constructed ships, which would be idle for eight or ten months of the year. So much for the Straits—now as to the rivers.

Formerly the Hudson's Bay Company transported all the peltry —that is, furs and skins—collected over a vast area, to Lake Winnipeg. Over that lake it was taken in large boats to Norway House, at the head of the Nelson, and down that river to York Factory at the mouth of it. And all supplies, all the necessaries and all the luxuries of life, all that white men and Indians required, were transported up the Nelson to Norway House; thence carried to various parts of the lake, and then disseminated through the land by boats, canoes, and dog sleighs.

Some time ago the Company abandoned the Nelson, adopted Hayes River, and have used that route ever since. Hayes River is not an outlet of Lake Winnipeg. Properly speaking, it is a small river flowing into Hudson's Bay close to the mouth of the Nelson. But the name, Hayes River, is generally given to that series of lakes and streams which constitutes the route for canoe and boat navigation between Norway House on Lake Winnipeg and York Factory on the sea. In referring to the line of water communication at present in use between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, I shall therefore call it Hayes River. The Hudson's Bay Company use large boats capable of carrying ten tons burden; so I assume that Hayes River is the better river of the two, and the more easily navigated by vessels of any size.

Hayes River has a course of somewhere about 300 miles in length. In the course of that 300 miles there are twenty or thirty portages. That is to say, obstructions occur at average intervals of ten or fifteen miles, so serious as to necessitate the immense labour of dragging over land boats capable of carrying ten tons, and the merchandise within them. That does nots ound like a waterway that could be navigated by steamers of any kind—as a matter of fact, Hayes River is a mere boat route. There remains, then, the great Nelson River, the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. The Nelson or Saskatchewan is a first-class river in point of size and volume of water, but it is not navigable. Although the average depth of water for about ninety miles is said to be twenty feet, yet it is stated that there is only ten feet of water at the head of the tideway; a fact which of course entirely precludes ocean steamers from ascending the river. For vessels drawing less than ten feet it is navigable for about 100 miles; but at that distance from the sea there is a rapid or fall that entirely puts a stop to navigation, and renders it impossible for vessels of light draught to descend the river from the lake to the sea.

I do not suppose that either the Nelson or Hayes River has ever been thoroughly and accurately surveyed, sounded, or reported on by engineers with a view to future navigation; and so wonderful

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is the way in which man wars against nature by means of engineering skill, that I should be sorry to assert that this route is now, and always will remain, impracticable. But I know that it presents great, and I fear it presents insuperable, difficulties. It is certain that the Nelson, a river which, as far as the volume of water discharged by it is concerned, ought to be navigable for large ships, is rendered useless and impassable by obstructions which must be of a serious nature, seeing that the Hudson's Bay Company prefer Hayes River to it. Hayes River is merely a boat route, and not even a good one, for it contains, as I have before stated, twenty or thirty portages in some 300 miles. The fact, therefore, that it is better for large boats than the Nelson, does not lead one to form a very favourable estimate of the latter river.

Even without this direct communication by sea with Europe, Manitoba and the western fertile tract must become one of the most prosperous regions of the earth; and I think it affords a better opening for farming industry at the present time than any other district on the globe. If this route proved practicable, the prosperity of the country would be enormously increased; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the sanguine views of some writers on the subject may not prove fallacious. But until they are demonstrated to be correct, it would be unwise to attach too much importance to them. Disappointed immigrants form but a dejected and heart-broken population, and the strength of a young country was never healthily fostered by delusive hopes, mistaken statements, or thoughtless exaggeration.

I have alluded to this vast fertile region only in connection with the advantages it offers to the grower of wheat, but it must not on that account be supposed that it is unfitted in any way for the raising of stock. On the contrary, it is a vast natural pasture land—the true home and breeding ground of the American bison, commonly called the buffalo. Formerly a vast herd of buffalo, numbering many millions, wandered through the continent; their range extending from as high as 60° north down to the southern parts of Texas. In winter they moved towards the south, migrating again northward with summer-time.

This vast herd is now entirely broken up, and buffalo are disappearing out of the land. All the Indians on the plains subsist by means of them, living on their flesh, and making houses of their skins. Besides the thousands killed by Indians for food and robes, incredible numbers are slain every year by white hunters for the hides and horns. Owing to this indiscriminate slaughter, and to the fact that their pastures are cut by railways and intrusive settlements, the herd has become permanently divided into three. One band ranges in British territory about the Saskatchewan, west of Red River settlement; the second over the middle western Terri-

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tories about the Platte and Republican Rivers, while the third, or southern herd, roams through Texas and the neighbouring States. As these the indigenous cattle of the country disappear, their place is to a certain extent taken by the cattle originally imported from Europe. The shaggy-headed, short-horned bison passes from the scene, and with it the painted whooping savage, naked himself, and on a naked horse pursuing his natural prey with bow or spear; and in their place come herds of long-horned, savage-tempered, Spanish cattle, tended and driven by men wild to look at, strange of speech, and picturesque in garment, but white men and very different beings from the Indian hunters that came before them. Though Texas may be called the home of the Spanish cattle, and though vast unnumbered herds pasture on its luxuriant grasses, yet States lying further to the north are more suitable for cattle-breeding purposes. A mountainous country, affording, as it does, shelter in winter and some variety of temperature, is better adapted to cattle than the plains, which are either parched by the summer's sun, or covered with the snows of winter.

On the great plains extending west from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, the snow does not lie so deep as it does in districts within the same degrees of latitude, but further to the south, and consequently that country is well adapted by nature for stock-raising. But until means of cheap transportation are provided, it cannot compete with other and less naturally favoured regions; it cannot hope to vie with Colorado, Wyoming, and the other States and Territories that include the foot-hills and fertile plains, packs, and valleys that lie within the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains.

So, while the Indians slept, I strayed in thought over hunting-grounds of the past, and marvelled at the changes that had taken place and the greater changes yet to come, till my musings were interrupted by old John, who awoke, sat up, shook his long hair out of his eyes, pulled his old black clay pipe out of his belt, placed a glowing ember in the bowl, and commenced smoking, with that expressive sound, half sigh, half suck, that tells of perfect satisfaction. 'Why, old man, what is the matter,' I said, 'have you been dreaming?' 'Yes, sir, I dreamed very hard, very hard indeed, very good dream too; see moose soon, I know—big one too. I see a big ship, with a big hull all black, oh black as pitch. I had a job to get on board, but I *did* get on board. It is all right, you'll get one pretty soon. My shoulders and legs ache awful bad too, sir. I shall be carrying a heavy load of meat soon, I know.' It is a curious fact that the strange conceit in 'Alice through the Looking-glass,' where effects are made to precede their causes, and the Queen cries before she has pricked her finger, is actually believed in and recognised as a law of nature by many people. Indians and half-breeds are usually very shy of mentioning their superstitions, for they hate ridicule. If they do speak of them, they affect to laugh at them themselves. Time and

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again I have heard Indians declare as a joke that they could feel the muscles of their backs ache where the withy rope cuts into them by which they carry a load of moose meat, and declare that it was a sure sign that a moose was shortly to die. But though they affected to laugh, they in their hearts believed thoroughly all they said.

'Well, John,' I said, 'I hope your dream will come true; but, talking of dreams, what was that story you began to tell me the other day about the bullets?'

'Oh yes, sir, that was a very curious dream, that was; many gentlemen won't believe that story, but it's true though. I was hunting with a gentleman long ago—in the winter time it was—and as we left the camp after breakfast, he laughed, and asked me what kind of dreams I had in the night. He wanted to know whether we should have any luck, you know, sir. He was a very funny gentleman; he used always to tell the cook at night, "You give John plenty fat pork for supper, make him dream good." Well, sir, I told him I had a very curious dream. I thought he fired both barrels at a cariboo, and that I caught both the bullets in my hand and gave them to him. Well, he laughed at that, and said it could not be true, and that I could not dream good anyhow. But I thought to myself, we'll see. So we hunted all day, and in the afternoon came upon a large herd of cariboo out on a lake. We crept up behind some little bushes to within sixty or eighty yards, and then I told the gentleman to put on a fresh cap—it was in the old days of muzzle loaders, you know, sir—and shoot, for I could not get him any nearer. Well, sir, he took a long aim, and fired. The cariboos were all lying down on the ice, you know, sir, and they just jumped up and stood all bunched up together, looking about them. "Fire again, sir," I said, and he took another steady aim, and fired Nothing hit, nothing down, away the cariboo went, tails up, not a sign of a wounded one among them. Every now and then they would stop and turn round to see what had scared them, and then off again in a minute. Oh! we might have got plenty more shots, if we had had a rifle like what you have now, sir, but it took some time to load a rifle in those days, especially in winter time, when a man can scarcely take his fingers out of his mits—and so they got clean away. The gentleman was terribly mad, threw his rifle down, and swore he would never use it again. It seemed to me the shots sounded kind of curious somehow, and I thought I would just go and see where the bullets went to. I had not gone twenty yards, when I found the place where one of them had struck the snow. A little further on I found where it had struck again, and then where it had struck a third time a little further on still. And so it went on hopping in the snow, the jumps getting shorter and shorter each time, and the trail circling round as it went, till finally the track ran along in the snow for a few feet and stopped. And there I found the bullet, picked it up, and put it in my pocket. Well, having got one, I thought I would

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go and trail the other bullet: I soon found where that had struck. It acted just like the first one, and I picked it up also. So I went back to the gentleman, and as he was loading the gun, I said, kind of indifferent like, "Just see if those bullets fit your gun, captain." "Yes, John," he says, "and suppose they do, what of that?"—"Why, captain," says I, "those are your bullets, and I picked them up. Now what do you say about my dream?" Well, he would not believe me until I showed him the marks in the snow, and he found that the bullets fitted his rifle exactly, and then he had to. Lord, sir, I have heard him tell that story scores of times, and he would get quite angry when people would not believe it.'

So we talked and yarned till I grew sleepy and dozed off, somewhat against my will, for the nights are too lovely to waste in sleep. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these northern nights, a beauty so calm, grand, majestic, almost awful in its majesty, that there exists not a man, I believe, on the face of this earth with a spirit so dulled, or a mind so harassed, that he could withstand its peace-giving power. By day his troubles may be too heavy for him, but the night is more potent than any drug, than any excitement, to steep the soul in forgetfulness. You cannot 'bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades,' nor resist the soothing touch of mother Nature, when she reveals herself in the calm watches of the night, and her presence filters through all the worldly coverings of care, down to the naked soul of man. It is a wonderful and strange experience to lie out under the stars in the solemn, silent darkness of the forest, to watch the constellations rise and set, to lie there gazing up through the branches of the grand old trees, which have seen another race dwell beneath their boughs and pass away, whose age makes the little fretful life of man seem insignificantly small; gazing up at planet after planet, sun beyond sun, into the profundity of space, till this tiny speck in the universe, this little earth, with all its discontent and discord, its wrangling races, its murmuring millions of men, dwindles into nothing, and the mind looks out so far beyond, that it falls back stunned with the vastness of the vision which looms overwhelmingly before it.

The earth sleeps. A silence that can be felt has fallen over the woods. The stars begin to fade. A softer and stronger light wells up and flows over the scene as the broad moon slowly floats above the tree tops, shining white upon the birch trees, throwing into black shadow the sombre pines, dimly lighting up the barren, and revealing grotesque ghost-like forms of stunted fir and grey rock. The tree trunks stand out distinct in the lessening gloom; the dark pine boughs overhead seem to stoop caressingly towards you. Amid a stillness that is terrifying, man is not afraid. Surrounded by a majesty that is appalling, he shrinks not, nor is he dismayed. In a scene of utter loneliness he feels himself not to be alone. A sense of companion-

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ship, a sensation of satisfaction, creep over him. He feels at one with Nature, at rest in her strong protecting arms.

As soon as the moon was high enough to shed a good light, Noel and I walked down to a little point of woods jutting out into the barren to call. Putting the birch-bark caller to his lips, Noel imitated the long-drawn, wailing cry of the moose, and then we sat down wrapped in our blankets, patiently to listen and to wait. No answer, perfect stillness prevailed. Presently, with a strange, rapidly approaching rush, a gang of wild geese passed, clanging overhead, their strong pinions whirring in the still air. After pausing about half-an-hour Noel called again, and this time we heard a faint sound that made our hearts jump. We listened intently and heard it again. It was only an owl a long way off calling to its mate in the woods. After a while we heard a loon's melancholy quavering scream on the lake, taken up by two or three other loons. 'Something frightens the loons,' whispers Noel to me. 'Mebbe moose coming. I will try another call;' and again the cry of the moose rolled across the barren, and echoed back from the opposite wood. 'Hark!' says Noel, 'what's that? I hear him right across the wood there,' and in truth we could just make out the faint call of a bull moose miles away. The sound got rapidly nearer, he was coming up quickly, when we heard a second moose advancing to meet him. They answered each other for a little while, and then they ceased speaking, and the forest relapsed into silence, so death-like that it was hard to believe that it ever had been or could be broken by any living thing. Nothing more was heard for a long time; not a sound vibrated through the frosty stillness of the air, till suddenly it was rudely broken by a crash like a dead tree falling in the forest, followed by a tremendous racket; sticks cracking, hoofs pawing the ground, horns thrashing against bushes.

There the moose fought at intervals for about two hours, when the noise ceased as suddenly as it began, and after a pause we heard one bull coming straight across the barren to us, speaking as he came along.

The moose arrived within about fifty or sixty yards of us. We could dimly see him in the dark shadow of an island of trees. In another second he would have been out in the moonlight if we had left him alone, but Noel, in his anxiety to bring him up, called like a bull, and the moose, who had probably had enough of fighting for one night, turned right round and went back again across the barren. We did not try any more calling, but made up our fire and lay down till daylight.

The next night, or rather on the morning after, we called up two moose after sunrise, but failed from various causes in getting a shot, but on the day succeeding that I killed a very large bull. We had called without any answer all night, and were going home to the principal camp about ten in the day, when we heard cow call. It was a dead calm, and the woods were very noisy, dry as

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tinder, and strewn with crisp, dead leaves, but we determined to try and creep up to her. I will not attempt to describe how we crept up pretty near, and waited, and listened patiently for hours, till we heard her again, and fixed the exact spot where she was: how we crept and crawled, inch by inch, through bushes, and over dry leaves and brittle sticks, till we got within sight and easy shot of three moose—a big bull, a cow, and a two-year-old. Suffice it to say, that the big bull died; he paid the penalty. Female loquacity cost him his life. If his lovely but injudicious companion could have controlled her feminine disposition to talk, that family of moose would still have been roaming the woods, happy and united.

I have wandered over a wide field in this paper, but there are still many things which I should like to have brought before the reader if there had been sufficient space—say a number or two of the *Nineteenth Century*—I should like to have given him one run with buffalo on the plains, and one really good exciting gallop after a herd of great Wapiti deer among the sand hills of Nebraska. I would fain have asked him to follow me to Estes Park in Colorado, during a fourteen hours' stalk after the 'biggest mountain sheep that ever was seen,' and to try in the same locality for grizzlies feeding on heaps of locusts, just under the snow line on the range. I wish I could have described a mountain lion which I once saw in the middle of a warm summer's night in Estes Park, when I was lying awake in bed, and which I pursued some distance in the costume peculiar to that part of the four-and-twenty hours usually devoted to sleep. I might have carried him with me to Newfoundland, to stalk cariboo on the great barrens, and taken him on snow-shoes in the winter to track moose upon the hard wood ridges, when the forest is more glorious perhaps even than in the fall. I could have shown him glimpses of primitive life among the French-speaking 'habitants' of Lower Quebec, and the simple Celtic, Gaelic-speaking population of eastern Nova Scotia; and given him a peep into lumber camps, and birch-bark wigwams, and talked much to him about Indians—that strange race, which, even when it shall have entirely disappeared, will have left an enduring mark behind it. Civilised nations have passed and left no sign; but the Indian will be remembered by two things at least;—the birch-bark canoe, which no production of the white man can equal for strength, lightness, gracefulness, sea-going qualities, and carrying capacity; and the snow-shoe, which appears to be perfect in its form and, like a violin, incapable of development or improvement. There are three inventions which the ingenuity of man seems to be unable to improve upon, and two of them are the works of savages, namely, the violin, snow-shoes, and birch-bark canoes. My subject is, however, a large one, and since I must stop somewhere, it may as well, perhaps, be here.

DUNRAVEN.

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BRITISH INTERESTS IN THE EAST.

In the world of ideas the saying is emphatically true, 'That only is destroyed which is replaced.' An old belief, an old political system, may die down to the root, but it is not entirely dead till the ground which it occupied has begun to give its strength and fertilising power to another growth.

There sprang up a year or two ago, under the care of the present Government, a tangled thicket of false opinion about British interests in the East. That tangled thicket has to some extent died down, but it is impossible to feel quite certain that under some malign influence or other it may not begin to shoot again if the soil which it cumbered is not soon covered by a healthy growth of sound opinion upon that great subject. To try to help on a little the growth of this sound opinion, is the object of the remarks which I propose now to make.

And first, let us be just to our opponents. The Jingoes, bad as they are, are not all equally, or nearly equally bad. They may be divided, roughly, into two classes, which we may call the Black Jingoes and the White Jingoes. Of the first, I need say nothing. They are persons who are grappled to their bad opinions by all kinds of sinister interests, and we may say in the words of the poet traversing the dreary realm at the gate of which hope is left behind, 'Let us not speak of them but look and pass.'

Happily for human nature the second class, the class of the White Jingoes, is immensely more numerous. It consists largely of well-intentioned, but ill-informed persons who desire to be patriotic but who have been led away, sometimes by their own hot heads, sometimes by the arts of the evil advisers to whom I alluded above.

Looking back on the history of the late administration, I cannot but regret that those at the head of it, who acted so wisely as well in foreign as in domestic affairs, did not recognise the necessity of keeping clearly before their own countrymen and before foreign nations what they were doing and thinking with reference to the great events that were passing around them. By neglecting to do this, they allowed a totally erroneous impression to arise in certain circles both here and abroad, the impression that England had forgotten that she was a part of the European Political State System, as well as the greatest extra-European Empire in the world. I have

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said before now, more than once, but I will repeat it, for I hold that for political purposes O'Connell was right when he said, 'I go on repeating a thing till it begins to come back to me,'—that the motto of this Government with reference to our foreign relations has been 'to seem, *not* to be;' the motto of the late government with reference to our foreign relations was, 'to be, *not* to seem;' the motto of the next Liberal Government, warned by the misfortunes of the past, will be, I make no doubt, alike in foreign and domestic politics 'to be *and* to seem.'

No department of foreign politics is more important to British statesmen than that which concerns the affairs of the East, by which rather vague term I mean, the affairs of the larger and more important countries which lie east of the Gulf of Bothnia or the Adriatic, and west of the Ocean which washes the further shores of Asia.

If it were not that within those limits we possess many colonies and one gigantic empire, a continent in itself, we could afford to look with far greater equanimity upon the chances and changes of European politics; we might leave undone much which we do, and do much which we leave undone. The hardy adventurers who laid in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the foundation of our Indian Empire, little dreamt how profoundly they were modifying the whole course of British politics for ages to come. Far on in the last century the idea does not seem to have dawned, even amidst the victories of Clive, upon the keen and practised intelligence of Chesterfield.

The larger countries with whose affairs we are brought into close connection by our Indian Empire and our other Eastern dependencies, are Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, China, and Japan; but in this paper I must limit myself to the first six, because the problems which are connected with them all hang together, and because they are the problems which have been raised before the country in recent discussions.

I will then attempt to answer, of course merely in outline, the question, 'What are our interests in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan;' I will take them in the order in which I have enumerated them.

First, then, with regard to Greece? What are British interests in Greece? The answer is happily a simple one: We have no interest whatever in Greece, except that Greece should be prosperous. Her trade with us is larger than it is with any other State, but still it is very small, far smaller than it ought to be. She sends us already a great many currants, she might send us more and cheaper; she sends us a little wine, some of it extremely good, she might send us a great deal more of that and in return she might take many things from us that she has not got at home. Then she might improve her

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roads, which are detestable, improve her inns, which are abominable, and turn herself into a sort of infinitely more interesting Switzerland, a good acquaintance with which should be a necessary part of the higher education of every country in Europe. All that she could do perfectly easily, if she would only set about it with a will. She is not a rich country in the sense of being a country which has much accumulated capital, or which produces any large number of articles which cannot be produced more cheaply elsewhere, but in her historical recollections and in the extraordinary beauty of her scenery she possesses a perfect mine of treasure. If her government were only wise enough to work this mine, there would pour into Greece a flood of gold, not less marvellous than that other flood to which the great Philhellenic poet alluded when, speaking of the hoary rock of Corinth, he said:—

> But could the blood before her shed
> Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
> Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
> Arise from out the earth which drank
> The stream of slaughter as it sank,
> That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
> Her isthmus idly spread below.

Unhappily this is the very last thing which Greece thinks of doing, infinitely to her disadvantage and to ours. Nor do, I am sorry to say, some of the most zealous friends of that country in Western Europe give her altogether wise advice in this matter. By all means let us settle in favour of King George's kingdom all the territorial questions which are open between her and the Ottoman Empire. Destiny has spoken her Fate-word. Greece must increase, Turkey must decrease, but do not let us make to ourselves any illusions. Unless we can alter the spirit that prevails at Athens, unless we can make the Greeks see that even the greatest territorial extension, which any sane man has asked for them, would be a worthless boon as compared with a steady national determination to make the best of the unique advantages which the Hellenic kingdom already possesses, the present generation of Philhellenes will be as bitterly disappointed as were those who cast in their lot with Byron, and Hastings, and Santa Rosa. What Richard Froude said long ago, in his beautiful poem 'Old Self and New Self,' is as true in the political and material, as it is in the spiritual world—

> Heaven must be won, *not* dreamed.

Quite the best thing that Greece has done for the world since the conclusion of the War of Independence has been the purification of her language—an artificial process, no doubt, but still a process which, if she would only take the steps necessary to make travelling and living in Greece as easy as travelling and living in Switzerland, would be of quite enormous service to mankind. Even now, if our great

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schools would be at a little pains, they could make the learning of ancient Greek twice as easy as it is by teaching Greek as a modern language, and if Greece would make herself decently safe and habitable this could be done without any trouble at all, while the demand for its being done amongst the educated classes in all countries would become so irresistible that it would be done. If it were done, not only would a far larger number of persons be brought into contact with ancient Greek thought and literature, which are amongst the most valuable of the possessions of the human race, but a vast amount of time would be saved at schools and universities, which might be devoted to the acquisition of branches of knowledge even more important than ancient Greek, and still too much neglected.

Those who study Greece in foreign lands, and those who direct her fortunes at home, will find far more real guidance in the volumes of Finlay, stern friend as he was, than in those of the too partial critics who try to prove that the causes of her ill-success up to this time are to be sought in the errors, undoubted though they were, of those who gave her too small a territory, in the incapacity of Otho, in anything and everything except in the faults, the great and grievous faults which are mingled with the fine qualities of her people. My own impression is, that it is no real kindness to Greece to encourage her to compete with the Bulgarian in the interior of the Balkan Peninsula. The Greek is no doubt the higher civilisation, but the Bulgarian has more 'staying power.' The modern Greek (like those from whom he is with a good deal of foreign admixture descended) does best on the seaboard. Already he is in possession of most of the famous sites connected with his history, and I heartily hope that he may soon possess everything that can with any justice be claimed for him. But we might take away a large part even of King George's too small kingdom, and yet leave to it all which in the hands of the Greeks of the pure blood was sufficient for immortality. Be this, however, as it may, I repeat that the one British interest in Greece is that Greece should be prosperous, by which I mean richer, safer, more accessible, more worthy in all respects of her great traditions.

We come next to Turkey. What then are our interests in Turkey? Our one great interest in Turkey, is that the people who live in Turkey should rise as rapidly as possible to a level with those portions of Europe which have lived under happier conditions, developing as they do so their natural capabilities, each in its own way. That is our first great interest in Turkey, and our second interest is, that Constantinople should not pass into the hands of any Power, which would be at all likely to use that position so as to domineer over the Mediterranean.

British statesmen have sought to reconcile these two interests in different ways at different times. For our present purpose we need not go back beyond the Crimean War. The idea which lay at the

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root of the settlement which was effected after the Crimean War in 1856, was, that the power of the Sultan had not been proved by anything that had occurred to be absolutely incompatible with its continuance as a part of the European political State system, if not for ever, at least for a very long time to come; that if the authorities at Constantinople would take a lesson by the past, and use wisely the new opportunities which the Western Powers had won for them on so many bloody fields, they might remain the rulers of their subject provinces in Europe and Asia, and the masters of the Straits which divide these continents, for many a day.

I will not stop to inquire how far this view was founded upon a clear knowledge of facts: that is an interesting inquiry. Now, however, it is merely an historical not a political question: 'Let the dead past bury its dead'—we have to deal with the present and future.

What is certain is this, that whether or not the ruling powers at Constantinople could have wisely used their breathing time, whether or not other Powers, who meant fairly by them, acted wisely, and whether or not certain other Powers did act fairly by them, at least when the 'occasion sudden' arose in 1876, they were not equal to it. The Bulgarian massacres of that summer were a terrible crime, but they were not only a terrible crime; they were the most fearful of political blunders. Gradually as the months went on, it became clearer and clearer that no more breathing time would be of any use, that in spite of the horror which those, who had most studied that group of problems which are confusedly lumped together under the name of the Eastern Question, had of their requiring to be dealt with in our times, dealt with they had to be, and dealt with boldly, even daringly, if you will. Public opinion upon such tremendous difficult questions as those which were presented in the autumn of 1876 is of slow growth, and at such moments it is of the last possible importance to have at the head of affairs statesmen who thoroughly know their own mind, who can take a lead, and give the lead to the country. But no man will say that that was the case with the Cabinet which then presided over our destinies. The very able man who was at the head of the Foreign Office, the most considerable statesman, beyond all comparison, who had a seat in that Cabinet, I mean, of course, Lord Derby, did not see his way, and did not give to the country any definite lead at all. The views which were put forward by, or reasonably attributed to, other members of the Cabinet, such as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Carnarvon, were entirely conflicting. What wonder then if the Opposition, which had no access to much of the information possessed by the Cabinet, was unable to agree in any policy, except in blaming those whose duty it was to find a policy for not finding one, after they had taken the great responsibility of declining to accede to the policy which had been suggested in the Berlin Memorandum?

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A great many Liberals, and some of the most authoritative, were satisfied by what was called, at the time, the 'bag and baggage policy,' that is, by saying that the power of the Sultan must be removed from certain very large districts in European Turkey. Others said, 'No, if Europe is going to open up this great group of questions, if it is going to sweep the Sultan's power out of so large a part of the Balkan Peninsula, do not let us be satisfied with *destruction*, let us have some *construction*. If you merely sweep away the Sultan's power from these districts, you leave open that tremendous question of Constantinople for your sons, if not yourselves, to settle. The same amount of effort which will be required to carry into effect the "bag and baggage" policy will enable you to create a new and infinitely improved state of things in European Turkey, and to settle the question of Constantinople and the guardianship of the Straits by putting there the western Prince who may be most acceptable to the Great Powers, and under whose civilised administration the races of the Balkan Peninsula, Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, and all the rest of them, including the Turks, may develop themselves and rise to a level of prosperity of which they have hitherto never dreamed.'

The Cabinet, however, had, as I have said, no definite idea of their own, and they naturally would not take an idea from any section of the Opposition. They went into the luckless Constantinople Conference, which naturally came to nothing, and in 1877 the crusading spirit in Russia hurried the unwilling Government of the Czar into the Russo-Turkish War.

Nothing occurred on which we need dwell at present, till the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. That Treaty was a very different piece of work from the settlement of 1856. The idea which lay at the bottom of the settlement of 1856, was, as I have shown, a perfectly clear and definite one. It may or may not have been founded on an erroneous appreciation of facts, but, at least, it was one which was worthy of the great statesmen who put their names to it; it was an honest attempt to settle, perhaps for a very long time, a great and ancient problem.

The Treaty of Berlin is a very different thing. That Treaty is not based upon any idea. The politicians who took part in it had no sort of belief in the permanence of their own work. It was a mere patching up, intended to prevent a European war, to the very edge of which we had been brought by the folly of Lord Beaconsfield and his associates, who deserve no credit even for the miserable patching up, since, had it not been for the timely and patriotic action of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, into war they would have blundered before the opportunity of patching up had arrived.

We know with what ignoble circumstances this patching up was connected, the secret agreement, which was only revealed to the British public by a writer in the Foreign Office, and about which

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such strange statements were made in the House of Lords; the filching of Cyprus and the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which binds us, a great naval power, to defend against a great military power, all the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, and enables that military power, if ever we are engaged in a serious war, to defy us to carry into effect our engagements without resorting to the continental system of universal military service, with the most disastrous effect upon the industries of the country.

I have gone into this narrative of events, in order to make clear, that in spite of all the expense we have incurred during the last six years, we have not advanced one step nearer towards the safe-guarding of British interests in Turkey, than we had done when the present Government came into office, except in so far as we have been parties, much against the will of the Turcophiles, to placing a German Prince, closely connected with England and with the Russian Imperial family, in the northern portion of Bulgaria, precisely what some persons wanted to do in a much larger area of the Balkan peninsula, and in so far as we have not altogether got rid in spirit of the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano in their application to Bulgaria, south of the Balkans, or as our Government prefers to call it, Eastern Roumelia.

In one respect we have distinctly slipped back, we have diminished the moral influence of England all through the Balkan Peninsula. We have allowed despotic Russia to gain the credit with the Christian populations of which England, the mother of free nations, might have had a large share. And further we have, if not nominally at least really, put an end to that general understanding of Europe about Turkey which prevailed from 1856 to 1876. Full career is now opened to half a dozen conflicting ambitions in the Balkan Peninsula and opened by our unreadiness and want of foresight.

Well, but some one may ask, and rightly ask, assuming that this is all so, what would you do now, how would you safeguard English interests in European Turkey, how would you, that is, promote the prosperity of the populations of that country and provide for the safe custody of the Straits? First I reply, I would admit frankly that the policy of 1856 has been a failure, and that whatever was or was not possible in that year, it is now quite impossible to keep up for any long time the Turkish domination in any part of Europe. I do not at all go with those who talk of the 'unspeakable Turk;' the Turk has many good qualities: but things have now got into such a position that Europe is not a proper place for the exercise of any good qualities he may have as a ruler of men. There is plenty of room for him as a subject, and God forbid that any violence should be used towards him in his capacity of subject; but he is no longer capable either of working the prosperity of the races of the Balkan Peninsula or of guarding the Straits. Constantinople must pass into

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the hands of some ruler who can do both. The so-called Eastern question will never cease to torment us till that comes about.

How, then, is this to be accomplished? Some say that Austria must go to Constantinople. Of course that only means that the Hapsburgs must go to Constantinople; it does not, and cannot, mean that the Austro-Hungarian Empire as now constituted is to annex all the Balkan Peninsula. Well, but one objection to that proposal seems quite decisive. It could only be accomplished after a war, to which the recent contest between Russia and Turkey was mere child's play, a war in which Russia and Austria, Moscow and Rome, the Greek and the Latin Church, would struggle with all the fury of religious and political hatred. There are only two courses possible. The first is that Constantinople should be made a free city with a certain territory on either side of the Straits, guaranteed by all Europe, and the second is, that it should become the seat of the western prince, whoever he may be, who may best unite the interests of all Europe, including England and Russia.

There are, I am quite aware, objections to both of these proposals, especially to the first, and neither of them could be carried into effect to-day or to-morrow. But the two cardinal ideas which I wish to impress are, first, that British interests in the East do not require us any longer to respect the fiction that the Turkish domination can long continue in Europe, and secondly, that no settlement in European Turkey can be satisfactory which is not *just*, which does not fairly recognise the political and religious rights of each of the different races which inhabit European Turkey, and the rights of all the Powers of Europe with reference to the guardianship of the Straits. Whatever is done should be done by the general concert of Europe. We must avoid all purely artificial and selfish combinations, all putting forward Greece unduly as if she were the English candidate for empire against Bulgaria, the Russian candidate—all intriguing with Russia against Austria, all intriguing with Austria against Russia. In this, as in other cases, honesty will be the best policy. Let us in concert with Europe make up our minds what settlement in the Eastern Peninsula is best for Europe in general and for the inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula in particular: we may be perfectly certain that what is best for all will be best for us. Nothing could be done prejudicial to our interests on the Bosphorus or on the Ægean which would not be a great deal more prejudicial to the interests of other very powerful states.

I pass now to the Sultan's dominions in Asia? What, then, are British interests there? And again I answer, the prosperity of the people. It is to our interest that the people may be peaceful, that they may work for us, and rich, that they may buy from us. We have only to open such a book as Mr. Grattan Geary's very interesting travels in Asiatic Turkey, to see that there is a vast field

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there for the profitable development of commercial relations. But we shall see also another thing which Ministers have unhappily overlooked, and that is, that we know exceedingly little about these countries, and that while it is wise to do everything we can to foster all legitimate enterprises, such as the navigation of the Tigris, we must think once, and twice, and thrice, before we engage in vast schemes to be paid for by the blood and the money of England.

When a friend of the Government tells me that it has done a great thing for the population of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, by guaranteeing those dominions against Russia, I can merely say, 'If you can make such an assertion of your own knowledge, you must be an uncommonly well-informed and far-travelled person, whose brains I should extremely like to pick; but if you merely say so because some member of the Cabinet told you so, I will venture to remind you of the old saying, If the blind lead the blind shall not both fall into the ditch?'

But whatever may be the amount of benefit which the population of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions may derive from our guarantee, I am very certain that for England it is a most disastrous obligation, if indeed it is not a mere impudent imposture intended to mask the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement. Possibly if Mr. Marvin had never given that document to the world, we should never have heard of that grand stroke of policy, the Anglo-Turkish Convention. But if we are to treat it seriously and Ministers have not been hoodwinking the Turks, and Parliament, and mankind at large, it is one of the maddest things that ever was done. Granted even that it were a benefit to the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, a most doubtful proposition, it is a heavy burden laid upon a people already sorely burdened. Either it will remain a mere engagement on paper or it will involve our fighting Russia where we are weak and she is strong; it will involve the expenditure of vast sums of money in railways and other works to be guaranteed by the British taxpayer. It will, by damming up the Russian advance on the side of Armenia, increase her pressure upon Persia and along the Oxus, and it will divert money belonging to our fellow-subjects in India from its legitimate use, the development of India, to wild schemes, such as the sending of sixty-thousand men from India viâ Bagdad to fight to keep up the horrible Turkish domination in Armenia, a country in which at any moment we may have an exact repetition of the Bulgarian atrocities.

An attempt has been made to represent a project of this kind, which was elaborated by a high officer in the service of the Indian Government, as having been merely the project of an individual, but that is not so. The project was sent to the press in Calcutta with the view of preparing opinion for such an act of unwisdom, and for such acts of unwisdom we must always be prepared as long as we have the advantage of the light and leading of our present Prime Minister.

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Some may remember, perhaps, the words of *Tancred*, the novel from which he draws nearly all his foreign and Indian policy: 'Then again, the lesser Asia; you should never lose sight of the lesser Asia, as the principal scene of our movements; the richest regions in the world, almost depopulated, and a position from which we might magnetise Europe.'

Next I come to Egypt. What are our interests in Egypt. First, the absolute freedom of the Isthmus transit, and secondly the good government of the valley of the Nile. Amongst the many blunders of the present Cabinet, its conduct with regard to Egypt has not been the least. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, injudicious in itself for many reasons, was managed in a way which was perfectly scandalous, a large sum of money having been quite unnecessarily taken out of the pocket of the British taxpayer, and put into the pocket of a fortunate capitalist. Then with a view to reconcile France to our filching of Cyprus, her influence was allowed to become coequal with our own at Cairo, and lastly the attention of a large portion of our countrymen was called off from the supreme importance of Egypt, by the will-o'-the-wisp of the Euphrates Valley railway. Now I should be very glad to see a Euphrates Valley railway, provided I was not obliged to pay for it; but I am thoroughly convinced that I and my brother taxpayers will have to pay for it if it is to be speedily made, and half the support which 'Cyprus the absurd' has obtained has come from people who saw in it the promise of a railway beginning at some point opposite to Cyprus, and running to the Persian Gulf. My advice is, let us keep our eyes fixed upon Egypt, improving in every possible way our influence in, and our means of transit through that country. That is the true policy for a great naval power, which can be strong at any moment, at once in the Levant and in the Red Sea. Let us attend to that, and do all we can without undue interference, to obtain good government for the Egyptian peasantry. Their lot, I should say, from personal observation, is not so bad as has been sometimes represented, but it may unquestionably be vastly improved—much to their advantage and to the general advantage of the world.

I pass now to Russia. Well, our interest in Russia is very much the same as Russia's interest here. Our interest in Russia is that the Muscovite Jingoes should learn a little more geography, and come to know a little more what is possible and impossible. I believe that the antagonism between the two countries depends very largely upon ignorance. If each would only go its own way, do what it thinks best for itself without troubling itself very much as to what the other was doing, I think our interests would be about as likely to collide as those of a shark and a tiger.

Both creatures are very ugly customers in their own element. If we, whose element is the sea, will insist upon going hundreds of miles

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from it to fight Russia, where she is near her resources and where we are far from ours, it stands to reason that some day we shall have a disaster, and most assuredly if Russia ever tries conclusions with us on or near our own element, she will have a disaster, and a crushing one.

But India, some one says,—Russia may attack us in India. Well, but India, until the Beaconsfield Government came into power, was, for all practical purposes, an island. We could reinforce her to any extent from the sea, while Russia had no power whatever of approaching her either by sea or land. No serious person, not even Sir Henry Rawlinson, dreams of Russia being able to invade India in our generation. It is the merest nightmare. If, however, instead of keeping Russia at a distance, we are foolish enough to extend ourselves over the country which lies between us, getting with every mile of our advance further and further from our true base, the sea, we are simply playing into the hands of our enemies in Russia, and weakening the influence of the reasonable party in that country, which keeps pointing out the folly of squandering the scanty resources of what is after all a very poor population, in enterprises which can by no possibility lead to good.

What we have most earnestly to desire for Russia is that enlightenment should spread through the land. In the train of enlightenment will follow Free Trade, and under a system of Free Trade the Russian Empire will become one of the very best markets for all the products of our skilled industries. Her manufactures are almost entirely an artificial product, sustained at a frightful loss to the Empire by a mischievous and corrupt fiscal policy. Sooner or later she will find out this. There is no country in Europe which loses so much by not opening her frontiers without let or hindrance to the exports of England. There is no country in reference to our strained relations with which we may more emphatically use the words of Carlyle, 'All battle is misunderstanding.'

I believe that Russia has a very great destiny, though she may have some very dark days to traverse before she arrives at the goal; but I believe that her arrival at the goal of her destiny will be only postponed by those among her ruling classes who are foolish enough to reciprocate the dislike which is felt to them by a portion of our own.

With the settlement of the question of Constantinople in some such way as I have suggested, there ought to be once and for ever an end to the jealousies between the two empires. To arrive at a co-operative policy in Asia should be the aim of the statesmen of both, an aim which need not and should not exclude the most perfect diplomatic caution in all their dealings with each other. Nothing could have been more successful in itself than the only effort that was ever made in that direction, that namely which was made from 1869 to 1873, by Mr. Gladstone's Government, but an error was

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undoubtedly committed in not putting what was done before this country as what it really was, a great diplomatic success. If that had been done, the White Jingoes would not have listened so easily to the evil teachings of the Black ones, during the last four years.

Next I arrive at Persia. What are our interests in Persia? Our interests in Persia are that Persia should do well, nothing more and nothing less. There are few countries with regard to which a very limited, but very influential, class of Englishmen has indulged in more delusions than Persia. The favourite scare in India during the early years of this century was the Persian scare. In those days our countrymen in the East were not Russo-phobic but Gallo-phobic. Napoleon had done such wonderful things, that they thought he could perform miracles, and one of those miracles was to be the invasion of India through Persia and by the help of that Power. In order to avert such a calamity, the India House and the Foreign Office spent a vast deal of superfluous energy, the two Powers sometimes counter-working each other in a sufficiently foolish way. Nothing however came of it or could have come of it. On the side alike of Napoleon and of ourselves it was a mere piece of telescopic politics, the worst of all kinds of politics. In the old Gallo-phobic days the idea was started of sending British officers to drill the armies of the Shah, and the same policy was carried into days when the Gallic scare had been superseded by a Russian one.

Of the two scares the latter was, from the Persian point of view, very much the more rational. Persia, indeed, ever since the Treaty of Turkomantchai, has been, so far as her northern provinces are concerned, at the mercy of Russia, and our whole policy with regard to her in her relations with her neighbours the Afghans, has been founded on our knowledge of that fact. If this had not been so, we should have allowed the Afghans and the Persians to settle which of them should possess the city of Herat without any interference of ours, but as it was we expressly forbade Persia to meddle with Herat, and went to war with her mainly because she did so.

Now what is Herat? Herat is a fortress strong even now, and capable of being made by European engineers a place of enormous strength, situated in a fertile country, about as far, speaking roughly, from the old frontier of India, that is the frontier which existed when the Beaconsfield Government came into power, as Dover is from Cape Wrath. It lies, however, on the only road by which an army, organised as modern armies are, could attempt to invade India. If everything were quite different from what it is now, if Russia were twice as strong as well as far more populous than she is, and had at her head a man with the genius for war of the Great Frederick, who desired to attack India, he might conceivably do so *viâ* Herat. That place besides is utterly out of what, to use a familiar expression, may be called Russia's beat. People who think

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that it is the most natural thing in the world for Russia to advance in Central Asia, and have long foreseen that her eating up Khiva and Kokand and Bokhara and the Turkomans into the bargain, was a mere question of time, are altogether opposed to the idea of her going to Herat, and I am bound to say that Russia has never shown any inclination to go thither. Still, partly from its own importance and partly from the fact that we have become so committed in the sight of all Asia to insisting upon Herat not falling under Russian influence, Liberal statesmen have always been and are strongly opposed to its passing into the hands of Persia.

And this leads me to make some observations upon Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarkable paper in the February number of this Review. Sir Henry proposes that the 6th Article of the Treaty of Paris should be cancelled, and that Persia should be allowed to seize Herat, and he adds:

> The first consideration that arises is, 'What guarantee have we that Persia would not abuse our confidence, and sooner or later make use of Herat to our injury? In reply to this I inquire, What is the alternative? Herat cannot remain as it is, a hotbed of anarchy and violence, and a nuisance to the surrounding districts. Are we prepared to occupy the city ourselves as an outwork to our position at Candahar? If not, there is positively no resource, it would seem, but to confide it provisionally to the keeping of Persia. As for guarantees, there are, first, Persia's own interests: secondly, the popular feeling, which is altogether in favour of England, and which is strong enough to control the possible inclinations of the Shah in the other direction; and thirdly, we are fully as competent as Russia to exert pressure upon Persia, in case of necessity, her whole seaboard being as open to attack from India as are the Caspian provinces to attack from the army of the Caucasus. Altogether I am disposed to revert to the position from which I was driven in 1853, and, notwithstanding all that is past, to counsel the transfer of Herat to Persia. It is a maxim which I have long held, and the truth of which is, I believe, beginning to dawn upon statesmen both in England and Persia, that the common interests of both countries in the East point to a defensive alliance against Russia. That the co-operation of Persia would be most valuable to us in checking the further extension of Russian power towards Afghanistan and India needs hardly to be insisted on; while it is equally certain that we are fully as well able to protect Persia as to protect Asia Minor against renewed aggression from Russia.

Now to this I reply that the alternative is to leave things alone. What have we got to do with Herat's being a hot-bed of anarchy and violence? It is a pity that any place should be a hot-bed of anarchy and violence, and it is a still greater pity that it should have been made so by the mischievous folly of Sir Henry Rawlinson's pupils, the present Cabinet. But is this country to be committed to constantly increasing danger and expense by the blunders of a single Government not destined, let us hope, long to misrule us? Why should bad be made worse? Why can we not keep to and be satisfied with the arrangement come to with Russia in 1869 and in 1873? Russia has in no way whatever transgressed that understanding, for her conduct in 1878, when war was on the very point of breaking

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out between the two countries, must not be taken into account, since a state of war abrogates *ipso facto* not only understandings of this kind, however binding under ordinary circumstances, but likewise many of the most formal treaties.

Next I have to observe that we are not as competent, or anything like as competent, to exert pressure upon Persia as Russia is. Of course the Persian sea-board is open to our attack; but what should we gain by attacking her sea-board? It would be a mere infliction of 'misery in waste,' and we should find ourselves, even if we annexed it, at the bottom of the flight of stairs, so to speak, which leads up to the centre of Persia, while Russia if she really meant seriously to put pressure upon the Shah, would be in possession of Tabreez and Teheran. We can quite easily put sufficient pressure upon Persia to make her respect our interests in the Gulf and elsewhere, but we cannot put sufficient pressure upon her to enable her to stand up against Russia. It is most desirable that we should be on friendly terms with Persia, and do Persia any good turns that come in our way, for her unfortunate people need all the good turns they can get, and the trade of the Gulf and of the Karun river might be developed very greatly to our mutual advantage. But the idea of making Persia a bulwark against Russia is purely illusory. Turkey and the Turks are unpleasant *protégés* enough, but Persia and the Persians are by many degrees worse.

Here are some observations by Mr. Grattan Geary, who visited the Shah's dominions only two years ago:

> If backsheesh to the officials be not forthcoming, and that, too, on a grand scale, which will enable all in the service to get something handsome, permission to undertake the most obvious improvement is uniformly refused. No Persian dreams of getting himself into a sea of troubles by undertaking anything in the way of improvement. He would have the officials down upon him at once for a share of the spoil.
>
> All whom I meet tell me that Turkey is far in advance of Persia in these things. In the Ottoman Empire, as all over the East, backsheesh plays its part; but some outward veil of decency is rarely dispensed with. Bribery is illegal, and discovery may have very serious consequences if a man has many enemies. Cases of oppression occur, but they are not the rule, but the exception; they occur in defiance of laws and regulations which are clearly laid down, and are in the main observed in a certain oriental fashion. But in Persia the caprice and avarice of the governors form the only rule. The consequence is that there is a constant migration from the Persian western provinces into the adjoining Turkish territory, on the opposite bank of the Shat-el-Arab. The traveller sees a marked difference between the Turkish and Persian sides of the river, cultivation and prosperity being evident on the former and evidences of retrogression on the latter.

A defensive alliance between England and Persia against Russia would be the defensive alliance of a lion and a fox against a tiger; the lion might or might not be victorious in the end, but the fox would certainly not be of much use to the nobler animal, and would, if he attempted to show fight, unquestionably come to a very bad end.

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It is sad that in thoroughly weak and ignorant hands, so admirable and valuable an instrument as Sir Henry Rawlinson should have become a mere cause of mischief to his country. As long as the Duke of Argyll was at the India Office, with Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville in charge of our foreign affairs, he was most useful, for while his large knowledge of geographical and historical details connected with Persia, Afghanistan and Central Asia was always respected and turned to account whenever occasion arose, while he was treated as a most valuable member of the Secretary of State's Council and as a great Asiatic statesman, he was not allowed to mould the policy either of the Home or of the Indian Government.

A knowledge of history is a most important element in the conduct of public affairs, and one too much undervalued in this country, but when Sir Henry Rawlinson informs us that the importance of Badakshan to India may be estimated from the fact that it was the appanage of the Crown Prince Humayun in Baber's original distribution of the frontier provinces, we can only say, *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*

If Sir Henry is to mould our policy, as he has been allowed to do to a great extent by the present possessors of power, Heaven help the Empire! Here are a few of the things he proposes that we should do. After arguing rather against the annexation of Cabul, but much more strongly against withdrawing from it altogether, he observes—

Coûte que coûte, we must now hold on, either as the possessors or the protectors of Cabul. We must, I submit, under any circumstances, incorporate Jellalabad in our Indian territory, and extend the Punjaub railway to that point; and even if we were presently to withdraw our British force from Cabul, with the exception of the permanent garrison located in the *place d'armes* to which I have before alluded, we must be prepared at any moment to reoccupy the place if our garrison should require support, or if serious danger threatened us from beyond the Oxus.

And again:—

How the responsible authorities will ultimately determine this knotty question of the future government of Eastern Afghanistan I shall not venture to predict; but if, as appears probable, they decide against annexation, and recur to the familiar model of a protected Indian State—if, in fact, they resolve to withdraw from all executive detail, leaving to the native chiefs as much liberty of action as is compatible with the dependence of Afghanistan upon Great Britain, then I would venture to submit that, in order to confirm our supremacy and guarantee our right to an exclusive political control over the nation, it would be of the first importance to establish a strong nucleus of power at the capital, and to retain in our hands a complete command of the military organisation of the province. Undoubtedly if we were prepared to maintain a permanent garrison of 2,000 British troops of all arms in an unassailable position at Cabul, amply provisioned and stored, so as to bid defiance, if necessary, to the whole power of Eastern Afghanistan; and if we further raised a contingent of 20,000 men from the Hazarehs, Kizzilbashis, and Parsivans, furnishing them with arms of precision, and placing them under British officers, as in the case of the Hyderabad contingent, then we might safely

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allow the local Sirdars to levy revenue and exercise all the functions of executive government; our Resident in the meantime remaining in the British citadel, from whence, secure against all personal danger, he might direct the Afghan councils, watch the northern frontier, and act as referee between rival interests. Under such a system there would be friction at first starting, and to a very serious extent. The jealousy of the chiefs who had formerly held military command, but were now unemployed, would keep alive disaffection among the peasantry, and it would be long before the country settled down into anything like order or content; but still patience and firmness will do wonders, and looking at the results obtained in other quarters where our officers have undertaken to civilise communities not less fierce and untameable than the Afghans, it would not be presumptuous to expect an ultimate success.

Then Ghuznee is to be treated like Cabul, confided to an independent native chief 'who would be dominated from our permanent camp at Ali Kheil or Kuram.' Further, Kandahar is to be retained and the railway extended up to it; Kandahar, in other words, with of course all that is necessary to hold it, is to be annexed.

Such being the views of the man to whose piping the Government has danced into two Afghan wars, what are we to make of the assertions which are put forward on all sides by it and its friends, when they wish to minimise the operations in Afghanistan, that they mean to stand by the arrangements of the Treaty of Gandamak? It is clear that that is a statement thrown out merely to catch the gullible portion of the public. They know perfectly well that they cannot fall back, if they would, on the provisions of Gandamak. They have no alternative except to defy the forward school and to go back to something very like our old frontier, or to embark in a course of policy which sooner or later will involve the annexation of the whole country between our own frontier and the crest of the Hindoo Koosh, if not the line of the Oxus.

Who that knows anything of Indian History is so blind as not to see that not only Sir Henry Rawlinson's proposals, but even the provisions of the Treaty of Gandamak, lead straight to annexation? Sir Henry Rawlinson, far as he goes, is by no means the most forward of the forward. Colonel Malleson, for instance, would advocate things from which Sir Henry would shrink, and treat him as a mere timid temporiser because he proposes not to annex Herat but to give it to Persia.

I will not engage in any controversy with Sir Henry Rawlinson about the historical narrative with which he commences his paper. Any one who does me the honour to read the pamphlet published by the Liberal Central Association called the *Afghan Policy of the Beaconsfield Government and its results*, will see that I disagree with almost every sentence in Sir Henry's account of what occurred. On one thing only I would remark. After all that the Duke of Argyll has said and written on this subject, it is surely going very far

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indeed to say as Sir Henry does 'If the Duke of Argyll had been at the India Office in 1878, he would, equally with Lord Cranbrook, have recognised it as an imperative duty for the safety of British India to break up the Russo-Afghan Confederacy.'

The Duke of Argyll would never have insulted and alienated the unhappy Shere Ali, and is far too courageous a man to lose his head and rush forward into danger because he trembled before a Russo-Afghan confederacy. The very fact that a person who, like Sir Henry, possesses the key to all the information in the hands of the Government as to Russia's dealings with Afghanistan, is nevertheless obliged to bring forward Yakoob Khan's utterly worthless statements on the subject, is surely most significant. What importance can be attached to the testimony about state affairs of a man, who was in close confinement at the time the alleged facts occurred, and who had the strongest possible motives at once of revenge and fear, to misrepresent the facts? There is no proof of any arrangements hostile to us having been made between Russia and Afghanistan before we broke off diplomatic relations with the Ameer, and threatened Russia with attack, both in Europe and Asia. If Sir Henry Rawlinson could have adduced anything which could be taken as evidence to go to a jury, depend upon it he would have done so.

But to return to Persia; the line we should take with reference to her is, first, to support her from motives of good neighbourhood and because it is the obvious interest of Great Britain that every civilisation should develope itself in its own way; secondly, to support her in order that we may work in the interests of peace, because whenever she quarrels with her neighbours, we are put to trouble and expense in ordering out the fire-engines; thirdly, to support her in order that we may advance her material prosperity and civilisation.

When will a certain class of our countrymen get into their heads the idea, that it is not the warlike Englishman, but the peaceful Englishman, who most strikes the imagination of Asiatics?—not masquerading but solid power, not Lord Lytton in that wonderful dress which he wore at the Delhi pageant, and the bare idea of wearing which would, I am sure, a year or two before, have made him die with laughing, but plain John Lawrence in his white jacket, or even (*horresco referens*) in his shirt-sleeves. Asiatics can beat Europeans in glitter and fanfaronade; they cannot beat them in war, but they can approach them, and sometimes approach them very nearly; while in the arts of peace they are still children. I read the other day, in a letter published by the *Scotsman* from a gentleman who has been travelling near Mecca, a paragraph which illustrates this so well that I will quote it:

> The Arabs are immensely impressed by the kind of power embodied in our industries and trade, by the power of English knowledge to control the forces of nature for the service of man. 'There is nothing stronger than the English except God.' It is not our ships of war in the Red Sea that draw out this acknowledg-

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ment. The Arabs, at least in the uplands, are not greatly afraid of any military power, partly from ignorance, and partly from a just sense of the impossibility of a substantial conquest of the desert. It is the steamers, the telegraph, the diving-bell, and things like these that raise our name, or rather the possession of these inventions in connection with the faculty of organisation on a great scale, in which Arabs are altogether lacking. The regular visits of such a line of steamers as the British Indian are a more forcible lesson than any display of martial strength. Respect thus obtained contains no germs of hatred, if those whose power is admired use it in justice, honour, and kindliness.

These were the ideas which guided Mr. Gladstone's Government with reference to Persia. I know the fact, because it fell to my lot to state what its policy was with respect to Persia. What was wise in 1869 is, I am sure, wise now; let us do everything to help her in peaceful ways, but do not let us involve her in any alliance against her great northern neighbour; if we do we shall not only ruin her, but find her a reed that will break in our hand and pierce it.

One closing word as to Afghanistan.

What then are our interests in Afghanistan? If any one had asked me that question when the Gladstone government was in power, I should have replied in words which I used in July, 1869, when speaking on behalf of that Government: 'What we want is a quiet Afghanistan, just as we want a quiet Burmah; we desire, in short, to see a fine country rescued from miserable anarchy.' But what am I to say now? The policy of Sir John Lawrence, taken up by Lord Mayo, and most strongly supported by the Duke of Argyll, did rescue that fine country from miserable anarchy; but the blunders of the present Government have thrown Afghanistan (which they found quieter and more prosperous, and with its population better disposed towards us than it had ever been since 1838) into a state of the most pitiable anarchy, into anarchy the end of which cannot be foreseen by the most clear-sighted statesman in Europe or Asia. For the present, I can only answer the question, what are our interests in Afghanistan by saying, our interests are to get out of the frightful scrape into which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury have got us with as little loss and discredit as possible. The discredit is immeasurable, but I will not dwell on that. The loss, a less important thing, will be measured by millions and millions. Already the Government own to many millions, but I do not believe that we have yet even an approximate idea of what the present war will cost, directly and indirectly, before it is over. Let us remember Abyssinia, and the statements that were made by the same men and colleagues of the same men; remember how utterly at variance they turned out to be with the facts of the case, and then let us believe just as much as we please of what we are told about the expense of the second and third Afghan wars.

Now then, I have run through the programme which I sketched at the commencement of this article. India is far too large a

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subject to enter upon at the end of a paper, but our interest in all the countries of which I have been writing dovetail in a hundred ways into our interests in India. Those interests are closely connected with our duties there, and what my conception of our duties there is, I think I can best explain by a paragraph from a speech which I made to my constituents, when I was a member of that (as the Jingoes think) extremely parochially-minded Administration which was presided over by him whom we soon expect to hail as the member for Midlothian. I think I will venture to stake my 'parochial' views with regard to India and to British interests in the whole East, against what a great jurist has well called the 'bloody meddlesomeness' of the Black Jingoes and the rashness, inspired by ignorance, of the White ones.

What [I said] are our duties in India? They are far too numerous to detail, but the chief are, I think, these: to keep the peace among two hundred (I might have said two hundred and fifty) millions of men; to raise the material prosperity of the regions subject to our rule to a point to which they could not possibly have attained while split up amongst countless petty rulers, even if all these petty rulers were as virtuous as that princess whom Sir John Malcolm described as goodness personified; to pit the intelligence and science of the West against those terrible natural calamities which are the scourge of that portion of the earth's surface; to curb rivers; to cleanse towns; to lead waters through the desert; to make famines as rare as they have become in Europe; to extend geographical and scientific research through every corner of India, and, as occasion serves, through all those countries adjacent to India, for the exploration of which its rulers have facilities not shared by other men; to raise the standard of justice and administration; to impart all Western culture that can be expected to flourish on Indian soil; to make a royal road for every inquirer who wishes to collect whatever of value to mankind at large has, through countless ages, been carved on stone, or stamped on metal, or recorded in manuscripts, or handed down by tradition throughout Southern Asia; to offer to the youth of Britain their choice of a variety of careers, by all of which, in return for good work done to the natives of India, which those natives of India cannot, in the present stage of their history, do for themselves, an early and honourable independence may be won far more easily than in this country of overcrowded professions and fierce competition; to increase the riches of the world by developing to the fullest possible extent the resources of its most favoured portions; and to hold in no spirit of narrow monopoly, but from the mere necessity of the case, the keys of the gates by which the greater portion of that wealth flows out to bless mankind; to give to all other nations an example how a strong race should rule weaker ones: those are some of the principal objects which are within our reach, and towards the attainment of which we are steadily advancing.

M. E. Grant Duff.

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THE PRESENT CRISIS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

THE affairs of one of our largest hospitals are at this present time occupying an unusual share of public attention among Londoners generally, and among medical men particularly. The struggle now going on at Guy's Hospital, and which may be shortly stated to be a difference of opinion between the Treasurer and the Medical Staff as to the way in which the nursing in the hospital shall for the future be conducted, and which has been referred to the Governors of the Institution for final settlement, is not by any means one of the merely local and passing storms by which from time to time all large institutions containing men with conflicting interests bound up more or less in those institutions are convulsed. The matter ought, I think, to be looked upon as having a wider significance than is generally supposed. It is not a mere quarrel over the patients in Guy's Hospital; in point of fact it is rather a typical struggle, showing symptoms of a combined and resolute attempt on the part of the medical profession generally to retain the old system of employing untrained women as nurses in our hospitals, instead of making use of the trained labour which is now at their disposal in this special branch of work.

In the largest institution of the kind, the London Hospital, the old system is still in full force, and until November last it was maintained in Guy's Hospital. Perhaps it may be well to state what constitutes the difference between the old and the new systems of nursing. Until comparatively lately our hospitals have been nursed by women drawn mainly from the class to which the domestic charwoman belongs, who, having received no kind of training whatever, were, perhaps, first taken into the hospital, after a superficial inquiry, or no inquiry at all, had been made into their character, in the position of scrubber or ward-maid, in order that they might see and learn, as well as they could, what went on there; or perhaps they were received at very small pay, or none, as a probationer or assistant nurse, to help in the work of nursing patients. At the end of three months, less or more, according to the convenience of the matron, and at the recommendation probably of the head nurse or sister of the ward, these women would be promoted to the position of head nurses themselves—having learnt, it is true, all that their superiors were able to teach them about the art of nursing, but being totally without experience of their own. Physically and morally untrained as they were, they were then immediately liable to be put in charge of patients who were more or less seriously ill, by day or by night as the case might be; the main duty which was inculcated on them from their first

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acquaintance with hospital work being that they must study the character and special requirements and fancies of the particular medical man or surgeon under whom they were placed, with a view of gaining his approbation by every means in their power.

The day nurses were seldom if ever allowed to be absent from the ward when the medical officer came his rounds; therefore the only time at which they could obtain air and exercise was after nightfall, when the visits of the medical staff were over and their day's work was ended. Their meals, sometimes with the single exception of dinner, were taken in the kitchen or day-room of the ward. In the evening, by arrangement with the matron, who was a kind of upper servant or housekeeper, the lower order of nurse, or scrubber, was left in charge of the patients, while the old-fashioned head nurse went out to take her hardly earned holiday, too often, alas! in the nearest public-house. She came back at the regulation hour, more or less the worse for drink as the case might be, and went to bed to sleep off the effects of it; no inquiry was made into her condition, since it was nobody's business, as long as she satisfied the medical men by the work which came under their notice, to ask how her hours off duty were spent, or what her own moral condition might be.

I am far from saying that every nurse under the old system was drunken or dissolute, but I do say that, as a rule, their moral character was unsatisfactory, and that the long hours of work, with no regular interval allowed during the daytime for proper air and exercise, together with the practice of eating their food in the impure air of the wards, render the supporters of the old system largely responsible for the low moral as well as physical condition of the nurses who work under it. It is obvious that in an article like the present, details of nursing would be out of place. It ought, however, to be equally obvious, without going into details, that a woman untrained, undisciplined, and overworked, such as I have described, however intelligent she may naturally be, is not in any sense of the word fit to be called a nurse.

So much for day nurses under the old system. A few words about night nurses must be added. These were even more hardly dealt with in the matter of long hours and work than the day nurses, and they accordingly revenged themselves upon the authorities by sleeping whenever they were pretty safe from the chance of a visit from the house doctors to the ward, regardless of the wants and dangers of their patients, of whose pillows and blankets they often made free use for their own convenience and comfort. A medical man told me that when he was a student at St. Bartholomew's, a patient who had only had on six leeches was left, in consequence of this practice of the night nurses, to bleed to death. At certainly one large hospital, probably at others, no food whatever was allowed for the nurse's use during the night. She was fed during the day, and was supposed to be able to provide her own provisions for the night out of her small

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wages. The consequences of this arrangement are not far to seek; the nurses helped themselves from the patients' private store of food, and, whenever it was practicable, from the patients' allowance of wine or spirits as well. Those nurses who were not too sleepy, sometimes occupied themselves in washing their own clothes in the wards, thus converting the hospital into a drying-ground for the benefit of the patients.

The main duty of the day nurse, which was noticed above, that of attendance upon the visiting medical staff, never of course devolved upon the night nurse. Therefore a still lower and less intelligent class of women might with propriety, it was thought, be employed on night than on day duty, and constantly very aged and feeble, to say nothing of hopelessly drunken, women were considered fit for nothing else but this branch of duty. They perhaps remained on night duty for years without intermission, except a short holiday. The day and night nurses were a distinct class. If the night nurse became ill, or otherwise unfit for her work, she would apply and obtain leave from the matron or superintendent to 'hire,' as she called it, to do her work. By this means she was enabled to spend the night in resting herself, while a charwoman friend, who had probably been at work all day already, looked after the patients and gave (or did not give?) medicines, wine, and brandy, under occasional direction from the nurse herself. The wages of both night and day nurses varied from 16*l.* to 22*l.* per annum, according to the rules of the institution to which they might be attached.

Both kinds of nurses were under the direct control of a woman, called the 'sister,' in each ward. Under the old system it was necessary for her to be little more than an experienced housekeeper. She had charge of the linen, and herself superintended a great deal of the cooking; she received the orders of the medical men with regard to the patients; she was responsible for the punctual administration of their medicines; she kept and gave out the wine and spirits ordered by the doctor, and either partook of them or not herself as she felt disposed. She was responsible for her patients during the night as well as during the day, and was liable to be roused from sleep at any moment, should an emergency arise. It was unusual for a 'sister' to be moved from one ward to another, and therefore in course of time, if she were at all an intelligent woman, in spite of a want of general education and a total absence of any special training in the work of her calling, she would become expert in various ways, especially in attendance upon the medical staff, and in prompt and skilful obedience to their orders. She would learn to watch critical cases in the doctor's absence, and to act with ability under his orders. After some years at her work it would be strange indeed had she not accumulated a certain amount of experience in the treatment of various diseases of the particular kind she may have had to deal with in her own ward. But all this time she must have remained in absolute ignorance of the first principles of nursing the sick; for she had never

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seen nursing practised, much less had she been taught to nurse herself. She was therefore not only wholly incapable of training her nurses and probationers, but she was unaware of her own ignorance, and would, in all good faith, have called herself a thoroughly trained nurse.

So much for the old system, of which, however, I have been able to give little more than a sketch. Let those who desire to know more of it go into the wards of any of the great hospitals where it is still at work. Less need be said about the new system, because in these days, when nursing is rapidly becoming a fashionable mania, and books about the subject are widely read, the principles of modern nursing are pretty well known. Had the old system ever been as well understood by the public, our hospitals would all of them by this time have been placed on a better footing. Under this new system of nursing, such, that is, as prevails in St. Thomas's, King's College, Charing Cross, and possibly other Hospitals, no woman is considered qualified to be put in charge of any patient, *i.e.* to be head nurse, until after one, two, or three years' probation. She must have had a good general education, and bear an excellent character, before she be admitted into the hospital, and she then receives during her probation regular and severe training in her work, and in all the details of nursing, from women who have been themselves thoroughly educated and trained. If she show herself to be in any way unfitted for the calling of a nurse, she is dismissed at the end of a month; if she remain and become a head nurse she receives wages like those of the nurses under the old system. But she has besides her dress given her, a uniform which she is required always to wear, in order that she may be recognised everywhere as belonging to the institution to which she is attached.

She has regular hours appointed to her during the daytime for air and exercise, and is rarely if ever allowed to leave the hospital after nightfall. Hence she is constantly absent during the visits of the doctors to the wards, and the nurse next in order takes her place, and thus learns her duty gradually. She takes her meals in a special room appointed for the purpose, and has sufficient time allowed her for them. In her case the temptation to drink spirits to which hard work and bad air combined are liable to lead, is, as far as possible under the circumstances, removed. Should she yield to it, however, she is considered as no longer fit for her calling, and is dismissed from it by the authorities.

The conduct and management of the ward, together with the absolute control of nurses and probationers, are in the hands of the 'sister.' She is a woman of good general education, besides that she must have passed satisfactorily through the regular course of probation and severe training in every department of hospital work, and be fully competent therefore herself to train her probationers, and to be responsible for the work of her head nurses. The cleanliness and due ventilation of the ward are her charge, the care of the linen, the more refined part of the cookery, the administration of

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medicines, and the receiving and carrying out of the orders of the physician or the surgeon of the ward. But if in the proper sense of the word she be really a 'sister,' she regards the moral and physical welfare of her patients, nurses, and probationers, and the general tone of the ward, as her main duty and responsibility. To this end it is desirable that she be not only a gentlewoman by birth and education, but a thorough woman of the world as well; able to enter into and to deal with the wants and difficulties of men and women of diverse dispositions; to understand, and intelligently, loyally, and faithfully to carry out the orders of the physician or the surgeon, having regard to the spirit as well as to the letter of his injunctions. Above all she must be able to put some degree of her own spirit into those who work under her. She is, and ought to be, a paid officer of the hospital, like the sister under the old system, and whether she need a salary or not does not of course affect this question.

She is not responsible for her patients during the night, but she delivers a report of their condition to a night 'sister,' or superintendent, also a highly trained and educated woman, who is in charge probably of the whole number of patients contained in the hospital during the night, and is responsible for the conduct and discipline of the night nurses. Under the new system, these women are strictly obliged to spend a certain number of hours in bed during the day, and are forbidden, under pain of dismissal, like soldiers at their post, to sleep during the night. Proper food is provided for them by night as well as by day, and thus the temptation to steal the patients' food is removed from them. The night and day nurses are all one class, recognised only as regularly trained head nurses, and they take it in turns to perform night and day duty. In some cases the 'sisters' also take it in regular turns to act as night superintendents.

The 'sisters' are liable to be moved from ward to ward at the convenience of the matron, in order that they may understand the superintendence of both surgical and medical wards, that they may be accustomed to the ways and requirements of different medical men, and that they may thus be the better fitted for their work, and able, if need be, in their turn to fill the responsible post of matron in a large hospital.

I call this a responsible post, because the matron, superintendent, or whatever she may be called, ought invariably to be a gentlewoman, possessing what are perhaps the rarest of all qualities, true tact and discernment. It is scarcely necessary to say that she must be a highly trained nurse, and must have acted as a sister herself. As soon as she becomes matron, the very word suggests what is expected of her. She is the 'mother' of the members of the nursing staff. Just as the medical men are absolutely supreme with regard to the general treatment of the patients, their diet, medicines, &c., so is the matron the supreme authority with regard to the general rules of the nursing. The discipline of the whole nursing staff, and the care of the moral and physical well-being, as well as the thorough

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training, of each nurse, is solely under her control. She is, in her turn, bound to act under the authority of her masters, the Governors, Committee, or Treasurer of the institution, and unless she be deficient, in the tact already mentioned as one of the proper characteristics of a matron, she will consider herself also bound to regard, as far as in her lies, the wishes of those without whom no hospital can exist, the doctors.

This short, and I believe fair, account of the two systems, will enable those who care to enter upon the subject to compare them, and will cause them to wonder why certain members of the medical profession, who are on the acting staff in hospitals where there is a large medical school, should oppose with remarkable pertinacity the employment in their hospitals of the intelligent class of trained women who are supporting the new system. They carry their opposition so far as to affirm that under the old system, if the nurses were drunken and dissolute, it was of no consequence, so long as, as far as they could see, the patients did not suffer. This saving clause 'as far as they could see' is perhaps one clue to the strange pertinacity of the doctors. They do not see very far, because the nurses take care that their eyes shall be blinded whenever it suits their own purposes. Even were the medical men allowed to see clearly, it does not at all follow that they would be able to distinguish good from bad nursing, except by results. A doctor is no more necessarily a judge of the details of nursing than a nurse is acquainted with the properties and effects of the administration of certain drugs. But to return to the doctors. They add that the physical condition of the nurses is not their business, but that they consider the presence of the head nurse in the wards during the visiting hours of the staff to be essential to their usefulness and convenience, and that therefore the new system, whereby the nurses obtain air and exercise, is objectio

These and other such like reasons for their support of the old system are of course insufficient, and we must therefore seek further for the truth. Doctors and nurses in our hospitals where the old system of nursing prevails are much in the position, with regard to each other, of head and under servants in a large household. Does not a kind of tacit understanding exist between them that public opinion (represented by masters and mistresses) is not to be roused on certain points? I ask, are not practices and experiments indulged in by the medical men, and permitted by them to the members of medical schools which it is understood had better not be mentioned beyond the walls of the hospital? If, however, such things should be talked of by the class of women who are employed as nurses under the old system, their character is such that little credence can be given to their word; besides that, the testimony of untrained and uneducated persons is acknowledged to be, to a great degree, valueless. I trust I may not be misunderstood. There is no profession which numbers so many noble, self-sacrificing men among its members as the medical profession, and there are happily many men in its ranks who would scorn to practise

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in a hospital what they would not consider fair, and therefore would not venture upon, with their private patients.

But further, and quite apart from this, there can be no manner of doubt that a kind of moral restraint is exercised upon the conduct and general behaviour of the young house physicians and surgeons, as well as upon the medical students, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, by the mere presence of a higher class of women as nurses in the wards of hospitals. Under the old system, doctors and students alike were at no trouble to consider either their own manners or the feelings of the nurses, and there was little occasion. They became accustomed, therefore, to behave in the wards exactly as their natural disposition prompted them. That the actual results of such liberty are not desirable, either for nurses or patients, may easily be imagined. The presence of refined, intelligent women in the wards imposes a kind of moral restraint upon the words and ways of both doctors and students, which some of them desire to get rid of, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is against this, as much as anything else, that they are now, at Guy's Hospital, resisting with all the might they possess. Yet this unconscious restraint might in time prove powerful to smooth down the roughnesses of medical students, who are, as a class, universally acknowledged to be uncouth.

As regards Guy's Hospital itself, it seems desirable to add a few words about the famous Medical School attached to it, because the visiting staff have founded most of the general arguments which they have placed before the notice of the Governors on the ground that the new system of nursing is calculated to interfere with, and in time to destroy, the Medical School. It ought to be generally known that Guy's Hospital was founded solely for patients. Although the doctors were allowed to bring their private pupils to study there, no medical school was attached to it until some forty years after its foundation, and long after the death of the Founder. Therefore, it would seem that the welfare of the patients, and, next to the employment of the services of able physicians and surgeons, the choice of the best nurses to be procured, are chiefly incumbent on the authorities. Further, if the Medical School is to exist (and of course no one in his senses could wish, even were it possible, to weaken, much less to destroy, an institution of such vast public benefit), it ought surely to be subordinate to the comfort and due consideration of the patients, and not to be looked upon, as it now is, contrary to the Founder's intention, as the main object for which the hospital was built. 'Doctors are made for the sick, not the sick for doctors.'

The mere fact of the presence in the wards, at all hours, of the members of the Medical School is often a hindrance of a serious kind to the nurse's work. Ought not every care to be taken to avoid those unnecessary annoyances which thoughtless young men constantly inflict upon the more refined class of nurses? Ought they to be privileged to investigate at their own pleasure whatever may be going on in the wards? to go behind any screen without even the form of

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courtesy involved in asking the leave of the officiating nurse? The medical student at Guy's Hospital has established a kind of right, not only to enter the wards where he is employed, when and how he pleases, but to give orders to the nurses. He looks upon them as mainly there to answer his questions, to prepare his dressings, to wait upon him while he performs his duties to the patients, and finally, to set to rights any disorder and to clear away any mess that he may choose to make in the performance of those duties. This last-mentioned task is by no means inconsiderable. I contend that, in return for these gratuitous services, he ought to be required at least to show some consideration for the nurses, who are after all, according to the original intention of the Founder of the hospital, a necessary part of the Institution, while the student is only a modern addition to it.

But let the doctors by all means stand up for the right of supreme authority in their own department, and let them, in the interests of their patients, resist every attempt to interfere with that authority. It is a real, and not only an imaginary danger, that highly-trained nurses are more likely to be tempted to overstep the true limits of their position than were the old-fashioned charwomen. It is therefore the business of the managers in each hospital to secure, by every means in their power with the hearty co-operation of their servant the matron, that the doctors, within their own province, shall always remain supreme.

The familiarity which proverbially breeds contempt was the state of things existing between house doctors and students on the one hand, and sisters and nurses on the other, under the old system. This contributed largely to the low tone of morality for which the wards were remarkable. If, instead, a consistent example of courtesy and consideration towards the sisters and nurses were set by the doctors themselves, the Medical School would speedily follow suit, and there could then be no reason why efficient medical and nursing schools should interfere with one another, or why they should not exist, side by side, at Guy's or at any other hospital.

These matters, though they are undoubtedly of public interest, have hitherto been exclusively discussed in the medical papers, which are not read by the public.

But a general movement in the direction of a thorough, as opposed to a superficial, execution of the offices which nurses perform for the sick, is taking place. The torrent of public opinion is setting in the right direction. Able and scientific physicians and surgeons are gladly steering their course with the current, which is rapidly becoming so strong, that soon it will be no longer possible for anything to make head against the stream. In fact there seems to be every chance that those who try to remain motionless will be carried along, whether they like it or not; whilst those who still try to force their way against the flood stand a fair chance of being swamped.

MARGARET LONSDALE.

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NATIVE ARMIES OF INDIA.

I.

Upwards of fifty years since, in a work now probably little known or consulted, but still of great interest from its accurate summary of our early conquests in India, and from the wise and liberal principles it inculcates as to our dealings with the natives, Sir John Malcolm wrote as follows:—

> The great Empire which England has established in the East will be the theme of wonder to succeeding ages. That a small island in the Atlantic should have conquered and held the vast continent of India as a subject province, is in itself a fact which can never be stated without exciting astonishment. But that astonishment will be increased when it is added that this great conquest was made, not by the collective force of the nation, but by a company of merchants, who, originally vested with a charter of exclusive commerce, and with the privilege and right to protect their property by arms, in a few years actually found themselves called upon to act in the character of sovereigns over extended kingdoms before they had ceased to be the mercantile directors of petty factories.[1]

Sir John goes on to show that our rapid progress was due in a great measure to two leading causes: one, that coming originally as unpretending traders we disarmed suspicion, and were indeed welcomed by the natives; the other, that the gradual rise of our power was coincident with the decline of the Mogul Empire.

One of the earliest measures taken to strengthen our position and protect our interests was the raising of Sepoy battalions after the example of the French; and before we proceed to consider the present organisation and military value of our native armies, it will be interesting to study their early history, and to ascertain the principles which guided us in their original formation.

Sir John Kaye remarks:—

> Our first Sepoy levies were raised in the southern peninsula, when the English and the French powers were contending for the dominant influence in that part of the country. They were few in number, and at the outset commonly held in reserve to support our European fighting men. But little by little they proved that they were worthy to be entrusted with higher duties; and, once trusted, they went boldly to the front. Under native commandants, for the most part

[1] *The Political History of India.* By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, K.C.B. (John Murray, 1826.)

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Mahometans, or high-caste Rajpoot Hindoos, but disciplined and directed by the English captains, their pride was flattered and their energies stimulated by the victories they gained. How they fought in the attack of Madura, how they fought in the defence of Arcot, how they crossed bayonets, foot to foot, with the best French troops at Cuddalore, historians have delighted to tell. All the power and all the responsibility, all the honours and rewards, were not then monopolised by the English captains. Large bodies of troops were sometimes despatched on hazardous enterprises under the independent command of a native leader; and it was not thought an offence to a European soldier to send him to fight under a black commandant. That black commandant was then a great man, in spite of his colour. He rode on horseback at the head of his men, and a mounted staff officer, a native adjutant, carried his commands to the subadars of the respective companies. And a brave man or a skilful leader was honoured for his bravery or his skill as much under the folds of a turban as under a round hat.[2]

Malcolm, in his description of the early levies, says: 'A jacket of English broadcloth, made up in the shape of his own dress, the knowledge of his manual exercise and a few military evolutions, constituted the original Sepoy.' He goes on to tell us that the only English officers were a captain and adjutant per battalion; that the native officers were treated with great kindness and consideration, were often in high command, and that many of the oldest battalions of the army were known, down to the period when he wrote, by the names of their former native commandants.

The Rev. Mr. Gleig, in a remarkable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, written in 1853,[3] to which I shall have to refer again, says:—

The original native army consisted chiefly of infantry, who, though drilled after European fashion, worked both in peace and war under chiefs connected with the men by ties of consanguinity and friendship. Occasionally, indeed, though not always, there was attached to a battalion a European officer well versed in the native language, and capable of appreciating the native character. But his duties were rather those of a commissioner or field deputy, than of a commandant.

The late Lord Ellenborough wrote:[4]—

I can recollect the late Duke of Wellington speaking to me once, as I thought, with approval, of the practice formerly prevailing in the Madras army of having what he termed a 'black commandant.' This commandant was of course a subordinate to the European commanding officer of the regiment; but his allowance was very large, and, as I understood, he must have had the substantive rank of major, and could in no case be commanded by a captain; but I have never investigated the subject, and do not know how the system was introduced, or why it was abandoned. Probably the 'black commandant' was a gentleman of large property, who raised the regiment.

The above quotations will convey a general idea of the principles on which our early levies were raised; and I propose throughout this

[2] Kaye's *Sepoy War*.
[3] 'India and its Army.' *Edinburgh Review*, 1853.
[4] 'Organisation of the Indian Army.' Parliamentary Papers, 1859.

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paper to quote freely the opinions of various high authorities, as being of more interest and as carrying greater weight than a mere historical narrative of the rise and progress of our Indian armies.

It will be observed that in the primary organisation of our native battalions we acted on the principle that, whilst they would be strengthened by drill, discipline, and the knowledge of European tactics, their leaders for the most part should be men of their own race, language, religion, and habits. We merely imported, as it were, a superior knowledge of the art of war, and gave the cohesion of discipline to their irregular masses; but, whilst retaining in our hands the paramount power, carefully refrained from putting forward alien leaders in large numbers to native levies; and it is essential to bear in mind that under this system our Sepoy battalions fought with marvellous success, and contributed in a great measure to the solid foundation of our Indian Empire. As Sir Henry Lawrence wrote in 1844—'Clive's, Lawrence's, and Coote's battalions had seldom with them more than three or four officers, and yet the deeds of those days are not surpassed by those of the present.'[5]

But we must pass on to the next stage. Unfortunately, the simple and liberal principles of our early days did not long prevail in their pristine integrity. They were predestined perhaps to gradual decay, under the influx of English ideas and prejudices. As our dominion extended, the European element increased, and almost insensibly, as the responsibilities became greater and warfare more scientific, it seemed to follow that a larger proportion of English officers should be added to our native battalions. The very same arguments prevailed at that time as are so often put forward now, that natives, though brave, are liable to panic, and cannot be thoroughly relied upon unless closely associated with Europeans and led by English officers; that they are, as it were, men of inferior races, who must always be watched rather than trusted. The assumption is so easy, and so flattering to our pride, that then as now it almost naturally received a general consent. The subtle dangers which underlie such false principles, the evils which are almost sure to follow the constant assertion of natural superiority of an alien race over those of the country, were only perceived by a few, and their words of warning were little listened to amidst the rapid campaigns by which year after year our conquests in India were completed. But it is well to know that there were statesmen who from the first gave warning of the dangers ahead—who perceived that whilst our native armies were gradually increasing in numbers, they were declining in

[5] *Essays.* By Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B. See also instances, given by Lord Napier of Magdala, of the brilliant services performed in years gone by, by native regiments with very few English officers ('Organisation of the Native Army,' 1877, p. 56).

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military virtues, and in devotion to the ruling power—and whose opinions are more than ever important in the present day.

A careful consideration of the question will moreover soon prove that it is not a simple matter of regimental arrangement, or a mere difference of opinion as to how many English officers can usefully be employed with a native battalion. The real point at issue lies far deeper. It involves the whole question of alien government; and although the extraordinary position we hold in India, and the events by which it has been achieved, may be to us matters of legitimate pride, our power can never rest secure upon assertions of our natural capacity as leaders; its only solid foundation depends on the justice of our rule, on consideration for the natives, and perhaps, more than all, on our giving them opportunities of rising to distinction, and to high positions both civil and military in their own country.

Malcolm, in his History, after dwelling on the efficiency of our early native corps, goes on to relate that their constitution was gradually changed by the increase of European officers, involving alterations of dress, more rigid rules, and with so-called improvements in discipline; until at length, in 1796, they were organised like the King's regiments, with a full complement of officers, and with the expectation of greatly increased efficiency, an expectation which was never fulfilled. The German school of tactics prevailed at the time, and the native battalions, fully officered, were drilled, clothed, and trained, until they became in external appearance and in reality bad imitations of English regiments.

The principles which had led to the formation of our early levies were thus apparently forgotten. The native officers, badly paid, little trusted, and without prospects of promotion, became old, apathetic, and useless, and were no longer treated with either consideration or respect.

As Sir John Malcolm wrote in 1826: 'In the native army, as it is at present constituted, no native can rise to the enjoyment of any military command: that is, he cannot, unless in extraordinary cases, when the European officers are sick or absent, expect to have under his own orders a body of more than thirty or forty men.'

Mr. Gleig said:—

> The first marked change in the organisation of the native army occurred in the year 1766, when all the battalions were raised to a uniform strength of a thousand men apiece, and had permanently attached to each of them one European captain, with two European lieutenants. The duties of these gentlemen, however, scarcely, if at all, interfered with those of the native officers. The captain became to his battalion what the brigadier used to be to his brigade. He gave orders through his European adjutants in the field and in quarters, which the native commandants carried into effect. But with respect to the internal economy of the battalion, that was still conducted under the native commandant, by one subadar, or native captain, with three jemadars or native lieutenants in each company. Hence, though European superintendence might be more widely diffused, it was nowhere exercised so as to lower the position or wound the feelings of the native officers.

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They still felt that their rank in society was an elevated one, and were still regarded by the non-commissioned officers and men as their natural superiors.

It is worthy of remark, that so long as the native armies retained this constitution the battalions got their officers from the native gentry of the provinces, all of whom entered the service as privates, though they rarely continued in that grade more than two or three years at the most. These brought with them their retainers, every man born and reared on their own lands, &c.

Mr. Gleig goes on to show that the English element gradually increased until 1784, when a European subaltern was allotted to command each company, and he says:—

Though the subalterns thus disposed of were carefully selected, and the feelings of the subadars spared as much as possible, the native gentleman could no longer disguise from himself or from his men that his shadow was growing less. He supported himself, however, tolerably well till the tide which had begun to set in against him acquired greater force. In 1790, and again in 1796, the European element became still stronger, and then, and not till then, the spirit of the native sank within him.

Mr. Gleig's article, written, be it borne in mind, in 1853, shortly before the Mutiny, concludes as follows:—

We have won an enormous empire with the sword, which is growing continually larger. We have established a system of civil administration there which protects the peasant and disgusts all the classes above him. If we could exterminate these classes or stop education, and reduce 120,000,000 of people to the social condition of cultivators of the soil, then with our army even weaker in point of numbers than it is, we might be safe; for it is not among the peasant classes in any country that seditions and rebellions originate. But this we cannot do; and with a large body of discontented gentry everywhere, and whole clusters of native princes and chiefs interspersed through our dominions, it is idle to say that the continuance of our sovereignty depends from one day to another on anything except the army. Now, the army is admitted by all competent judges to be very far in many respects from what it ought to be.

Sir John Kaye, in his History of the Sepoy War, discusses at some length the principles on which our native armies were founded, and clearly depicts their gradual decline. He says:—

The founders of the native army had conceived the idea of a force recruited from among the people of the country, and commanded for the most part by men of their own race, but of higher social position,—men, in a word, of the master class, accustomed to exact obedience from their inferiors. But it was the inevitable tendency of our increasing power in India to oust the native functionary from his seat or to lift him from his saddle, that the white man might fix himself there, with all the remarkable tenacity of his race. . . . So it happened in due course that the native officers, who had exercised real authority in their battalions, who had enjoyed opportunities of personal distinction, who had felt an honourable pride in their position, were pushed aside by an incursion of English gentlemen, who took all the substantive power into their hands and left scarcely more than the shadow of rank to the men whom they had supplanted. An English subaltern was appointed to every company, and the native officer then began to collapse into something little better than a name.

As the degradation of the native officer was thus accomplished, the whole character of the Sepoy army was changed. It ceased to be a profession in which men of high position, accustomed to command might satisfy the aspirations and

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expend the energies of their lives. All distinctions were effaced. The native service of the Company came down to a dead level of common soldiering, and rising from the ranks by a painfully slow process to merely nominal command. There was employment for the many; there was no longer a career for the few. Thenceforth, therefore, we dug out the materials for our army from the lower strata of society, and the gentry of the land, seeking military service, carried their ambitions beyond the red line of the British frontier, and offered their swords to the princes of the native states.

But there is an authority greater perhaps than any of those yet quoted; one who, year after year, before the Mutiny, urged that we should give openings to the natives and enable them to rise to power civil and military; and who prophesied that unless this were done our system must collapse either in a mutiny or in general despair. That authority is Sir Henry Lawrence, who fell at his post in the Residency of Lucknow, killed by the mutineers in the very crisis which he had so often, as it were, foretold. Writing in 1855,[6] he pointed out that the natives had no outlet for their talents and ambition as of old, and said:—

Those outlets for restlessness and ability are gone; others are closing. It behoves us therefore, now more than ever, to give legitimate rewards, and, as far as practicable, employment, to the energetic few—to that leaven that is in every lump—the leaven that may secure our empire, or may disturb, nay, even destroy it.

Again he says:—

Legitimate outlets for military energy and ability in all ranks, and among all classes, must be given. The minds of subadars and resseldars, sepoys and sowars, can no more with safety be for ever cramped, trammelled, and restricted, as at present, than can a twenty foot embankment restrain the Atlantic. It is simply a question of time. The question is only whether justice is to be gracefully conceded or violently seized. Ten or twenty years must settle the point.

It will be interesting now to quote some of the opinions of General Sir Thomas Munro, an officer who, entering the Madras service of the East India Company as a cadet in 1780, by dint of his own genius and integrity rose to the highest station in the Presidency—an officer of whom Mr. Canning declared, 'Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman; nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier.'

Writing to the Governor-General of India, in 1817, on the general effects of our policy, and on the degradation of the natives,[7] he says:—

The strength of the British government enables it to put down every rebellion, to repel every foreign invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states; but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence of national character and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may without fear pursue their different occupations as

[6] *Essays.* By Sir Henry Lawrence, Bart., K.C.B., 1859.
[7] Gleig's *Life of Sir T. Munro, Bart., K.C.B.*

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traders, meerassidars, or husbandmen, and enjoy the fruits of their labours in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of thriving in peace; none of them can look forward to any share in the legislation or civil or military government of their country.

It is from men who either hold, or are eligible to public office, that natives take their character: where no such men exist, there can be no energy in any other class of the community. The effect of this state of things is observable in all the British provinces, whose inhabitants are certainly the most abject race in India. No elevation of character can be expected among men who, in the military line, cannot attain to any rank above that of subadar, where they are as much below an ensign as an ensign is below the commander-in-chief, and who in the civil line can hope for nothing beyond some petty judicial or revenue office, in which they may by corrupt means make up for their slender salary.

The consequence, therefore, of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase the whole people. There is perhaps no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of the government of their country as in British India.

Again, in 1824:—

With what grace can we talk of our paternal government, if we exclude them from every important office, and say, as we did till very lately, that in a country containing 150,000,000 of inhabitants no man but a European shall be trusted with so much authority as to order the punishment of a single stroke of a rattan? Such an interdiction is to pass a sentence of degradation on a whole people for which no benefit can ever compensate.

There is no instance in the world of so humiliating a sentence having ever been passed upon any nation. . . . It would certainly be more desirable that we should be expelled from the country altogether, than that the result of our system of government should be such a debasement of a whole people.

II.

The evil effects caused by erroneous principles in the military organisation of an army are often slow in their development, and the native troops in India assisted in achieving many a triumph, and contributed greatly to the establishment of our rule in the country, ere their radically unsound condition finally betrayed itself. Their defects, it is true, sometimes suddenly glared out, and ugly symptoms of disaffection manifested themselves from time to time; and even in military prowess the native legions latterly did not always excel; nevertheless, more than half the present century had passed away ere the actual crisis arrived, when the greater part of the Bengal army violently dissolved itself, and our power was for the time almost subverted by a gigantic military revolt. There is nothing really inconsistent in such a career so abruptly closed by a tragic dissolution. The armies of India had been almost constantly employed in the field; the love of fighting, the very looting and prize money, all served to attract the natives to our standards. The successful results of the various campaigns not only added lustre to our arms, but tended for the time to hide the radical defects into which our military organisation had gradually and almost insensibly fallen.

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Brigadier-General Sir Charles Brownlow, speaking of the Bengal army as it existed before the Mutiny, said that 'the records of the last thirty years of its existence are not devoid of glory, but disaffection and misbehaviour disfigure every page of it more or less.'[8]

In the meantime, however, and before the crisis came, certain changes of importance had been gradually brought about in the officering and arrangements of our native battalions to which it will be convenient now to advert. Owing to the large number of English officers appointed to native regiments, it was soon found that they had not sufficient duties, at all events in times of peace. At the same time the rapid extension of our territories led to the creation of numerous appointments, to fill which the officers of the army offered an apparently inexhaustible reserve. These appointments were of a very varied character—either political, semi-military, or connected with the civil administration of the country; and being for the most part well paid, and likely to lead to distinction, it was only natural that they should be sought after; so much so, that a very general feeling prevailed that a regimental position was a mere stepping-stone to something better; and but few officers remained of their own free will permanently with their corps. Indeed the authorities took much the same view, and rather inculcated the doctrine that staff employ was the legitimate ground of rising talent. It does not seem to have been fully perceived that to entice away the best English officers in succession from their corps by the prospect of high position and lucrative civil or other employ must, if carried out on an extensive scale, exercise a deteriorating effect on the *morale* of the army from which they were taken. The system indeed was carried so far, that in cases of failure or misconduct, officers in civil or staff employ were remanded to their corps as a punishment, thus treating the army not only as a depôt, but as a refuge for the incapable. It was formerly a favourite argument, and one not yet obsolete, that what was called mere regimental routine required little energy or talent, but rather tended to cramp the intellect—that to give officers civil duties in peace, by developing their powers, served to render them more efficient in time of war. But those who argue in this way know little of the great principles by which an army is maintained in its pride and efficiency. They forget that whilst to lead and command men is the most interesting and most ennobling of professions, so also it is the most difficult, and that distinction can only be acquired by true devotion, by long practical experience, and by careful study of the individual characters of soldiers.

Sir John Kaye speaks very plainly on the fatal effect of the policy above described. He says:—

[8] 'Organisation of the Native Army.' Parliamentary Papers, 1877.

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While these influences were sensibly weakening the attachment which had existed between the native soldier and the English officer, another deteriorating agent was at work with still more fatal effect. The Staff was carrying off all the best officers and unsettling the rest. As the red line of British empire extended itself round new provinces, and the administrative business of the State was thus largely increased, there was a demand for more workmen than the Civil Service could supply, and the military establishment of the Company was, therefore, indented upon for officers to fill the numerous civil and political posts, thus opened out before them. Extensive surveys were to be conducted, great public works were to be executed, new irregular regiments were to be raised, and territories not made subject to the 'Regulations' were, for the most part, to be administered by military men. More lucrative, and held to be more honourable, than regimental duty, these appointments were eagerly coveted by the officers of the Company's army. The temptation, indeed, was great. The means of marrying, of providing for a family, of securing a retreat to Europe before enfeebled by years or broken down by disease, were presented to the officer by this detached employment. And if these natural feelings were not paramount, there was the strong incentive of ambition, or the purer desire to enter upon a career of more active utility. The number of officers with a regiment was thus reduced; but numbers are not strength, and still fewer might have sufficed, if they had been a chosen few. But of those who remained, some lived in a state of restless expectancy, others were sunk in sullen despair. It was not easy to find a Sepoy officer, pure and simple, with no aspirations beyond his regiment, cheerful, content, indeed proud of his position. All that was gone. The officer ceased to rejoice in his work, and the men saw his heart was not with them.

The Government of India had indeed ample warning from competent authority, long before the Mutiny, of the evil effects of constantly withdrawing officers from their military duties. For instance: General Sir Edward Paget, Commander-in-Chief in India, writing in 1826 on the circumstances connected with a mutiny at Barrackpore, pointed out that an immense mass of the English infantry officers were constantly absent from their regimental duties, engaged on civil, political, or other staff employ; and he adds:[9]—

What makes the fact more palpably mischievous is, that for the most part these officers are, from character and talent, the best that can be selected from their corps. The consequence of this deplorable system is, that the regiments are left to the management and direction of old gentlemen without energy, and children without instruction or experience, all hungry and thirsty for any employment which will exempt them from the performance of the duties of a battalion. . . . The time was that the Sepoy looked up to the European officer as to a being of a superior nature, and the privilege of entering into our service was considered an honour and distinction. Wofully indeed have our thirst for civil institutions and predilections for British customs and fashions changed the nature of the relation between the European officer and the Sepoy.

General Sir Henry Fane, Commander-in-Chief in India in 1836, pointed out in forcible terms the objectionable system which prevailed of constantly withdrawing officers from their regiments for civil or other employ, not only without the sanction of the military authori-

[9] 'Organisation of the Native Army,' 1877, p. 68.

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ties, but often in defiance of their opinions, and that the discipline of the army was thus injuriously affected.[10]

Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, in 1858, was equally emphatic on the subject, and said:—

> Officers must be taught to look upon their regiments as their home, and not to fix their whole thoughts, as they now do, on devising means of getting away to staff or other detached employment. Anything rather than regimental duty is the universal feeling. The consequences of this craving are—utter indifference, not to say positive dislike, towards their men, and the engendering of a restless, discontented disposition, which is, I doubt not, communicated to the soldiers.[11]

A reference to the Bengal Army List of July 1857 (just after the Mutiny commenced) shows that every native infantry regiment had the greater proportion of its English officers absent; whilst in many cases, out of twenty-three officers, fifteen or sixteen were either in civil or military staff employ or on leave; and of those remaining young ensigns formed a large proportion.

The curious inconsistencies which successively prevailed in the officering of our native battalions are certainly remarkable. Whilst, in the original formation, the system was merely to give a native battalion one or two English leaders, under which arrangement they fought admirably, in the next era a supposed necessity arose for flooding them, as it were, with English officers, whereby their virtues languished and their devotion faded away. This plan was again succeeded by a gradual withdrawal of nearly all the best regimental officers for other employ, so that the unfortunate natives at length found themselves deserted by the majority of their English leaders, whilst their native officers were old, useless, and deprived of all real power.

It may appear almost unnecessary to dwell at such length upon this part of the question, or to enter so minutely into the causes which led to the gradual decline and ultimate reorganisation of the native armies in India. It is, however, important to point out that, notwithstanding the bitter experience of the past, and the reiterated opinions of the highest military authorities on the subject, both before and after the Mutiny, the Government of India has even in very recent days overruled the Commander-in-Chief as regards the removal of officers, and has laid down principles which, if insisted on, will go far to reproduce the original defects. In July 1869, the late Lord Sandhurst, then Commander-in-Chief in India, brought the subject forward, and Lord Napier in 1870 followed it up, and in a masterly minute pointed out the various evils of the whole system, and said that he 'could not forget that the withdrawal of officers from regiments for staff employ, and the decline of the in-

[10] 'Organisation of the Native Army,' 1877.

[11] 'Organisation of the Indian Army,' 1859. The late General Sir Sidney Cotton expressed similar views in 1858.

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terest of officers in their military duties, caused by their being led to look to civil employment, was prominently brought forward in the Parliamentary inquiry as one of the causes leading to the Mutiny.'[12]

The reply of the Government of India, dated September 1870, may be found at length in the papers presented to Parliament, but is virtually contained in the following sentences:—

> The Governor-General in Council will ever esteem it a paramount duty to support to the utmost the efforts which may be made by the Commander-in-Chief for the maintenance of the discipline and efficiency of the army; but his Excellency in Council cannot consent to forego his right as the head of the Government to select any officer whom he may deem best qualified to fill posts in the *civil* administration of the country, or other important positions under the Government of India. . . .
>
> The Viceroy must retain in his own hands the power of selecting those officers whom his Excellency may deem most fitted for the situations they may be required to fill.

A retrospect of the history of our native armies clearly proves that, beginning on true principles, we gradually drifted from one error into another, until at last the whole fabric tumbled to pieces in our hands, and we had literally to begin almost *de novo* in the reorganisation of our Indian forces.

Another gradual change in the organisation of a portion of the native forces now deserves consideration. Years previous to the Mutiny it became the custom, especially in Bengal, to raise a certain number of what were called Irregular Corps, chiefly cavalry, with only three English officers attached to them; and it is really a curious commentary upon, and, indeed, a strong proof of the correctness of the foregoing remarks, that many of these very regiments became more celebrated than the ordinary battalions, and distinguished themselves highly in war. By reverting, as it were, to original principles, we at once tended to renew the loyalty and to restore the waning military virtues of our native levies.

I am, of course, aware of the reply which will be made, that the men in question were enlisted from very martial races, that the English officers with irregular corps were specially selected, and that the case was therefore exceptional. Even were this so, the reply would by no means cover the ground of the argument. But, in truth, as regards the English officers, there was little real selection in the matter. Young men were appointed by favouritism, or interest, or by personal predilection, more than from any proved capacity or talent, either natural or acquired. It was the system which produced the men, and not the men the system.

Brigadier-General Sir Charles Brownlow, K.C.B., a distinguished and experienced officer of the Bengal army, who has commanded native regiments, and who thoroughly understands the subject, gives

[12] 'Organisation of the Native Army,' 1877, p. 78.

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evidence on this and other points of organisation,[13] which deserves careful attention. Writing in 1875, he says:—

The advantages of the Irregular system are, that it provides enough, and not too many British officers for the work required of them; keeps them constantly before their men, and developes the intelligence, authority, and character of the native officers, who should constitute the backbone of a native corps, and without whom there can be no reliable connecting link between the British officers and the men. . . .

Under the Irregular system, as long as there remain three officers with a regiment—one to command it, and the others to direct the two half-battalions—there is no absolute break in the chain of responsibility, and the machine continues to work. The native officer can moreover be replaced as fast as he is wanted. Not so the British officer; and the system that is most dependent on the latter is, in my opinion, the soonest likely to break down. The keynote of my observations and my belief is, that you cannot have a good native regiment without good native officers, and that you cannot have good native officers if you deprive them of the command of their companies.

Another strong argument against the Irregular system is, that it demands selected officers, and that there is no longer a field for selection. I am not quite sure that the system, as long as it was worked in its integrity, did not make the officers, just as much as the officers made the system.

After speaking of the decadence in military virtues of our old (fully-officered) Sepoy battalions, and stating that it required fifteen or sixteen English officers and two sergeants to get our native regiments in the Sutlej campaign to face the Sikh artillery, Sir Charles Brownlow goes on as follows:—

On the other hand, what has the Irregular system done for us? In the time of our direst need (besides many others of equal note, but which suffered less), it gave us regiments like the 2nd Goorkhas, the Guide Corps, the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Punjab Infantry, that fought at Delhi and Lucknow till more than half their numbers were killed or wounded; and in some cases, when all the British officers were put *hors de combat*, continued to fight under their native officers, following the lead of any Englishman who might be temporarily attached to them.

This may prove too much; but the spectacle of sixteen British officers and two sergeants in vain exhorting a regiment to advance is surely worse than that of a regiment going on fighting without any officers at all.

It may moreover be said that the different pictures represent different races. This is true; but I believe that the Hindustani Sepoy of the last century, when he was to all intents and purposes an irregular, and recruited from a fighting class, was little inferior to the Punjabee of 1857 in courage, endurance, or good will: and that his deterioration dates from the time when we put a shako on his head as a symbol of reform, and gave him the Articles of War instead of a good commanding officer as his friend and guide.

[13] 'Organisation of the Native Army.' Parliamentary Papers, 1877, p. 155.

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III.

Viewed by the light of our present knowledge, the great Mutiny of the Bengal army in 1857 seems almost the natural finale of a gradual deterioration, through which the native forces had been passing for years previously. It would, however, be incorrect to assume that military maladministration alone led to the final crisis. Its complex causes were also partly political and partly religious. A policy of annexation, the system of recruiting too exclusively from one class, an over-concentration of authority at head-quarters, and other matters, have been urged as tending to disaffection. It would be beyond the scope of this paper to enter into these points; but it may, at all events, be assumed, that the gradual decline of our native forces in loyalty and efficiency prepared the ground for that final catastrophe which in Bengal led to the destruction of the army, and rendered necessary a reorganisation of our native forces all over India.

At the conclusion of those remarkable campaigns of 1857–58, by which, against enormous odds, we were enabled to recover the shattered elements of our power, the whole subject called for solution, and some portions of it pressed for immediate action. It was not merely that the regimental arrangements required to be recast; there were many appointments, political, semi-military, or civil, hitherto held by officers of the army; and the interests of the present individuals, as well as the machinery of future supply, required prompt treatment. We had, in short, not only a very large body of officers whose regiments had disappeared, and whose future therefore was precarious, but various employments extraneous to the army which had to be provided for. The disorganised condition of our native forces, and the conflicting opinions which almost naturally arose out of such a chaos of revolution, added greatly to the difficulties of the situation. In April 1861, however, a Staff Corps was created in each Presidency. It was not limited in numbers[14] in any of its ranks, and its object was 'to provide a body of officers for service in India by whom various offices and appointments, hitherto held by officers borne on the strength of the several corps or regiments in India, shall in future be held.'[15] The general provisions of the warrant were, that military rank, rising according to length of service, with commensurate pay and pension, should be given to all who entered, irrespective of their departmental position, or of the duties they might be performing; and as the terms were liberal, the great majority of officers who were then employed away from their regiments were induced to accept them This arrangement pro-

[14] Lord Hotham's Report, August 1860.

[15] Report of the Commission on the Memorials of Indian Officers (Lord Cranworth's), 1864.

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vided as it were for immediate requirements; and it was also laid down that vacancies arising from time to time should be filled by young officers from Queen's regiments, who (after fulfilling certain tests as to languages, &c.), in consideration of the advantages held out to them, would leave their original service, enter the Staff Corps, and adopt an Indian career. The scope of the warrant of 1861 was confined to the object of providing a body of officers for staff duties, extraneous as it were to the army; but in its practical application it at once went far beyond this; and ever since the formation of the three Staff Corps they have in addition included the regimental officers of the whole of the native armies. In short, all officers now seeking what is called an Indian career in any capacity—regimental, staff, or civil—must enter one of the three Staff Corps.

That some such scheme was desirable as a temporary measure, and in order to assure the future of a large body of officers whose prospects were uncertain, and to prevent a paralysis of the public service, may be true; but it does not follow that it is an advantageous permanent arrangement for the public service, or that its provisions are suitable for the promotion of regimental officers. The subject is a very difficult one, and requires careful consideration; but as it has now been in force for about nineteen years, it is possible by a study of the Staff Corps lists to ascertain something of its general working, both as to efficiency and cost.

The following table gives an abstract of the numbers and duties performed by the officers of the three Indian Staff Corps in January 1880, and which will be useful as a reference in the remarks which follow.

Abstract of the Duties performed by the Officers of the Three Indian Staff Corps, January 1880.

Ranks	Purely Civil Duties			Civil Departments of the Army			Military Duties			Unemployed or on Leave	General Total
	Political Agents, Commissioners, Residents, Magistrates, &c.	Police	Public Works and Survey	Commissariat Department	Pay Department	Sundry; such as Studs, Clothing, Barrack, and Judge Advocates, &c.	Army Staff	With Native Cavalry	With Native Infantry		
Lieutenant-Colonels	87	32	23	30	15	19	50	28	223	97	604
Majors . . .	109	51	46	27	14	2	29	56	227	20	581
Captains . . .	40	9	26	19	4	1	8	52	148	6	313
Lieutenants . .	15	3	4	10	4	—	—	88	225	1	350
	251	95	99	86	37		87	224	823		
	445			145			1,134			124	1,848

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It will be observed that the duties divide themselves into three distinct classes, namely:—

1. Civil duties.
2. Duties of the Supply departments of the army.
3. Military duties.

The first class comprises political residents, commissioners of provinces, magistrates, officers of police and public works, &c. In former days many of these appointments were held by officers, because, as already pointed out, the regimental establishments were looked upon as an unlimited reserve, and partly because, in the then half-subjugated condition of the country, some of the more important of these duties were really semi-military, and it seemed appropriate that they should be held by officers; but the circumstances have been, and are still, rapidly changing, and the duties every day become more of an ordinary and civil character.

It is not, however, to the exceptional employment of officers in positions where their military knowledge may be of real use that objection can be made; but by the present system that object is only accomplished in name. Formerly the officers so employed had, at various periods of their career, joined their regiments on service, and consequently possessed a considerable amount of real military experience. It is hardly the case now, and will not be so in future. The officers who for years past have been joining the three Staff Corps, and have been appointed to the civil duties under consideration, have done so early in life, as subalterns, after two or three years' duty with their corps; so that they join with little or no military knowledge, and never add to it. They have no regiments; and on being posted to magisterial, police, public works, or other civil departments, they naturally become absorbed in their new duties. Nevertheless they rise gradually in military rank, and will ultimately become colonels and generals without ever having performed the duties, or incurred the responsibilities, of the intermediate grades. Their military rank is therefore fast becoming fictitious and nominal, and confers no real distinction on themselves, nor does it enable them to perform their duties any better than if they were in name, as they are in fact, civilians.[16]

The *Times*, in a leading article, July 28, 1873, sums up the objections to the Staff Corps very clearly. It says that 'the whole system is condemned by many excellent authorities, not only on account of the anomalous terms of the service, but also on account of the alleged impolicy of giving military rank and titles to a miscellaneous assemblage of civil administrators, magistrates, collectors,

[16] Major-General Sir Henry Norman—who is much in favour of the Staff Corps system—writing in 1869 of the employment of officers in civil duties, said: 'They are practically civilians for life, if found suited for civil employment, and henceforth really fit officers will rarely return to military employ if once confirmed in civil employments.'—'East India Staff Corps,' Parliamentary Papers, April 1869.

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postmasters, police superintendents, and what not, who are never called upon for any military duty, and who are soldiers only in name.'

The arrangement is a very costly one, because these officers all receive promotion and pay (in addition to that of their special appointments) after stated periods of service, whatever their employment may be. This remark indeed applies to the three Staff Corps generally, in all their various grades and duties. No officer waits for vacancies by the death or retirement of his superiors, as in all other armies, but receives his graduated promotion as a matter of course, and a handsome retirement on 'colonel's allowances,' without any limit as to numbers. The late Colonel Broome, Controller-General of Military Expenditure in 1869, after describing the extravagant cost of the Staff Corps system, said that 'military history presents no instance of an army so constituted, or of one so costly;' and he added, 'but unsatisfactory as is the present financial condition of the Indian army, the future prospect is far worse!'[17]

With regard to the police, it is sometimes argued that in a country such as India their employment is virtually military, and that this is a reason for giving the command of them to officers; but there is a danger under such circumstances that we may be creating a second native army of undefined dimensions; and my view is that a clear distinction should be drawn between military and police duties, and that the latter should be divorced entirely from the armed power of the State.[18] The commissioners appointed in 1859 to inquire into the organisation of the Indian army spoke very clearly on the point, as follows:—

> Your commissioners observe that military police corps have been formed, or are in course of formation, throughout India. They see in this force, in its numerical strength and military organisation, differing, as it does, in no essential respect from the regular Sepoy army, the elements of future danger. They would therefore recommend that great caution be used in not giving to this force a stricter military training than may be required for the maintenance of discipline, lest a new native force be formed which may hereafter become a source of embarrassment to the Government.

It would not be necessary to interdict officers from obtaining permanent civil employment in India in any department should they elect to do so, but they should leave the army, as there is no advantage in their retaining the fictitious privilege of rising military rank. Any diplomatic appointments of an exceptional or a temporary nature to which it might be desirable that officers should be appointed in future, could be met in the usual way by treating them as supernumeraries of the army, as is done at home.

The second class of the Staff Corps is composed of officers

[17] Parliamentary Papers, 1869.

[18] The late Lord Sandhurst was of opinion that officers should not be appointed to the police (*Ibid.*).

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who are employed in the civil non-combatant duties of army supply, such as commissariat, pay, and other auxiliary services. It is not necessary to enlarge on the important functions of these departments, because they are well understood and recognised; but the occupations are not military in the usual acceptation of the term; they require special training of their own, and it would seem more appropriate to organise them as separate branches, with departmental titles and promotion as in other armies, and with relative rank, so as to give the officers adequate status. This is all the more important, because, under the present system, these officers, on rising to high military rank, may consider they have a claim to army commands, for which their departmental experience does not qualify them; or if, on the other hand, they relinquish the hope of commanding troops, then the military rank becomes a fiction. It may be concluded, that the Staff Corps arrangements are neither necessary nor suitable to the officers of the two classes above noted, that is, to officers performing civil duties, and to those employed in non-combatant military administration.

The last and most important class of the Indian Staff Corps is composed of about 1134 officers who are really employed in military duties, the great majority being with native regiments of infantry and cavalry. In the arrangements of 1861 it was laid down that six [19] English officers should be appointed for the higher and most responsible posts in each regiment, the subordinate duties connected with troops and companies being assigned to the native officers. To a certain extent this system, which is still in force, is an improvement on that previously maintained. Instead of a nominal aggregate of twenty-six English officers, who were always struggling to escape from their legitimate functions, we have now, at all events, seven, who are present with their corps, and who in point of pay and army rank have every reason to be satisfied with their condition. But there are palpable defects and anomalies in the Staff Corps arrangements as regards the posting of the regimental officers, which were pointed out at the outset, and which certainly do not improve as time goes on. One great drawback is that, as the English officers obtain their promotion from one rank to another by fixed periods of service, and are not permanently posted to regiments, it follows that their attachment to their corps is comparatively of a temporary nature. All regimental appointments are by selection of the Commander-in-Chief, so that when officers gain advancement in regimental status, in many cases they have to leave the particular corps and nationality with which they have been serving. This is not only injurious to the officers, but very much so to the men, who find themselves constantly under the command of strangers. Thus officers might serve

[19] A seventh has since been added.

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in succession with Ghoorkas, Mahrattas, Sikhs, Punjabee Mussulmans, or any other of the various races who serve in our ranks.

In the papers recently published [20] on the organisation of the native army, the subject is discussed, and the evil pointed out; and no doubt the distinguished men who from time to time command our armies in India will do their utmost to promote officers in the regiments to which they are attached; but the principle is at fault, and the broad facts cannot be disputed. Instances are quoted of one regiment which had had seventy-five officers in it in ten years, and another fifty in the same period! [21] Nothing can be more disheartening to officers and men, or injurious to the service where such constant changes are possible.

The Staff Corps system not only fails to afford any certainty that officers shall remain and rise in their own regiments, and with men with whose national characteristics, language, and religion they are acquainted, but it throws every difficulty in the way of their doing so; and this alone is a great defect. Although I am strongly of opinion that few English officers are required as leaders of native battalions, still any system, whether of few or many, must be bad which leaves out of account the first principle of regimental efficiency, that is, of giving officers pride and interest in a particular corps, and a personal knowledge of particular men. But there are other inequalities and objectionable results which arise from the present system. Officers of long service and of high rank in the Staff Corps, when posted to regiments, do not necessarily hold commensurate regimental positions. If we study the pages of the Army List, we shall find frequent instances where majors are in command of regiments; whilst in other cases officers of higher rank are only in charge of wings or squadrons. In fact, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains—men of very different lengths of service, rank, and pay—are found performing identical duties.

These inequalities are in reality intensified by the desire of the Commander-in-Chief to retain officers with the corps to which they are attached. He is thus, as it were, compelled to leave officers of higher rank in inferior positions in other regiments.[22] There is no rule and no certainty from beginning to end. Surely such a system, or rather want of one, must be disheartening to the individuals who suffer by it. Officers may not be all equal in talents or in experience; but when colonels and lieutenant-colonels find themselves bracketed with captains, and performing comparatively subordinate duties, in one regiment, whilst other corps are commanded by their juniors, it

[20] 'Organisation of the Native Army,' Parliamentary Papers, 1877.

[21] *Ibid.*

[22] A letter in the *Times* (Dec. 30, 1874) says: 'Lord Napier is an ardent advocate of regimental promotion, so ardent that he permits field officers to languish in subordinate positions, or in complete inactivity, while captains are raised to positions they were never intended to hold.

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stands to reason that they will not only feel a sense of injustice, but will make strenuous efforts to induce the Commander-in-Chief to remove them to higher duties with any other regiment than the one in which they are serving. It is a constant system of accidental leap-frog.

There are no doubt difficulties in the way of providing a remedy, but the broad outlines seem to be clear enough. With only seven officers in a regiment, a system of pure regimental rise by single battalions cannot well be applied. With such a small cadre we should find in some regiments that during a campaign or at a sickly station the junior officer might rise to the command of it in a very short time, whereas in other cases twenty or thirty years might elapse. The inequality of promotion in such small cadres would produce supersession and discontent. Regimental promotion to be at all equal in different corps requires that its chances should be spread over a larger number of lives.

But surely there is a simple remedy for all this. Why not group the various native corps—by nationalities—into regiments comprised of three or four battalions each, and give promotion to the English officers in an amalgamated regimental list? Such a scheme would at once remove all necessity for a Staff Corps for regimental officers, and would insure a sufficiently uniform promotion. It would do far more than this. It would engender between English officers and the men of the various nationalities a mutual pride and confidence; and would make them feel that there was some permanence in the ties which bind them together. It would further enable the battalions on active service to be replenished, in case of casualties, by officers and men from those of the same nationality in reserve, and in short would in every respect produce that regimental *esprit*, confidence, and esteem which are now so constantly snapped asunder.

Chesney's *Indian Polity* contains an admirable chapter on this part of the subject, in which very much the same arguments are used and the same remedies proposed. His conclusions are: that 'the Staff Corps is entirely unsuitable—(1) as a machinery for the supply of officers for the different branches of the civil administration; (2) that it is equally unsuitable for supplying the civil departments of the army; and (3) that it is an inconvenient and unsuitable machinery for officering the native army, especially that the system is destructive of that bond of union between officers and men which is a necessary condition of military efficiency.'

IV

A consideration of the arrangements made since the Mutiny for the command of native regiments shows that they are better than

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those previously in force. The English officers are fewer in number, and the inducements are sufficient to attract them to a most interesting and brilliant career. The Earl of Northbrook, Viceroy of India, General Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Henry Norman, and the other members of the Council, writing in 1875, expressed their opinions that the present complement of English officers is sufficient for all purposes of Indian service, both for peace and war, and that the duties assigned to them are appropriate. In the matter of native officers there is also a shade of improvement, a trace that more liberal ideas prevail—but it does not amount to much. After long years of service in the ranks they may now finally attain to the command of troops and companies, but even then are subordinate to all English officers of the corps. Can this be called a career?

The population of our Indian empire is said to exceed 200 millions, and contains not only numerous princes of high birth and ancient lineage, but great numbers of native gentlemen, who from their large possessions, high character, and leading position, are deservedly men of influence in a very aristocratic country. The history of India, not only of bygone days but of our own time, is replete with examples of natives distinguished as soldiers and as military administrators.[23] Although some of the native officers in our army are, as a result of our present arrangements, infirm, apathetic, and useless, still even within the poor and limited sphere which the system affords, there always have been, and still are many, distinguished not only for courage in the field, but for their devotion and loyalty to our service. We have in short every reason to be proud of and to cherish the fine qualities which continue to flourish, as it were, even in so poor a soil, and in such a chilling atmosphere.

We know that of all professions, that of a soldier is the one which most attracts the bolder spirits under our rule; and yet we say to them all, that no man, whatever may be his birth, position, talents, experience, or devotion, shall in any case rise in the army beyond the position of a troop or company leader.

In the various branches of our civil administration we have gradually, though somewhat grudgingly, opened out careers for educated native gentlemen; but with the army, in spite of the numerous proofs of the magnificent material lying ready at our hands, notwithstanding the success of our early levies, we appear afraid to develop our resources, and to consider that safety depends in depreciating and diluting, as it were, the strength of the natural forces at our disposal. Not only do we deprive the native officers of all real power; but even with the men, nationalities are mixed up in the same regiment, so as to foster mutual distrust; and we hesitate to arm them

[23] Sir Henry Lawrence, in his *Essays*, gives instances of natives who were privates in our army, but who became distinguished leaders in the armies of some of the Indian princes.

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with the best weapons for fear, apparently, that they should turn them against ourselves. As Sir Henry Lawrence said, 'Where is to be the end of our fears, if we shirk efficiency in dread of our own tools turning on us?' The Hon. Mr. Gibbs, a member of the Bombay Council, writing of the native regiments in 1875, said that 'we must pay them well and treat them well, and under such circumstances we must on economical grounds have as few as we can manage with, and these should be as efficient as we can make them. To keep a larger force than is necessary, simply because we keep it at a comparatively low state of efficiency, fearing that to have it in a high state would make it dangerous, is in my humble opinion a blunder of the greatest magnitude, both financially and otherwise.' Mr. Gibbs goes on to advocate that native officers should be considered the mainstay of their regiments, and that the men should be armed with the most efficient weapons.

Having gained a magnificent empire by our enterprise, we seem of late years to consider that it can only be retained by debasing the natives, both the natural leaders and the masses. Frequent complaints are made now-a-days of the ignorance and incompetency of some of our native officers, and this is used as an argument that more English ones are required. How can we expect the native officers to be either courageous, enterprising, or efficient as a body, when we never attempt to teach them their art, or entrust them with high commands? How can we expect the native officers or men to serve us with much zeal or devotion, when they are usually armed with inferior weapons, organised on a policy of distrust, have no chance of attaining to high rank, and when every position of consequence is absorbed by English officers, aliens in language, religion, and race, and who too often rather look down upon their men, and ultimately leave them and retire to England?

The difficulties and responsibilities of ruling such an empire as we have gained in India are almost incalculable; but the only chance of success lies in the maintenance of those courageous principles on which it was founded; and its endurance can only rest on the solid foundations of justice and of trust in those over whom we are called upon to rule.

There are many valuable remarks and suggestions for improving the status of the native officers of our Indian armies contained in the Parliamentary papers issued in 1877. Sir Charles Brownlow writes:—

> To raise the condition and character of the native officer, and to make his position such as to identify his interests with our own, and to ensure his loyalty in the day of trial, the present scale of pay and rewards open to him should be increased and graduated upwards so as to suit the widely differing classes to whom we give commissions.
>
> As it now is, the well-bred, high-spirited, and influential scion of some more or less distinguished family, whose presence in a regiment is of inestimable value, may be found serving in the same rank, and on the same pay, as the meanest Hindoo,

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whose only recommendation may be a little reading and writing, and the sort of smartness which is attractive on the parade ground, but of no use in the field. The latter is well provided for; but to meet such cases as the former, there is much need of some liberal scale or system of personal allowances and other considerations, ascending according to the family status, rank, merits, or services of the individual. The prizes of the service are too few. There are many native officers covered with wounds, who, by their gallantry during the mutiny, at Umbeyla and elsewhere, having achieved all the honours and rewards open to them, are now serving without the hope of anything further—a state of affairs which cannot be conducive to healthy feeling.

More frequent grants of land, civil titles, and seats at durbars, etc., should be among the advantages held out to such men.[24]

Lord Ellenborough, writing in 1859, said:—

Practically it is only, or certainly most efficiently, through military service, that education can really be given to the highest classes in India.

If we desire to retain the empire we have acquired, without incurring a cost far exceeding its value, we must conciliate those who are the natural leaders of the people, we must abandon the exclusive British system and nationalise our government. I know no better way of doing so than by bringing the first gentlemen in the country into the army. It is entirely in accordance with all Eastern feelings to make military service the great road to honour and to power; and we cannot greatly err if, in the endeavour to obtain the same objects, we adopt generally the same policy as every successful conqueror from the time of Alexander to that of Akbar.

General Lord Napier of Magdala, in his various minutes, is always earnest in his desire to raise the status of the native officers, and speaks highly of their efficiency when opportunities were afforded them.

In order that our Indian regiments may be rendered really efficient and reliable, it seems to me essential that more liberal arrangements should be made as regards the native officers than those at present in force. Instead of promoting them from the ranks, as is almost invariably the rule at present, native gentlemen of birth and position should be granted commissions, and receive some measure of military education.[25] Their pay and allowances should be increased, and in every respect they should receive more consideration than they do now. Then, again, I would advocate that a certain proportion of the regiments should have only three English officers, like the old so-called irregular corps, and thus more scope would be given for the energies and ambition of the native officers. The latter would then begin to lose that disheartening feeling which cramps their energies and deadens their devotion.

To those (and there are many) who believe that our Indian

[24] Sir Henry Lawrence in his *Essays* makes a very similar recommendation. 'Commands of irregular corps, jagheers, titles, civil honours, pensions to the second and third generation, are among the measures we would advocate for such characters.'

[25] Dr. W. Hunter, speaking of the exclusion of the Mussulmans from power, says that 'sooner or later the native aristocracy of India must, under certain conditions, be admitted as commissioned officers in the British army.'—Hunter's *Indian Musalmans*, 1872.

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regiments can only be maintained in efficiency and loyalty by depriving the natives of all real power, and by flooding them with English officers, no doubt the above recommendations will be looked upon with some misgiving; but I must confess that, to my mind, we should gradually advance still further, and that a few regiments should be officered and led entirely by natives, with rank, pay, and position, corresponding in all respects to those now enjoyed by the English officers. It would, of course, be necessary to move cautiously in these matters, and to take care that native officers so appointed to high and responsible positions should have previously passed through the lower grades, and should have shown themselves real leaders of men, as to courage and skill; and should have also proved their undoubted devotion to our service and our rule.

These propositions may to some appear extreme, but they are not altogether new. There is, at all events, one great authority to whose name I so gladly allude in all such questions—the late Sir Henry Lawrence—who made these very proposals in an essay written in 1844.

> We should have three descriptions of native infantry—the first class regular infantry officered by a full complement of Europeans; the second class partially so officered; the third class commanded and officered entirely by natives; but the two last always employed in brigade, or at least in concert with the regular corps. . . .

In the Parliamentary papers of 1877, the system of recruiting our native battalions receives considerable attention, and here, as in all other parts of the subject, great differences of opinion exist amongst the various authorities. Although, in perusing the details and opinions given, it may seem as if mere regimental arrangements were under discussion, the real divergence always goes back, insensibly as it were, to important principles. It is so in this particular phase of the subject; and we find ourselves again considering whether in governing India we should be guided by what may be called a policy of distrust, or adhere to the bolder and indeed more prudent view, that the empire should be governed for the benefit of the ruled, and not entirely of the rulers. Do what we will the same question ever arises which was so well put and answered by Sir Thomas Munro in the days gone by. He writes in 1824:—

> There is one great question to which we should look in all our arrangements—what is to be the final result on the character of the people? Is it to be raised or is it to be lowered? are we to be satisfied with merely securing our power and protecting the inhabitants, leaving them to sink gradually in character lower than at present, or are we to endeavour to raise their character and to render them worthy of filling higher situations in the management of their country and of devising plans for its improvement? It ought undoubtedly to be our aim to raise the minds of the natives, and to take care that whenever our connection with India might cease, it did not appear that the only fruit of our dominion there had been to leave the people more abject and less able to govern themselves than when we found them. . . .
>
> Liberal treatment has always been found the most effectual way of elevating the character of every people, and we may be sure that it will produce a similar

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effect on that of the people of India. The change will no doubt be slow, but that is the very reason why no time should be lost in commencing the work. We should not be discouraged by difficulties; nor because little progress may be made in our own time, abandon the enterprise as hopeless, and charge upon the obstinacy and bigotry of the natives the failure which has been occasioned solely by our own fickleness, in not pursuing steadily the only line of conduct on which any hope of success could reasonably be founded. We should make the same allowances for the Hindoos as for other nations, and consider how slow the progress of improvement has been among the nations of Europe, and through what a long course of barbarous ages they had to pass before they attained their present state. When we compare other countries with England, we usually speak of England as she now is; we scarcely ever think of going back beyond the Reformation, and we are apt to regard every foreign country as ignorant and uncivilised whose state of improvement does not in some degree approximate to our own, even though it should be higher than our own was at no very distant period.

In the reorganisation of our native armies after the mutiny of 1857, there were three systems of recruiting advocated by different authorities, each plan involving a decided policy, and the Government, apparently perplexed by the difficulty of the question, and by the variety of opinions, very impartially adopted all three!

The proposals were:—

1. That each native regiment should be composed of men of some distinct nationality, religion, or race, with a localised depôt.

2. That men of different nationalities or religion should be classed in separate companies of a regiment, called the 'Class Company' system.

3. That every regiment should recruit without reference to nationality, caste, race, or religion, the men being indiscriminately mixed up together in the ranks.

The palpable advantages of national regiments are, that they not only develop the pride and martial qualities of the men and give them confidence in each other as being of the same race, but their adoption would enable us to form local recruiting depôts in the districts from which the men enlist, and where their families would find a home in their absence. It would further facilitate the grouping of three or four battalions into one regiment, which could reinforce each other in time of war; and the principle would quite fall in with the proposed system of regimental promotion for the English officers.

Although we have retained a few national regiments (such as the Goorkhas and others), the objection raised against an extension of the system is a fear that the men might combine dangerously against us. The Adjutant-General of the army, in his letter to Government of August, 1862, in recommending 'class companies,' suggested that it should not be publicly notified, 'inasmuch that it would be impossible to disguise that the mixed composition recommended to be introduced in the native army is based on a policy, that policy being in fact one of mistrust of the native character, and to neutralise the chances of combination and conspiracy of native soldiers against the

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Government by means of a mixture of antagonistic races and castes.' If the primary object in organising an army is to render it innocuous in the event of mutiny, there might be some advantage in favour of the 'antagonistic mixture.' The arrangement however appears faulty, not only on the ground that regiments so constituted are avowedly mistrusted, and therefore to some extent unreliable machines; but there is reason to believe that, whilst we thus depreciate the value of our soldiers by mixing up castes and nationalities with a view to class antagonism, the intended object after all is not likely to be attained.

Many officers are of opinion that men so associated for years together gradually rub off their differences so to speak, and become assimilated in habits and feelings, and are not likely to act as spies on each other.[26]

As regards the supposed danger of national regiments, the matter after all lies in our own hands. Whilst we should in every case enlist only from the most warlike races, as we did in the days of Warren Hastings, Clive, and Wellesley, we need not maintain more regiments of any particular class than seems advisable; and in my opinion we should possess more sure means of checkmating possible disloyalty by keeping the nationalities distinct, than we can secure by endeavouring to sow distrust amongst comrades in the same corps. The late Sir Sidney Cotton, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Lord Elphinstone held views entirely in accordance with those just stated, and strongly urged them on the Government at the time, although, no doubt, other high authorities gave opposite opinions, which were deemed of more weight, and finally prevailed.

The principle which lies at the root of all my arguments and proposals is this: that we cannot rule successfully over millions of human beings in India unless we recognise the necessity, not only of giving peace, security, and justice to the masses, but high place and responsible positions to the great, the talented, and the deserving. Aliens as we are, it is a very difficult matter under the circumstances of our conquest of India to uphold the dignity and importance of the princes, landholders, and the aristocracy of the various races under our rule, but to do so should be regarded as a vital principle; and we may rely upon it that human nature is the same all over the world, and that to exclude the natural leaders of the people from power can never succeed. We may indeed produce an appearance of quiet and of content, but it is at the sacrifice of all the higher qualities which give respect to nations; and a kingdom so governed must ever be a danger to its rulers.

JOHN ADYE.

[26] Colonel Coke said that 'by mixing the castes in one corps they become amalgamated, and make common cause, which they never would do if kept in separate corps.' Sir Sidney Cotton said the same.

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RELIGION, ACHAIAN AND SEMITIC.

A DISTINGUISHED author has done me the honour to make a Reply [1] to my paper published in this Review, and entitled the 'Olympian System *versus* the Solar Theory.' In this reply he states his objections with a courtesy, which I shall strive to imitate, but cannot hope to excel. I am sorry, however, to observe that they begin with the title. The Solar Theory, he thinks, is not legitimately so called; [2] and as to the Olympian System, he conceives that it does not exist.[3] Let me endeavour to give him, upon both points, such satisfaction as I can.

1. It is not open to me to claim the privilege of genius, and fall back upon the method of Lord Byron; who, on finding himself wrong in an assertion respecting Mr. Hallam, said the name must stand in the verse, until he was supplied with some other name, dissyllabic and not less euphonious, of a person respecting whom the assertion could be truly made.[4] It is not convenient or mannerly to force on the advocate of any system a name for it which he disavows; but Sir George Cox has not supplied me with a substitute for a phrase which I thought had been accepted, inasmuch as the sun is the centre of what is called the Solar Theory, as he is of what is called the Solar System, though in both there are other things besides the sun. By the Solar Theory, I mean that theory which teaches that the religion of all the Aryan races had the worship of external nature, and especially of light, and the sun as the centre of light, for its source, and its primary stage. But I will avoid as far as possible the use of an epithet, which one of the most distinguished among the champions of the theory appears to disavow.

2. On the other hand, it seems hard to deny the existence of the 'Olympian System,' seeing that I have described it as 'the Greek Mythology of the Troic Epoch, or as exhibited in the Poems of Homer,' meaning of course the Iliad and Odyssey; and seeing that those poems unquestionably set forth a thearchy of a very marked and particular

[1] 'Homeric Mythology and Religion.' A Reply to Mr. Gladstone. By Sir George Cox. *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1879.

[2] P. 798. [3] P. 806.

[4] 'See honest Hallam lay aside the fork,
Resume his pen, and praise his Lordship's work.'
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

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form, as well as a scheme of worship, and a set of moral ideas placed in a certain relation to that scheme.

My object has been to give aid towards ascertaining what is the relation between the Olympian System, so described, and the doctrine of those who deny any other fountain-head of Aryan religions than the worship of external Nature.

There is not, Sir George Cox appears to think, a real or necessary antagonism between his theory and my own view.[5] If there is such an antagonism, it is only, in my view, to the monopoly claimed for it as a thing universally proved. I do not presume to construct a theory, but I uphold certain propositions at which I have arrived, without any preconceptions whatever, from patient and prolonged study of the text of Homer; not any wider or more comprehensive belief, drawn from other sources. These propositions include the avowal (1) that Nature-worship seems to have entered largely and fundamentally into the religion of the Trojans as represented in the Iliad; and (2) that there are traces of it among his Achaian Greeks, as a system superseded, in his 'Olympian' scheme, by a different formative idea, yet one which apparently had had its period of ascendency in the country, and which may probably have survived its own downfall as a central idea in the obscurer forms of merely local practice and belief.

This rejection or supersession of Nature-worship as a central idea was not, in my view as drawn from the Poems, a gratuitous act due to the mere fancy or inclination of the Poet. It was the casting out of the strong man by a stronger man: a displacement due to the entrance into the land of persons and races distinct from, and superior in intellect, or knowledge, or capability, or energy, or in all or some of these to, the inhabitants whom they found already in possession. Of these it is evident, from the Poems, that a portion were non-Aryan, and were included under that name which Homer employed with so wide a range, the name of Phœnicians. But there is also a portion of the population, to whom we have no reason for denying the name of Aryans, and in whose case we can find no trace of a basis of Nature-worship for their religion. This is the Achaian or properly Hellenic portion: and these are they, to whom it is most reasonable to ascribe, if not under the direct dictates of the text, yet in obedience to its suggestions and in conformity with its contents, those elements of the Olympian System which lifted it above the materialism or pantheism of Nature-worship, as well as above the gross and filthy sensualism of the East. This, I say, was the Hellenic portion; the third, and the loftiest, of the great factors which supply in the Poems the materials of their Olympian System. This Hellenic element, of which Achilles is the flower and the pattern, had already gained its social and political ascendency, and become the basis, or *norm*, of national

[5] P. 798.

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character. But, as is usual in matters of history, facts preceded theories; and these facts in times later than that of Homer, found their indication in the epigram which invents a supposititious Hellen, with Doros, Ion, Aiolos, and Achaios for his sons or descendants.

That system was accordingly in my view the composite result of an ethnical fusion of a number of races, influences, and traditions: and therefore very far from 'the result of a deliberate revolt against an elemental or Nature-worship.'[6] Here again the facts preceded the theory; and these facts were ethnical. The composite origin of the Greek nation is undeniable. Every page of Homer bears witness to it; and tradition outside of the Poems, diversified as it is, testifies in a variety of forms to the same truth. I greatly mistrust the predominant authority, sometimes assigned to *à priori* reasoning. Yet it has its place; and, without presuming to build upon it, I will observe that, where serious diversity of race coincides with the prevalence of a strong political genius, there could hardly be any result in the domain of religion other than that it should be composite. I speak of cases where the ethnical elements were well suited for cohesion, and where the several creeds did not claim to be stamped with the marks of special origin or of an exclusive authority. The aim of what I have written is to place the origin of the Olympian system in accordance with facts: with ethnical facts which dictated silently, and by no means in the manner of a deliberate revolt against anything, the limits of existence and development for the several forms of religious tradition brought into the country; which established a *modus vivendi* between them; and which (apparently) made it possible for the powerful, comprehensive, and sympathetic genius of Homer to compound or adjust them into a literary system, which took its commanding place in Greek tradition, and which through some fifteen centuries, for purposes practical, or political, or at the least negative, satisfied the mind of Greece and of the Western civilisation.

But for all these ethnical facts, in connection with the genesis of the Olympian system, undoubtedly the poems of Homer are the great source of testimony. And here I find in the method followed by Sir George Cox what seems to me a bar to progress. While I try the character of Apollo upon Homeric evidence, he refers that Divinity to a pure Light-parentage mainly by evidence which is non-Homeric; take for example the Hymn to Apollo, as to which I think I may claim to have performed the easy and almost superfluous task of demonstrating[7] that it is not, cannot be, Homer's. In truth he declines my first and main postulate; which is, that the Poems shall be recognised as an independent source of evidence, and that the determination to throw them into hotchpot along with the whole promiscuous mass of Greek traditions resting upon much later testimony can only result in confusion and give scope to the votaries

[6] P. 798. [7] See *Homeric Synchronism*, chap. i.

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of every theory to establish it by choosing out of the miscellaneous mass such ingredients as they find suitable to their purpose. In the Iliad and the Odyssey, Sir George Cox sees the work not of one Homer but of several,[8] denies that the Homer known to Plato was the Homer known to Æschylus,[9] and denies also that the mass of Greek mythology [10] is to be regarded as of later growth than the picture of it drawn in the Poems. But in all my reasoning upon the Olympian system I presuppose certain conclusions about the authority due to the Poems; I claim for them that they offer a vast body of ancient and consistent testimony, standing by itself, with little or nothing which can be shown to approach to it in antiquity, stamped with all the internal features of unity, and subjected in a marked degree to all the best tests of verification by applying to the several portions of an extensive and highly varied text the rules of a truly comparative mythology.

When therefore Sir George Cox asks *why* we are to gather the Achaian conception of Demeter only from the Iliad and the Odyssey,[11] the reply is ready made for me. It is because there is no other body of evidence relating to the Achaian or heroic period: and this witness, when interrogated about 'the bright-eyed maiden dragged away by the chariot of Hades from the plains of Enna' and the bitter grief of the mother transfigured into radiant joy, replies that there are no plains of Enna within his circumscribed geography; that his Demeter is not agitated either by any bitter grief, or the sweet troubles of radiant joy; that his Persephonè is not a bright-eyed maiden [12] unwillingly detained below ground, but a solemn unseen Queen, who is apt to send forward a Gorgon head to warn off those, who may be disposed to pierce the penetralia of the Underworld and appear in her awful Presence-chamber.[13] And I as counsel suggest that this beautiful photograph of the Sicilian scene bears unmistakeably a master's name, with a place and a date, far other than those claimed by my client, the Achaian Homer.

The next case taken is that of Hermes. His acts in the Odyssey, in the opinion of Sir G. Cox, are marked by great gravity and decorum: but how can we be sure that the Poet of the Odyssey knew nothing of the tale told in the Hymn? Now, we cannot be sure that he was ignorant of political economy, or of natural selection. But surely in archaic as well as in modern inquiry we must deal with what a witness gives us, and we are not free to speculate on what we 'cannot be sure' but that he might have given us. In this case indeed it is evident that the Poet of the Odyssey had some knowledge common to him with the author of the Hymn; for his Hermes is by no means a pattern of gravity and decorum, inasmuch as (*Od.* xix. 396) he instructed Autolukos in theft and perjury. But neither this tradition

[8] P. 804. [9] *Ibid.* [10] P. 806.
[11] P. 799. [12] *Ibid.* [13] *Od.* xi. 634.

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nor anything else in the Odyssey in the least degree sustains the conception of Hermes as a solar or elemental power. Sir G. Cox asks[14] whether the Achaians may not have worshipped him as the wind. But (1) the burden of proof lies with him, and he gives none. (2) The poet of the Iliad with some appearance of care excludes the winds from the Olympian Court (xxiii. 192–216); to which, in both the poems, Hermes evidently belongs.

The third case is that of Zeus. And here it is admitted that his relation to the material heaven is that of a ruler, but alleged that he is always[15] bound to remain in it while other gods can 'visit the earth and take part in the quarrels of mortal men.' Now undoubtedly Zeus does not enter into the details of battles; this is forbidden by his dignity. But he visits the earth freely, if not familiarly. He directs the battle through other agents, or without any second cause (*Il.* xiii. 2): he uses the earth for his own purposes, and its grass and flowers are made to minister to his enjoyment (xiv. 338).

Lastly, says Sir G. Cox, the parentage of Apollo is still less equivocal. But again he has to flood his pages with matter drawn from the Hymn which cannot be the work of Homer (or let him show that it can), and with Indian tradition whose relevancy is assumed. Now this case is the one most fatal of all to those who are daring enough to associate the Nature-cult with the Olympian system. For if Apollo be in that scheme of *cultus* at all, he can be nothing but the Sun: and from the place of the Sun Homer has shut him out in the most effectual manner, by providing another individuality to fill it. As far as we can judge from the Poems, Apollo was a divinity of universal worship: and if in lands not Achaian he stood for the Sun, this fact only gives greater emphasis to the opposing Achaian tradition recorded in the Poems, where he is so carefully severed from all solar action, and is not even among the deities provided with a chariot and horses, possibly to make this severance more thorough.

I do not for a moment dispute, indeed I am forward to allege, that Homer was acquainted with notions, or even perhaps systems, of elemental religion. But the evidence stands before us, as a strong impregnable fact, that he framed or followed a scheme which passed them by, cast them into the shade, put in their place another dominant idea, and worked it out in a manner singularly dominant and comprehensive. He did this, without doubt, not as an arbitrary instructor, but as the masterly manipulator of the specific tradition of his own race, the Achaian race: that tradition is a great fact of archæology, and I want to fasten attention on the question what was its origin?

Not only does the text of Homer offer itself to us armed, or burdened, as the case may be, with these aspiring claims, but it derives a tenfold importance from the fact that the Grecian records

[14] P. 800. [15] P. 802.

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nowhere else offer us any similar code of information. No human ingenuity could draw from Pausanias or Apollodoros the materials of a consistent and full-bodied scheme. It is impossible to construct out of the rich and splendid literature of the classical age, or from the works of the philosophers, any consistent, comprehensive, and living conception, either of Greek mythology, or of Greek religion, in relation to the nation and its daily life. But such a conception it is that, as matter of fact and not speculation, is presented to us by the Poems as they stand. It would hardly be too much to say that we can understand from them the religious life of the Homeric period as well as we can understand from the records of the Christian Church and of Christendom what has been the religious life of the early and of many later Christians. We are not on this account to tamper with the laws of evidence. Nay, rather than this, it might be held that we ought to put the Poems all the more rigidly to the proof of their title. Be it so. But let us keep the two questions distinct in our minds, as they are distinct in their nature. And they are no less distinct, than the question of the title to an estate, from the question of the quality of its climate, or the amount of its rental.

Nothing then, it is evident, can be more clearly separated than the argument *for* the Homeric text, and the argument *from* the Homeric text; the argument *for* the unity, and the argument *from* the unity. To mix the two is simply to bewilder the whole controversy.

Besides postulating the recognition of the text, my design requires that it shall be sifted and canvassed with the utmost minuteness. It is to be searched, not like a picture gallery by a visitor, but like a vein of earth in a good 'placing' by a gold-finder. The items of evidence it supplies are not to be counted by units or by tens, nor yet by hundreds, but by thousands. And here we come upon one of the greatest of our difficulties: the great breadth and diversity of the fields of archæological and philological inquiry over which the Homeric question, when taken in its entirety, is found to range. I have not yet seen or heard of any man, who has adequately studied them all. For myself I tremble to pronounce any judgment, or even to hazard a conjecture outside the immediate area of the Homeric Poems. And I must say boldly, though I trust not offensively, that I have not yet known of any case in which the able and ingenious reasoners on the origin of religion in general, or of Aryan religion, have at all recognised the duty of that minute investigation of the evidence of the Poems, without which I am confident no trustworthy results can be drawn from this particular portion of the field of archaic inquiries. These results, when drawn out and stated, can of course have no convincing force with those whose minds are already possessed by a pre-conceived theory that excludes them. That they should reject them is a matter of course:

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that they should accept them can only be desired when they shall have conformed to the severe conditions of a laborious and minute inquiry, which if they had the inclination they probably have not the time to undertake. The true Homeric reader has not yet acquired an adequate knowledge of the results obtained from comparative philology or religion outside Homer: and, if I am right, the labourers in this wider field have not yet appropriated and digested the results of thorough Homeric reading.

It may be said that this representation of the case condemns inquirers to perplexity, and readers to despair. Not so. What it really inculcates is not despair, but patience. Let Egyptology, Assyriology, Homerology, and the whole chubby and growing family of *ologies* work on steadily in the collection and classification of materials, without limit, and in the suggestion of inferences from them with no other reserve than this one important condition, that they shall not present to the world their provisional and hypothetical results as accepted facts, or demonstrated conclusions. How much error and confusion have arisen or may arise from overleaping this barrier of reserve, there is no present occasion to consider. The office of a genuine inquirer and collector of facts, if humble, is honourable. But if he is determined to forestall the future, if the grub is resolved to play the butterfly, then, inasmuch as his future is one that never may arrive, instead of growing into a discoverer, he may eventually stand revealed as an impostor.

When the *realien* or positive contents of the Homeric Poems shall have been at length collected and published, they will with a vast economy of labour be gradually distilled through the brains of a number of competent men, such for example as those who have theorised at large on Nature-worship, men who will have time to consider the evidence, but would not have had time to collect it. Then there will grow up, one by one, a body of approved results; and these, taking their proper places through the force of intellectual gravitation, will obtain their final certificates as portions of the established knowledge of mankind.

Having stated, above, the two propositions in which I find myself on ground which accords with the theory of Nature-worship, I will now state my propositions as to that portion of the evidence from the Poems which gives no support to the theory. I premise that for brevity's sake I shall call the three great factors of Greek religion by the respective names of Pelasgian, Asiatic, and Hellenic.

In the Asiatic factor I include all that may have come through the Phœnician channel, whether from Assyria, or Syria, or Egypt. Of the Homeric deities Poseidon, Hephaistos, Hermes, and Aphroditè plainly are associated with it. My further propositions then are these:

1. This Asiatic element seems to have no positive signs in the

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Poems of elemental connection in any of its deities, except a residuary trace in Hephaistos of a relation to fire, which may or may not be indicative of a more extended or intimate relation of the same kind outside the Homeric or Achaian system. Thus, for example; where, in Troas, Hephaistos overcomes the hostile action of the rivers by the element of fire at his command, the expression used is (*Il.* xxi. 342) τιτύσκετο θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ, which, though it does not require, yet from its simple directness admits, the materialising idea. With regard to Poseidon in particular, it is impossible to bring any theory of an elemental origin into accordance with the Homeric evidence. If the theory of Nature-worship is to be made good for him, or for Hermes, or for Aphroditè, it must be by testimony drawn from sources wholly separate.

2. With regard to the Hellenic element of the Olympian religion, the presumptions against the theory are stronger. The case stands thus. We find in the Poems a group of traditions, apparently associated with the Achaian factor of the nation, which are anthropomorphic in a fashion and degree such as to render it highly improbable that they could have been mere impersonations of natural phenomena, with an exception (Iris) such in its character as to confirm the rule. It is still more in opposition to the theory, that this group of Olympian facts and personages bears a strong resemblance to the Semitic traditions of the Book of Genesis. I have found the force of this resemblance continually to grow with the careful and comprehensive collection of the evidence in detail. And the presumptions adverse to the theory of Nature-worship, as an exclusive theory, are still further heightened when we observe in certain of the Hellenic personages of the Olympian system, such as Apollo, signs that in some other lands divine personages having points of correspondence with him had such attributes as to connect them, more or less, with systems of Nature-worship. For the question then arises whether this purely personal and theanthropic conception is not the original conception, whether the relation to natural objects is not later and superinduced, whether the Homeric Poems may not be a corroborative witness to the Book of Genesis as to the form under which the idea of God was first made known to or conceived by the race of Adam?

I will not at present use the phrase, however familiar, of primitive revelation, because that involves the consideration and solution of other questions not necessary for the present purpose, and likely to import warmth, or at least prepossession, into the inquiry. It is an inquiry which ought to be carried on with the same cool and clear impartiality as if we were osteologists who had found a bone and were trying to fix the animal to whose configuration it belonged, or mathematicians who had to choose between the best probable modes of solving a complicated equation. Here are before us a group of traditions which appear to connect themselves with the Hellenic or

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Achaian factor of the Greek nation: whose entire spirit is alien alike to the worship of animals and of inanimate nature: and which present marked resemblances to many, and marked conformity or compatibility with all the main features of the Hebrew tradition recorded in Genesis. The whole question is whether these resemblances and this compatibility indicate a common origin? It is neither more than this, nor less. And it cannot be disposed of by contempt, or neglect, or indolent superficiality, or adventurous theory made conspicuous in the world's eye by walking upon stilts. It must be tried by the laws of evidence, the established rules of reason and probability. It will not do to say—

All the Aryan religions had their origin in Nature-worship.
This is a case of an Aryan religion.
Therefore it had its origin in Nature-worship;

as long as the major proposition is faced by a set of pre-historic traditions, belonging to a particular Aryan race, strongly opposed in their present form to the idea and scope of Nature-worship, and not yet shown to have been converted into that present form by a metamorphic operation such as to reverse the whole principle of their life, the whole basis on which they rest, by the substitution of the theanthropic or anthropomorphic idea for the *cultus* of external nature.

Mr. Fairbairn, in the first part of his lately published *Studies on the Philosophy of Religion*, has rendered much aid to inquirers by his independence of sentiment, and his directness and clearness in expression. It is our own fault if we fail to understand him: and a sketch of his leading propositions will set out for us a well-defined position in the face of the problem that we have to solve.

On grounds which appear to me quite insufficient, but which it is unnecessary now to discuss, Mr. Fairbairn wholly repudiates the idea of a primitive revelation (p. 13). I accept his dictum under protest for the purpose of the present argument, since the aim of that argument is to deal with the evidence and the probabilities of the case on grounds entirely apart from either the proof or the assumption of such a revelation. If the upshot of this process shall be to bring out the primitive idea of God in a form accordant with that form which certain records purporting to embody such a revelation exhibit, that is a fit matter for consideration in its own place: at present we have nothing to do with it.

Mr. Fairbairn seeks to follow up to its very cradle the idea of God among our Indo-European or Iranian ancestors, and to trace its lineaments as he finds them there exhibited. He recognises the tendency of the Semitic races to Monotheism (p. 16), and considers that Indo-European man not only has been tolerant of the different gods of different nations, but has conceived the Divine unity as abstract, while the Semite holds it as personal. The 'Indo-European

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tendency was to religious multiplicities, but to philosophic unities' (p. 17). The God of a religion is an object of worship; the Deity of a philosophy is a product of speculation.

As an historical basis, Mr. Fairbairn assumes (1) the original unity of the Indo-European nations; (2) the existence of the rudimentary form of their civilisation before they separated; (3) the connection of their several mythologies with the faith of the still united family, as of branches with their parent stem (p. 18). These propositions will probably, in their general form of expression, be admitted.

He considers it undeniable that these mythologies resolve themselves into simpler and fewer elements, the farther they are traced back. The Greek Polytheism is formed by a confluence of several streams, which can be traced to their respective Indo-European, Pelasgic, Hellenic, Oriental, and Egyptian fountain-heads (p. 20). So likewise, 'centuries behind the Vedas,' we can trace the point of severance between two streams, which parted to form the Indian and Iranian peoples, with their respective religions. Subsequently to this parting, philology shows us that there were fewer gods than in the Vedic age, but more than before the separation (p. 22). With these new gods a priesthood had arisen; during the time of the unity of the Aryan race, 'the proper name of one God' had come into use, and this name in its different forms, Dyaus, Zeus, and the rest, pervades the branches of the Aryan family (p. 24). There was also a term expressive of the idea of Deity similarly pervasive; subject however, to a doubt whether the Greek *θεὸς* has a radical affinity with *deus* and the other unquestioned members of the family (p. 25). The co-existence of the two is an indication of polytheism; for us, there is no distinction between Deity and God. The general or abstract name seems to have been the older, and to have been at first individual, so that individuality is the starting point (p. 28). Dyaus was Deva, *Ζεὺς ὁ θεός* (p. 29); it is in conformity with this representation that amidst the strongly marked polytheism of the Homeric Poems we find their Zeus holding a relation to their *theos*, which is held by none other of the gods.

Admitting the sense of *Dyaus*, and of *Deva*, to be related to light, Mr. Fairbairn refuses to admit that the distinction of sex in Deities, and the marriage of heaven and earth, belongs to a primitive stage of religion. Earth is not so old a goddess, as heaven is a god (p. 30). The German *Zio* has no consort. 'The separation of the sexes implies an anthropomorphism, rudimentary indeed but real' (p. 31). This, I apprehend, is a proposition alike true and pregnant. It leads, of course, to this among other modes of application—that whenever we find in a mythology facts which belong to an order not based on separation of the sexes, we have an indication of a primitive or very ancient tradition. Such, in the Homeric Poems, is the remarkable case of Athenè. Arès, after he has been wounded by

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Diomed, sharply expostulates with his father Zeus for the partiality which induces him to allow to this goddess unbridled freedom of action. She was a pet, and a privileged disturber of the peace of the Olympian halls, because he was her sole parent.

ἀλλ' ἀνιεῖς, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγείνao παῖδ' ἀΐδηλον.[16]

Hence arises a presumption that the mythological origin of Athenè from the brain of Zeus was the mythical form of a tradition older than the anthropomorphic constitution of the Olympian Court; and this presumption is sustained by a great deal of independent evidence.

And the worship of *Dyaus*, says Mr. Fairbairn, may be termed a Nature-worship, because one word was the name both of Heaven and of God; but Nature is here only a synonym for God (pp. 33, 38). Nature personified was only nature conceived as living (p. 34); but Indo-European religion founded itself on Divine Fatherhood, Semitic on Divine Sovereignty (p. 37). Imagination supplied the physical, conscience the moral part of the conception.

> Terror, distempered dreams, fear of the unknown causes of the accidents and destructive phenomena of nature, the desire to propitiate the angry ghosts of ancestors deceased—none of these could have produced the simple, sublime faith of our Indo-European manchild—p. 38.

Here subsisted a faith, in which Naturalism and Spiritualism existed together harmoniously as form and matter, letter and spirit (p. 42); when they part, the higher element predominates in the Iranian, the lower in the Indian branch. In later developments we find *not the moral emerging slowly from the physical, but the physical eclipsing the moral.*

> We require, therefore, a faculty generative of these primary religious acts and ideas, and we have it in conscience. Consciousness and conscience rose together—p. 43.
>
> The idea of God was thus given in the very same act as the idea of self: neither could be said to precede the other—p. 43.

A priesthood was developed in course of time, the result of more toilsome and occupied life, and of a sense of faults and sins (p. 47). And Mr. Fairbairn traces in some detail the probable forms of theogonic and anthropomorphic evolution; as likewise the formation of amalgamated religions, formed from confluences of a diversity of ethnical elements (p. 53).

The general result then is that Mr. Fairbairn traces upwards Indo-European religion from its more complete to its simpler forms, until he finds it in that condition which is generally understood by the word Monotheism, but which, it must be admitted, is more accurately

[16] *Il.* v. 880. The same meaning is perhaps conveyed by v. 875 σὺ γὰρ τέκες ἄφρονα κούρην, as τέκες in the *Iliad* is usually applied to the mother; there are, however, instances, in ordinary parentage, to the contrary.

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designated as Henotheism, the affirmative belief in one God without the sharply defined exclusive line, which makes it a belief in Him as the only God. This latter form of monotheism proper may be rather the Semitic than the Aryan conception. But having mounted up so far towards the fountain-head, is there anything to prevent us from proceeding further? Having got behind the elemental forms in which the Indian conceptions of Deity were, as time flowed on, more and more thickly clothed; having dismissed the motley tribe, the *bunt gewimmel* of the European mythologies, and reached that inner sanctuary, in which God is conceived as one God, ruler of the world and man; having come within an easy stage of the Semitic conception as it is defined by historical and philological inquirers, is there any reason why we should halt at such a point, or why that stage also should not be traversed, and why we should not examine whether there be or be not an original identity between the Indo-European and the Semitic conceptions of the Deity respectively?

Let it not for a moment be supposed that I seek to beg this question. I have only pleaded, thus far, that there is no legitimate bar to an examination into the evidence.

The great authority for the Semitic conception of God is acknowledged to be found in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, and especially, I apprehend, in the traditions which the Book of Genesis records. Around these records there gathered among the Jews a group of illustrative oral traditions, only committed, or only known to have been committed, to writing at periods comparatively so late, that their claim to authority must principally depend upon their accordance, their inner sympathy, so to speak, with the more authentic forms of the written Books.

Now the idea of Deity is revealed, or let me say exhibited, in these ancient records not alone but with accompaniments. It is (1) exhibited not absolutely and exclusively under the idea of an Unity, but also under the idea of a Tri-unity. Man, the vassal and creature of this Deity, is also subjected to the action (2) of a tempting spirit, that solicits and misleads him into disobedience, sorely perverting and enfeebling, without wholly destroying, his true relation to his legitimate Ruler. This tempting and misleading spirit, which brings no compensation for the injury it inflicts, is exhibited (3) under the figure of the Serpent. (4) The Tree, as well as the Serpent, forms a prominent figure in the imagery, which describes the great moral catastrophe of our race. (5) There is a Deliverer who, in the future, not without suffering to himself, shall effectually quell the Serpent-Tempter, working the Divine Will against him, and re-establishing the harmony, of which he had brought about the breach. (6) In this Deliverer, the purpose of whose life and being is so identified with the will of the Supreme, the character of humanity is strongly marked by his description as the seed of the woman, and to the woman, who

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thus forms the link between him and our common humanity, a certain glory cannot but attach in respect of this most solemn and mysterious relationship. (7) One and only one physical phenomenon is, in Genesis, associated with the establishment and assurance of peace in the natural world between God and man. It is the rainbow, which is appointed, says the Book, to tell from God to man, as often as it appears, that the covenant of order is still in force. (8) The sublime conception of the Wisdom of God appears only in the later Scriptures in connection with a Personality; but it is claimed by the Hebrews as a part of their tradition, and when it thus appears, it appears as annexed to the character of the Deliverer, and as forming one side or manifestation of that character. (9) We are also from nearly the earliest date introduced to the practice of animal sacrifice, which is offered, after man has developed at least into nomad communities, without the medium of a priestly caste. (10) These later Scriptures also describe to us a 'war in heaven,' with the defeat and ejectment of the spirits rebellious against the Most High. So far all I may say is undisputed. Nor is any question thus raised as to a primitive revelation. These traditions are placed before us only as being, like other traditions, matter of fact; and this, whether they truly report facts, or whether they do not.

It is at this point that the evidence offered to us with remarkable abundance and multiformity by the Poems of Homer puts in, as I conceive, its claim to a distinctive function altogether its own. It is true indeed, that in various quarters we may find abundance of fragmentary coincidences, in the practice or religion of Indo-European races, with the remarkable group of Hebrew traditions, of which I have thus briefly reminded the reader. It may suffice for the present to refer to the worship of the Serpent and the Tree, and the remarkable association between them. But it is only in the Homeric Poems, so far as I know, that we find a reproduction of every one of these extraordinary characteristics of the Hebrew narrative; an assemblage which nearly exhausts the distinctive features of the most ancient Scriptures. For, among these features, there is only the Deluge of which the Poems do not bear the trace. It is found in other tracts of literature and tradition, but as having probably come in through later contact with the East, and not presenting the presumptions of direct derivation from an archaic source, which I contend may reasonably attach to the Poems. And the analogues of these Hebrew traditions, which the verse of Homer supplies, are not mere copies or mechanical reproductions, but bear the marks of transmission through the mind of a race with a different tendency and a genius original to itself, and appear in forms attempered to that genius and that tendency. Those marks are principally as follows.

1. In the Hebrew Scriptures not only is the idea of sin, which had been manifested at the first, carefully preserved, but it is educated,

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enlarged, and developed, so that in the historic ages it becomes a strong and sharp mark of mental and moral severance between the Jew and the Gentile. In the Hellenic race, which is cut off from the searching discipline and training accorded to the Semitic Hebrews, this idea becomes by degrees more and more faint.

2. The powerful imagination of the Greek, seeking for congenial pasture, lays hold upon the anthropomorphic element, which the Hebrew tradition of the Deliverer manifestly introduces into religion, that is to say into the consideration of the relation between God and man. The idea thus supplied it freely enlarges and applies in the prevailing humanism of the entire Olympian system.

3. As in these two particulars the Hellenic, and especially the Achaian, form of religion is broadly distinguished from that of the Hebrew-Semite, so in a third point it is marked off from the systems of other races, who had a less elevated conception of human nature than the children of Hellas. Wherever, in the Hebrew tradition, there is an opening for religious reverence or superstition to gather itself round an object inferior to man, that opening is in the Homeric Poems, and in the Olympian system, effectually barred. The ox, habitually offered in sacrifice, grew into an object of worship, and to such worship, as we know, the Hebrews themselves were curiously and fatally prone. In Homer there is not so much as the idea of animal worship; but the ox, in the Eastern sphere of his Outer Geography, becomes the consecrated animal and favourite of the Sun, whom he evidently regards as the prevailing divinity of the Eastern lands. The worship of the serpent, again, spread quickly through the world, and may even be found to throw some light on the contested question as to the unity of the race. In the Hebrew history, the animal has a place most singular and significant. In Homer, there are indeed legendary traces of serpent worship not Achaian, but the creature comes no nearer to the sphere of religion, than by appearing as a portent for the augur to interpret, and mostly fills the harmless though high character of an heraldic symbol.

If the Achaian system refused to bow the lofty head of man before the inferior orders of animated nature, still less would it stoop before objects belonging to the vegetable kingdom. We have not therefore a sign of tree-worship in Homer; but, as in the other cases, we have the marks that the Hebrew tradition of the tree, associating it with the subject matter of religion, had passed into the mental stock of the ancestors of the Greeks. Accordingly the tree appears connected with Deity in more ways than one; as the lofty oak, out of which the oracles of Zeus were delivered at Dodona, and in the consecrated grove of poplars (*αἴγειροι*) which fringed the bank of the great River Ocean on the way to the Underworld.

And yet once more. We have no evidence from the Scriptures of worship, or even reverence, offered to the rainbow. But the rain-

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bow is placed in the Book of Genesis in direct relations with religion; in such relations as to be within a proximate likelihood of attracting religious worship. Accordingly precaution is taken by the Achaian mind against this degradation. And as the ox, the serpent, and the tree were confined within safe precincts, wholly exterior to the Olympian Court, so, in the case of the rainbow, there is evoked from the bosom of the natural phenomenon a beautiful anthropomorphic impersonation, under the name of Iris, who becomes an acknowledged member of the Olympian Court, and there fulfils the office of messenger between God and man. And it is a striking though a subtle testimony to the purity and antiquity of the conception, from which she took her origin, that she is never the messenger of the collective Court, as if to show that she had no relations with the variegated family of gods belonging to the composite order. She is the personal messenger of Zeus, and of him only; except that Herè, by a certain derivation or reflection of his attributes, which practically marks this particular goddess, can also put her services in requisition. All this looks like the poet's manner of telling us that the region of ideas, in which his swift and gentle Iris had been born, was the henotheistic region, and that it formed no part of the more promiscuous and more recent formations. So we find, on the one hand, that the Poet, to work out his idea, keeps the Iris of Olūmpos all along most carefully separated from the Iris of the sky; and that this Olympian agent, on the other hand, never had priest, temple, or sacrifice, never entered into the operative religion of the race, but lived and died only in the theology of Homer.

It is surely no accident, but a law, and a law full of meaning, by which in each of these instances a subtle change is brought to bear, which does not efface the identity of the tradition, but modifies it in accordance with a peculiar genius, and upon a basis of essential uniformity, such as may almost seem to carry an analogy with Grimm's law, which unveils to us the transmutation by an unvarying rule of consonants; the one following the structure of the vocal organs, the other obedient, in a loftier sphere, to the varieties of mind.

Now do not let it be imagined that I profess to have exhibited in this paper the full proof of kinship between the Achaian, or Hellenic, element of the Olympian religion, and those more remarkable traditions recorded or indicated in the Hebrew Scriptures, which form part of the base of the great scheme of Faith still dominant over the civilised world, and the ruling development of mankind. To draw out this evidence requires much more than could be supplied by any paper in a review. We should (for example) have to examine the peculiar character and formation of the Homeric Trinity, which are such as to require the supposition that it is not a thing indigenous to Greece, or a mere creation of the Poet's mind, but has also an historical being, and is imported from an extraneous source. We should require to show the utterly shadowy,

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nay I must add futile, character of all attempts to explain the character, and the Olympian position, of the profoundly venerated Leto, which do not recognise her root in the great Hebrew tradition of Genesis. Above all we should have to pursue through, not a wilderness, but an order of almost countless details the two great characters of Athenè and Apollo as they stand in Homer, stamped at almost every point with the clearest evidence of sharp severances from the other members of the Olympian family who gather around the throne of Zeus, and with notes difficult or impossible of explanation except when we find the key in the Hebrew doctrines of the Deliverer and the Wisdom.

What I seek now to point out is this: that it is a grave matter for the inquiry and consideration of competent persons whether the Homeric Poems, in their representation of Achaian religion, do or do not carry true marks of kindred with the Semitic traditions recorded in the Scriptures of the older Testament. If they do not, *cadit quæstio.* But I have even here shown certain tokens of presumption that they do. If they do, the concurrence is one full of weight and meaning. For then the religions of Semite and Indo-European are shown to us as springing from a common source: as having once presented under features of identity what we now trace as features of resemblance.

This chapter of inquiry will then be one complete in itself. It will only add to the able investigation of Mr. Fairbairn that one stage, in which, as it seems to me, he still stops short of the final and crowning truth. It will not be in conflict with the evidence for the Solar Theory (so to call it) at any point short of that at which the theory, grown as I think over-bold, claims to be, among Aryans at least, both absolutely original and absolutely universal, and disclaims that region lying in the dim distance, the true *incunabula* of its historic or legendary life, which all or some of its most distinguished champions cannot refrain from acknowledging. But undoubtedly it will convert into solid practical roadway what is otherwise morass or quicksand. From it we may travel on to ulterior investigations with increased advantage. And among them will obviously be the inquiry, whether those traditions, now called Semitic, so remarkable in themselves, and thus fortified with fresh evidence of their derivation from the very cradle of our race, were really, with all the touching, all the profound, all the noble elements they embody, the mere inventions of that race's infantine ingenuity, like the playthings of the child-artificer Hephaistos in his deep sea-cave; or whether the Almighty was pleased, by direct instruction from Himself, to supply the creatures of His hand, whom he had made subject to special dangers and temptations, with a provision also of special guards and guarantees.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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IMPERIALISM AND SOCIALISM.

THE present crisis in English politics is intimately connected with a still greater crisis in European history.

The distinctive and alarming feature of this crisis is the terrible strain put upon Europe by the fact that her great empires are armed to the teeth, living in constant dread of one another, and almost in equal dread of their own people. Modern Imperialism, wherever tried, has produced *Socialism*. Imperialism in France produced the Commune. Before the first German Emperor had become used to his Imperial crown, he was startled by the presence of Socialist representatives in his Parliament and attempts upon his own life. In Russia Nihilism haunts the air like an omnipresent spectre, and undermines the very palace of the Czar. These great military empires all have their skeleton in the cupboard. They are followed by a shadow—*Socialism*.

There is obviously a relation of cause and effect in this terrible coincidence. De Tocqueville described the great tidal wave of Democracy sweeping over the western world. He likened its overwhelming force, and the certainty of its onward movement, to the great geological changes which have taken place on the surface of the earth. But Socialism is not Democracy, though, under Imperial guidance, Democracy seems always to end in Socialism. Democracy is the claim of a self-reliant people for equal rights and fair play for every man, standing on his own feet, to guide his own life unfettered by needless interference on the part of the State. Socialism is the sad opposite of this. It is the cry of a helpless and enfeebled residuum unable to run alone, calling for a State which, instead of oppressing it and making its life hard, shall do everything for it—feed, clothe, and amuse it. Nihilism is another form of the same social disease, another outcome of political despair. How is it that, under Imperial guidance, Democracy, instead of being developed into a healthy and self-reliant manhood, is debased into the second childhood and helpless moral deformity of Socialism?

This terrible result seems to be the logical consequence of a necessary course of action on the part of modern Imperialism—viz., the subordination of internal development to external military ascendency. It would seem that the two ends cannot both be attained.

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Step by step the pursuance of the one cripples and confines the other. A policy of military ascendency needs for its success more and more of personal rule. This must of necessity depreciate representative institutions. The more Napoleon poses as himself France, the less can senates and parliaments be France. The more Prince Bismarck claims to be the German Empire, the less often will the German Parliament be consulted, and the less needful will it be for it even to meet annually.

The depreciation of Parliamentary institutions hits at the root of the habit of self-government. The rulers take the reins into their own hands, and the nation expects everything from them and less and less from itself. There may be a semblance of rule by popular will, but when the popular will is asked to act, it is to surrender the reins into the ruler's hands. This results in an alliance of the monarch and the mob. The popular will is invoked by appeals to popular passions rather than by argument addressed to the best mind of the nation. The reins are tightly grasped in Imperial hands. Imperial interests rule the roast. The working of the inevitable circle of mischief proceeds. Imperial interests make everything bend to the needs of foreign policy. Home questions are more and more neglected. Popular wrongs go unredressed. The burdens of taxation to support an ever increasing army grow in inverse ratio to the power to bear them. Compulsory military service interferes vexatiously with individual life, commercial education, and the increase of wealth. Life becomes hard to the working classes, and discontent arises with the institutions of the country.

In former times suffering was silent, and the crushed worm did not turn. But since the revolutions of 1848 discontent has found a voice in Europe. It is no longer silent as of old. It even tries to act. It uses constitutional methods first. It sends its Socialists to Parliament. And when Parliamentary influence wanes and it finds no efficient safety-valve there, it takes a lesson from its rulers, who deify force rather than reason: it no longer speaks; it resorts to diabolical attempts to assassinate monarchs and blow up palaces.

There is a tightly-tied logical sequence in this sad process and result. Step by step, by inexorable logic, Democracy is guided and turned by Imperial policy into the curse which undoubtedly Socialism is.

Let us not be too hard upon the great Continental empires. A policy of military Imperialism may at the moment be a hard necessity to Russia, to Germany, and even as an Imperial legacy to now republican France. One fatal step leads to another. The futile attempt of the Second Empire to reproduce Cæsarism in the modern world led to Sedan, and made Germany into an empire whose existence between France and Russia rests upon the sword. It is a hard necessity, from which these empires would gladly be freed.

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But there was one nation free from this necessity, which seemed to be committed to a policy the reverse of Imperial. Its government was not a union of the monarch and the mob, but a free Parliamentary government under a Queen, whose special glory it was that, aided by the wisdom of the late Prince Consort, she had read the signs of the times and proved how representative government may best flourish under a constitutional crown. Through a long reign of this enlightened policy it had grown in freedom and respect for law, as well as in population, commerce, and wealth. It was a nation of whom alone among the nations it could be said that her army was supplied entirely by voluntary enlistment, and that the masses of her people, if they chose to abstain from a few common luxuries, need hardly know that they were taxed at all; a nation in whose experience democracy had been trained and guided into peaceful paths, until the people, habituated to self-reliance and self-control, had altogether abandoned the old cry of Chartism, the product of former oppressive taxation and unequal laws; a nation in which it might be said without exaggeration that there was no Socialism.

And yet this moment, when Continental Imperialism is everywhere confronted by Socialism, is chosen by the ruling party of the English nation—the party calling itself conservative—to let itself be drawn by its leader into a policy which he himself has cynically and theatrically recommended to the nation under the ill-fated name of 'Imperialism'!

The new-fangled policy of Lord Beaconsfield may be only a *mock* Imperialism, and be intended to stop far short of a real one; but it certainly already has to a most ingenious extent succeeded in adopting, and even ostentatiously displaying, the distinctive marks and notes of its Continental prototype. It is not only that the Queen was made to make herself an Empress, and that the Prime Minister has adopted Imperial terms and used Imperial phrases. With almost incredible cunning he has succeeded in producing some of the first fruits of Imperialism with even hothouse haste. No sooner was English Imperial policy commenced than it promptly proceeded to neglect home questions for the sake of the spirited foreign policy avowedly aimed at from its first advent on the political stage. In the Prime Minister's latest manifesto the same neglect is continued; whilst, in parading his foreign policy before the electors, he cannot keep the word 'ascendency' out of his lips. Again and again the tendency to personal rule and the consequent depreciation of Parliamentary institutions has been already witnessed. The Prime Minister has deliberately used his great Parliamentary majority, not to increase, but to lessen, the influence of Parliament in the councils of the State. No recent Prime Minister has ever taken such pains as he apparently has done to elude Parliamentary discussion. His great strokes of policy have all been achieved in secret behind the scenes, concealed till the appointed time—even, it would seem, sometimes

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from his colleagues—and sanctioned by Parliament only after they were done.

It is true that this mock Imperialism lacks the courage which the real thing requires. Ostentatious warlike preparations have not gone further than threats. Actual wars have been rather 'shabby' than heroic, and have earned for the armies of England but small glory. A real Imperial policy, on the other hand, would require doubled armaments and not a mere transfer of Indian soldiers into Europe. The present Government have shown even a gingerly fear lest the English tax-payer should feel the pressure of increased burdens. All this may be conceded. But an Imperial game must have its risks, and a single accident at any moment might have drawn the nation into a real war. Were such a war to come about, not with Zulus and Afghans, but with a Continental Imperial rival, the scale and the cost of the armaments would be fixed by the Continental standard, and the hazard may be measured by the enormous cost to both winner and loser of recent Continental struggles. Such a war commenced would require the English army to be doubled and enforced conscription to begin at once. Though, therefore, the present Government may have neither the will nor the courage to pursue a real Imperial policy, still, in assuming its name and aping its methods at a grave crisis of European history, they at least have been playing with fire.

It remains to be seen whether the other great English party can guide democracy to a better goal and pursue a foreign policy more consistent with the greater aim. On the solution of this problem of democracy by England a great deal depends; for England at the present moment seems to be the only great European nation where it has a fair prospect of an early and steady solution. And the position of England in another respect is altogether unique.

We have heard much of late of English ascendency in Asia and English ascendency in the councils of Europe. We have been taught that ascendency comes with Imperial policy, and Imperial policy is obviously based on military power. But military power rests ultimately on population. The size of armies has become the chief factor in modern land warfare. And an Imperial policy in Asia seems bent on giving to England an extended land boundary between Constantinople and the Himalayas. This sort of ascendency, then, will require land forces. And a nation in these days can hardly be a first-rate military power on land without counting its soldiers almost by millions. But the population of England is, and always must be, limited. And to trust to Indian Sepoys would be doubtful policy. To arm provinces is to follow the example which ruined Rome. The hundreds of millions of China also can arm. Another generation may see her armies provided with European rifles and ordnance, and under European drill. This is the future of a race for ascendency in

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Asia. And the foundation on which it must be built is at present the apex of an inverted pyramid—*the handful of Englishmen in India.* About as many English emigrants have left our shores every year for the West as the whole number of Englishmen in India, soldiers and civilians taken together.

Yes, let us turn to the West before we estimate the true nature of our duties, and incur these perils in the East. Let us turn from the lesser problem of military ascendency in Asia to the greater problem of the internal development and true guidance of our own democracy, and see whether in the true solution of that great problem new light may not be thrown upon English relations to other European States and to India.

The unique peculiarity of the English nation is this, that she is peopling the New World—the new Englands beyond the oceans in the West and the South, the temperate zones of the world, where her people can live.

Do we realise sufficiently what this great fact means? The English-speaking people in a very few years will number 100,000,000. Our children may well live to see the numbers swell to hundreds of millions. The present rate of increase in the United States—by far the largest factor in the question—is said to be 2½ per cent. per annum. The question whether at the end of the next century the English-speaking peoples will number more or less than 1,000,000,000 is dependent, of course, upon other causes than the mere ratio of increase, but as a question of possible figures it depends simply upon whether the rate of increase in the future slightly exceeds or falls short of what it has been in our own times. And if by a vast free-trade system such a population can be fed, there is room in the territory of English-speaking America for 1,000,000,000 of population, without coming up to the limit of density which prevails at the present moment in the old country. Does England, the mother of these future nations, realise what this vast possibility means?

Is it too much to say that the future of civilisation depends upon whether the great problem of democracy, which it seems to be the chosen destiny of England and her children to grapple with, can be fairly solved? Are we to neglect our part in the problem of the internal development of this vast people for the sake of some Imperial phantom of ascendency in Asia? Is a mind impregnated with Eastern mystery to lead us away, by trailing a red herring in our path, from the great realities which plainly lie before us in the West? With this tremendous stake in the problem of the guidance of our own democracy, are we to ape the methods, the style, and false glitter of Continental Imperialism, which has succeeded before our own eyes in turning Democracy into Socialism, and which everywhere trembles before its own progeny, like Milton's Sin in the presence of her offspring?

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Nothing would guide the English voter at the present juncture with a surer logic and to a clearer choice than an adequate conception of the magnitude and importance of the political problem which lies before the English nation. Its solution involves a foreign policy consistent with it; for the home and foreign policy of a nation with so unique a destiny must be consistent. This fact alone excludes Imperialism. Imperialism, too, seems to fail altogether in its perception of what democracy is. It poses as the saviour of society from it. It distrusts democracy, whilst plunging into universal suffrage in order to use it as its tool. It distrusts democracy, because it confounds it with Socialism. It praises and imitates Cæsar, because it thinks he saved society from Roman democracy and founded the Roman Empire. It ends in itself producing, not a stable Empire, but the 'Commune.'

Probably the confusion in thought between democracy and Socialism comes from a superficial appreciation of the fact that the democracy of Greece and Rome *was* Socialism. It was not a true democracy, in the modern sense of the word. It was, in fact, a democratic Imperialism, which grew logically into an Imperial-Socialism. The vice of Imperialism which pervaded the false democracies of Greece and Rome was exactly what forced them into Socialism, just as it forces democracy into Socialism now.

For the classical democracy was a democracy of citizens ruling an empire. The Demos was the despotic and tyrannical ruler of dependent provinces. Itself composed of thousands of citizens, it governed hundreds of thousands or millions of enslaved people. The trading and farming and working classes were, speaking roughly, excluded from citizenship and from the franchise. Even in the governing city, Athens or Rome, society was based on slavery. The trade, the work, was done by slaves. The citizen cared not to soil his fingers with such servile labours. There was a democracy among the citizens, but the curse of it was that it was an Imperial democracy, which ruled its empire to enrich its own privileged, and therefore demoralised and enervated, class. The upper ten thousand were nursed in luxurious ease. No wonder they excelled in taste, in art, in education and refinement of manners. The world has never ceased to admire the results of the genius of cultured and refined Athens. But even in the select democracy of citizens there grew up a proletariate. Refined and polished citizens are selfish as other men. Wealth gravitates into the hands of the few. Ambition and greed seize the rich like a disease. Then arose, therefore, the inevitable contrast between rich and poor. Enormous fortunes grew up in the hands of the few. The mass of citizens, proud and poor, enervated and helpless (like the mean whites in the slave States of America), looked to the State to provide them with food and to keep them amused. The mob followed the leader who most lavishly fostered

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and fed their appetites. This was Socialism. The true idea of democracy did not exist in reality, nor even in the brain of the classical world. Even the dream of Plato's Republic is a dream, not of a true democracy, but of a Socialistic State.

Therefore, perhaps, it is not surprising that those who are so destitute of political originality as to imitate Cæsar in the nineteenth century are also so destitute of political insight as to confound modern democracy with the Socialism which follows Imperialism like a shadow.

The true democracy has another origin, and runs along entirely different lines. Its origin was not classical. One finds here and there a stray glimpse of the true spirit which underlies it—*e.g.* in the remarkable flash of thought which Xenophon puts into the mouth of Cyrus in his romance, the *Cyropædeia*, when he makes the dying monarch charge his sons, next to respect for the gods, to have regard to the good of the whole human race. But Greek thought was neither mastered itself by this nascent regard for the human race, nor did it impress it on mankind.

The real effective power of modern democracy had its well-head in a soul whose humility instinctively claimed brotherhood with the poor and the heavily burdened, whose refinement of feeling and tenderness for human nature surpassed that even of modern womanhood. It was no mere sentimental feeling, but a deep and lasting power, able as a matter of fact in history to enforce itself on others, and thus, by sowing a seed in the human heart the growth of which not even empires could stop, to turn the civilisation of the leading races of the next 2,000 years into a new channel. It is not in the history of dogmas, or in the history of rival Churches with their rival theologies, but in the history of the Christian spirit, that the secret will be found of the reason why modern civilisation is called Christian, or why Christian civilisation is identified with the true development of modern democracy. At this very moment when the hold of rival theologies on men's minds is most loosened, the Christian spirit is achieving its highest political victory.

At this crisis, when there lies before the English-speaking race that vast and startling combination of expansive power and room all ready prepared wherein to expand, so that it might almost be said that a new world of opportunity is opened to its view, this victory of the Christian spirit over the political mind of England gives a new possibility that the English people may be able to solve in this vast field and under new conditions the problem which Continental Imperialism cannot solve—that of guiding democracy into something better than the Socialism which is the shadow and curse of empires.

For the first time in the history of mankind has such a vast future been opened to the conscious vision of any people: and, with such a prospect before it, for the first time in the history of mankind

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has a people consciously set about so absolutely noble a political task. I say 'consciously,' because it *is* consciously that the best of modern English statesmen, of whatever political party, set about the solution of the problem with the principle acknowledged as settled beforehand, that the State is henceforth to exist for the good, not of a privileged class, but of the whole community, not on the basis of the old classical Socialism under which the State was to feed and clothe and amuse its citizens, but on the truer basis of individual freedom and responsibility, each man standing on his own feet, sowing his own seed and reaping himself the crop, whether sweet or bitter; every man respecting every other's rights and working under the cover of just laws which serve all alike and meddle needlessly with none. This is the avowed ideal of statesmen for the first time in history.

The mass of the hundreds of millions of English-speaking people that our children may live to see will dwell no doubt in the other Englands across the Atlantic. It needs not much political foresight to see that most of them will be citizens of English-speaking America, in whose vast territory, as already said, there is room for the whole thousand millions without its being more thickly peopled than England is now. The Australian colonies will have their share. A small portion only of the English people can possibly live in the old island; and new destinies will arise for England out of these new relations to her children. She cannot cut up her land at home among peasant proprietors contrary to economic laws, and if she could, only about one million of them—whatever her population—could be so disposed of. Her peasant proprietors, nevertheless, exist across the ocean on larger farms and under better circumstances than they could have done here. They have helped us to feed our own millions at home with cheap bread, notwithstanding the failure of home crops of corn. We cannot any more establish again in our Yorkshire and Lancashire dales peasant looms and spinning-wheels in cottages and at cottage doors. That idyllic stage of manufacturing enterprise has vanished for ever. We cannot for a moment, whatever may have been our manufacturing ascendency in the past, dream that we shall be able to spin all the cotton and weave all the cloth that the hundreds of millions of Englishmen across the ocean will require to clothe them. The time may come when we may have to import even coals from America to feed our furnaces. But the commercial prosperity of the older England, if she wisely acts her part, can hardly be other than vastly increased by the presence of fresh hundreds of millions of English customers in the New World for whatever in her own special line she may excel in making. England, moreover, ought to be able to make herself in some sense the centre of this extended English life. She ought to be able to make herself the Athens of the English-speaking world—their classical land—the home of the highest English culture without the Imperial vice

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which confined it to the few and ruined Athens. Life ought always to be worth living for Englishmen in England, if she can solve wisely her social problems and convert her proletariate into sober and educated citizens with a stake and interest in their country. Some of her children self-dependent, others still choosing to remain as colonies, all bound together by ties of common kindred and mutual interest, the more prosperous they are the more will they be likely to add to the prosperity and dignity of the mother-country; provided that England and her children can hold firmly together as one great kindred of peoples, keeping their hands from Imperial policy, and guiding their own vast democracy into peaceful and orderly channels.

This brings us back to the old question. The same great common domestic problem lies before England and the new Englands to be solved for their own sake and the sake of the world. They are alike in the absence of Socialism from their midst now. They are alike in practical freedom from the excessive burden of Imperial armaments on the modern scale. But if England allows the attraction of Continental Imperialism to draw her away from a true liberal policy and her possibly noble future into the trap of a race for ascendency in Asia; if little by little she lets herself be drawn still further into that Eastern policy which the Liberal party honestly and solemnly condemns, and asks the voters at the present election to condemn; then a single false step may any day lead to a war—the first, it may be, in a series of wars—which may strangle and cripple her future, whilst (yes, let us even then hope that it may be so) England's children may be wiser than herself, refuse from the first to listen to the siren's voice, and preserve for us at least new Englands where the great problem of the future may yet be peaceably solved.

In that case—we bearing the burdens of enormous armaments, enforced enlistment, and consequent taxation, whilst they are free from them—the competition would indeed be hard and ruinous to us. But it would be our own fault. The curse would be brought upon ourselves with our eyes open. It would be the defeat of a destiny at which wise men to the end of the world might well grieve.

There is no possible need why England should court so adverse a fate.

The possession of India is the only argument ever used to enforce the claims of an Imperial policy for England. It was in India that the Queen was made to make herself Empress.

And yet as regards the defence of India, was there ever a country better defended from foreign foes? With the mountains to the north, and the sea to the south; with the English fleet mistress of the seas, with this fleet in the Mediterranean, and a station at the Indian end of the Suez Canal, from which it would be but a few hours' work for a couple of ironclads to stop the canal against all comers at our own free will; with the ocean route round the Cape of Good Hope, and the Cape

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out of the deep,
in all that was
ıs thro' the vast
linous-eddying light—
ıild, out of the deep,
ıg world of changeless law,
ever-heightening life,
ıths of antenatal gloom,
on, this crescent—her dark orb
h's light—thou comest, darling boy;

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cally, in a country where her people cannot permanently live, six times as many Asiatics as she possesses citizens herself. It raises an ominous resemblance, and makes a parallel dangerously true, between the British and the old Roman Empire. But India, nevertheless, is the foster-child of England. It was not conquered by an English democracy. It is that corner of the English Empire which has not yet been subdued to democracy. The duty of England, herself converted to democracy in its true sense, is to keep India and to govern India, not, like the Romans, to fill the coffers of the State, but for the good of India. The success of England's rule will be measured by whether or not some generations hence—when perhaps there are 1,000,000,000 of Englishmen in the New World—the population of India is contented and happy and able to govern itself.

The strength of both England and India depends, therefore, upon the Liberal policy of steadily fostering internal development. Nothing is more likely to weaken both England and India than the subordination of this internal development to the necessities of a false Imperial policy. If ever a struggle should come for the life or freedom of either, the better prepared will both be to bear the strain and to conquer in the struggle the further advanced they may be in the solution of the internal problems which Imperialism everywhere fails to solve, and the less encumbered and fettered their free strength may be by the accumulated burdens of past wars and needless Imperial projects.

Finally, even for the sake of the future of the great Continental nations themselves, upon whom the burdens of Imperialism weigh with so heavy a weight, can there be a better service done by a neighbouring nation than England could do by the refusal to follow their example, by firmly adhering herself to a steady policy of peace on the basis, not of ascendency, but of international equality and concert? No other method seems to lie before them of reducing their tremendous armaments than joining with England and other nations in a course so sound and reasonable. Their interest, like that of England and the English-speaking nations and India, lies clearly in a return to the long-neglected task of internal development. If by this means they cannot convert their Socialism into the true type of a healthy and self-reliant and contented freedom, Socialism may not far hence become their master and end the useless race in armaments by a terrible European revolution.

F. Seebohm.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. XXXIX.—May 1880.

DE PROFUNDIS.

TWO GREETINGS.

I.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever-heightening life,
And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, darling boy;

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Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life
Breaking with laughter from the dark, and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshatter'd, then full-current thro' full man,
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are still.

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II.

1.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep before our world begins
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

2.

For in the world, which is not ours, They said
'Let us make man' and that which should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit half-lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being born

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And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
Who made thee unconceivably thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in all—
Live thou, and of the grain and husk, the grape
And ivyberry, choose ; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him who wrought
Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world.

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THE HUMAN CRY.

I.

HALLOWÈD be Thy name—Halleluiah !—
Infinite Ideality !
Immeasurable Reality !
Infinite Personality !
Hallowèd be Thy name—Halleluiah !

II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee ;
We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee ;
We are nothing, O Thou—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowèd be Thy name—Halleluiah !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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MARC-AURÈLE.[1]

MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS: J'ai accepté avec grande joie de venir échanger quelques idées avec vous. Je suis Breton de France; or, de toutes les races, la race bretonne est peut-être celle qui a pris la religion le plus au sérieux. Même quand le progrès de la réflexion nous a montré que quelques articles sont à modifier dans la liste des choses que nous avions d'abord tenues pour certaines, nous ne rompons jamais avec le symbole sous lequel nous avons d'abord goûté l'idéal. Car la foi ne réside pas pour nous en d'obscures propositions métaphysiques, elle est dans les affirmations du cœur. J'ai donc choisi pour m'entretenir avec vous, non quelqu'une de ces subtilités qui divisent, mais un de ces sujets chers à l'âme, qui rapprochent et réunissent. Je vous parlerai de ce livre tout resplendissant de l'esprit divin, de ce manuel de la vie résignée que nous a laissé le plus pieux des hommes, le césar Marc-Aurèle-Antonin. Il y a des hommes qui ont exercé une influence plus profonde et plus durable; mais nul n'a été aussi parfait que celui-ci. C'est la gloire des souverains que le plus irréprochable modèle de vertu se soit trouvé dans leurs rangs, et que les plus belles leçons de patience et de détachement soient venues d'une condition qu'on suppose volontiers livrée à toutes les séductions du plaisir et de la vanité.

I.

L'hérédité de la sagesse sur le trône est chose toujours rare; je n'en vois dans l'histoire que deux exemples éclatants: dans l'Inde, la succession de ces trois empereurs mongols, Baber, Humaïoun et Akbar; à Rome, à la tête du plus vaste empire qui fût jamais, les deux règnes admirables d'Antonin le Pieux et de Marc-Aurèle. De ces deux derniers, Antonin fut, selon moi, le plus grand. Sa bonté ne lui fit pas commettre de fautes; il ne fut pas tourmenté du mal intérieur qui rongea sans relâche le cœur de son fils adoptif. Ce mal étrange, cette étude inquiète de soi-même, ce démon du scrupule, cette fièvre de perfection sont des signes d'une nature moins forte que distinguée. Comme les plus belles pensées sont celles qu'on n'écrit pas, Antonin eut encore à cet égard une supériorité sur Marc-

[1] A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the 16th of April, 1880.

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Aurèle ; mais ajoutons que nous ignorerions Antonin, si Marc-Aurèle ne nous avait transmis de son père adoptif ce portrait exquis, où il semble s'être appliqué par humilité à peindre l'image d'un homme encore meilleur que lui-même.

C'est lui aussi qui nous a tracé, dans le premier livre de ses *Pensées*, cet arrière-plan admirable, où se meuvent dans une lumière toute céleste les nobles et pures figures de son père, de sa mère, de son aïeul, de ses maîtres. Grâce à Marc-Aurèle, nous pouvons comprendre ce que ces vieilles familles romaines, qui avaient vu le règne des mauvais empereurs, gardaient encore d'honnêteté, de dignité, de droiture, d'esprit civil et, si j'ose le dire, républicain. On y vivait dans l'admiration de Caton, de Brutus, de Thraséas et des grands stoïciens dont l'âme n'avait pas plié sous la tyrannie. Le règne de Domitien y était abhorré. Les sages qui l'avaient traversé sans fléchir y étaient honorés comme des héros. L'avénement des Antonins ne fut au fond que l'arrivée au pouvoir de la société des sages dont Tacite nous a transmis les justes colères, société de sages formée par la ligue de tous ceux qu'avait révoltés le despotisme des premiers Césars.

Le salutaire principe de l'adoption avait fait de la cour impériale, au deuxième siècle, une vraie pépinière de vertu. Le noble et habile Nerva, en posant ce principe, assura le bonheur du genre humain pendant près de cent ans, et donna au monde le plus beau siècle de progrès dont la mémoire ait été conservée. La souveraineté ainsi possédée en commun par un groupe d'hommes d'élite, lesquels se la léguaient ou se la partageaient selon les besoins du moment, perdit une partie de cet attrait qui la rend si dangereuse. On arriva au trône sans l'avoir brigué, mais aussi sans le devoir à sa naissance ni à une sorte de droit divin ; on y arriva désabusé, ennuyé des hommes, préparé de longue main. L'empire fut un fardeau civil, qu'on accepta à son heure, sans que nul songeât à avancer cette heure. Marc-Aurèle y fut désigné si jeune que l'idée de régner n'eût guère chez lui de commencement et n'exerça pas sur son esprit un moment de séduction. A huit ans, quand il était déjà *prœsul* des prêtres Saliens, Adrien remarqua ce doux enfant triste, et l'aima pour son bon naturel, sa docilité, son incapacité de mentir. A dix-huit ans, l'empire lui était assuré. Il l'attendit patiemment durant vingt-deux années. Le soir où Antonin se sentant mourir, après avoir donné pour mot d'ordre au tribun de service, *Æquanimitas*, fit porter dans la chambre de son fils adoptif la statue d'or de la Fortune, qui devait toujours se trouver dans l'appartement de l'empereur, il n'y eut pour celui-ci ni surprise ni joie. Il était depuis longtemps blasé sur toutes les joies sans les avoir goûtées ; il en avait vu par la profondeur de sa philosophie l'absolue vanité.

Le grand inconvénient de la vie pratique et ce qui la rend insupportable à l'homme supérieur, c'est que, si l'on y transporte les

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principes de l'idéal, les qualités deviennent des défauts, si bien que fort souvent l'homme accompli y réussit moins bien que celui qui a pour mobile l'égoïsme ou la routine vulgaire. Trois ou quatre fois la vertu de Marc-Aurèle faillit le perdre. Elle lui fit faire une première faute en lui persuadant d'associer à l'empire Lucius-Vérus, envers qui il n'avait aucune obligation. Vérus était un homme frivole et sans valeur. Il fallut des prodiges de bonté et de délicatesse pour l'empêcher de faire des folies désastreuses. Le sage empereur, sérieux et appliqué, traînait avec lui dans sa litière le sot collègue qu'il s'était donné. Il le prit toujours obstinément au sérieux ; il ne se révolta pas une fois contre cet assommant compagnonnage. Comme les gens qui ont été très bien élevés, Marc-Aurèle se gênait sans cesse ; ses façons venaient d'un parti-pris général de tenue et de dignité. Les âmes de cette sorte, soit pour ne pas faire de peine aux autres, soit par respect pour la nature humaine, ne se résignent pas à avouer qu'elles voient le mal. Leur vie est une perpétuelle dissimulation.

Selon quelques-uns, il aurait été dissimulé envers lui-même, puisque dans son entretien intime avec les dieux sur les bords du Gran, parlant d'une épouse indigne de lui, il les aurait remerciés de lui avoir donné 'une femme si complaisante, si affectueuse, si simple.' J'ai montré ailleurs qu'on s'est quelque peu exagéré sur ce point la patience ou, si l'on veut, la faiblesse de Marc-Aurèle. Faustine eut des torts ; le plus grand fut d'avoir pris en aversion les amis de son mari ; comme ce furent ses amis qui écrivirent l'histoire, elle en porte la peine devant la postérité. Mais une critique attentive n'a pas de peine à montrer ici les exagérations de la légende. Tout porte à croire que Faustine trouva d'abord le bonheur et l'amour dans cette villa de Lorium ou dans cette belle retraite de Lanuvium, sur les dernières pentes du mont Albain, que Marc-Aurèle décrit à Fronton comme un séjour plein des joies les plus pures. Puis elle se fatigua de tant de sagesse. Disons tout : les belles sentences de Marc-Aurèle, sa vertu austère, sa perpétuelle mélancolie, purent sembler ennuyeuses à une femme jeune, capricieuse, d'un tempérament ardent et d'une merveilleuse beauté. Il le comprit, en souffrit et se tut. Faustine resta toujours 'sa très bonne et très fidèle épouse.' On ne réussit jamais, même après qu'elle fut morte, à lui faire abandonner ce pieux mensonge. Dans un bas-relief qui se voit encore aujourd'hui à Rome au musée du Capitole, pendant que Faustine est enlevée au ciel par une Renommée, l'excellent empereur la suit de terre avec un regard plein d'amour. Il était arrivé, ce semble, dans les derniers temps, à se faire illusion à lui-même et à tout oublier. Mais quelle lutte il dut traverser pour en arriver là ! Durant de longues années, une maladie de cœur le consuma lentement. L'effort désespéré qui fait l'essence de sa philosophie, cette frénésie de renoncement, poussée parfois jusqu'au sophisme, dissimulent au fond une immense blessure. Qu'il faut avoir dit adieu au bonheur pour arriver à de tels excès ! On ne

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comprendra jamais tout ce que souffrit ce pauvre cœur flétri, ce qu'il y eut d'amertume dissimulée par ce front pâle, toujours calme et presque toujours souriant. Il est vrai que l'adieu au bonheur est le commencement de la sagesse et le moyen le plus sûr pour trouver le bonheur. Il n'y a rien de doux comme le retour de joie qui suit le renoncement à la joie ; rien de vif, de profond, de charmant comme l'enchantement du désenchanté.

Des historiens plus ou moins imbus de cette politique qui se croit supérieure parce qu'elle n'est suspecte d'aucune philosophie, ont naturellement cherché à prouver qu'un homme si accompli fût un mauvais administrateur et un médiocre souverain. Il paraît en effet que Marc-Aurèle pécha plus d'une fois par trop d'indulgence. Mais jamais règne ne fut plus fécond en réformes et en progrès. L'assistance publique, fondée par Nerva et Trajan, reçut de lui d'admirables développements. Des colléges nouveaux pour l'éducation gratuite furent établis ; les procurateurs alimentaires devinrent des fonctionnaires de premier ordre et furent choisis avec un soin extrême ; on pourvut à l'éducation des femmes pauvres par l'institut des *Jeunes Faustiniennes*. Le principe que l'État a des devoirs en quelque sorte paternels envers ses membres (principe dont il faudra se souvenir avec gratitude, même quand on l'aura dépassé), ce principe, dis-je, a été proclamé pour la première fois dans le monde par les Antonins. Ni le faste puéril des royautés orientales, fondées sur la bassesse et la stupidité des hommes, ni l'orgueil pédantesque des royautés du moyen-âge, fondées sur un sentiment exagéré de l'hérédité et sur une foi naïve dans les droits du sang, ne peuvent nous donner une idée de cette souveraineté toute républicaine de Nerva, de Trajan, d'Adrien, d'Antonin, de Marc-Aurèle. Rien du prince héréditaire ou par droit divin ; rien non plus du chef militaire ; c'était une sorte de grande magistrature civile, sans rien qui ressemblât à une cour ni qui enlevât à l'empereur son caractère tout privé. Marc-Aurèle, en particulier, ne fut ni peu ni beaucoup un roi dans le sens propre du mot ; sa fortune était industrielle, elle consistait surtout en briqueteries ; son aversion pour 'les césars,' qu'il envisage comme des espèces de Sardanapales, magnifiques, débauchés et cruels, éclate à chaque instant. La civilité de ses mœurs était extrême ; il rendit au sénat toute son ancienne importance ; quand il était à Rome, il ne manquait jamais une séance, et ne quittait sa place que quand le consul avait prononcé la formule : *Nihil vos moramur, patres conscripti.* Presque toutes les années de son règne il fit la guerre, et il la fit bien, quoiqu'il n'y trouvât que de l'ennui. Ses insipides campagnes contre les Quades et les Marcomans furent très bien conduites ; le dégoût qu'il en éprouvait ne l'empêchait pas d'y mettre l'application la plus consciencieuse.

Ce fut dans le cours d'une de ces expéditions que, campé sur les bords du Gran, au milieu des plaines monotones de la Hongrie, il

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écrivit les plus belles pages du livre exquis qui nous a révélé son âme tout entière. Il est probable que, de bonne heure, il tint un journal intime de ses pensées. Il y inscrivait les maximes auxquelles il recourait pour se fortifier, les réminiscences de ses auteurs favoris, les passages des moralistes qui lui parlaient le plus, les principes qui dans la journée l'avaient soutenu, parfois les reproches que sa conscience scrupuleuse croyait avoir à s'adresser. 'On se cherche des retraites solitaires, chaumières rustiques, rivages des mers, montagnes; comme les autres, tu aimes à rêver ces biens. A quoi bon, puisqu'il t'est permis à chaque heure de te retirer en ton âme? Nulle part l'homme n'a de retraite plus tranquille, surtout s'il a en lui-même de ces choses dont la contemplation suffit pour le rendre calme. Sache donc jouir de cette retraite, et là renouvelle tes forces. Qu'il y ait là de ces maximes courtes fondamentales, qui tout d'abord rendront la sérénité à ton âme et te remettront en état de supporter avec résignation le monde où tu dois revenir.' Pendant les tristes hivers du Nord, cette consolation lui devint encore plus nécessaire. Il avait près de soixante ans; la vieillesse était chez lui prématurée. Un soir, toutes les images de sa pieuse jeunesse remontèrent en son souvenir, et il passa quelques heures délicieuses à supputer ce qu'il devait à chacun des êtres bons qui l'avaient entouré.

'Exemples de mon aïeul Vérus: Douceur de mœurs, patience inaltérable.'

'Qualités qu'on prisait dans mon père, souvenir qu'il m'a laissé: Modestie, caractère mâle.'

'Imiter de ma mère sa piété, sa bienfaisance; m'abstenir, comme elle, non-seulement de faire le mal, mais même d'en concevoir la pensée; mener sa vie frugale, et qui ressemblait si peu au luxe habituel des riches.'

Puis lui apparaissent tour à tour Diogénète, qui lui inspira le goût de la philosophie et rendit agréables à ses yeux le grabat, la couverture composée d'une simple peau et tout l'appareil de la discipline hellénique; Junius Rusticus, qui lui apprit à éviter toute affectation d'élégance dans le style et lui prêta le volume d'Épictète; Apollonius de Chalcis, qui réalisait l'idéal stoïcien de l'extrême fermeté et de la parfaite douceur; Sextus de Chéronée, si grave et si bon; Alexandre le grammairien, qui reprenait avec une politesse si raffinée; Fronton, 'qui lui apprit ce qu'il y a, dans un tyran, d'envie, de duplicité, d'hypocrisie, et ce qu'il peut y avoir de dureté dans le cœur d'un patricien;' son frère Sévérus, 'qui lui fit connaître Thraséas, Helvidius, Caton, Brutus, qui lui donna l'idée de ce qu'est un État libre, où la règle est l'égalité naturelle des citoyens et l'égalité de leurs droits; d'une royauté qui place avant tout le respect de la liberté des citoyens,' et, dominant tous les autres de sa grandeur immaculée, Antonin, son père par adoption, dont il nous trace l'image avec un redoublement de reconnaissance et d'amour. 'Je remercie les dieux,

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dit-il en terminant, de m'avoir donné de bons aïeuls, de bons parents, une bonne sœur, de bons maîtres, et, dans mon entourage, dans mes proches, dans mes amis, des gens presque tous remplis de bonté. Jamais je ne me suis laissé aller à aucun manque d'égards envers eux; par ma disposition naturelle, j'aurais pu, dans l'occasion, commettre quelque irrévérence ; mais la bienfaisance des dieux n'a pas permis que la circonstance s'en soit présentée. Je dois encore aux dieux d'avoir conservé pure la fleur de ma jeunesse ; de ne m'être pas fait homme avant l'âge, d'avoir même différé au delà ; d'avoir été élevé sous la loi d'un prince et d'un père qui devait dégager mon âme de toute fumée d'orgueil, me faire comprendre qu'il est possible, tout en vivant dans un palais, de se passer de gardes, d'habits resplendissants, de torches, de statues, m'apprendre enfin qu'un prince peut presque resserrer sa vie dans les limites de celles d'un simple citoyen, sans montrer pour cela moins de noblesse et moins de vigueur, quand il s'agit d'être empereur et de traiter les affaires de l'État. Ils m'ont donné de rencontrer un frère dont les mœurs étaient une continuelle exhortation à veiller sur moi-même, en même temps que sa déférence et son attachement devaient faire la joie de mon cœur. Grâce aux dieux encore, je me suis hâté d'élever ceux qui avaient soigné mon éducation aux honneurs qu'ils semblaient désirer. Ce sont eux qui m'ont fait connaître Apollonius, Rusticus, Maximus, et qui m'ont offert, entourée de tant de lumière, l'image d'une vie conforme à la nature. Je suis resté en deçà du but, il est vrai ; mais c'est ma faute. Si mon corps a résisté longtemps à la rude vie que je mène ; si, malgré mes fréquents dépits contre Rusticus, je n'ai jamais passé les bornes ni rien fait dont j'aie eu à me repentir ; si ma mère, qui devait mourir jeune, a pu néanmoins passer près de moi ses dernières années ; si, chaque fois que j'ai voulu venir au secours de quelque personne pauvre ou affligée, je ne me suis jamais entendu dire que l'argent me manquait ; si moi-même je n'ai eu besoin de rien recevoir de personne ; si j'ai une femme d'un tel caractère, si complaisante, si affectueuse, si simple ; si j'ai trouvé tant de gens capables pour l'éducation de mes enfants ; si, à l'origine de ma passion pour la philosophie, je ne suis pas devenu la proie de quelque sophiste, c'est aux dieux que je le dois. Oui, tant de bonheurs ne peuvent être l'effet que de l'assistance des dieux et d'une heureuse fortune.'

Cette divine candeur respire à chaque page. Jamais on n'écrivit plus simplement pour soi, à seule fin de décharger son cœur, sans autre témoin que Dieu. Pas une ombre de système. Marc-Aurèle, à proprement parler, n'a pas de philosophie ; quoiqu'il doive presque tout au stoïcisme transformé par l'esprit romain, il n'est d'aucune école. Selon notre goût, il a trop peu de curiosité ; car il ne sait pas tout ce que devait savoir un contemporain de Ptolémée et de Galien ; il a quelques opinions sur le système du monde qui n'étaient pas au niveau de la plus haute science de son temps. Mais sa pensée morale,

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ainsi dégagée de tout lien avec un système, y gagne une singulière hauteur. L'auteur du livre de l'*Imitation* lui-même, quoique fort détaché des querelles d'école, n'atteint pas jusque-là ; car sa manière de sentir est essentiellement chrétienne ; ôtez les dogmes chrétiens, son livre ne garde plus qu'une partie de son charme. Le livre de Marc-Aurèle, n'ayant aucune base dogmatique, conservera éternellement sa fraîcheur. Tous, depuis l'athée ou celui qui se croit tel, jusqu'à l'homme le plus engagé dans les croyances particulières de chaque culte, peuvent y trouver des fruits d'édification. C'est le livre le plus purement humain qu'il y ait. Il ne tranche aucune question controversée. En théologie, Marc-Aurèle flotte entre le déisme pur, le polythéisme interprété dans un sens physique à la façon des stoïciens, et une sorte de panthéisme cosmique. Il ne tient pas beaucoup plus à l'une des hypothèses qu'à l'autre, et il se sert indifféremment des trois vocabulaires, déiste, polythéiste, panthéiste. Ses considérations sont toujours à deux faces, selon que Dieu et l'âme ont ou n'ont pas de réalité. C'est le raisonnement que nous faisons à chaque heure ; car, si c'est le matérialisme le plus complet qui a raison, nous qui aurons cru au vrai et au bien, nous ne serons pas plus dupés que les autres. Si l'idéalisme a raison, nous aurons été les vrais sages et nous l'aurons été de la seule façon qui nous convienne, c'est-à-dire sans nulle attente intéressée, sans avoir compté sur une rémunération.[2]

II.

Nous touchons ici au grand secret de la philosophie morale et de la religion. Marc-Aurèle n'a pas de philosophie spéculative ; sa théologie est tout à fait contradictoire ; il n'a aucune idée arrêtée sur l'âme et l'immortalité. Comment fut-il profondément moral sans les croyances qu'on regarde aujourd'hui comme les fondements de la morale ? Comment fut-il éminemment religieux sans avoir professé aucun des dogmes de ce qu'on appelle la religion naturelle ? C'est ce qu'il importe de rechercher.

Les doutes qui, au point de vue de la raison spéculative, planent sur les vérités de la religion naturelle, ne sont pas, comme Kant l'a admirablement montré, des doutes accidentels, susceptibles d'être levés, tenant, ainsi qu'on se l'imagine parfois, à certains états de l'esprit humain. Ces doutes sont inhérents à la nature même de ces vérités, et l'on peut dire sans paradoxe que, si ces doutes étaient levés, les vérités auxquelles ils s'attaquent disparaîtraient du même coup. Supposons, en effet, une preuve directe, positive, évidente pour tous, des peines et des récompenses futures : où sera le mérite de faire le

[2] 'Ou bien le monde n'est que chaos, agrégation et désagrégation successives: ou bien le monde est nité, ordre, providence. Dans le premier cas, comment désirer rester dans un pareil cloaque ? Il n'y a rien à faire. La désagrégation saura bien toute seule m'atteindre. Dans le second cas, j'adore, je me repose, j'ai confiance dans celui qui gouverne.'

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bien ? Il n'y aurait que des fous qui de gaîté de cœur courraient à leur damnation. Une foule d'âmes basses feraient leur salut cartes sur table ; elles forceraient en quelque sorte la main de la divinité. Qui ne voit que, dans un tel système, il n'y a plus ni morale ni religion ? Dans l'ordre moral et religieux, il est indispensable de croire sans démonstration ; il ne s'agit pas de certitude, mais de foi. Voilà ce qu'oublie le déisme, avec ses habitudes d'affirmation intempérante. Il oublie que des croyances trop précises sur la destinée humaine enlèveraient tout le mérite moral. Pour nous, on nous annoncerait un argument péremptoire en ce genre, que nous ferions comme Saint-Louis, quand on lui parla de l'hostie miraculeuse. Nous refuserions d'aller voir. Qu'avons-nous besoin de ces preuves brutales, qui n'ont d'application que dans l'ordre grossier des faits, et qui gêneraient notre liberté ? Nous craindrions d'être assimilés à ces spéculateurs de vertu ou à ces peureux vulgaires, qui portent dans les choses de l'âme le grossier égoïsme de la vie pratique. Dans les premiers jours qui suivirent la foi à la résurrection de Jésus, ce sentiment se fit jour de la façon la plus touchante. Les vrais amis de cœur, les délicats aimèrent mieux croire sans preuve que de voir. ‘ Heureux ceux qui n'ont pas vu et qui ont cru ! ’ devint le mot de la situation. Mot charmant ! Symbole éternel de l'idéalisme tendre et généreux, qui a horreur de toucher de ses mains ce qui ne doit être vu qu'avec le cœur !

Notre bon Marc-Aurèle, sur ce point comme sur tous les autres, devança les siècles. Jamais il ne se soucia de se mettre d'accord avec lui-même sur Dieu et sur l'âme. Comme s'il avait lu la *Critique de la Raison pratique*, il vit bien que lorsqu'il s'agit de l'infini aucune formule n'est absolue, et qu'en pareille matière on ne peut avoir quelque chance d'avoir vu une fois en sa vie la vérité que si l'on s'est beaucoup contredit. Il détacha hautement la beauté morale de toute théologie arrêtée ; il ne permit au devoir de dépendre d'aucune opinion métaphysique sur la cause première. Jamais l'union intime avec le dieu caché ne fut poussée à de plus inouïes délicatesses. ‘ Offre au gouvernement du dieu qui est au dedans de toi un être viril, mûri par l'âge, ami du bien public, un Romain, un empereur ; un soldat à son poste, attendant le signal de la trompette ; un homme prêt à quitter sans regret la vie.’—‘ Il y a bien des grains d'encens destinés au même autel ; l'un tombe plus tôt, l'autre plus tard dans le feu ; mais la différence n'est rien.’—‘ L'homme doit vivre selon la nature pendant le peu de jours qui lui sont donnés sur la terre, et, quand le moment de la retraite est venu, se soumettre avec douceur, comme une olive, qui, en tombant, bénit l'arbre qui l'a produite, et rend grâce au rameau qui l'a portée.’ [3]—‘ O homme ! tu as été citoyen dans

[3] ‘ Tout ce qui t'arrange m'arrange, ô Cosmos. Rien ne m'est prématuré ou tardif de ce qui pour toi vient à l'heure. Je fais mon fruit de ce que portent tes saisons, ô Nature. De toi vient tout ; en toi est tout ; vers toi va tout.’

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la grande cité; que t'importe de l'avoir été pendant cinq ou pendant trois ans? Ce qui est conforme aux lois n'est inique pour personne. Qu'y a-t-il donc de si fâcheux à être renvoyé de la cité non par un tyran, non par un juge inique, mais par la nature même qui t'y avait fait entrer? C'est comme quand un comédien est congédié du théâtre par le même préteur qui l'y avait engagé. Mais, diras-tu, je n'ai pas joué les cinq actes; je n'en ai joué que trois. Tu dis bien; mais dans la vie, trois actes suffisent pour faire la pièce entière. . . . Pars donc content, puisque celui qui te congédie est content.'

Est-ce à dire qu'il ne se révoltât pas quelquefois contre le sort étrange qui s'est plu à laisser seuls face à face l'homme avec ses éternels besoins de dévouement, de sacrifice, d'héroïsme, et la nature avec son immoralité transcendante, son suprême dédain pour la vertu? Non. Une fois du moins l'absurdité, la colossale iniquité de la mort le frappe. Mais bientôt son tempérament complétement mortifié reprend le dessus, et il se calme. 'Comment se fait-il que les dieux, qui ont ordonné si bien toutes choses, et avec tant d'amour pour les hommes, aient négligé un seul point, à savoir que les hommes d'une vertu éprouvée, qui ont eu pendant leur vie une sorte de commerce avec la divinité, qui se sont fait aimer d'elle par leurs actions pieuses et leurs sacrifices, ne revivent pas après la mort, mais soient éteints pour jamais? Puisque la chose est ainsi, sache bien que, si elle avait dû être autrement, ils n'y eussent pas manqué; car si cela eût été juste, cela était possible; si cela eût été conforme à la nature, la nature l'eût comporté. Par conséquent, de cela qu'il n'en est pas ainsi, confirme-toi en cette considération qu'il ne fallait pas qu'il en fût ainsi. Tu vois bien toi-même que faire une telle recherche, c'est disputer avec Dieu sur son droit. Or, nous ne disputerions pas ainsi contre les dieux, s'ils n'étaient pas souverainement bons et souverainement justes; s'ils le sont, ils n'ont rien laissé passer dans l'ordonnance du monde qui soit contraire à la justice et à la raison.'

Ah! c'est trop de résignation, cher maître. S'il en est véritablement ainsi, nous avons droit de nous plaindre. Dire que si ce monde n'a pas sa contre-partie, l'homme qui s'est sacrifié pour le bien ou le vrai doit le quitter content et absoudre les dieux, cela est trop naïf. Non, il a le droit de les blasphémer! Car enfin pourquoi avoir ainsi abusé de sa crédulité? Pourquoi avoir mis en lui des instincts trompeurs, dont il a été la dupe honnête? Pourquoi cette prime accordée à l'homme frivole ou méchant? C'est donc celui-ci, qui ne se trompe pas, qui est l'homme avisé? . . . Mais alors maudits soient les dieux qui placent si mal leurs préférences! Je veux que l'avenir soit une énigme; mais s'il n'y a pas d'avenir, ce monde est un affreux guet-apens. Remarquez en effet que notre souhait n'est pas celui du vulgaire grossier. Ce que nous voulons, ce n'est pas de voir le châtiment du coupable, ni de toucher les intérêts de notre vertu. Ce que nous voulons n'a rien d'égoïste: c'est simplement d'être, de

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rester en rapport avec Dieu, de continuer notre pensée commencée, d'en savoir davantage, de jouir un jour de cette vérité que nous cherchons avec tant de travail, de voir le triomphe du bien que nous avons aimé. Rien de plus légitime. Le digne empereur, du reste, le sentait bien. 'Quoi! la lumière d'une lampe brille jusqu'au moment où elle s'éteint, et ne perd rien de son éclat; et la vérité, la justice, la tempérance, qui sont en toi, s'éteindraient avec toi!' Toute la vie se passa pour lui dans cette noble hésitation. S'il pécha, ce fut par trop de piété. Moins résigné, il eût été plus juste; car sûrement demander qu'il y ait un spectateur intime et sympathique des luttes que nous livrons pour le bien et le vrai, ce n'est pas trop demander.

Il est possible aussi que si sa philosophie eût été moins exclusivement morale, si elle eût impliqué une étude plus curieuse de l'histoire et de l'univers, elle eût évité certains excès de rigueur. Comme les ascètes chrétiens, Marc-Aurèle pousse quelquefois le renoncement jusqu'à la sécheresse et la subtilité. Ce calme qui ne se dément jamais, on sent qu'il est obtenu par un immense effort. Certes, le mal n'eut jamais pour lui aucun attrait; il n'eut à combattre aucune passion: 'Quoi qu'on fasse ou quoi qu'on dise, écrit-il, il faut que je sois homme de bien, comme l'émeraude peut dire: "Quoi qu'on dise ou qu'on fasse, il faut bien que je sois émeraude et que je garde ma couleur."' Mais pour se tenir toujours sur le sommet glacé du stoïcisme, il lui fallut faire de cruelles violences à la nature et en retrancher plus d'une noble partie. Cette perpétuelle répétition des mêmes raisonnements, ces mille images sous lesquelles il cherche à se représenter la vanité de toutes choses, ces preuves souvent naïves de l'universelle frivolité témoignent des combats qu'il eut à livrer pour éteindre en lui tout désir. Parfois il en résulte pour nous quelque chose d'âpre et de triste; la lecture de Marc-Aurèle fortifie, mais ne console pas; elle laisse dans l'âme un vide à la fois délicieux et cruel, qu'on n'échangerait pas contre la pleine satisfaction. L'humilité, le renoncement, la sévérité pour soi-même n'ont jamais été poussés plus loin. La gloire, cette dernière illusion des grandes âmes, est réduite à néant. Il faut faire le bien sans s'inquiéter si personne le saura. Il voit bien que l'histoire parlera de lui; il songe parfois aux hommes du passé auxquels l'avenir l'associera. 'S'ils n'ont joué qu'un rôle d'acteurs tragiques, dit-il, personne ne m'a condamné à les imiter.' L'absolue mortification où il était arrivé avait éteint en lui jusqu'à la dernière fibre de l'amour-propre.

La conséquence de cette philosophie austère aurait pu être la roideur et la dureté. C'est ici que la bonté rare de la nature de Marc-Aurèle éclate dans tout son jour. Sa sévérité n'est que pour lui. Le fruit de cette grande tension d'âme, c'est une bienveillance infinie. Toute sa vie fut une étude à rendre le bien pour le mal. Après quelque triste expérience de la perversité humaine, il ne trouve, le soir, à écrire que ce qui suit: 'Si tu le peux, corrige-les; dans le cas

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contraire, souviens-toi que c'est pour l'exercer envers eux que t'a été donnée la bienveillance. Les dieux eux-mêmes sont bienveillants pour ces êtres; ils les aident, tant leur bonté est grande! à acquérir santé, richesse, gloire. Il t'est permis de faire comme les dieux.' Un autre jour, les hommes furent bien méchants, car voici ce qu'il écrivait sur les tablettes: 'Tel est l'ordre de la nature: des gens de cette sorte doivent, de toute nécessité, agir ainsi. Vouloir qu'il en soit autrement, c'est vouloir que le figuier ne produise pas de figues. Souviens-toi, en un mot, de ceci: dans un temps bien court, toi et lui vous mourrez: bientôt après, vos noms mêmes ne survivront plus.' Ces réflexions d'universel pardon reviennent sans cesse. A peine se mêle-t-il parfois à cette ravissante bonté un imperceptible sourire: 'La meilleure manière de se venger des méchants, c'est de ne pas se rendre semblable à eux;' ou un léger accent de fierté: 'C'est chose royale, quand on fait le bien, d'entendre dire du mal de soi.' Un jour, il a un reproche à se faire. 'Tu as oublié, dit-il, quelle parenté sainte unit chaque homme avec le genre humain; parenté non de sang et de naissance, mais participation à la même intelligence. Tu as oublié que l'âme raisonnable de chacun est un dieu, un dérivé de l'Être suprême.'

Dans le commerce de la vie, il devait être exquis, quoiqu'un peu naïf, comme le sont d'ordinaire les hommes très bons. Les neuf motifs d'indulgence qu'il se fait valoir à lui-même (livre xi, article 18) nous montrent sa charmante bonhomie en présence de difficultés de famille qui venaient peut-être de son indigne fils. 'Si dans l'occasion, se dit-il à lui-même, tu l'exhortais paisiblement, et lui donnais sans colère, alors qu'il s'efforce de te faire du mal, des leçons comme celle-ci: "Non, mon enfant! nous sommes nés pour autre chose. Ce n'est pas moi qui éprouverai le mal, c'est toi qui t'en fais à toi-même, mon enfant!" Montre-lui adroitement, par une considération générale, que telle est la règle, que ni les abeilles n'agissent comme lui, ni aucun des animaux qui vivent naturellement en troupes. N'y mets ni moquerie, ni insulte, mais l'air d'une affection véritable, d'un cœur que n'aigrit point la colère; non comme un pédant, non pour te faire admirer de ceux qui sont là; mais n'aie en vue que lui seul.' Commode (si c'est de lui qu'il s'agit) fut sans doute peu sensible à cette bonne rhétorique paternelle; une des maximes de l'excellent empereur était que les méchants sont malheureux, qu'on n'est méchant que malgré soi et par ignorance; il plaignait ceux qui n'étaient pas comme lui; il ne se croyait pas le droit de s'imposer à eux.

Il voyait bien la bassesse des hommes; mais il ne se l'avouait pas. Cette façon de s'aveugler volontairement est le défaut des âmes d'élite. Le monde n'étant pas du tout tel qu'elles le voudraient, elles se mentent à elles-mêmes pour le voir autre qu'il n'est. De là un peu de convenu dans leurs jugements. Chez Marc-Aurèle, ce convenu nous cause parfois un certain agacement. Si nous voulions

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le croire, ses maîtres, dont plusieurs furent des hommes assez médiocres, auraient été sans exception des hommes supérieurs. On dirait que tout le monde autour de lui a été vertueux. Cela va à un tel point qu'on a pu se demander si ce frère, dont il fait un si grand éloge dans son action de grâces aux dieux, n'était pas son frère par adoption, Lucius-Vérus. Cela est peu probable. Mais il est sûr que le bon empereur était capable de fortes illusions quand il s'agissait de prêter à autrui ses propres vertus.

Cette qualité, selon quelques critiques qui se sont produites dès l'antiquité, en particulier sous la plume de l'empereur Julien, lui fit commettre une faute énorme: ce fut de ne pas avoir déshérité Commode. Voilà des choses qu'il est facile de dire à distance, quand les obstacles ne sont plus là, et qu'on raisonne loin des faits. On oublie d'abord que les empereurs, depuis Nerva, qui rendirent l'adoption un système politique si fécond, n'avaient pas de fils. L'adoption avec exhérédation du fils ou du petit-fils se voit au premier siècle de l'empire, mais n'a pas de bons résultats. Marc-Aurèle, par principes, était évidemment pour l'hérédité directe, à laquelle il voyait l'avantage de prévenir les compétitions. Dès que Commode fut né, en 161, il le présenta seul aux légions, quoiqu'il eût un jumeau; souvent il le prenait tout petit entre ses bras et renouvelait cet acte, qui était une sorte de proclamation. En 166, c'est Lucius-Vérus lui-même qui demande que les deux fils de Marc, Commode et Aonius-Vérus, soient faits césars. En 172, Commode partage avec son père le titre de Germanique; en 173, après la répression de la révolte d'Avidius, le sénat, pour reconnaître en quelque sorte le désintéressement de famille qu'avait montré Marc-Aurèle, demande par acclamation l'empire et la puissance tribunitienne pour Commode. Déjà le mauvais naturel de ce dernier s'était trahi par plus d'un indice connu de ses pédagogues; mais comment préjuger par quelques mauvaises notes de l'avenir d'un enfant de douze ans? En 176, 177, son père le fait *Imperator*, consul, Auguste. Ce fut sûrement une imprudence; mais on était lié par les actes antérieurs; Commode, d'ailleurs, se contenait encore. Dans les dernières années, le mal se décela tout à fait; à chaque page des derniers livres des *Pensées*, nous voyons la trace du martyre intérieur du père excellent, de l'empereur accompli, qui voit un monstre grandir à côté de lui, prêt à lui succéder et décidé à prendre en toute chose, par antipathie, le contre-pied de ce qu'il avait vu faire aux gens de bien. La pensée de déshériter Commode dut sans doute alors venir plus d'une fois à Marc-Aurèle. Mais il était trop tard. Après l'avoir associé à l'empire, après l'avoir proclamé tant de fois parfait et accompli devant les légions, venir à la face du monde le déclarer indigne eût été un scandale. Marc fut pris par ses propres phrases, par ce style d'une bienveillance convenue qui lui était trop habituel. Et après tout, Commode avait dix-sept ans: qui pouvait être sûr qu'il ne s'améliorerait pas? Même après la mort de Marc-Aurèle, on peut

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l'espérer. Commode montra d'abord l'intention de suivre les conseils des personnes de mérite dont son père l'avait entouré.

Le reproche que l'on peut faire à Marc-Aurèle n'est donc pas de n'avoir point destitué son fils ; c'est d'avoir eu un fils. Ce ne fut pas sa faute si le siècle ne fut pas capable de porter tant de sagesse. En philosophie, le grand empereur avait placé si haut l'idéal de la vertu que personne ne devait se soucier de le suivre ; en politique, son optimisme bienveillant avait affaibli les services, surtout l'armée. En religion, pour avoir été trop attaché à une religion d'État dont il voyait bien la faiblesse, il prépara le triomphe violent du culte non officiel, et il laissa planer sur sa mémoire un reproche, injuste il est vrai, mais dont l'ombre même ne devrait pas se rencontrer dans une vie si pure.

Nous touchons ici à un des points les plus délicats de la biographie de Marc-Aurèle. Il est malheureusement certain que quelques condamnations à mort furent, sous son règne, prononcées et exécutées contre des chrétiens. La politique des Antonins avait été constante à cet égard. Ils voyaient dans le christianisme une secte secrète, anti-sociale, rêvant le renversement de l'empire ; comme tous les hommes attachés aux vieux principes romains, ils crurent à la nécessité de le réprimer. Il n'était pas besoin pour cela d'édits spéciaux : les lois contre les *cœtus illiciti*, les *illicita collegia*, étaient nombreuses. Les chrétiens tombaient de la manière la plus formelle sous le coup de ces lois. Certes, il eût été digne du sage empereur qui introduisit tant de réformes pleines d'humanité de supprimer les édits qui entraînaient de cruelles et injustes conséquences. Mais il faut observer d'abord que le véritable esprit de liberté, comme nous l'entendons, n'était alors compris de personne, et que le christianisme, quand il fut maître, ne le pratiqua pas mieux que les empereurs païens ; en second lieu, que l'abrogation de la loi des sociétés illicites eût été la ruine de l'empire, fondé essentiellement sur ce principe que l'État ne doit admettre en son sein aucune société différente de lui. Le principe était mauvais, selon nos idées ; il est bien certain du moins, que c'était la pierre angulaire de la constitution romaine. Marc-Aurèle, loin de l'exagérer, l'atténua de toutes ses forces, et une des gloires de son règne est l'extension qu'il donna au droit d'association. Cependant il n'alla pas jusqu'à la racine ; il n'abolit pas complétement les lois contre les *collegia illicita*, et il en résulta dans les provinces quelques applications infiniment regrettables. Le reproche qu'on peut lui faire est le même qu'on pourrait adresser aux souverains de nos jours qui ne suppriment pas d'un trait de plume toutes les lois restrictives des libertés de réunion, d'association, de la presse. A la distance où nous sommes, nous voyons bien que Marc-Aurèle, en étant plus complétement libéral, eût été plus sage. Peut-être le christianisme laissé libre eût-il développé d'une façon moins désastreuse le principe théocratique et absolu qui était en lui. Mais on ne saurait reprocher à un homme d'État de n'avoir pas provoqué une révolution radicale en prévision des événements qui doivent arriver

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plusieurs siècles après lui. Trajan, Adrien, Antonin, Marc-Aurèle ne pouvaient connaître des principes d'histoire générale et d'économie politique qui n'ont été aperçus que de notre temps, et que nos dernières révolutions pouvaient seules révéler. En tout cas, la mansuétude du bon empereur fut en ceci à l'abri de tout reproche. On n'a pas, a cet égard, le droit d'être plus difficile que Tertullien : 'Consultez vos annales, dit-il aux magistrats romains ; vous y verrez que les princes qui ont sévi contre nous sont de ceux qu'on tient à honneur d'avoir eus pour persécuteurs. Au contraire, de tous les princes qui ont connu les lois divines et humaines, nommez-en un seul qui ait persécuté les chrétiens. Nous pouvons même en citer un qui s'est déclaré leur protecteur, le sage Marc-Aurèle. S'il ne révoqua pas ouvertement les édits contre nos frères, il en détruisit l'effet par les peines sévères qu'il établit contre leurs accusateurs.' Il faut se rappeler que l'empire romain était dix ou douze fois grand comme la France, et que la responsabilité de l'empereur dans les jugements qui se rendaient en province était très faible. Il faut se rappeler surtout que le christianisme ne réclamait pas simplement la liberté des cultes ; tous les cultes qui toléraient les autres étaient fort à l'aise dans l'empire : ce qui fit au christianisme et au judaïsme une situation à part, c'était leur intolérance, leur esprit d'exclusion. La liberté de penser était absolue. De Nerva à Constantin, pas un penseur, pas un savant ne fut inquiété. Des hommes que le moyen-âge eût brûlés, tels que Galien, Lucien, Plotin, vécurent tranquilles, protégés par la loi.

Voilà pourquoi nous portons tous au cœur le deuil de Marc-Aurèle. Avec lui la philosophie a régné. Un moment, grâce à lui, le monde a été gouverné par l'homme le meilleur et le plus grand de son siècle. D'affreuses décadences suivirent ; mais la petite cassette qui renfermait les pensées des bords du Gran et la philosophie de Carnonte, fut sauvée. Il en sortit ce livre incomparable où Épictète était surpassé, cet Évangile de ceux qui ne croient pas au surnaturel, qui n'a pu être bien compris que de nos jours. Véritable Évangile éternel, le livre des *Pensées* ne vieillira jamais, car il n'affirme aucun dogme. La vertu de Marc-Aurèle, comme la nôtre, repose sur la raison, sur la nature. Saint-Louis fut un homme très vertueux, parce qu'il était chrétien ; Marc-Aurèle fut le plus pieux des hommes, non parce qu'il était païen, mais parce qu'il était un homme accompli. Il fut l'honneur de la nature humaine et non d'une religion déterminée. La science viendrait à détruire en apparence Dieu et l'âme immortelle que le livre des *Pensées* resterait jeune encore de vie et de vérité. La religion de Marc-Aurèle est la religion absolue, celle qui résulte du simple fait d'une haute conscience morale placée en face de l'univers. Elle n'est d'aucune race, ni d'aucun pays. Aucune révolution, aucun changement, aucune découverte ne pourront la changer.

ERNEST RENAN.

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ATHEISM AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

'Whether we descend to the lowest roots of our own intellectual growth, or ascend to the loftiest heights of modern speculation, everywhere we find religion as a power that conquers, and conquers even those who think they have conquered it.'—MAX MÜLLER.

THE late Professor Clifford, in the pages of this Review,[1] once made the following statements; and they deserve our best attention, whether we agree with his school or differ from it. He was speaking of the influence on human conduct of a decline in religious belief. By religious belief was then meant principally a belief in God, and in the immortal soul of man; and with regard to these, the Professor appealed to history. The matter, he seemed to think, was one of profound simplicity, and he made very short work of it. History, he said, on this point teaches us one plain lesson. It teaches us that the beliefs in question have given rise to priesthoods, and that priesthoods have obtained at times the entire control of life. The result of this, he said, had in all cases been much the same; but the best example both of its nature and its magnitude was to be looked for in the ages when the Christian Church was dominant. The priesthood of that Church had indeed been influential; it had fixed its impress at one time on the whole human character, and in so doing what it had done was this. 'It sapped,' he said—I am giving his own words—'it sapped the foundations of patriotism;' it 'well-nigh eradicated the sense of intellectual honesty;' it 'seriously weakened the habit of truth-speaking;' to put the matter generally, 'it stunted the moral sense of nations;' and more astonishing still, 'it lowered men's reverence for the marriage-bond' by making marriage a sacrament, and pure affection a sacramental virtue. The details of this singular account have naturally no need of criticism; nor would it be to the point, anyhow, to examine their value here. They were mentioned only, by Professor Clifford himself, as examples of the influence that religious belief had exercised; and he dwelt upon this influence only that he might set the world right as to what it really depended on. Religious belief, he said, was of course, in one way, at the bottom of it; but the way was very different from what most men have imagined. Religious belief has been powerful indirectly;

[1] Vide *Nineteenth Century*, No. 2.

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but it has been powerful indirectly only. It has been powerful only because it has given rise to priesthoods: except for that it might as well have never existed. And this leads up to the Professor's main thesis, which is all we are now concerned with. Religious belief, as he said, as such, has never, in any way worth noticing, influenced human conduct; and the common opinion to the contrary is a complete delusion. Now this view of the matter is not Clifford's only. It is the opinion generally of the modern school of progress. And not only is it one amongst their many expressed opinions. It is far more than this; it is really implied in all of them, and it is being accepted on all sides more or less consciously, and being repeated on all sides with more or less of emphasis.

As long as such gross confusion on such a vital point continues, as long as the mind of the age is so blind to one of the primary and, one would think, one of the plainest truths of things, for so long will a true estimate be impossible of the prospects before humanity. And, small as my powers may be, I have made what use I can of them to direct popular attention to what was once a truism, to what is now set down as a lie, and to what will, I trust in a more vivid way than ever, be by-and-by rediscovered as a truth. I have done what I could to indicate that religious belief, as such, so far from having had no influence on conduct, has really moulded all conduct which is distinctly human or distinctly civilised; and that it is essential to all the hopes of those who are most anxious to abolish it. But my treatment of the matter hitherto has been partial only. I have dealt only with what are generally called virtues, with certain habits, tastes, and qualities which are confessed on all sides to be of supreme value for the individual. I propose now to call attention to a different side of the question, and to show how religious belief is implied not only in our conceptions of private character, but in the most advanced and liberal views of political and social progress.

And for this the present moment seems particularly opportune. Change, if not progress, is filling the air with rumours, and is forcing itself on our thoughts, even if not on our apprehensions. The principles and the demands of Socialism, which are not only heard on the Continent but are felt also, at the present juncture have acquired a new interest from the career of the Russian Nihilists; and the most careless of us cannot escape the fact, that at least in some places, and from some cause or other, unquiet human forces are at work for change. To ourselves in England these matters may seem remote; but the same forces, though in a healthier way, are at work amongst ourselves also; and in the midst though we now are of a new party excitement, there are certain questions that will be brought home to all of us, wider than party politics, although in their very nature connected with them. I refer to no schemes and to no measures in particular, but to the admitted hopes and principles of

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all modern Liberalism—Liberalism, I say, because Liberals are their loudest spokesmen; but in a different and, as some think, in a safer way, they are cherished by Conservatives also.

Now what these views and principles all imply and depend upon may be described, in useful if not in new language, as a recognition of the rights of man. When we deal with the matter practically, these resolve themselves into various branches—political rights, social rights, and the rights of conscience; and these again are presented to us in the form of such various questions as those of the franchise, of Church establishments, of the relations between labour and capital, and, above all, of education. But in all these questions, as the modern world is dealing with them, there is one belief implied, which in some form or other all parties hold, and to which, consciously or unconsciously, all parties appeal. That belief is, that between man and man there is some kind of equality, and that a debt is due to all men which is caused by, and is measured by, this. Two examples will at once explain my meaning—the modern condemnation of slavery, and the modern condemnation of religious persecution. Both of these imply, it is evident, that man as man is possessed of certain rights on which it is injustice to trespass, and on the rendering of which all progress depends. How the rendering of such rights is related to our views concerning them, how our views concerning them are related to religious belief, and how, should religious belief be lost, the political and social future will be affected by the loss of it, is what I now propose to consider.

And first let me state more distinctly the exact scope of my argument, the exact positions I desire to prove and disprove, and the exact schools or parties at whom what I urge is pointed. These last, to describe them comprehensively, may be called the school of Atheistic Liberalism; and the name will include more than it at first sight seems to do: for a Liberal may be atheistic in his public and political principles, although he is a staunch Christian in his own private convictions. We may fairly, for instance, call a man atheistic in one sense who, though he believes in God himself, yet would not have that belief taught in any way to the nation, and who holds that no public measures should have the least regard to it. A Liberal, in other words, is atheistic as a Liberal when his Liberalism is not affected by, and can stand without, his theism. What I shall have to say, therefore, will apply indirectly to many who are not directly touched by it. Those directly touched by it are the school of professing atheists, who not in public conduct only, but in private also, repudiate any reference to religious belief whatever; and whose teachings to so vast an extent are changing public opinion. It is true that, considering this school in the persons of its chief doctrinaires, it can hardly be called in England a political party at all. On the contrary, its chief exponents are retired and unpractical men,

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who seem to have had no contact with human nature in general, and who certainly know very little of its workings. But none the less are they having a great political power, through the opinions they are trying to systematise, and to which, beyond doubt, they are giving credit and currency. And they are powerful for this reason. Though neither their knowledge nor their position gives them any immediate influence, they are all of them more or less definitely political and social Liberals; and the cause of advanced Liberalism is supposed to be bound up with their teachings. With the disappearance of the kingdom of God, they foretell, in Professor Clifford's language, the appearance of 'The Kingdom of Man.' Their teaching thus consists of two separate parts, of which the substance of one is an analysis of man's present moral nature, and of the other a prediction of man's future social action. But the world, with regard to these, is under a very singular delusion. These two sets of teachings, it is thought popularly, are in some way or other very closely connected; and that, granting the truth of the first, the second must be true likewise. The apparent exactness of the psychological analysis is attributed also to the political and the social prophecy. No procedure, however, really can be more utterly false than this. The analysis and the prophecy, whatever their respective merits, must be each considered separately —tried in different courts and with different sets of witnesses. The second is in no way whatever the corollary of the first; and even should the analysis prove to be scientific truth, the prophecy at the same time might be sentimental nonsense.

There is one central example of the above confusion which, though belonging to the personal and not the social problem, will help to illustrate this. I refer to the case of conscience. Conscience, it is admitted on all sides, is an imperious voice within us, which continually bids us thwart our personal wills and passions, and to obey which is the essence of all right action. How shall this phenomenon be accounted for? The old theory was that it is the voice of God, enforcing its orders with personal threats and promises. And this, it is admitted, was, till quite lately, the only theory that would account for the facts. At last, however, we are told, there is another explanation possible; and conscience is presented to us as the inherited social instinct, developed slowly in man through his need for united action. Now for this account there is a great deal to be said; and for argument's sake let us suppose it completely true. But what the modern school insists upon by no means ends here. They declare further that though conscience be thus placed, in thought, in a completely changed position, it will yet in practice suffer no change in its power; and they conceive this second statement to be implied in the first. It is, however, on a completely different footing; and they have only failed to see this through an extraordinary oversight. They have failed to see that, though conscience be really but the social

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instinct, this instinct has gained its power from being taken for something more; that it has, as a matter of history and biography, been obliged to translate itself into an articulate formula, and that the religious belief thus attached to it has been evolved, *pari passu*, with the unresolving impulse. They have found conscience fulfilling a double function, at once making laws and enforcing them; but in explaining how it has come to do the first, they have robbed it of the means by which it has hitherto done the second. And thus the utmost their explanation can do in any practical direction is to show us that we should each desire that conscience should prevail with others, without showing us any reason to expect that it will prevail with ourselves. I am not saying here that such reasons are not producible; I am only saying that as yet they have not been produced, and that the Positive school will have to seek them in places with which at present they are entirely unfamiliar.

And this brings me naturally to the matter now in hand. As the Positive school have treated conscience, so have they treated politics, and the prospects of social progress. They have talked of freedom, of equality, of republicanism, and the kingdom of man; and have urged men, for their best hopes, to look in the direction that such phrases indicate. Now if this language has any practical meaning, it must embody two things, not only political and social principles, but a political and social prophecy. It must not only be a description of what we should desire in dreams, it must be also a trustworthy statement of what we may expect in reality. Is it this latter? Supposing the world generally to be converted to the creed of Positivism, does our knowledge of men, and of the ways they have believed in hitherto, lead us to expect seriously that freedom and sweet fraternity is the condition they will work towards in the future? This is the question with which I propose to deal; it is the one question needful for the Liberal school to answer; up to the present time they have taken no single step towards answering it: and in so far as they seem to have done so, what they have done has been this. They, the scientific school, in dealing with social problems, have done just what the theologians did in dealing with science. They have merely sought to make a system that agrees with itself; they have not tried to examine how far it agrees with facts. Nor must they in this matter deceive us by their many appeals to history; for the most futile of theological methods has been also their model here. They have treated history as Dissenters treat the Bible. They have quoted a passage here and a passage there, divorcing each from its context, interpreting each scripture privately, and having no other guide, either in the choice or the interpretation, than their own wishes and their own foregone conclusions. Such quotations, it is true, may often at the time seem forcible; but it is plain that in reality they have no value whatever. There is no anticipation that in this way

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cannot be supported from history, just as there is no heresy that in this way cannot be supported from the Bible.

Let me state this charge more explicitly. What I wish here to insist on is, not that our scientific theorists are ignorant of history in the sense of being ill-read in historical literature, though this too, of many of them, I conceive might be said with truth. The want I impute to them is something much deeper. It is not that they have not gone far enough in one branch of inquiry, but that they have gone no way at all in another. They may know much or they may know little about *what* has happened, but in no fruitful way have they ever demanded *why?* The problem before them is, How will human beings act in the future? And naturally they expect the past will throw some light on this. But in what way can it be made to do so? Let us inquire carefully. The action of men socially is the product of their action individually. All the large movements of which history is the record have been caused and made possible by nothing but certain desires, aversions, and susceptibilities in the human unit. These are many and various, and their mode of action is extremely complex. Sometimes one or other of them acts singly; at other times, several act in concert; and at others, a yet greater number act in conflict. Selfishness, unselfishness, love, hate, envy, ambition, indolence, activity, docility, self-will—these and such as these are the powers and the potentialities of which all events of history are the outcome. To predict, then, future events from past, there are three things necessary. First, in the case of each given event we must inquire carefully to what forces it is attributable; and, if there have been several acting in the same direction, in what proportions they have each exerted themselves. Secondly, we must inquire to what conditions it is attributable that the forces in question have so combined and acted. And lastly, having still to deal with the same forces, we must consider under what conditions we expect them to combine and act in the future.

Let us take an instance: let us take the French Revolution. No event has formed for the Liberal school such a favourite theme as that. They point to it as an epiphany of the great being, Humanity, as a specimen of its powers, and as an earnest of its future performances; and it is said, roughly speaking, to teach three main lessons—the advent of men's freedom, the fact of their equality, and their sense of loving brotherhood. Now, in this popular view of the matter, what is it that is implied? Certain statements are implied as to certain definite events. It is implied that the events in question were the result of three special forces—of men's longing for freedom, their love for one another, and of their perception that they were all equal. And it is argued further that the same forces in the future will act in the same direction, and will complete the process which is at present only begun.

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Now to analyse the causes of the French Revolution is not my concern here. But I wish to point out that, whatever may be their true analysis, the common one just alluded to is, at any rate, quite inadequate; and not inadequate only in the result, but in the method by which the result has been arrived at. Even had it been true, it would have been true only by chance; no scientific means have been ever taken to prove it so. The event in question, as is evident from the slightest inspection of it, was one of extreme complexity: and though the three humanitarian principles had doubtless much to do with it, yet numerous other forces were busy also, which, though then accidentally working in one direction, may, under changed conditions, work just as well in another. Thus the passion of the masses, that was at that time so powerful, was composed not only of the love of equals, but also of the hatred of superiors. This complex passion, again, was not self-directing. The masses were swayed and guided by individual leaders, whose influence depended largely on the thoughts and theories that were set forth by them. Further, these leaders, in addition to their avowed principles, were themselves swayed largely by unavowed private interests. Now not only is it needful, for understanding the matter rightly, to recognise the variety of the elements with which we have to deal. It is needful also to inquire in what proportion each of these has been present. We know, for instance, that men love each other, we know that men hate each other, and we know that each of these feelings can produce important actions. But in the case of any given event, in which both feelings have been concerned, we want to know how much there has been of the one, how much of the other; what laws or conditions have regulated the proportion we discover, and by what powers the two have been mixed together. We may not inaptly compare these social forces to gunpowder. Gunpowder is composed of three homely substances, each by itself entirely inexplosive. Its power depends wholly on how these are mixed and proportioned.

There is thus suggested to us an entirely new branch of inquiry, to which the modern schools at present are complete strangers. So strange, indeed, are they to the very conception of it, that amongst all the names they have given the various sciences, there is not one which can be said to include or even to hint at it. Sociology and political economy both indeed come near to it, but neither of them can be said to touch it. Its scope can be best indicated by a mention of some of the main questions contained in it. Beginning with the simple inquiry as to human character in general—as to the power and proportions of the individual human impulses—it will go on to consider how, when men act in masses, these impulses are modified. It will treat social and political enthusiasms as other sciences treat heat. It will ask how crowds are heated by them,

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as though crowds were metals or other specified substances—how crowds are heated by them, at what rate they cool, and how the laws of individual action change during such processes. It will inquire into the rate at which the different passions travel, and into their comparative forces. It will ask, for instance, whether love or envy be the stronger; which diffuses itself the more readily, and under what conditions; and in what proportions the two are capable of combining. It will ask how popular distress acts on popular aspirations, and how long and how far the latter can survive the former. It will ask how multitudes are swayed by leaders, and by what laws. It will ask, with regard to leaders, by what motives they are actuated—by ambition or public spirit—and how far these motives can be counteracted by others, such as avarice, sexual passion, or indolence. And it will ask further how the emotions are affected by the intellect—how feeling acts on belief, and belief on feeling, and how practice needs to sustain itself on some framework of theory.

Such being a brief hint of what the science we desiderate will deal with, let us next ask in what way it must be studied. It is needless, of course, to say that it must be studied in history. What we have to remark is that it must be not studied there only; and that, to make history of any help to us, it must be studied elsewhere as well. To understand the past, we must observe the present. Would we know how men *have* behaved, we must observe how they *do* behave. Would we understand the action of crowds in the last century, we must observe the action of crowds in our own. We must study history as we have studied geology, by a careful observation of forces now at work. We must look on past events as the strata of civilisation, whose formation we still have to account for, and which we only can account for by a pursuance of this method. The laboratory of the missing science must be the living world at large.

Such a science may indeed be said to be impossible, for two reasons: first, because the principles involved in it are not uniform; and secondly, because the details involved in it are too complex. But from whatever quarters the first objection may come, it certainly cannot come from the scientific school; since one of their most fundamental doctrines is a direct protest against it. Human nature, they say, *is* uniform, and is therefore a conceivable subject for exact scientific study. The second objection is far more to the point, and if urged by scientific thinkers there would be little to say against it; only in that case we must meet them with the following unwelcome inference, that in proportion as the laws in question are too complex to systematise, so is their future action too uncertain to predict.

But however this may be, there is one thing certain. Whether or no such predictions can be ever made scientific, as Mr. Herbert Spencer and others assume they can, they can at any rate be made more scientific than these writers have yet made them. As made at

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present by these, they have no firm substance at all. They are nothing in England but the fancies of amiable students, as in Russia they are nothing but the ravings of mad conspirators. They can at any rate be made something more reliable than this. Even should the laws of human action be not uniform, in the way that the modern school maintain they are, it is admitted on all sides that there is some uniformity in them; and should the conditions of human action be so various that we can never know the whole of them, it is admitted on all sides that we can know something of some. And thus it is that some quasi-science of the future is not only attainable, but has been, within certain limits, very notably attained. The best examples of it, however, have been given us by great politicians and generals; and what are commonly called instances of these great men's foresight are instances of sound, though perhaps unconscious, induction. Now, though it is open only to the few to rival such men in genius, it may be open to others, by a pursuance of proper methods, to arrive at results of the same practical character, and which, if far less definite, shall be yet far wider. What we demand first of all is not genius; it is common-sense at work in the proper direction. Given us this, we may approach the future of civilisation with the same kind, though not with the same degree, of confidence as that with which politicians and generals have approached the future of states and armies; and though even thus our knowledge may always remain vague and imperfect, it will not for that reason be without definite value. It will teach us the complete falsehood of many current predictions, even though it may not enable us to replace them.

This is specially true of that prediction with which, as I have said already, I propose briefly to deal—the common prediction of Atheistic Liberalism as to the movement of humanity towards freedom and equal brotherhood. Now, that such a movement at present seems an undoubted fact I do not attempt to deny. But to see events moving in one direction, even for centuries, can give us no assurance that they will so go on moving, until we have discovered the causes to which this movement is due, and have satisfied ourselves that these causes will be permanent. And I am about to point out that of these causes there is at least one, and one of extreme importance, which, if the Liberal school prevail, must be by-and-by eliminated; and whose absence must tend to reverse or arrest the process on whose continuance the Liberal school rely. This, as I have said already, is the belief in the Rights of Man. Let us now proceed to examine more minutely both the content of this belief, and its practical influence hitherto.

First, then, as to its content, it implies two things, of which one is epitomised in the use of the word *man*, and the other epitomised in the use of the word *right*. The word *man*, thus used as of common application to all men, implies that between all men there is a certain kind of

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equality, in virtue of which they are all alike capable of certain equal wants and attainments. The word *right* implies something more complex. It implies that as certain things thus exist in all men potentially, so may the conditions be demanded which shall secure their existence actually; it implies further, since the case involves *demanding*, that there is a power somewhere which shall make the demand attended to, or at all events punish those who refuse to attend to it; and it implies finally, and as a consequence of this, that rulers must grant this demand to the ruled not as a debt to the ruled only, but as the foremost of all debts to themselves. Thus Robespierre laid it down in his celebrated 'Declaration' that it is the aim of every polity 'to secure the natural rights of man, and the development of all his faculties;' that 'society is bound by every means in its power to secure the instruction of every citizen;' and that 'tyrants' in reality are nothing but wretched 'slaves,' who have revolted against 'Nature, the legislator of the Universe.'

Such being, roughly stated, the content of the belief in question, what has been its practical influence in the direction of liberal progress? To answer this with accuracy is not possible here; but certain broad statements may be made with regard to it, which, though often overlooked, will, I think, be denied by nobody. Let us first observe, then, that however great the above influence may have been, it has been but one force at work amongst many others. We must not assume too much for it, as we shall be unable to prove enough for it. Liberal progress is not due only to liberal principles; instinct and appetite are concerned in it as well as belief and theory. But though it may in the first place be got in motion by the former, it rests solely with the latter to direct, to sustain, and to develop it. The former includes many conflicting elements—hate and envy, as well as love and pity. It rests with the latter to make all these rational, and, by justifying and idealising the objective end they tend towards, to transmute and hallow and harmonise the feelings that tend towards it. A movement, for instance, which has been due at its beginning to the pride and oppression of one class, the envy of a second, and the hate and hunger of a third, may by justifying its actions secure to itself new motives. Blind impulse may be enlightened by theory, and savage selfishness may tend to become philanthropy. This has notably been the case with the French Revolution, and thus Lamartine truly says of it that what 'makes it so great a force amidst all its storms and anarchy is that it is a doctrine;' and 'its theories,' he adds, 'which were for a moment made unpopular by the pangs which followed their birth, revive and will revive more and more in the aspirations of men. They have been sullied, but they are divine. Efface the blood, and the truth remains.' To this we may add another instance, in which the power of belief is shown in a yet more immediate manner. I mean the

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abolition of slavery—a movement which the Liberal school so nearly identify with progress, that had the Slave States in America only secured their victory, the world's development would, in the judgment of John Stuart Mill, have been probably thrown back for a century. Now the hatred of slavery is due partly to the physical horrors connected with it; and thus one of the forces concerned in its abolition has been pity, which is an instinct, not an intellectual theory. But it is indubitable that the larger part here has been played by a theory, not an instinct. Slavery has been condemned, hated, and warred against, not so much because incidentally it has tortured the bodies of some, as because essentially it violates the beliefs of all.

Thus we may safely, I think, make the following statement. The power for liberal progress of the natural human instincts depends largely on their embodying themselves in a certain intellectual doctrine, which the world's knowledge and intellect are prepared to accept as true. It depends upon this so largely, that if the doctrine in question be proved false or groundless the power in question will perhaps evaporate, perhaps reverse its tendency, and will suffer at all events some very important change.

And this brings us to the real point at issue. Let us take the special doctrine that is so essential to liberal progress, and apply the tests to it of that scientific school by which all such progress for the future is, we are told, to be guided. The result to the scientific optimist must, one would think, be startling. The belief in the rights of man, as the world has held it hitherto, will be seen to have been essentially a theological belief. The belief in men's equality was a belief that men had souls. The belief in men's rights was a belief in a God who sanctioned them. As tried at the tribunal of knowledge and calm intellect, the social doctrine relies on the religious, not only for its support, but for its meaning. This was always its implied foundation, and continually its explicit one. It was on this that Robespierre rested his Declaration of Rights; it was on this that St. Simon rested his hopes and schemes; while the English reader can hardly need reminding that it was on this that the whole case rested against slavery as slavery. Negroes have souls to save, just as white men have. Negroes and white men have the same God to serve. Before that God negro and white are equal. Such were the beliefs and arguments which alone made the suppression of slavery not only possible to accomplish, but possible even to conceive or to wish for; and without which Wilberforce would have been without power, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* without pathos. Nor is it too much to say of the entire fabric of Liberalism that, in so far as it is either a fact accomplished, or a clear ideal to work towards, it has directly sprung from theism, and has been at once justified and maintained by it. Theism and the Rights of Man have till quite lately been convertible terms. The latter has indeed been nothing but one aspect of the former.

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But now a change has come, and the Liberal school are in a completely new condition. The strange thing is that they do but half perceive the fact, and that, while loudly insisting on one aspect of it, they completely forget the other. Whilst proclaiming with increasing vehemence that theism is an illusion, they forget that the rights of man may prove an illusion likewise, and that, instead of their being recognised more fully in the future, there may in the future be nothing of them left to recognise. One of this school in America has recently written thus: 'Entire equality of rights implies entire equality of natures; and as the latter equality does not really exist, the former will never exist in the moral law; the equality in civil law representing only a gross approximation to it. . . . The Catholic Church created an artificial and absolute equality in salvation . . . which could be applied indiscriminately to all. Such an equality is certainly rejected by Positivism.' But though the writer of these words could see the matter thus clearly in theory, he has been wholly unable to see how theory will bear on practice. He admits that the theory of Catholicism had practically a profound effect in the direction of liberal progress, and of this effect he is himself the inheritor and the panegyrist. But he fails to inquire if, as the cause ceases, the effect in question will not presently cease likewise. I say *presently*, because in cases like these such cessation is never immediate. What I have before pointed out in the moral world is also true in the political. There is a certain momentum possessed by ideas and sentiments which makes them outlast for a time the beliefs which justify them; just as a man's credit may for a time outlast his finances. Thus the liberal tendencies we at present perceive around us can contain, as they are, no pledge of their own continuance; and we can make no calculations at all as to their future, until we have deprived them carefully, in imagination, of all those forces which we know must in time exhaust themselves, and have considered with equal care the changed condition of the remainder.

Accordingly, for any practical purpose, the first inquiry must be this: How are the conceptions of modern Liberalism affected logically by that non-theistic science with which they are now associated? And to this the answer can be at once prompt and decisive. For not only does that science affect them negatively, by discrediting the old proofs of their truth; it affects them positively, by a detailed demonstration of their falsehood. And first of all let us take man's equality. Modern science, as the writer just quoted admits, denies that men are equal. This, however, is but half the truth; it insists that they are unequal; and it does so with a fulness and hardness of meaning which, it may be safely said, was till our day inconceivable. The brutality to his slaves of no Eastern despot, the contempt towards barbarians of no Attic philosopher, ever implied this doctrine so fully as modern science expresses it. All its tendency is to prove

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with increasing clearness that each man is the creature of his parentage and his education, that of his human value his body is the cause and index, and that not only are men's apparent inequalities real, but that in reality they are even greater than in appearance. No spiritual vision can pierce through them, and discover beneath the surface some treasure that is shared by all, for no such treasure exists. There are but two ways in which a man's value can be conceived or measured—by the pleasure he is to himself, and by the use he is to others. And this use and pleasure are these things as they *are*, not any use and pleasure that we conceive *might have been*. Had a man been in the least degree other than he is, to the eyes of modern science he would have been another man. What each man is, is all that each man could have been. Nothing was ever possible but what has been or will be actual. Thus, to talk of equality between men as men is as absurd as to talk of equality between dogs as dogs, or between horses as horses. It is indeed probably more absurd; for between men and men there is room for yet greater difference. There are savages who, placed accurately in the scale of animals, are nearer the highest monkeys than the highest of their own species; and if creatures so far removed from each other can be called in any way equal, then not only may we say that dogs are equal to dogs, but that a cat is equal to an elephant.

Such, then, being men's equality, as tested by modern science, let us inquire what becomes of their rights. And this inquiry needs much care in making, as there are certain current confusions with regard to them which are apt to mislead all of us. The conception of such rights, as I have already observed briefly, implies a God who sanctions them. But to realise this fully we must examine the matter further; we must examine the meaning of the word *rights* generally. The definition can be at once brief and accurate. A right is a claim or a possession, which some power or other will either protect or vindicate. But simple as this statement seems, it contains more in it than is at first apparent. It contains two great truths, which are generally forgotten, and which it is of the first importance to remember: first, that the sanctioning power is as essential as the claim or the possession—a right unsanctioned is not a right at all; secondly, that whilst the sanction is essential to the right, justice essentially has nothing at all to do with it. Thus the legalised privileges of a nobility, however oppressive, are, so long as they are legalised, the rights of that nobility; and it may be said, without any violence to language, that the existence of the most absolute rights may be the existence of the most absolute injustice.

Rights, then, are the creations of the supremest might that has any practical bearing on the possession or claims that may be in question. This is what they are essentially, and they are no more than this. But two other ideas have here to be connected with them—the

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idea of their self-existence, apart from any might they may depend upon; and the idea of their parallelism with universal justice. Nor is this connection in any way arbitrary, nor, from a certain point of view, in any way unreasonable. It is, on the contrary, at once close and rational. But there is one point about it we must bear in mind. It is a connection only, not an identity; and the links that formed it are precisely those that modern thought is severing.

It will need but little consideration to convince us of this fact. Rights were vaguely supposed to be self-existing, because whatever claims or possessions were in harmony with the sense of justice were supposed to be independent of the caprice of human sanction. But they were supposed to have some sanction none the less, though the supposition was often latent. They were supposed to be sanctioned by a just and omnipotent God, who would judge between man and man, giving all men some day their due, and applying to each individual supposed universal principles. Thus the conception of rights as in any way self-existing is merely a loose expression of the belief that a certain Being existed in whom absolute justice was united to absolute might.

Again, justice itself, in its political and social bearings, depends, for at least all its *Liberal* meaning, on the same belief and on a kindred one—on a belief in God, and a belief in the soul of man. Apart from these, it doubtless means something; but that something is very limited. What it denotes in this way are those great fundamental rules without which no social life and no joint action would be possible. It denotes the principles of truth and honesty; and these, as we all know, are of profound importance. But as applied to social and political questions, they are the foundations only, and not the superstructure. They are the things we presume: they are not the things that we require. Justice in this narrow sense, as was long ago observed by Plato, is as much needed by the most tyrannous oligarchy as by the freest democracy. It will serve to localise strength just as well as to diffuse it; and the homely proverb, that there must be honour amongst thieves, may show us how short a part of our way it is thus able to take us. As connected with any theories of political and social progress, as forming part of the conception of the rights of man, justice includes other ideas of an entirely distinct order—not the idea that to each man must be given his due, but that the admitted debt is of a certain stated amount. The amount of the debt, not the fact of it, is the real question debated by progressive Liberalism. And the calculation of this amount, as the Liberalism of our day makes it, is either based on nothing or is based on the belief in question. Let us take for instance the great modern doctrine that the State owes to all men a certain intellectual education. For what, in this doctrine, is the main conception? It is not that each citizen must have a certain technical training, so that as a

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workman he may work his best for others; but that each man must have a certain mental training, so that as a man he may do his best for himself. It is only with such a view as this that we can wish to teach Euclid to ploughboys. Now the only ground on which such a view can be justified is the belief that man as man owes a certain debt to himself. In this belief there is the further belief included, that a God exists who is concerned in and will enforce the debt; and it is because some debt like this is supposed to be universal that the State is conceived of as bound to give all men the means of paying it.

In the same way the ideal polity generally, to which more or less vaguely progress is supposed to be tending, is capable of presentation as an object men ought to strive towards, only as being a polity in accordance with the will of a certain power who is above and will judge between all human politicians. That such a designing power is supposed and appealed to is shown plainly in such common phrases of Liberalism as that men were born to be free, men were not born to be slaves, men were not born to be mere machines. Without the supposition in question such phrases have no meaning; for unless there is a power, taking cognisance of what might have been, no man is born to be anything but what he is, no matter how enslaved or machine-like. Thus, without those religious doctrines which scientific thought is denying, the rights of man as man become rights which have no existence. Rights of some sort are of course left existing, but they are partial and inconstant, and they have no necessary connection with the current notions of justice. It is of course conceivable that they might be so distributed as to make some approach to the ideals of progressive Liberalism; but none the more would they be the rights of man. They would be—what is a very different thing—the rights of special men, or of special bodies of men, and their equality would mean nothing deeper than an equal diffusion of might.

Such is the change, then, in their great central conception, that the school of Atheistic Liberals are themselves preparing. In the first place, rights are for them nothing but the creatures of human might; and they are, and they are not, precisely as that might is distributed. Men's claims and possessions become intrinsically an unordered chaos. It is human might alone that converts them into rights—and this might is supreme. It is the agent of no higher power. It itself makes the only laws it works by; it creates debts and pays them by the self-same act. And if, as is often the case, retribution seems to fall on it, it is merely that unperceived it has changed its centre, and its reality destroys its semblance. In the second place, we must add further, that as the human race is at present constituted, might in its distribution is exceedingly unequal—exceedingly unequal in appearance, and even more unequal in reality.

Let us now inquire what this change will be in so far as it has any practical tendency, and see what light it throws on the current

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prophecies of progress. To begin, then, these prophecies broadly are reduced to the following statement, that might, as time goes on, will more and more diffuse itself, and that the power or capacities of all men will rise, not fall, towards a dead level. Next, by what means are we told that this result is to be accomplished? The means are double. One is the blind process of natural selection; but this, as time goes on, will become of less and less importance, and it will be more and more superseded by an ideal end which men shall consciously work towards. 'Positivism recognises,' as is observed by a recent Positive writer, 'that beyond a certain stage of development changes in human destiny depend immediately upon the combined knowledge, desire, and will of human beings; and the energies of Positive thought are directed towards modifying these with so much the more intensity that they are inspired by sure hope of success.'

It is with this second means alone, then, that we need now concern ourselves, and with regard to this we have to ask one great question. Is the equalisation of human powers and capacities an ideal that in any attainable shape can be presented by Positive thought so that it shall excite and combine at once men's desires and wills, and so that with any chance of success men shall work to make it a reality? And to this I propose to demonstrate that the answer is an unequivocal No.

To understand the true nature of the problem a complete change must be made in the way of stating it, and for this change what I have already said will have prepared us. We shall now see, if we consider the matter carefully, that the evangel of modern Liberalism has, as coming from atheists, been entirely misstated, and that when they have said their men's rights *are* universal, they really mean that such rights *may be made* universal; and that when they have said that men *are* equal, they merely mean that men *may be made* equal. But even this change in the statement is not sufficient. There is still an ambiguity in the use of the term *men*. The term *men*, as occurring in this connection, is supposed generally to have reference to the men that the doctrine is addressed to—to the living generation about us, and to belong to some inspiring message that personally concerns them. Really, however, it does nothing of the kind. It has no reference whatever to the men that are, but to the men that by-and-by, in the remote future, may be. Let us take, for instance, the present labouring classes. The current prophecies as to progress, and the current doctrines as to rights and equality, have no reference personally to them. Their condition practically is fixed. It is too late for any education to change them; by no known method can they be raised in the mental scale. Even the most sanguine of Socialistic dreamers have allowed half a century before their scheme for progress should have any fruits that were perceptible, and the hopes of more sober thinkers have been more distant still. It will thus appear that when stated accurately the modern Liberal teachings are reduced to this—

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to a statement not about men as they are and as we know them, but about a race altogether different, which it is affirmed will in process of time be bred out of them. It is as though we were to address the race of dogs generally, and were to tell them, not the unmeaning falsehood that they themselves were all alike, but that by-and-by from a process of cross-breeding would result a race of mongrels that would be so.

The doctrine then, of the modern prophets of progress, is composed of these two theses: first, that a certain type of human being is, if men will to produce it, producible; and secondly, that the type in question is so desirable that the desire to produce it will create the will to do so. The doctrine being thus stated, it becomes for the first time possible to inquire what truth and what sense there is in it.

Now the first of these theses we will for the present suppose to be true. We will take it for granted that human nature is capable of modifications as great even as those which Mr. H. Spencer dreams about; and we will inquire only by what means they are to be produced, and if it is likely that men in general will combine to use the means. First of all, then, we must remember that the process in question must be slow and gradual; nothing can be done *per saltum*. One step must follow on another, and, if the pathway is impassable even in one place, there might just as well be no pathway at all. Power and capacity are at present not equally distributed, and it lies with those who at present possess them to arrest or to promote their distribution. And here let us note this point. Those who at present possess them are doubtless at the present moment working for their distribution. They are doing so in many ways; but it will be enough for our present purpose if we confine our attention to one—the diffusion of education. The education movement is a genuine movement doubtless towards the ideal of modern Liberalism, and could a sufficient education be universal for several generations, the whole structure of society would be probably profoundly changed. Nor is this all. We have not only before us what probably might be done, but much also that actually has been done. The diffusion of education has effected a social change already. It has already gone some way towards the diffusion of might, and so towards the creation of equalised and universal rights. But this undoubted fact may very easily mislead us, and the modern Liberal school have been altogether misled by it. Because education has done a certain amount for men, they argue incontinently that it will do an indefinite amount more. This however by no means follows. Before us is a journey that is as yet quite untried, and though the road we are on may have proved good thus far, in a very short time it may become impracticable. Rivers may cross it over which there are no ferry-boats, or mountains which we cannot climb. But the scientific prophets of progress completely forget this, and are arguing to the present generation, with a very

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singular simplicity, that because a balloon can take one man five miles from the earth, it will therefore be able to take the whole human race to the moon.

In this parallel to their reasoning there is very little exaggeration. It indicates hardly a greater forgetfulness of more essential considerations. What the Atheistic Liberals have to consider is this. A certain undoubted movement has been begun already, and is being still sustained, because the ideal end it is supposed to tend towards is powerful over man with power. But meanwhile they have associated this movement with another, which bears directly on the ideal end itself, and which must produce, at once theoretically, and by-and-by practically, a momentous change in it. It is with this change that the Atheistic school must reckon. Will the idea of Liberalism, when that change has come over it, still remain, as heretofore, powerful and attractive; or will it not, long before the world has advanced near to it, fade from our vision, or cease to seem desirable, and may not its place be taken by an ideal precisely opposite? This is the great practical question for the class of thinkers I am dealing with, and the answer to it, if they will consider the matter dispassionately, can hardly fail to be one that will be fatal to their passionate expectations. Should theistic belief ever fade generally from the consciousness of the human race, and should the conceptions of man that are derived from science replace those that are derived from theism, it seems inevitable that the social ideal of Liberalism, with its freedom, its brotherhood, and its equality, will give place to an ideal that is essentially oligarchic, and that rests, like the Greek Republics, not on freedom but on slavery.

Startling as this statement seems, a little reflection will, I think, convince us that it is true. The most sanguine even of the Liberal prophets admit that in the course of progress there are great difficulties to be overcome, and hard problems to be solved. The condition of the world desired by them depends very largely on material civilisation; and material civilisation depends very largely on labour that, at least by comparison, tends to degrade the labourer. Thus, as society exists at present, and as up to the present it always has existed, the kind of life it is hoped to make universal has either not been possible at all, or has been possible for the minority only. Here is the fact, which is, for Liberalism, the central evil of life, and which the Liberal school assure us our race is on the way to remedy. But just as they assure us that the result is certain, so they urge on us also that it must be achieved by great exertion. It will task all the energies of the leaders of thought and action; it will be possible only, as we have seen before, to their 'combined knowledge, desire, and will,' and the process will, at the best, be of necessity slow and painful. Meanwhile, the philosophy of scientific atheism will have gradually done its work on the universal human consciousness; and

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the ideal in question, long before it is realised, will have completely changed its character. As at present put before us, it will cease to have any meaning; and it will be conceivable only in the profoundly different form which I have already indicated.

The practical effect of this change will be twofold. From the ideals of equality it will remove their strongest present attraction; from the ideals of inequality it will remove what at present revolts us in them. How this must happen is obvious. The cause of equality, as it at present appeals to us, appeals to us as the cause of justice. It appeals to our consciousness of a solemn debt to our fellows, and a vast wrong done them, which we are urged to remedy. But as soon as the Liberal problem is stated with scientific accuracy, all this conception of wrong, of debt, and of justice disappears entirely. It becomes simply a question of how we shall mould the future, in so far as it is ours to mould. Within these limits the future is our creature. We are its creator, its absolute lord and master; and we have no guide or pattern to appeal to, beyond our own dominant will. In creating the future, then, there is no reason why we should aim at equality any more than at inequality. We, the living, are the potters; the generations that are to be are the pots; and shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? In perpetuating inequalities, or even in increasing them, who is wronged? Let us suppose that by a certain course of political action in the present—say by the arresting of education instead of the further promotion of it—the place now occupied by the free labouring classes would in a century's time be again taken by slaves. To our present Atheistic Liberals no idea could be more shocking. But let us examine it accurately by their own principles, and what possible offence is there in it? A number of useful animals not now in existence would be in existence then. That is all. Let the lot of the illiterate slave be submitted to the calm eye of science; and, apart from a discontent which need in no way belong to it, it will be impossible to trace in it the existence of any wrong. A slave is no more wronged because he is not a free man than a cat is wronged because it is not a dog, or than a horse is wronged because it is not a cabman. Or should the semblance of any wrong exist, it would be, not because the slave was too low in the scale, but because he was not low enough: and it would be perfectly right and rational to attempt to breed from him a species still more simply organised, which should be equally strong and equally sagacious in work, but should be free from any sensibilities making work painful.

Remembering this, then, let us grant the production possible of a lofty race of thoroughbred equals, such as is now promised us by the current doctrine of progress, and let us grant that the hope of such a race existing might really inspire us to work towards producing it. But there is no reason why our endeavours should stop here. There is

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nothing to hinder our supplementing this finer breed by a number of lower breeds, whose lives, besides being a positive pleasure to themselves, should sustain and heighten the lives of those above them. To an addition of this kind the modern school of Liberals can offer no objection. The lower breeds in question would in no sense be losers because they were not at the summit of the human scale. On the contrary, they would be gainers, because they were in the scale at all; and their supposed presence therefore would brighten, not mar, the picture. An ideal polity thus constructed is indeed the very polity that the Liberals themselves dream of; altered only in such a way that it becomes at once richer and more coherent, and, according to any feeling or principle that they can themselves justify, infinitely more satisfactory. But let us look at the matter in another light, and what shall we see then? We shall see that this ideal of modern Liberalism, when once it is filled in, and advanced to its logical completion, is simply the old oligarchic ideal which the world has known hitherto—this old ideal with its class distinctions and its inequalities, not removed and not even softened, but instead of this secured, intensified, and justified.

Now the ideal polity presented in this way is, it may be said, an ideal impossible to realise; and that may very likely be true. But be that as it may, it is at any rate far more possible in this complete shape than it is in the incomplete one in which the Liberals now present it. The practical difficulty in the case just stated would be to make the gradations in men's wishes and powers so nearly equal to the gradations in their social functions, that the contentment of the servile classes should be marred by no further aspirations. And the belief that the human breed could be thus far varied, implies that the human nature is capable of almost incredible modifications. But precisely the same implication is contained already in all the current doctrines of the scientific prophets of progress; only the special modification that they exclusively dwell upon is the very modification that it must be most difficult to produce. And yet these, modern science declares to us, are demonstrably producible. 'What now,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer at the close of his latest work, and leading up to the statement as his chief and most solemn doctrine—'what now amongst those of highest natures is occasional and feeble may be expected with further evolution to become habitual and strong; and what now characterises the exceptionally high may be expected eventually to characterise all.' If, then, it be possible to produce a breed that shall be so far finer than any now existing, it will be not only as possible, but easier, to produce breeds that are less fine. It will be easier for many reasons. It is an undoubted fact that with the existing commoner classes a sufficiency of the lower pleasures, which are those they can best appreciate, puts to sleep their ambition for others, which they only indirectly hear about; and thus in proportion

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as their degradation advances, the less does it appear to them to be degrading. Whilst, further, there is this to add—that in breeding downwards instead of upwards, the required physical selections can be made with far greater freedom, since they will be less traversed or interfered with by any delicate affections, or sense of sentimental grievance.

It is not, however, to the purpose here to inquire how far practically either ideal could be realised—the ideal of equality, or the ideal of inequality. The considerations I have to dwell upon stop far short of this, and are of far more immediate import. What I wish to point out is, firstly, the demonstrable fact, that whether or no either of these rival ideals are in any way practically possible, the latter is at all events more possible than the former; secondly, that as appealing to the scientific judgment, the latter is in every way more attractive than the former; and thirdly, that in so far as the former has hitherto guided progress in one direction, the latter in the same degree will by-and-by desire it in another.

On this last point it remains to dwell further. In the power of the democratic ideal over present democratic movements, the Liberals are most firm believers. But they have yet to realise how, as this ideal decomposes, and still more as another succeeds to it, the democratic movement will be effected. This question, as I have already indicated, is one to be answered only by sober observation of the past. Such observation shows us, as I have also already indicated, that the past democratic movements, which are held to be so full of promise for the future, have been brought about by very composite influences, and that the causes that set them going at first have been quite different from those which afterwards sustained and guided them. They have been nothing at first but the expression, not of any lofty aspiration or grand intellectual principles, but of want, of vulgar envy, and of selfish personal ambitions. The desire for the ideal end has come afterwards, and has given an intellectual justification and sanction to what was already blindly aimed at.

In this way, and in this way alone, those base and anarchic forces have been raised into something higher. They have been reduced to order, they have been strengthened and sustained, and they have been organised into a rational and coherent movement. The democratic progress of the last hundred years would have been altogether impossible had not the ideal of a democratic polity had so strong a hold upon the human intellect, and been supposed to have some sanction in the eternal nature of things. But for this the destructive forces of change would, for the time, have long since spent themselves; and though they might well have reduced the existing social fabric to ruins, a similar fabric would be again rising out of them.

But now, as we have seen already, this democratic ideal is being associated more and more with a philosophy by which it must lose

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completely its supremacy, if not its meaning. Human nature and human progress are placed by modern science in an entirely new light; and the aims and principles which have been hitherto so important will stimulate and guide no longer either the passions of the many or the intellect of the few. We shall look on the human drama with clearer eyes. We shall take our part in it with changed wishes and sympathies, and with new intellectual weapons. We shall see in the struggle before us a variety of unequal forces, which will only be reduced to order when the stronger have subdued the weaker, and when the inequality between them is recognised and acted on as a fundamental social truth. This state of things, instead of being rebuked by the intellect, will be approved by it, and the deliberate aim of all those in power will be, not to lessen such inequality, but to intensify and perpetuate it.

But this is not all. Not only will such an aim commend itself to the rulers: it must also more and more cease to be distasteful to the ruled. With an enlightened oligarchy it would be one of the first cares to provide for the physical wellbeing of the subject classes; for want and privation, as they must well know, give men almost as much power as wealth and plenty. The people being thus disarmed of their two most formidable weapons, democratic hopes and promises, when stated as exact science would state them, would have but small general attraction. Demagogues would no longer be able to appeal to the labouring population, and tell them that they were the equals of their masters, or that they might very readily become so. It would be known that such language was a scientific falsehood. It would be known that the doctrine of equality applied not to men as they are, but to unborn generations as they perhaps might be; nor would it be easy to rouse a contented populace to exertion for the sake of producing a breed of men who, though physically their own descendants, would have less mental kinship with them than even their present masters.

I hope by-and-by to pursue this subject further, and to inquire more particularly into the bearings of scientific atheism on the questions of popular education, on the rights of conscience, and the rights of female virtue; and to show more exactly how singular and how complete is the divorce, at the close of the nineteenth century, between the political and social hopes of the modern world, and its moral and philosophic theories.

W. H. Mallock.

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MODERN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

THE Fine Arts have now for four years had a section of a congress all to themselves. Their full dignity and value were recognized; grave debates were held even about the propriety of using china plates as ornaments for the walls of our drawing-rooms; and if we remember rightly, at nearly the same time, names of weight in literature were brought to bear against the enormity of the British householder's coal-scuttle. Hardly a word however was said about a branch of art in which we English were once supposed to take a special interest, and to have attained special excellence, namely, landscape-painting. And yet no branch of art, I believe, has within the last half-century undergone, and is now undergoing, greater changes. My readers will think of pre-Raphaelitism: can landscape-painting have undergone any change which is more than a reflection of that? The change I refer to was of an earlier date, and of a more vital kind. An argument which the opponents of the pre-Raphaelites were fond of using, when the first flush of their triumph was dying away, that the champions of the movement, in proportion to their success, were apt to lose the distinguishing qualities or signs for which they had battled so strongly, however unfair in its immediate and reproachful application, pointed to a truth nevertheless. The signs and watch-words were indeed no longer insisted on, because the war was over: the original impulse was only less clearly traceable, because its strength was modifying whatever lay within its range. The effect of the revolt was great, but the ultimate gain of it was a change in the spirit and temper of our artists, rather than in any widening of the scope, or lasting alteration in the aims and methods, of their art. Certain antique methods and conventions were somewhat roughly put to the test as it were of re-verification. Some of them were seen to have had their value greatly over-estimated; some had lost all worth by mechanical use; with respect to all alike, there had been too great a disposition to seek for subjects to fit them, and to accept obedience to the laws of elegant composition and arrangement, in place of expression, however imperfect, of true feeling and imagina-

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tive power. But for all that, the finest and quaintest and most uncompromising pre-Raphaelite picture no more revolutionized the art of figure-painting than the *Lyrical Ballads* did that of poetry. The world did not like lovely arrangements of forms and colours, if it could get them, in a figure-picture, one whit the less because the romantic and startling stories which artists of the new school invented for themselves to put on canvas were entirely without a certain primness of good composition, characteristic of pictures derived from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Every one was delighted with the dramatic intensity, which showed itself, wrought out with abounding technical power, in Millais's pictures, and was thankful for that, even if other great qualities of art were conspicuously wanting. Due honour was given to the strong feeling and noble thought which found expression in the colour, symbolism, and exquisite detail of Holman Hunt's pictures, even if some critics declared them wanting in the dignity which only perfect composition could give; and Rossetti was recognized as a colourist, even though his excellence lay as wide as possible apart from that of great artists whose tone of mind and academical training made it impossible for them to imagine any other models of excellence than Rubens or Sir Joshua. After all, this violent pre-Raphaelite revolution, as at one time it seemed, spent itself within the old lines of art, and ended in a reconquest of an old domain. The field of human life was more adventurously searched for subjects. The representation of the most intense emotion was shown to be compatible, if the painter thought fit to have it so, with complete rendering of the details of the surrounding scene. The differences between the aim and methods of dramatic and realistic art on the one side, and decorative and harmonic art on the other, were more clearly felt as they all passed under the quickening influence of a new energy; but with the single exception of an attempt to paint figure-subjects pure and simple in unconventionalized outdoor sunshine, no difficulty was approached which had not been approached before, no rule of art attacked which did not when fairly understood, and not pressed beyond its due limits, quietly re-assert its authority. A noted French critic asserts boldly that all modern art together has only added a few wrinkles to the fair face of that of ancient Greece. It might be said in a similar spirit, and with more truth, of the pre-Raphaelites, that they set themselves to show that very fine art must be content to work with a good deal of ugliness for its subject-matter.

Now the change which is taking place in our landscape-painting is, I think, of a much more vital kind, although from the comparatively small interest which is taken in that branch of art it has been much less noticed. Over and above the effect of the modern tendency in favour of realistic treatment—of that wish to look closely and keenly at nature in the fields as well as in the laboratory or

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herbarium, which has wrought confusion and change in practice and criticism and everything connected with landscape-painting—I believe that, as a further consequence, the art has been brought face to face with the difficulties of a new development—that its students in seeking a wider range of subjects, or in aiming at greater accuracy or fulness of representation in the old one, are striking out paths in which traditional principles will serve them little or nothing.

I believe also that these difficult problems are worth the labour which they must cost to solve, inasmuch as they lie directly in the way of all landscape work which sets itself to give imaginative pleasure, together with the close attention to fact, which is a condition of giving pleasure to the age at all.

Of course I speak of art which endeavours to be true, and that best part of our age which endeavours to recognize truth of any kind. Various aspects and qualities of nature which were uninteresting pictorially to a former generation have become interesting to this; a careful count of what our fathers would have called minor details is demanded, and certain conventionalities or art-moulds in pictures by which they obtained unity of effect, are entirely unsuited for that purpose now. To ask our landscape-painters to invent for us ways and means of marshalling these troops of details—new, inconvenient and complicated as they are—into well-ordered wholes, is only, it would seem, to ask them for new exertion on their part of their proper faculty of design; but if these details insist, as they certainly will do with any artist who feels the pressure of his time, upon being given with their manifest light and their fascinating, nay bewildering colour, that light and colour blended in divinest splendour will be found to constitute a world of art which only one man has hitherto attempted to enter.

If we could imagine the change which would appear in our exhibitions to anyone who had been familiar with exhibitions, or with art which was connected with literature, or bound up in books and keepsakes not so many years ago, we should easily recognize what these new tasks are, and to what extent they are different in kind, not in degree only, of difficulty from all which with one exception have been undertaken hitherto. It is to be feared that such an observer, unless he were of a singularly hopeful temperament, would see little in the work of to-day to set against the glories of the past. We have no Turner: but an age or period may have good work to show without having such exceptional genius as his to be proud of. A whole band of picturesque designers, of whom Stanfield and Harding may be taken as the type, have hardly their equals now. The long line of water-colourists, from Varley downwards—rich in such names as Cox, Havell, Robson, Prout, to take only some of the most famous—stands, some critics would say, to reproach their successors, although all would admit that in Duncan, G. Fripp, and Dodgson,

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we have still amongst us artists well worthy to be ranked with the best of an earlier school. 'Annual Tours,' 'Keepsakes,' this age knows them not. Our illustrators, clever as they are, have other things to do than to trace the course of famous rivers, like the Seine or the Loire, from their source to the sea, and bring back for us picturesque views of grand old towns decaying in peace, with their gateways unspoiled, and their cathedrals still unfinished. The battle-field with its horrors keeps their pencils busy now. The ends of the earth are not half so difficult to get to to-day, as Nubia was in Roberts's time; but no sacred places, no temples, even though they saw the dawn of a faith which has overspread the world, tempt our best artists away from the nooks and corners of our own little island. Even in Europe there are still left large veins of scenery in which natural beauty is combined with historic associations and romantic architecture, but they are left unworked, as if (to anticipate our reasoning from these facts) our artists felt that they could not make transcripts or compositions either from material with which they had not been familiar all their lives, or which would oppose too great an amount of physical difficulty, if they wished to study it in the full and literal fashion of the present day. No, the admirer of the old style would say that for him at least the 'roll of mighty poets' in landscape-painting 'was made up;' that the enthusiasm of natural beauty which was once shared by poet and painter alike, when Turner rejoiced in painting 'Childe Harold's' Italy, and Byron recognized in Turner's vignette illustrations of another 'Italy' 'a poet's prose and a painter's poetry,'—that ardour of sympathy with nature's life, he would maintain, had died away, and a certain uninspired fidelity to the letter, not to the spirit, was all that remained to make our artists' work worthy of the least regard. We have put the case strongly against ourselves; but we may as well confess frankly that the subjects, the virtues, and the devices of the art which such a retrospect brings before us have something in them which is utterly alien to the art of to-day. 'Cold and artificial!' 'Manifestly borrowed!' 'Wanting in freshness!' would be the terms of criticism which a work executed with such models in view could not hope to escape, There were ways then of putting things within the four corners of a frame which were as fixed as the frame itself: we hold such ways still in high respect, but do not venture to use them. The famous 'brown tree' has long since been put in its proper place, although the conventionality of which it was the note is not, and never will be, extinct. But who does not feel a lingering liking for that most useful and, in reality, lovely arrangement which Turner took naturally from Claude, and in one way or another made to do duty in all lands and in all sweet bowery places which he ever painted—namely, the group of trees, or sometimes a single tree, planted just one third of the picture's length from the side, with temple or tower, or perhaps some humbler building, set between it

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and the frame; or perhaps, as in the exquisite drawing of Fonthill, a hint of a distant moorland line, a glimpse of a perfectly quiet sky, caught between dark stems and playing leaves, holds this most cherished place in the picture, while the complete vista with bridge and castle and winding river stretches across to another similar leafy screen? No better plan could be devised for the expression, in an orderly way, of the delight which we all feel when we catch a fine prospect through an opening we perhaps make for ourselves in a tangled glade. How we brush aside the leaves or evade uncompromising branches! But in our pictures nowadays it is seldom indeed that we find that bold straightforward use of a conventional arrangement of them which was good enough for Claude and Wilson and Turner. We may get the trees, exact as a photograph would give them, but without the prospect or, at any rate, with no prospect to speak of; or we may have the large distant view, but without the lovely setting of gnarled trunk or sweeping bough. What a matter of course it was, in the days we are speaking of, that there should be a figure, or a group of figures, somewhere in a landscape composition! There was always a meditative shepherd in the foreground, let the scene be ever so wild, or the mountain tarn ever so gloomy, sitting on his heap of stones, just where the vision of a geologist pecking with his hammer would vex us now. What if figures and other animals were sometimes, nay most frequently, weak in drawing—plainly types of the simplest Noah's-Arkian kind—they 'came in' well, and at least bore witness to our early landscapists' grasp of what they held to be a great truth, that nature without human life and interest, were it only the interest of a well-rutted cart road, was a poor thing, hardly fit to be a subject of fine art at all. They shared the belief of a great poet that 'in our life alone doth nature live.' Their favourite subjects were those in which historic, romantic, or pastoral sentiment was distinctly appealed to. A castle cased in the unfeeling armour of old time was irresistible to them, but hardly more so than the old water-mill, hard to find in its own leafy glen. We choose our subjects differently now. Soon after the first outburst of the pre-Raphaelite movement, Mr. Ruskin tells us how much he was disappointed by the ways of some of the younger students of landscape who fell under its influence, as in truth they almost all did—how their trees had a tendency to stiffen into acicular littleness—how they set their hearts upon pebbles rather than on mountains, and loved to copy textures and veinings rather than contours and sweeping lines. Our lover of old-fashioned art would declare that they never showed the least notion of choosing a subject at all. The grounds of Mr. Ruskin's condemnation are perhaps less strikingly manifest now than when it was written; but there is still, on the part of our best painters, a certain timidity in approaching any subject which is in itself grand or impressive, a dislike of one which is too plainly picturesque, and a perfect horror

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of one which in its actual unworked-up state, reminds them in the least degree of the time-honoured arrangements of a 'view.' There are well-known scenes, rich in historical interest or in unimprovable natural fitness for the sketch-book, which afforded a steady income to many an honest worker not so many years ago: they are quite neglected now, even though their appearance in an exhibition under severely realistic treatment would be a welcome surprise. Has the Norman St. Michael's Mount been too well restored; or has 'Snowdon from Capel Curig' ceased to exist as a vision of beauty? We have our fears, especially about the latter subject.

No; it must be admitted that the old style in these things has passed away for the present, and many great qualities, some will say, have gone with it. Clearness, simplicity, swiftness of execution, poetical conception, and unity of design—do these qualities exist in our landscapes now? If I admit that they do not exist in the same high degree, I do not admit that the change is one from which any real decline in the artistic energy in regard to landscape can be inferred: the change comes rather from a new zeal in the pursuit of truth—a new form of sympathy with nature which seeks naturally for new modes of expression, and for the present leaves on one side those modes which are felt to be things of inheritance merely, and not of true feeling. Various influences of which the great men of the old school just lived to see the beginning—the inroads of the scientific spirit, the invention of photography, the writings of Mr. Ruskin, sympathy with the pre-Raphaelite movement in respect of its love of colour, of detail, and of mystic meaning in little things; and perhaps an increase in the number of those who, vexed with great questionings of heart beyond the range of science, turned for solace to the perfectly-ordered beauty of tree and flower—these and other causes combined to give a new force and direction to landscape-painting. A very short course of study under the conditions which these influences imposed, sufficed to show to the most modest worker that if the old rules of picture-making as held by those who professed to know and use them best, were really the rules, and all the rules of art in that kind, then splendid and beautiful things without number which the eye certainly rejoiced in were shut out of the field of landscape painting altogether. To such students there appeared no help whatever in any recognized teaching, or in the work of any noted painter of that day. The example of Turner was not understood; the high places of the profession were not filled by men capable of appreciating and guiding this new energy of effort; and no wonder if there sprang up what our fathers would have called the frightful heresy of believing that landscapes could be painted without any composition or design whatever. Straight away from nature! A copy of nature! It can't be done, and would be worthless, they would have said, if it could.

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The violence of this break with the past shows painfully in contrast with the slow, cautious, and conservative treading of the old paths to their last extremity of usefulness, by Turner and his contemporaries; but in truth all the landscape of that day was the culmination of a long course of traditional study and practice—the employment, by men who loved nature with all their hearts, of forms of design which had been borrowed from or invented under the influence of great schools of figure-painting in the best ages of art. No artist was more strongly imbued with the spirit of this learning than Turner. For him no scheme of arrangement was too elaborate; no artifice of light and shade either too palpable or too cunning. Such compositions as D. Cox's were 'native wood-notes wild' compared with his fully developed symphonies. The strain of expansion, in place of the calm contented filling-in of the old forms with continually increased knowledge, only begins to show itself in the works of his latest period. But the modern spirit of Nature-worship, in right of which alone landscape-painting as a distinct branch of the Fine Arts has any claim to exist—the worship of which Wordsworth is and always will be the High Priest—arose in the midst of an age which was as much devoted to form in literature and art as in Church and State. The early training of the poets and artists who wrought the change showed itself to the last, and Byron's sincere and hearty admiration of Pope's poetry may be set side by side with Turner's undoubted love of Palladian architecture, and want of any hearty abhorrence, to say the least, of the Renaissance style altogether. We live in an age which has learnt, among other lessons of toleration, that of enduring much incompleteness of form in our literature and art, if only vivid impressions, weighty thought, or earnest feeling be set before us. As Englishmen, too, we are supposed, not without a show of reason, to be regardless of unities, insatiable in our appetite for direct portraiture of men and things. But to make a transcript of a big piece of out-door scenery—of wild mountain, or forest, or sea—something more than the *æs triplex* of the first navigator was surely required for such a feat. Nevertheless this century has seen the attempt made, and may be thankful for the measure of success of no mean kind which has attended it. The swell of a Biscayan wave, the sullen roughness of a Highland moor, are realised for us nowadays with as much lightness of heart and dexterity of touch as ever went to the rendering of a piece of 'still life' when we were young. We have our wave drawn, modelled, and tinted for us with an accuracy which leaves us little to desire, and gives us much to delight in. We can recognize the moment when its crest has just fallen—fallen away in froth and foam, which are faintly veining and fast melting into the green depth—not so fast but that a network of pale grey is being dragged forward in the rise of the next mounting wave. The perspective and foreshortening of all this tracery of

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bubbles on the sides of each dark mounded mass are given, one might almost say, with as much correctness as those of any other 'pattern on sea and land. There is the low grey sky too, and the thin-sailed ship, labouring and straining along its path over hills and dales of bitter sea. Or else Old Ocean is painted for us on one of those days when 'sleek Panope and all her sisters' might sport on his surface. If they are not there, or if we do not somehow imagine, on looking at the picture, that they ever could be there, it is certainly from no want of skilful rendering of water surface, or unflinching setting down of its most vivid colours as the artist has seen them. Now it would be absurd to stint our praise or our gratitude for the marvels of technical skill and ability which have been set before us in works of this kind. Having once seen what 'realization' can do for us, it is idle to imagine that we shall not henceforth demand as much as this, or good reasons why we are to be content with less. But even while we are most dazzled by the brilliancy of such a triumph of descriptive art, by the strangeness of such an apparently complete inventory of one of nature's treasure-chambers of fine things, there springs up within us a strange sensation of something wanting still: we miss a magic which should answer to that mysterious sense, as it were, of a haunting spirit which is never wanting to the reality of a very grand or very lovely scene. Our hearts are not touched: we admire the artist's extraordinary skill, we are thoroughly grateful to him for reminding us of what he has copied so well; but the admiration and the gratitude and the intellectual joy of examining bit by bit such a picture, make up altogether a pleasure different in kind from that which we derive from a great imaginative work of art. A picture which could rightly be so called would show us at once that its author had seen and felt so intensely, had been so possessed with the loveliness, the simple calm, the abiding grandeur, or other special quality of some natural scene, had so hung upon the march of the cloud or the swing of the wave, that while seeing all the more keenly and truly for his great love's sake, he yet saw nothing which did not somehow tend to the expression of his sympathy, could forget to see nothing which did; we should feel at once that the shaping power of an active intellect had been at the bidding of a strong and noble emotion, that it had seized and put to use every hint of qualities inherent in combinations of form and colour, simply as form and colour, which was given by the lines and colours of nature, in other words that the painter had seen truly, but at the same time in a certain order or shape—an order which may strike us in pictorial use as beautiful or quaint or grand, or in a thousand different ways according to the artist's sentiment and purpose, but which we recognize, if we have an eye for pictorial music at all, by the laws of our minds in relation to the pleasures of the eye, as having been stamped upon his mind by sympathy with some quality, which for a moment made nature a living thing to him—an order

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which he could not but use to give that sympathy expression. We should feel that a beauty born of many murmuring sounds and many watchings in lonely places had passed into his work, that the music of form and colour had been called to the aid of the imitative faculty, and that we had had lent to us, not the painter's eyes only, but his whole soul.

Unfortunately, if great examples of this power of translating the sentiment of nature into harmonies of form and colour are rare, they are sadly too easily imitated. In each of the fine arts, a master sets the style of his day, or may be of many days, but in none of them, I think, is the form or frame of expression which has once been invented by true feeling, more shamelessly pirated or made to wear so long, as in painting. It has been said, and I believe rightly, that the art of landscape-painting as a subordinate separate branch of art was born before the conditions existed which were necessary for its healthy development, and that the deep and reverent love of nature which we take to be the chief condition now, was wanting in Claude and in the patrons for whom he painted; but for all that, Claude's gracefulness of composition was the expression of true feeling—and what a long-lived framework that scheme of composition has been! Those who are acquainted with Blake's Life and writings will remember the singular phraseology which he employs in his criticism on the style and influence of some of his most distinguished forerunners in art. Titian, Rubens, Correggio were all—'devils,' of different shades of power and different modes of beguilement. If Blake had been interested in pure landscape, we wonder what place he would have given Claude Lorraine in his demonology. There were others, besides poor Claude, of more recent date, whom in the first fervour of the Pre-Raphaelite revolt, our young students of nature would have been inclined to classify much in Blake's fashion. The world had been too long seen with a pre-conceived idea how it ought to look on canvas—it was time, they thought, to try how it would look when viewed with recovered innocence of eye. Little do artists and critics who talk of innocence of that kind know what a strange and bewildering thing it would be to them. None but very determined seekers of the truth know how difficult it is to be entirely free from a conventional or derivative mode, not only of painting, but of seeing the simple facts of nature, and how many a startling and inconvenient discovery breaks in on them when once the effort is made. Such energy of mental sight is given to few, and to them only, as a rule, for a short period of their lives. Such discoveries are apt to be costly in labour, thought, and experiment. A very few years of successful practice are enough to make even a true artist see nature for the rest of his life according to the scheme or general disposition of lines and colours (the 'pattern' it has been cruelly called) in which his peculiar feeling first found easy and adequate expression. With a merely ingenious

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or clever artist, the scheme, cleverly chosen from the inventions of greater men, is all in all from first to last. If the world, as the saying is, knows not how small an amount of wisdom goes to its governance (and the saying, although trite, is not accepted everywhere as absolutely true), it certainly does not know how little knowledge of nature goes to the making of many a lucky picture. The public will applaud anything if only the usual materials of a landscape, represented in the usual way so as to be easily recognizable, are cleverly put together. The merest semblance of imaginative power—the play of the constructive faculty dealing only with ingenuities of adaptation—is enough to hide a plentiful lack of knowledge as well as of true feeling. With all this kind of art the realists set themselves to wage healthy invigorating war, scornfully rejecting all conventions, compromises and expedients which fell below their disdainful belief (if we are not unfair in attributing such a belief to them), that whatever the eye could see, the brush could imitate. To see what they have done and what they have failed, and always must fail to do, we may as well turn to the consideration of the great difficulty of all, which, as I said at the beginning of my sketch, their direct and undirected study in nature's outdoor schools brought them face to face with. I have stated my belief that, with all our stumblings, we are nevertheless advancing in the right road, so far as we set ourselves to invent means for the fuller expression of nature's true colour together with her all-pervading light. This endeavour has already proved itself inconsistent with many good and useful conventionalities; it will be seen to be no less inconsistent, regard being had to the full scope of landscape-painting as a form of poetical expression, with that fashion of clear, trenchant, and unharmonized transcript which has taken their place. I may be excused if I pass over many reasons why this is so, and hasten to a consideration, as little technical as possible, of the difficulty into which, as I believe, all lesser difficulties of landscape painting merge themselves, which is this: the light and life of nature—that which answers in a landscape to the kindling of the eye, and the play of expression, which it is a figure-painter's crowning triumph to make us feel in his work—are incapable of realization in the way in which most things are capable of realization, the actual play of life excepted, when they are enclosed in the four walls of a dull room; and yet this light and life are interwoven with every touch, tone, and needle's point of every landscape subject, and must be suggested as so interwoven in any picture which has sympathy with the life of nature for its motive.

And here I must distinguish a landscape-picture properly, and with regard to its highest form, so called, from either a study of landscape-material, or from a figure-picture with a landscape setting or background, as a picture which seeks to give expression by means of representation of certain aspects of external nature to the feelings

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which those aspects have excited in our minds, especially and most commonly to the feelings which are excited when we are led to contemplate nature as possessed of a life which in a sense comprehends, or is in close parallelism with, our own. The most elaborate transcript of the forms and colours of nature, without the expression by design of the sympathy or poetical feeling excited by them, is rightly to be called a study, not a picture of a landscape. Again, a picture in which the materials of landscape are used ever so largely, in conjunction with figures, to excite our interest, is a figure and not a landscape picture, if our interest is not excited, and our attention held, by the emotion shown by the painter in his mode of dealing with those materials of landscape themselves—if the figures, on whatever scale they may be, are not, so to speak, swept into the lines which express the artist's sympathy with the forms and forces of nature—if, in fine, it is not upon these last that the burden of the story is made to rest. The landscape-painter's business is to show us the beauty of our earthly dwelling-place, and as that beauty in its highest forms is linked with shapes of fear and trembling as often as with those of perfect loveliness, there is surely range enough in the moods of feeling which he can address, or the lessons which he can gather for us—lessons of simple cheerfulness, of solemn comfort, of noblest hope. It is his business, at whatever cost of sacrifice or limitation, to make us feel the hold which this deep mysterious beauty of nature has taken of his heart and soul. The story of our human life may or may not be visibly interwoven with the rocks and trees and stones which we are whirled round with—rocks, trees, and stones themselves may be the objects of a love so keen, may seem at times to be possessed of a life which so mocks our own, may be so transfigured by the light which enkindles,—so servile to the skyey influences which overshade, that the painter may well find in them alone sufficient grounds of noble emotion. His sensibility to their phantasmal life will be the reflection (and this is the human element in landscape best worth caring for) of his sensibility to our own. 'If he has to paint the desert,' it has been well said, 'its awfulness—if the garden, its gladsomeness—will arise simply and solely from his sensibility to the story of human life.'

It follows from this conception of landscape-painting, that it is by no means the easiest and most manageable 'bits' of nature, or the very few with which his art might almost seem able to deal on equal terms, that the landscape-painter of the purest type will set himself to seek, or be content to use as means of expression, but rather those aspects which are the most characteristic, the most beautiful, the most expressive of this parallel life of nature. The mere desire to paint the whole sweet round of change of one summer's day, with eyes set to watch it passionately and unreservedly, would be enough to show once for all to such a one with how little use of such lovely

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means of expression we were content, and with how little devotion we had tried to extend it. That this world of ours was a splendidly coloured, and for the most part a very bright world—that even its gloom could only be painted rightly by an artist who was sensitive to its abounding light, would be amongst his earliest discoveries; but how far from being discovered was the art by which more than a very faint suggestion of its beauty could be set forth on canvas!

We may as well confess at once that there are many signs that our sovereign lady nature never intended anything more than this to be done. Not to speak of the impossibility of copying her mere gleams of unspeakable beauty—creations which she builds up in one moment to wave away the next—it has been so ordered that the living unity which holds between her form, her light and shade, or chief defining power, and her fairest and most spirit-stirring colours cannot be given by art; in which a certain scale of colours, ranging from gold down to deepest blue and brown with many intermediate notes of other colours sufficiently deepened or subdued, agrees fairly well with the scale of nature's light and shade, but is utterly at variance with the full power of certain colours, such as red and green, which must have things all their own way, each of them, if they are admitted into our landscape concert in any strength at all. Their intensity carries light in nature—in art that intensity verges upon shade. The crimson of the setting sun burns through the belts of faint ashen grey which lie along the horizon—the faint grey in nature 'relieves' the intense crimson; but it would be hard indeed to make it do so in our picture. A mass of summer leaves in sunshine, even with the help of its shimmer of reflected grey, could not have its true force of colour given to it as well as its true relation of light, without a dangerous approach to ebony in the shadows of the picture, and the shaft of sunlight which is caught in the cool perfect green of translucent sycamore leaves is emerald flame. Even in England, the blue sky of a fine day is dark enough to 'relieve' roofs, chimney stacks, or any other earthly thing which has the sunshine upon it, so as to turn them all into glorious things; but the blue sky is quivering with light—that too, as Ruskin says, 'is blue fire, and cannot be painted.' But if the colour of things infinitely removed from earth, or of earthly things so far removed from us as to have an appreciable portion of heaven's light and atmosphere between us and them, is incapable of full expression in respect of its strength, without contradicting or jarring with our sense of distance and harmony of relation, the colour, on the other hand, of objects near at hand, whose force in shadow sends back sun and sky and everything else, however bright and richly coloured, into what we feel to be its proper place, will be found, when carefully studied *as colour only*, to be provokingly pale—quite unequal to the duty of keeping order in our picture, if set in its foreground as the delicately coloured mystery of darkness it really is. We cannot

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have it so, and have our picture intelligible as regards atmospheric effect, without merging the colours of all distant objects into a faint blush of still paler tints. In other words, we can either give a certain amount of force and truth of colour in the distance by foregoing truth of colour in the nearer objects, and strengthening these nearer objects for their work by exaggeration of their true colours or translation of them into dusky brown and black; or otherwise, we can keep these foreground colours true in their strange hardly-recognizable tenderness, and weaken all the distant ones into due subordination. It must be a very 'close' landscape subject indeed, a most circumscribed and sunless 'bit,' which in fair ordinary daylight does not confront the sketcher with some problems of this kind; but in a subject where many grades of distance occur, or many vari-coloured things with the least sparkle of sunshine breaking in—wherever Nature is doing anything, suffering anything, rejoicing in anything—such problems are innumerable and overwhelming. Consciously or unconsciously every artist takes to himself some one set of appearances, gives to it all the power of rendering which he has at his command, and leaves many another which nature has made a co-equal and co-existent splendour, to be a thing of hints and conventional signs. No large scene fairly representative of the beauty of the world can be copied, touch for touch, tint for tint, without demonstrable error somewhere. We may as well enjoy our conventionalism after all, only taking care that imagination mend it: imagination which is born of love for the thing seen, and energy of intellectual power set to find or to use well all possible means of depicting it.

Now it is not denied that there are many landscape subjects in which these difficulties occur in only a minor degree, and that great and worthy pleasure may be got out of a system of landscape-painting which evades them altogether. Better a thousand times simple monochrome, or such lowness of tone as is hardly one degree removed from it, than a Babel of colours in which the language of form is lost, or disgracefully confused. But it cannot be denied that if colour is once admitted, *as colour*, it claims supremacy at once. The artist may refuse to admit it—he may make a well harmonized and accurately proportioned system of undertones, or of mere tinting, do duty for it—but one lapse of forgetfulness, in which he allows himself the unconventional blue of a sky, or the true interweaving of form and colour in a foreground 'texture,' will bring the claims of colour upon him instantly. If he is a colourist born, he will rejoice in them; if, as will probably be the case, he is a designer also, with the soul of a poet in him, he will think and feel in such modes as to harmonize them beautifully with those of form; but in so doing he will pass beyond the traditions of the schools; his recognition of Nature's true colour as well as light, and the music into which he will blend them, will be foolishness to all who do not re-

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semble him at least in his love of Nature. Have any of my readers ever been at Christie's when a large and notable collection of Turners has drawn together a crowd, and heard the guesses which float about the rooms as to the meaning of most of them?—guesses not only about a stray picture in which the public might fairly think that the artist, after having exhausted one world, had imagined some totally new one, but about those in which trees, hills, cows, buildings, and the ordinary sights of the world we are accustomed to, play the chief part. Are they not mere dreams, faded wrecks, proofs of failing power, anything but likenesses of Nature? On two points only everybody would be found to agree—their unlikeness to any other pictures, and their singular property of 'engraving well.' The degree of their approach to being like nature could be only accurately measured by those whose eyes had been opened to the real strangeness of nature herself. A drawing of 'Powis Castle,' lately exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, though not one of the artist's best works, will serve as an example of this unreal appearance in his treatment of sunlighted foliage. The drawing looks, I imagine, to most people too pallid, too ethereal, too vague, for anything but fairy-land; yet I doubt if with Turner it was not rather a matter-of-fact prosaic drawing than otherwise. The introduction of the sportsman and the unlucky heron looks like it. The all-pervading brightness of a misty summer afternoon is the true subject, or at all events supplies the poetical medium through which the formal and ungainly castle, the low-lying copse, and the sluggish stream are set before us. We have the colour of the tree on the left, as a whole, given as truly as art can give it, and the true relief of its light sprays of leaves (the sun is shining on, and not through it) against the blue sky; but the green of the leaves has been cunningly kept for the shadows; the white paper has been left or scratched out for the full light—hence a look of complete unreality to those who do not feel that full colour on the light leaves, and fuller colour on the dark ones, would have made the whole mass dark against the blue sky. That blue could not have been darker without making the gradation from the zenith to the horizon a good deal more sudden than the artist has been obliged to make it as it is. Again, the foreground from which this tree springs has been given with its true delicacy of tint; the distance therefore, including the castle (against which I can imagine the charge being not unfairly brought of looking too much like a Gibraltar in the midst of an English fen), is just touched in with tints fainter still. Now many of these facts could have been given more truly with a stronger or deeper scheme of colour, but assuredly not the look of all-pervading light; and the tree which lifts itself gracefully against the clear sky on the left (the other tree on the right is, it seems to me, slightly under the influence of the passing shadow and shows the light through, not on it) looks both richly green and vividly light.

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But Turner's red and scarlet drawings vex the public most. Of all the impossible things which a landscape-painter is pledged to try to paint, not to indicate merely, or 'give up' with a frank use of conventional symbols such as 'the daring black sunbeams of Titian' which Ruskin quotes approvingly, surely the scarlet of a sunset which has chosen for itself a rift of sky crystal-clear, and sends its last shaft through it just at the horizon's edge, is the most impossible. No splendour but that of sunrise can equal it, and we sympathize so much more with the moment when one more day 'sinks in the shadowy gulf of bygone things.' Let us imagine ourselves looking at a cliff or hill-side thickly set with buildings and houses, red-roofed and many-gabled, with perhaps some tower or thin-worn ruined abbey whose grey walls have been turned to gold by the blaze of sunset behind us. Let us imagine ourselves trying to copy such a scene, the colour being what has fascinated us as the divine expression of one of Nature's grandest moments. We see that the whole hill or cliff is bathed in scarlet—scarlet which for a moment is startling in its victorious intensity. We see that there is no light which is not scarlet or rose-red, except perhaps the flash of the sun caught by a window, or the reflection of the grey eastern sky on some wet ledge of rock or roof perversely set awry. Now if we give the scarlet in its true vehemence of colour in the lights, i.e. in the red roofs and warm-coloured gables and the broad surface of the sandstone cliff (and we shall find that only a very strong tint of vermilion will match that), not only will the scarlet colour so put on look heavy, lightless and opaque in itself, but it will drive us to use very dark colours indeed to make it tell as light at all, in contrast with the shadowed sides of things; and if there is much detail or complexity of surface-markings to be given too, we shall soon find our whole mass of cliff and tower anything but rose-red or scarlet as a whole. But we also find that the shadows themselves in nature are not dark and colourless; they are scarlet sometimes, or pearly grey or lovely purple, anything but brown or dingy grey. The colour of the lights cannot be matched: can the colour of the shadows be matched instead? May we not make the shadows on the deepest coloured portions of our rock surface the bearers of our flame-colours, and leave, as in the foliage quoted above, the white paper for our most highly-lighted portions? In this way we may perhaps approach most nearly to the fulfilment of our desire; we can make the cliff and the rose-red tower look light as a whole—crimson with sunset as a whole, and yet tell our tale of facts about the structure of the cliff, and the drifting smoke-wreaths and huddling roofs of the town below, at the cost no doubt of an apparent, not real, lack of force, of solidity, of earthiness, so to speak, which would deprive our work of all value in the eyes of those who sought for those qualities alone, in a work of art. An example of Turner's method of dealing with an effect of this kind is afforded by a very small drawing—an illustration

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of the scene in the *Antiquary* when Isabella Wardour and her father are caught by the tide at the foot of Ballyburgh Ness. The rock which bars them in to death (if no power intervenes to save them from the white flashing wave which leaps so wildly close at hand) is all scarlet, although from the position of the sun it is plain that the scarlet is due to the reflection on the wet rock of the burning clouds above. The brightness of colour which I have seen wet rocks show in that way is wonderful. Of course, in fact, such rocks would be dark compared with the last glitter of the setting sun, but not the less splendid in their crimson glow. Turner wishes, for poetical purposes, or guided, let us say, by poetical instinct (for I doubt if he reasoned much about these things, but rather got his mind saturated with truths of landscape effect as much as possible, and then let his instinct guide him), to show their cruel splendour. Accordingly, he gives all their modelling, all their groovings, all their treacherous curves which descend into the sea with just enough straightness at their last plunge to make escape by climbing hopeless, in touches of the brightest scarlet, crimson and gold. The whole looks real enough in the engraving, and would no doubt have looked more real in the drawing, if Turner had coloured it in greys and purples with a base of Indian ink and a suggestion of dusky red—or, in other words, had merely tinted his light and shade drawing. He has chosen rather to use the real and true vividness of nature's colour as a means of poetical impressiveness.

There are few of Turner's drawings, after he grew out of the early stage of simple greys and browns, which are not capable of analysis of the kind I have attempted; but it would need something like his own knowledge of nature and of colour-science to perform such a task. They might be fairly described as a series of experiments to discover with what system of colours it is possible to give the greatest amount of colour-truth consistently with truth of light and shade, and will always remain more or less unintelligible to those who do not love landscape-colour passionately, and see in its strength, variety and infinite subtlety, means of representing distinct moods of thought and feeling. The subject has been elaborately worked out by Mr. Ruskin in *Modern Painters*, but it is strange how little even his eloquence has availed to open the eyes of artists and critics to the few facts of this kind which lie at the base of all knowledge of landscape art. A certain sense of open daylight and of out-of-door colour seems to be wanting: or is it that most people, without owning it, positively dislike the worry of the two enjoyments at once, however skilfully combined, of colour and form in a landscape? Many would enjoy nature just as well if she were dressed in a garb of comfortable sable or well-toned brown, and most certainly prefer to see her so treated in pictures. I do not venture to say that Turner's system is entirely right. I only know that a certain amount of truth (to use

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the first line of Mr. Ruskin's defence of him) is given by it which I can imagine given in no other way. It is possible that the form in which landscape-painting will ultimately attain to its highest development will be very different from his; but it is certain that Turner's art will be one of the most important stages in its advance.

To sum up the points of my sketch. I have endeavoured to show the change which has taken place in the style and in the subjects of our landscapists' work—the breaking away from traditional methods of arrangement, the effort to make a little less abstraction and generalisation do for us, and to deal with a few more complexities of beautiful fact, until we have arrived at the notion that we can almost give all the truth of any given scene. Of the many reasons why this is impossible I have dwelt upon one alone: the impossibility of reproducing in art, the union which subsists in nature between colour and light. I have pointed out that this impossibility shows itself at once when an artist seeks not so much for subjects which will bear witness to his dexterity in evading it, as for those which will express his sympathy with nature at the cost of technical imperfection, or rather of evident defeat: that such an artist's sympathy will lead him to invent for himself forms of artistic expression—such expression by means of design answering in his work to the story or incident in the figure-painter's; but differing, so far as it demands the re-casting in harmonised form of the whole subject. I have maintained that our landscapists are feeling their way through unflinching study to the expression of new truths; and that as nature is a brightly and richly-coloured thing, their wider study has forced them to wrestle with more and more difficult truths. That there should be defeat, confusion, and apparent retrocession is inevitable. It is only recently that a glimpse of the full scope of landscape art which was gained by the genius of one man, has become the common property of all. We hardly yet perceive how great an equipment of gifts is required to enable any one to follow in his footsteps, and possess himself of any portion of the fair land which his eyes discerned. The gifts which would enable their fortunate possessor to make a name, and that no mean one, as a painter of the human form, and the Spirit which dwells therein, must in a landscape-painter be combined with a temper which will make Nature, and the Spirit which dwells in Nature, the love, and the imaging of her beauty, the labour, of his life.

A. W. Hunt.

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PENAL SERVITUDE.

The report which lately emanated from the Royal Commission on Penal Servitude invites some reconsideration of our present system of secondary punishment. Reconsideration, indeed, is due from time to time to any system of public administration which consigns many thousands of the people to official custody out of our sight. Executive bodies are prone to ruthless routine, bound to forms, sequent on precedent, enamoured of their own work, and naturally blind to its defects or possible improvement. The Legislature, also, is prone to take the readiest relief from perplexing problems, which, in the treatment of criminals, means riddance of them for the longest time out of the way.

There are, at this moment, in Great Britain and Ireland, 25,000 criminals in local prisons, and 10,000 more undergoing as convicts penal servitude. If to these numbers we add the multitude of wives and children coincidently thrown into workhouses as paupers, it would be no over-estimate to conclude that our present penal system throws 50,000 of the population always on public charge.

Putting aside, for a moment, considerations of moral responsibility, this is a very serious calculation of public cost and loss. Maintaining so many thousands of able-bodied people, during the best part of their lives, at a dead loss of their keep and earnings, and in artificial treatment which, in spite of the best intentions, must more or less physically and morally incapacitate for independent industry, is an enormous national sacrifice for the insurance of order, and safety of life and property. National defence requires a large deduction from industrial power. The permanent maintenance of so many offenders as well as defenders, as a non-productive mass of the community out of all proportion to the productive remainder, is an unnatural drag on our prosperity which we may reasonably hope to find capable of some alleviation. There is something Irish in the idea of punishing plunderers by making them plunder us, to such an enormous extent, still more. Compare the value of property stolen in this country with the cost of feeding, lodging, clothing, and a prolonged education of the thieves, main-

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taining their families, and foregoing all the profit that might be made of them; and the remedy seems worse than the injury.

Mr. Cross has, on several late occasions, expressed for himself what is a very general feeling, that we have too many in prison. The late Summary Jurisdiction Act had for its chief object to reduce the number.

It would be the height of folly to rush towards this end by simply diminishing punishments. The question is, how far their length and number designate their strength—whether a more effectual system would not concur with fewer and shorter imprisonments. One tells a workman out of health not to potter with a long course of palliatives, but that his best economy is to get well; so with the diseases of the commonwealth, our best economy is not to nurse them, but effectually to grapple with their motive springs.

In the first place penal servitude would seem condemned as a scheme of punishment by its very origin and its first idea. Its lengthened process would render it, taken on its own merits, very questionable as an effective correction for any specific offence—its triple stages of separate confinement, public works, and gradual liberation under surveillance of police, would seem over-refined. If abstractedly proposed as on original device for a penal code it would be condemned as wanting the most requisite qualities of punishment. One has to seek back to its origin for any defence; and certainly in its origin we find no defence at all. It was a senseless imitation of transportation, when, the colonial outlet failing, we could only think of punishing our criminals similarly at home. 'So much,' wrote Colonel Du Cane in a pamphlet, 1872, 'is our present system the result of, and founded on, the transportation system, that those who wish to acquire a full acquaintance with it must not fail to study the history and phases of that system.' He also described, in the last November number of this Review, the present system as 'deriving its character immediately from the transportation system on which it was founded, and which may almost be said to have been brought to perfection at the time it became necessary to abandon it.' In his evidence before the Commissioners he sketched the series of experiments, shifts, and devices through which transportation arrived at this 'perfection.' Some things, in moral as well as natural life, fall ripe in a perfection of rottenness. Transportation began in the simple form of banishment from the kingdom, as Germany still attempts it. Criminals were afterwards sent to distant specified settlements; where settlers contracted for their service as slaves, at so much a head. Some wholly penal settlements were established in the Southern Hemisphere, which became scenes of the most horrible immorality, disease, hunger, and mortality. Costly systems of assignment to emigrant employers followed, which soon lost all character of regular penal treatment whatever, and held out, by way of punish-

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ment, to the criminals of this country a speculative chance of kindly or tyrannical service, or entire escape, in a distant colony. Lastly came the 'probation system,' intended to make transportation a course of progressive reformation under moral influences in a new scene. This was the final model on which penal servitude became the travesty of transportation at home. The colonies had refused to take our criminals altogether, in any form—not even, as Lord Grey tried to persuade them to take them, coupled always with an equal number of free emigrants. It had become necessary to dispose of our criminals at home, and our Legislature could only think of the way in which we had disposed of them abroad. No matter the repeated break-down of transportation—no matter the utter want of any parallel between such a system at home and abroad—there was the system, brought at last to its 'perfection,' and ready to our hand. Of this home-transportation Colonel Du Cane himself says, 'Hardly had it been founded before it broke down.' Such was the ill-starred origin of penal servitude. The Act of 16, 17 Vic. in 1853 was the first to propose 'to substitute other punishment in lieu of transportation,' and it adopted the main features of transportation under the new name of penal servitude. The old colonial 'ticket-of-leave' was turned into a 'license to be at large' at home, and hulks represented faithfully the horrors of Norfolk Island. In 1857 the terms of penal servitude were made identical with the old terms of transportation. In 1863 a Commission under Lord Grey, the staunchest advocate of transportation, reported that the substituted penal servitude was not sufficiently dreaded either by those who had undergone it, or by the criminal classes generally; some having even sought for it, and expressed disappointment when otherwise sentenced. But his inveterate love of the old system led him to the conclusion that all penal servitude wanted was to be made longer. The fact is that the idea of riddance of criminals was uppermost in all our penal schemes. 'Depend upon it,' said Henry Drummond, only half in joke, 'there are but two ways of disposing of criminals; you must send half of them out of the country, and the other half out of the world.' In the same view Romilly had been met, in his introduction of penal reform, by men rushing in from dinner to divisions against him, crying out, 'Oh, Sir, I'm for hanging 'em all.' So now the lost means of riddance of criminals by transportation was sought to be recovered by shutting them up for as long a time as possible at home.

So much for the original conception of penal servitude, which alone is enough to condemn it.

But let us try it on its own merits abstractedly from its birth sins. The first feature that strikes one is its inordinate length and intricacy. What its advocates would plead, in excuse, would be its reformatory intention requiring time. A long curriculum, no doubt, would be necessary, in most cases, for the reformation of a criminal

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character. But I altogether protest against the idea of undertaking in punishment a course of education. Punishment is a corrective sometimes needed in the process of education, but it has no more to do with it than medicine has with dietary. There are some quacks who feed their patients upon medicines, and wretched is the result. Just such are the doctrinaires who have led us so far wrong of late that we try to use our prisons for schools; and our reformatory schools, where convicted children are sent for the whole of their childhood, are actually named on the draft Criminal Code as places of punishment.

Certainly there should be nothing in any penal treatment adverse to reformation, and its incidental influence should be always conducive to improvement. That a process of correction should have any tendency to corrupt still further would indeed be its absolute condemnation; and we shall find at least part of the process of penal servitude, while reformation is its pretext, brings it under this very condemnation.

There must be a fallacy at the basis of any theory of criminal law which takes reformation as contained within the scope of punishment. The excellent late Recorder Hill, in a very elaborate disquisition, reduced the principles of secondary punishment to three—the deterrent, the incapacitating, and the reforming—and argued that in good punishment the three are combined. Reformation, he said, required a considerable length of time, during which the criminal is incapacitated for doing further wrong, and this long confinement inspires the greatest dread of again being punished with loss of liberty. The thorough theorists of this school propose to detain every convict till he shows proof (*quo judice?*) of thorough reformation. But human laws cannot adjust punishment at all to moral guilt. They have no cognisance of inward springs of action. They deal with such overt acts as they can prove against a criminal, at the utmost forming a very imperfect judgment of the immediate intention characterising the act. Convictions under such jurisdiction are no sure indicators of the moral condition or want of education of the criminal. Any attempt, therefore, to apportion or suit punishment to moral guilt, or to use it in way of moral training, must be fallacious in principle. The criminal law measures crime by its practical amount of mischief to society. It prohibits actual offences against the State's authority, or against that security of life and property which civilised society requires. It takes what means it can to prevent the repetition by the criminal of any such offences, or their imitation by others; but it cannot generally undertake the reformation of the offenders. Its purpose is that of counteracting temptations to such offence, so that the punishment must, indeed, often be in inverse ratio to the moral guilt, for that is less the greater the temptation.

The most important recommendation of the Royal Commissioners

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is a better classification of prisoners, to avoid mutual contamination. The very limited extent to which this improvement can be carried out, is a striking proof of the incompetency of human laws to measure moral guilt. It is possible and right to separate young prisoners from old—none very young should be in prison at all—but at the next step in the way of separation one is at once at fault. In the seventieth paragraph of the Report it is proposed that 'prisoners of whom no former conviction is recorded shall be classed together.' Many in such a separate class would be as contaminating as the worst in prison, having only by good luck or cunning passed years of villany without conviction. The same cunning would work terrible harm among the weaker brethren placed for safety within its closest influence. Again, crimes of violence often spring from an impulse of the least degraded nature, and the crimes most on the increase now are such as require educated and intelligent minds for their commission. Distress, more bitterly felt by those accustomed to better circumstances, has lately driven many persons in trust to embezzlement, with vain intention to restore. What test is there by which human laws could classify, in order to avoid mutual contamination, convicts of such various quality? There are certainly some crimes which may be taken as clear proofs of ingrained and deliberate criminality; such as receiving stolen goods, coining, training thieves, &c. Governors, with the concurrence of some such independent visitors as I hope are intended to be connected with them, might be allowed a discretion in separating notorious villains by themselves without altering the punishment as sentenced to all. The Commissioners can also safely recommend keeping apart convicts of treason-felony, and imbeciles. Isolation of the worst conducted is already practised by Governors through what they call 'Second Probation.' But any further attempt at discrimination betrays the inapplicability of pathological theories to methods of human punishments.

We are apt to think of criminals against human laws as a class all alike degraded and uneducated, simply because the lowest social stratum inevitably includes the greatest number of depredators on the property of the richer, and thefts form the largest category of crimes. But we know on higher authority that the upper social ranks include the chief defaulters under the moral code. 'How hardly shall they that have riches' escape its judgments. Even of *mala in se*, which come under both codes, if we take for instance the crime of theft, how many more rich men break the Eighth Commandment, in its moral sense of stinting what is due to others, than the poor infringe the criminal law by sheer violence, fraud, or vagabondage. A judge may be inflicting justest penalties of human law, while himself more criminal even of cognate offences in the higher meaning of the moral law, and incurring its ultimate judgment.

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Besides, then, its faults of origin, penal servitude is faulty in its principle, and in the assumption of the task of moral reformation in its lengthened and complicated penal processes.

But its effects are even worse than its false principle would threaten. It is a remarkable nemesis of a false principle, that the practice attempted upon it reacts in the contrary to the intended direction. It would be quite enough to disabuse an unprejudiced mind of an educational theory in punishment to witness the latest regulations made by the prison directors for schooling in prison, allowing a flying visit from a schoolmaster for five or six minutes once a week to each prisoner. But the moral education during the longest period of penal servitude is, by all accounts, much worse than a farce, and rather tending in the way of corruption than of reformation. The liability of associated punishment to demoralising influences is admitted by all witnesses to attach to the second portion of this system. There is probably much exaggeration in the accusations made, especially in a new class of literature derived from the educated leisure of prison authorship, which alleviates the tedium of punishment in preparation for revenge after discharge. The Commissioners themselves, after coming to a general 'conclusion that the system of penal servitude as at present administered is, on the whole, satisfactory, and effective as a punishment, and free from serious abuse,' totally neutralise this commendation in a following sentence by their 'first and most important objection, that it not only fails to reform offenders, but, in the case of the less hardened criminals, it produces a deteriorating effect from the association in public works.'

This third indictment against penal servitude surely completes its condemnation. It is bad in origin, principle, and effects. But let us see if it has any redeeming quality in the way of deterring from any kind of crime; I mean, of course, taking specially in view its main constituent of several years spent in association on public works.

Two eminent judges give evidence before the Commissioners of their own impression that the sentence to penal servitude causes a greater sensation in the court than one to simple imprisonment. The chief constable of Liverpool agrees in the opinion that penal servitude is most dreaded. When transportation was a penal sentence judges said as much for its terrors, till it was discovered to be only a mongrel sort of emigration. There was evidence then of the disappointment of criminals at its abolition, and Colonel Du Cane qualifies his evidence in favour of penal servitude by an admission that some criminals, on receiving the sentence, expressed their relief from the dread of imprisonment by hearty thanks to the judge. The executive of any system naturally praise their own work. Performers are pleased with the instruments they handle skilfully, and would unconsciously dislike their being improved for their successors. Rarely help comes from any profession to reform its own procedure, and official

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praise of penal servitude may pair off with its abuse by sufferers. The country may judge better of its institutions by their working, and the growing lists of re-convictions at assizes and sessions speak ill for present penalties, whatever concurrent causes may partly account for the increase. To be deterrent from a crime the punishment must at least be associated with it. But what association can there be, either in the culprit's or the public mind, between any crime and a long series of experiments for the convict's moral training, which may moreover be wholly unsuited to any particular case, and must be unequally suited to every case? Can such a penal treatment be deterrent, either in prospect or in retrospect, from any specific infraction of the law? Long sentences, says the evidence, produce depression but not fear.

The only strictly penal part of penal servitude is the first and shortest. The second and longest part occupies too much of the rest of a man's life to be specially connected in his mind with any one event in it, or with the circumstances, long gone by, which led to it. This period may be either wholly passed on such public works as in the quarries of Portland; or partly, at its close—the likeliest part to be remembered afterwards—in workshops again at Pentonville; with better apparatus, clothing, and rations, than will be shared with a dependent family, when they turn out from the workhouse and the criminal from prison. There is an incidental defect in any plan of punishment to be passed on public works, pointed out by several witnesses, namely, the impossibility of having public works always available for the purpose. For a preliminary step to transportation a sufficiency of such work might be relied on; but for the second and longest stage of penal servitude the Government must find suitable employment for ever for increasing hosts of profitless labourers. This feature of unprofitableness also makes the matter worse. We are still under the delusion that prison labour should not compete with outside industry, though from such possible competition it has, by imprisonment, been taken. There is, at this moment, a mountain of quarried stone at Portland, the sale of which might a little reduce the 75 per cent. dead loss to the public in the penal service of their thieves; but it is thought that a neighbouring quarry owner should be benefited by the withdrawal of such competition, which, but for the present occupants, some one else would be carrying on.

It is worth considering whether some penal work might not be better conducted in what may be called aggregate solitude—that is, by several convicts so far separated by distance or by partition as, with sufficient superintendence, to be unable to converse, and yet relieved of the depression of absolute solitude. I have the opinions of some good authorities, that agriculture and a variety of work might so be made available both for penal discipline, alleviation of depression, and for utility and profit in way of recompense to the public.

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Cannot we then get rid of the objectionable features of penal servitude and yet more effectually diminish crime, and reduce the enormous numbers who are constantly under punishment in this country? Before any such consideration there is of course a previous question, whether every means has been fully taken for preventing the occurrence of crime. Punishment is tyranny when inflicted on those who have had no chance of knowing or meeting their obligations. The permitted neglect or non-provision of education in former times was tantamount to a national education in crime. Bad laws may themselves create crime, so as to deprive their sanction of all sound basis of justice. How can the same authority justly correct the crime which it has caused? Are not all persons who have influence in so happily self-administered a country as ours responsible for the crime which springs from the negligence or actual evil of their influence? The old Saxon suretyship for good behaviour had much strict principle of justice in it.

Supposing, however, removable causes of crime reduced to the utmost, much crime will still remain of serious character enough to need most stringent checks for the security of life and property and the maintenance of social order. Every one will allow that the fewer and shorter the punishments in any sort of administration, if effectual to stop transgression, the better.

There was an admirable paper read at a meeting of the Social Science Association, January 1875, and since published by Mr. Rupert Kettle, Q.C., Deputy-Chairman of the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, entitled 'Suggestions for diminishing the Number of Imprisonments.' He argues that—

> We make imprisonment too common, so that by familiarity its terrors are lost. As all sense of degradation in pauperism was lost under the old Poor Law, and no disgrace attached to bankruptcy by frequent 'going through the Court,' so a laxity of feeling as to gaol arises when imprisonments are too numerous; and an excessive number of persons being incarcerated weakens the external moral influence of that form of punishment.

He adds:

> We have increased imprisonment in almost every direction. There is scarcely an act of misconduct or a breach of social order that is not directly or indirectly punishable by imprisonment. Debtors are still imprisoned for contempt of court. Besides, every local authority or company can enforce bye-laws by the ultimatum of gaol.

He would diminish the number of imprisonments, first by making punishment by fines effective:

(*a*) Giving justices power to order payment by instalments.

(*b*) Providing a simple and cheap means of levying in case of wilful default.

(*c*) Taking sureties for payment.

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This has been adopted in the Summary Jurisdiction Act of last session.

Secondly, on the old principle of frank-pledge, enabling friends of the delinquent to bind themselves in penalties for his future good conduct; by giving Petty Sessions power to enforce their own recognisances instead of returning them to Quarter Sessions to be estreated. This important suggestion has been carried out in the Summary Jurisdiction Act.

Thirdly, enabling justices to refrain from ordering defendants to pay costs for trivial cases, so that children and any poor persons should not be imprisoned for non-payment of what is really a law bill. This also the same Act (sec. 8) now adopted.

Fourthly, enabling justices to put offenders, on first convictions, under adequate police supervision without previous imprisonment.

Provisions such as these would probably relieve our prisons of one-half of their usual occupants, and make them proportionately more available, not only in way of room, but for effective punishment in graver cases.

The last suggestion in this able little pamphlet is that children let to run into crime should not require castellated buildings, dreary cells and corridors, and warders in military uniforms for their punishment, except in the rarer cases of precocious criminality; but that the State, instead of relieving parents of their duty, should make them more vigilant by pecuniary guarantees, and see that their culprit children, after suitable castigation, are properly occupied in school or industry. On this point there is an excellent South Australian legislative provision.[1]

I proceed to consider whether, on the other side of the question, that is, of all the more brutal crimes we have to deal with, there is not a much more appropriate and effective treatment than imprisonment and lengthened discipline in custody.

The draft criminal code now before Parliament classifies all crimes under five heads. Those against (1) public order, as treason, mutiny, riot, &c.; (2) public officers, as bribery, escape, &c.; (3) the public generally, as blasphemy, indecency, &c.; (4) persons, as murder,

[1] SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—ACT NO. 8 OF 1869-70.

Minor Offences Procedure Act.

Clause 8.—If any person charged before any Special Magistrate, or Justices, or a Justice under the provisions of this Act, shall be under the age of fourteen years, and it shall appear to such Special Magistrate, Justices, or Justice that chastisement inflicted by the parent or guardian of such person would be the most suitable punishment under the circumstances, such Special Magistrate, Justices, or Justice may allow such chastisement to be inflicted by such parent or guardian, or by some person at the request of such parent or guardian, and for such purpose may, if necessary, adjourn the hearing, and on its being shown to the satisfaction of such Special Magistrate, Justices, or Justice that suitable chastisement has been inflicted as aforesaid, such Special Magistrate, Justices, or Justice may dismiss the charge, and give a certificate of dismissal accordingly in the form of Schedule B.

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assault, rape, abduction, defamation, &c.; (5) property, as theft, fraud, burglary, forgery, breach of contract, &c.

The more violent perpetrators of crimes coming under the fourth and fifth of these heads, and criminals of morbid degradation, of the third class, or men led by vanity and vicious pruriency for notoriety to crimes under the first head, may, as we have found by experience, be most effectually stopped in their career by the simple dread of painful and humiliating chastisement. Such subjects of criminal law can be turned out at once cured of their vicious propensities, and prevented from throwing the support of themselves and their families, for half their lives, on honest men. In cases of such criminals in higher social position, the additional degradation of the man would be the fit counterpart of his punishment. A maudlin sentiment increases in Parliament, as it represents a wider and shallower electorate, which is scandalised at any treatment of criminals that, in its philosophy, is inconsistent with the dignity of human nature. But the indignity of the treatment may be the very measure of its consistency with the nature to which it is applied, and the counter motive of fear of pain may be on the exact level of the motive to crime, and then such reasoning refutes itself on its own ground. The best authorities I have consulted assure me that corporal punishment (of course properly inflicted) is the sole penal treatment which a certain brutal class of criminals will take care not to come in the way of again. This, on all sound principles of punishment, is conclusive testimony in favour of whipping instead of imprisoning convicts of the kinds above referred to.

Having so far relieved our prisons, at both extremes, of the lighter and grosser kinds of secondary criminals, let us consider whether the remainder, who must be dealt with by some form of penal detention, could not be more effectively punished, and without the present danger of still further corruption, in prisons so relieved of numbers, and thereby made so much more formidable. May not imprisonment, strictly so called, (1) be made more practically penal, and proportionately shorter in duration; and (2) being now only the first stage of penal servitude, may it not so be made the whole punishment, and thereby more effective? Penal servitude would then be abolished, except perhaps for some capital cases, requiring permanent incapacitation in substitution for death. As to the first of these two questions, I regret to see that, among many doubtful regulations just issued by the new Prison Directory, strictly penal treatment in ordinary prisons is restricted in duration to one month, after which the option of training in some industry is always to be offered to the prisoner. As to the second question, the Royal Commissioners report as their opinion that any less period of imprisonment than three years could not be regarded as an equivalent for even the minimum term of penal servitude, which is five years. They refer, however, to the example of Belgium, where cellular

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imprisonment, with modified solitude, is extended without any mischief to a maximum term of ten years; and to that of the United States, where it has no limit assigned to it. They admit that 'substituting imprisonment for penal servitude would have the great advantage of withdrawing a considerable number of criminals, especially the less hardened, from the danger of contamination by association;' yet, with no further reason given, they negative the proposition. They, indeed, point out that if such substitution should be considered advisable, the means of carrying it out with uniformity are greatly increased now that Government has the control of all prisons.

There is a pretty general consensus of witnesses before the Commission that two or three years' imprisonment might be made an available equivalent for seven years' penal servitude, and that even five years' imprisonment might be substituted for its longest term; and Lord Grey, in his Report of 1863, virtually recommended that penal servitude should be reserved for only extreme cases. Several ways of modifying cellular imprisonment, so as to render it innocuous for three or even five years' duration, are obvious. Solitude might be greatly diminished without allowing mutual association. At this very moment I hear the Government have relaxed the strictness of their rule of cellular instruction, and permitted the schoolmaster to conduct instruction in classes, considering that he is able to keep at least twenty together, giving each so much longer instruction, and much alleviation of solitude, without any possible communication with each other. I have already suggested that many industrial employments, and certainly agriculture, might be carried on in what I have called aggregate separation. Shoemaking and tailoring (and the more the better of profitable work) might be done by each working in stalls, so as to relieve the depressing feeling of solitude without any evil of communication. All penal employment, however, though skilled and industrial, should be really penal in character, and the treadmill (now needlessly restricted to a month in duration) should be mixed at intervals with more interesting labour. The newly regulated dietary, also, is needlessly fanciful, and anything but penal in character.

Mr. Tallack, in the name of the Howard Association, implored the Commissioners to recommend as far as possible the substitution of some form of imprisonment only, for penal servitude.

It is remarkable that while doubt is expressed as to the possibility of imposing longer terms of imprisonment for the worst crimes, convicts of less crimes are imprisoned for terms three times as long as the prison stage of penal servitude. It is, therefore, so far clear that to this extent the first stage of penal servitude might be made to supersede the second objectionable stage.

While, however, 'developing and working on the higher feelings of prisoners, directly by moral, religious, and secular instruction, and

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indirectly by industry, and further training in gradual discharge under supervision,' is the idea of punishment in the mind of such leading authorities as Colonel Du Cane (see his article, November, p. 892), there are others who, from exactly opposite views, agree in advocating penal processes of long duration. They despair of ever restoring to honest life any one who has once fallen into crime. In the old simple idea of ridding the country of criminals, they say, as now says Major Griffiths, Deputy-Governor of Millbank, in the Commissioners' Evidence (3196), 'the only idea of punishment is to keep criminals out of the way.'

But though the State cannot undertake the education of adult criminals, and, if it could, the time and place of punishment would not offer its opportunity, yet, on the other hand, the State cannot absolve itself from a prior responsibility to do all in its power to avert from crime and afterwards to check its recurrence. That habitual crime may be to a great extent prevented can only be despaired of by those who are ignorant of the great and cheap success of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. The Government has shown little wisdom in its slowness to support these societies, and to take up the assistance which the prison authorities superseded by them gave, and a recent rule has been issued from the Prison Directors which may even be fatal to some of them. Chaplains and officers of prisons are forbidden to take office in these societies, having hitherto shown themselves by their experience, interest, and active management, essential to their success. I suspect there is an official antipathy on the part of the police to copartnership with such volunteer philanthropy. They look with a jealous eye on interference with their business. They prefer watching criminals themselves, which they do as a cat watches a mouse, more for prolonged custody than to facilitate final escape. Preventing criminals from falling back into old associations at the end of punishment, and finding them new, is the great and successful work of these societies; and if the Government think to economise by letting this work fall through, it will be, besides a gross immorality, an unprecedented instance of penny wisdom and pound folly.

What, then, I offer for consideration are the following questions:

1. Whether children should ever be put in prisons, except in extraordinary cases of precocious criminality.

2. Whether many brutal crimes may not be more effectually stopped by corporal punishment than by imprisonment.

3. Whether imprisonment, being generally used more sparingly, might not be made more effective, and terms of imprisonment up to a maximum of five years spent in modified solitude might not supersede penal servitude for all the more serious crimes, only excepting those requiring permanent incapacitation in substitution for death.

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The thread of my argument is that moral training should be incidental but is not the primary object of punishment, and that any corrupting influence is damnatory of any form of punishment; and that fewer and shorter real punishments would be more effectual in stopping crime than the endless consignments to long penal training, which, under recklessly multiplied sentences to 'P.S.,' throw thousands of men, women, and children in a constant and mischievous charge upon the country.

NORTON.

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THE CEREMONIAL USE OF FLOWERS: A SEQUEL.[1]

THE most cursory glance at the ceremonial or ritual observances of primitive Christianity and of paganism is sufficient to discover a marked resemblance between them. Indeed, broadly speaking, there is scarcely one, even of the least of the former, that, if not strictly of heathen origin, was not in a measure derived from a heathen practice. The reason is obvious. The early Church did not seek conquest by the sword, nor did it win victory by uncompromising destruction. Like a mighty enchanter, it subdued by a touch; it transformed, it did not annihilate. 'Confiding in the power of Christianity to resist the infection of evil and to transmute the very instruments and appendages of demon-worship to an evangelical use, and feeling also that these usages had originally come from primitive revelations, and from the instinct of nature, though they had been corrupted; and that they must invent what they needed if they did not use what they found; and that they were moreover possessed of the very archetypes of which paganism attempted the shadows; the rulers of the Church from early times were prepared, should occasion arise, to adopt or imitate or sanction the existing rites and customs of the populace, as well as the philosophy of the educated class.'[2] If, therefore, we bear in mind the prominence given to flowers in the multitudinous rites of idolatry, it will be no matter of surprise that the use of them was at a very early date incorporated with the ceremonial of Christian worship. It no more than other usages escaped the *assimilative power* of Christianity. The old festivals of gods and goddesses gave way to the solemnities of saints and martyrs; and thenceforth it could not but be fitting that the altars and temples of the new patrons of the people should be made glorious with the garlands and blossoms hitherto dedicated to the false worship of idols.

[1] A paper of mine on the 'Ceremonial Use of Flowers,' in ancient and heathen societies, appeared in a former number of this Review, and there I thought the subject would end; but a wish for examples of analogous Christian customs has been expressed in so many quarters that I gladly avail myself of the kind indulgence of the Editor to give this 'Sequel' to the readers of the *Nineteenth Century*.

[2] Card. Newman, *Development of Christian Doctrine*.

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Purple violets strew them wide;
Strew the crocus sanguine-dyed:
Genial airs such grace concede
To all that ask it,
And the slowly softening mead:—
Crop the flower and brim the basket!

Maids and youths your tribute bring,
Spoils of winter nigh to spring;
I my garlands weave in metre—
Yours are sweeter!
Worthless mine; but festive still:
No good in them save good-will.

O'er the saintly and the chaste
Rise pure altar blossom-graced;
From the footstep of God's Throne
She sees this hour the blossom strewn;
Hears our song, and helps her own.[3]

So sang Prudentius on St. Eulalia's day. Earlier still, St. Jerome, writing to Heliodorus on the death of their beloved Nepotianus, after comparing him to the distinguished men of sacred and profane history renowned for their care in little things as in great, draws consolation from the fact that during his lifetime Nepotianus had been wont to decorate both the basilicas and memorial churches of martyrs —'basilicas ecclesiæ, et martyrum conciliabula'— with divers flowers and foliage and vine leaves, 'ut quidquid placebat in ecclesia, tam dispositione quam visu, presbyteri laborem et studium testaretur. Macte virtute:' he exclaims, 'cujus talia principia qualis finis erit!'[4] And St. Gregory of Tours dwells with delight on St. Severinus's practice of gathering lilies and decorating the walls of his basilica with them.[5] But the best-known early example of the adoption of the old pagan custom—Cardinal Bona and many others cite it—occurs in the twenty-second book *De Civitate Dei*. St. Augustine there, describing the conversion of Martial, a man of high rank and bitterly opposed to Christianity, relates that when he lay dangerously ill his son-in-law went to the memorial church of St. Stephen to pray for his conversion. After long and earnest supplication he took flowers from the altar (*de altari*) and carried them home. And when it was night he placed them on the head of the dying man whilst he slept. And lo! before morning dawned Martial awoke and cried out to them that they should run to fetch the bishop, who, St. Augustine adds, was then staying with him at Hippo. In the same book St. Augustine mentions the miraculous recovery of her sight by a blind woman who was bearing flowers to the church on the translation of the relics of St. Stephen.

[3] *Prudentii Carmina*, In honorem Eulaliæ Virg. Peristeph. iii. I am indebted for this translation to the kindness of Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

[4] Hier. *Ad Heliodorum*, Epist. iii.

[5] *De Glo. Mart. et Confess.* c. 50.

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For a vivid picture showing the growth and extension of the custom at a later period, we cannot do better than turn to the poems of Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, in the sixth century. 'When winter binds the earth with ice,' he says, addressing St. Radegund and the Abbess Agnes of Poitiers, 'all the glory of the field perishes with its flowers. But in the spring-time, when the Lord overcame Hell, bright grass shoots up and buds come forth. Then do men decorate their doors and houses with flowers, and women adorn themselves with sweet roses. But you, not for yourselves, but for Christ, gather these first fruits; and you bear them to the churches, and wreathe the altars with them till they glow with colour. The golden crocus is mingled with the purple violet; dazzling scarlet is relieved by gleaming white; deep blue blends with green. It is truly a battle amongst flowers. One triumphs in its radiant beauty; another conquers by its sweet perfume; gems and incense bow before them.'[6] Fortunatus was evidently very fond of flowers, and more than one of his poems was the graceful accompaniment of a floral gift to Queen Radegund.

The great feast of Pentecost, the very metropolis of feasts (*αὐτὴν τὴν μητρόπολιν ἑορτῶν*[7]), as St. Chrysostom calls it, gave rise to a highly significant observance. A profusion of flowers was in many places showered down from an elevated spot of the church to symbolise the descent of the Holy Ghost. Martène describes the ceremony minutely in his celebrated work, according to the various rites of Avranches, Rouen, Senlis, Bayeux, Soissons.[8] Sometimes it took place at Tierce after the *Deus in adjutorium* and during the chanting of the hymn. The Ordinary of Lucas, Archbishop of Cosenza, prescribed that at Mass whilst the Sequence was sung by the celebrant, deacon, and subdeacon, roses, lilies, and other flowers should be scattered from on high into the sanctuary, choir, and nave of the church, and at the end tiny pieces of lighted tow. In some places live pigeons were let fly at the same time. Red roses were, however, generally used on such occasions, especially in Italy: hence *Pasqua Rosata*, the ordinary Italian name for Whitsuntide. But by degrees all these figurative usages, which Martène thought more potent aids to the devotion and religious instruction of the people than any preaching whatsoever (*quibusvis prædicationibus*), fell into desuetude; the abuses which they gave rise to, and which occasionally converted the religious solemnity into a mere popular entertainment—the Processional of Bamberg was obliged to forbid showers of water being rained upon the congregation — compelled the Church to abolish them.[9] At Messina alone the *immissio florum* held its ground and is still main-

[6] *Venantii Fortunati Op.* lib. viii. cap. 11.
[7] *De Sanc. Pent.* hom. ii.
[8] Martène, *De Rit. Ant.* lib. iv. cap. 28.
[9] Wetzer et Welte, *Dic. Ency. de la Théol. Cat.*

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tained with red rose leaves.[10] In Rome it quite died out, and is only recalled there by the lovely rain of white jessamine sprinkled every year from the roof of Santa Maria Maggiore during the first vespers and the High Mass of the 5th of August in commemoration of the traditional origin of the Basilica. The use of the rose, once Maia's flower, during the month of May, the Madonna's month, is quite national in Italy. Every one has roses in the oratory or on the toilet-table all the month through. 'Our servants,' a friend of mine, referring to the practice, writes to me from Florence, 'conscientiously spend their *soldi* to keep their rooms supplied with roses.' In Germany the pæony, despoiled of its ancient Greek name, still preserves a trace of the medieval Whitsuntide observance: it is to this day popularly called the Rose of Pentecost (*Pfingstrose*), after the fashion of our country folk who named the Polygala gang-flower, cross-flower, rogation-flower, 'bicause,' as old Gerard says, 'it doth specially flourish in the Crosse or Gangweeke, or Rogation weeke; of which flowers the maidens which use in the countries to walke the procession do make themselves garlands and nosegays.'[11] But I must not enter into the popular nomenclature of flowers; that marvellous shrine of the impulsive, instinctive faith of mankind, now lavished, wasted, gone astray on Freja, Thor, and Odin, or their classic rivals, Juno, Venus, Jove, Adonis; now bent in reverent wonder before the mystic passion-flower as it unfolds its awful tale, or giving to St. John the Baptist blossoms wrested from the sun-god Baldur, and laying at Mary's feet the keys that unlock spring.[12] The subject would lead me too far astray, and has, moreover, been treated at great length, if not exhaustively, elsewhere.[13]

How soon flowers were used for ecclesiastical purposes in England it is difficult, nay impossible, to say. We know that gardens (*gardina sacristæ*)[14] were devoted to the special cultivation of flowers for the churches. There was one, for instance, adjoining the Lady Chapel at Winchester; and the spot, for a long time after the destruction of the sacristy, went by the name of *Paradise*. And in his will Henry the Sixth left particular directions concerning a garden for the church of Eton College, 'which is left for to sett in certain trees and flowers, behovable and convenient for the service of the same church.'[15] But the date of the foundation of the Winchester garden is unknown, whilst that of Henry the Sixth is, comparatively speaking, of recent date. No doubt the monasteries of the middle ages and the castles of feudal times had gardens attached to them; but their gardens must have been something very different from ours, and could have contained

[10] Migne, *Ency. Theol.* vol. viii.

[11] Gerard's *Herbal*, p. 450.

[12] In Germany the primrose is called Our Lady's Key (*Frauenschlüssel*).

[13] See Prior, *Popular Names of British Plants*. *Quarterly Review*, cxiv. 1863. Canon Oakeley, *Catholic Florist*.

[14] Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, p. 209.

[15] Nichols, *Wills of the Kings and Queens of England*.

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but few flowers, and those wild ones, such as the single rose, borage, violets (the Anglo-Saxon Appel-leaf), Solomon's seal, lilies of the valley, daffodils, and snowdrops; for scarcely any of even our common garden-flowers—marigolds, carnations, pinks, sweet-williams, pæonies, sunflowers, the large white lily, Canterbury bells, Christmas roses, and such like—were introduced into England before the sixteenth century. So that when we read that William, Abbot of St. Albans (1214–1235) appointed that 'the wax taper, which we are accustomed to wreathe about with flowers, should be burnt before the beautiful image of Mary (*nobilem Mariolam*), carved by Walter of Colchester, both day and night on the principal feasts and during the procession which is held in honour of the Blessed Virgin,'[16] if we picture to ourselves a candle garlanded with choice, brilliant blossoms such as we enjoy at the present day, we shall be very far from realising the true state of things; though no doubt the monks got the best flowers they could, fair and lovely of their kind. Then, again, the mode of disposing flowers must have been very different from modern ways. I very much doubt if they were arranged in vases till quite recent times, for the old churchwardens' accounts, generally minute to a degree in their items, do not contain any mention whatsoever of vases for flowers; nor do the invoices of church plate and furniture that have come down to us, as far as I can find. But notices of wreathing candles are plentiful. Thus Machyn, describing the celebration of Corpus Christi in the first year of Mary's reign, says:—'Ther wher mony goodly pr[oss]essyons in mony parryches. . . . for mony had long torchys, garnyshyd [in the] old fassyouns. . . .[17]' and the parochial accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the same period, given at the end of the diary, both corroborate Machyn's assertion and explain what he meant by 'garnyshyd in the old fassyouns:'—

(In 1 Mariæ) Item, payde for garnysshyng the iiij torches for Corpus Christye Day, and the cariage of them from Londone . . . ij*s.*
Item, flowres to the same torches . . . . . vj*d.*
(In 2 Mariæ) Item, payde for flowres for the torches on Corpus Christie Day . . . . . vij*d.*
Item, payde for v staf torches . . . . . x*s.* x*d.*
Item, payde for the garnyshyng of them . . . . . xx*d.*
(In 3 Mariæ) Item, payde for iiij newe torchis wayeng lxxxxij li. di. at v*d.* the li. . . . . xxxviij*s.* vij*d.*
Item, payde for the bote-hyre and for the carriage of thame torchis . . vj*d.*
Item, payde for garnysshyng of the sayde torchis . . . . . xx*d.*
Item, paid for flowres the same day . . . . . iiij*d.*[18]

Again, the highly privileged Tailors' Guild, under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, at Salisbury, which owed its charter of incorpo-

[16] *Chron. Monas. S. Albani. Gesta Abbat. Monasterii S. Alb.* Mat. Par. et Thom. Walsingham, vol. i. p. 286 (Rolls Series).
[17] *Diary of Henry Machyn*, Camd. Soc. p. 63.
[18] *Ibid.* p. 400.

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ration to Edward the Fourth, by its statutes decreed, 'That the too stewardis, for the time being, every yere, shall make and sette afore Seynt John y^e^ Baptist, upon the awter [in the chapel dedicated to the saint in St. Thomas's Church, and set apart for the special use of the Guild], two tapers of one lb. of wex, and a garlond of roses, to be sette upon Seint John's hed, and that the chaple be strewed with green rushes.'[19] St. John's day, coming at the height of summer and supplanting the great festival of solar worship, was always and everywhere in Europe commemorated with a symbolic and abundant use of flowers; and the custom was such a matter of course in England that we find Bishop Pecock availing himself of it to illustrate in his quaint, picturesque, vigorous language, one of his thirteen conclusions against the first of the three famous errors:—

'Seie to me good Sire, and answere herto, whanne men of the cuntre vplond bringen into Londoun in Mydsomer eue braunchis of trees fro Bischopis wode and flouris fro the feeld, and bitaken tho to citeseins of Londoun forto therwith araie her housis, schulden men of Londoun receyuying and taking braunchis and flouris, seie and holde that the braunchis grewen out of the cartis whiche brouȝtan hem to Londoun, and that tho cartis or the hondis of the bringers weren groundis and fundamentis of tho braunchis and flouris? Goddis forbode so litil witt be in her hedis. Certis, thouȝ Crist and his Apostlis weren now lyuyng at Londoun, and wolden bringe so as is now seid braunchis fro Bischopis wode and flouris fro the feeld into Londoun, and wolden delyuere to men that thei make there with her housis gay, into remembraunce of Seint Johun Baptist, and of this that it was prophecied of him that manye schulden ioie in his birthe, ȝit tho men of Londoun receyuying so tho braunchis and flouris ouȝten not seie and feele that tho braunchis and flouris grewen out of Cristis hondis, and out of the Apostolis hondis. . . .'[20]

Crowning statues of the saints with wreaths of flowers was a common usage in France in the thirteenth century.[21] And in Picardy St. Barbara received a nosegay in her right hand, as well as a crown of flowers on her head. But the time came when the church of Eton College no longer needed the garden King Henry had thoughtfully and piously provided for it. Flowers were banished from the cathedrals and churches of our forefathers throughout the land, and for a long time they had no place there. And when it was sought to bring them back, rigorous Protestantism stoutly resisted the superstitious innovation. So the matter was carried before Ecclesiastical Courts; and the case is so curious, it bears so directly on our subject, yet is so much out of the way of the ordinary reader, that I do not hesitate to quote largely from it. In Elphinstone *v.* Purchas the ninth article charges—

That you, the said Rev. John Purchas, in the said Church or Chapel of St. James's, Brighton aforesaid, on divers occasions (to wit, on Sunday, November 1, 1868; on Sunday, November 8, 1868; on the day of the Purification of the

[19] Hoare, *History of Modern Wiltshire.*
[20] Bishop Pecock, *The Repressor of over much blaming of the Clergy.* Rolls Series.
[21] *Annal. Arch.* vol. i.

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Virgin Mary, February 2, 1869; on Sunday, February 7, 1869; and on Whit Sunday, May 16, 1869), caused vases of flowers to be placed on the holy table, or on a narrow ledge resting thereon, or fixed immediately above the same, so as to appear to the congregation to be in contact or connection with the holy table, and allowed them to remain so placed on each of the said occasions during the performance of Divine service. That you also during Lent, 1869, caused the said vases of flowers to be removed and taken away; and again afterwards, more especially on Easter Sunday, March 28, 1869, and on Whit Sunday, May 16, 1869, replaced, or caused to be replaced, the said vases with the same or other flowers; and that you also profusely decorated, or caused to be profusely decorated, the said holy table with flowers, the circumstance of such vases and flowers being so placed and kept on the holy table, or removed therefrom, being intended by you as and constituting a ceremonial and symbolical observance.

Now mark Sir Robert Phillimore's judgment:—

With regard to this charge (he said), there is no evidence that the flowers were used as an additional rite or ceremony, or as an ornament in the sense affixed to that word in the judgment of the Privy Council in Liddell *v.* Westerton. They appear to me an innocent and not unseemly decoration, and one not ministering or subsidiary to any usage or doctrine which the Church has rejected or abrogated, and to be in the same category with the branches of holly at Christmas, and the willow-blossoms on Palm Sunday, with which our churches have very generally been adorned. I have the Bishop of Exeter's judgment on this point, to which I was referred, of which I think it is enough to say that it was given nearly ten years before the decision in Liddell *v.* Westerton had settled the law, and drawn the distinction between ornaments (*ornamenta*) and decorations. And here I must draw attention to the language of the Privy Council in Martin *v.* Mackonochie:—'There is a clear and obvious distinction between the presence in the church of things inert and unused, and the active use of the things as a part of the administration of a sacrament or of a ceremony. Incense, water, a banner, a torch, a candle, and a candlestick may be parts of the furniture or ornaments of a church; but the censing of persons and things, or, as was said by the Dean of Arches, the bringing in incense at the beginning or during the celebration, and removing it at the close of the celebration of the Eucharist; the symbolic use of water in baptism, or its ceremonial mixing with the sacramental wine; the waving or carrying; the lighting, cremation, and symbolical use of the torch or candle: these acts give a life and a meaning to what is otherwise inexpressive, and the act must be justified, if at all, as part of a ceremonial law.'

I do not pronounce that Mr. Purchas has been guilty of an ecclesiastical offence in this matter.[22]

Legal distinctions are proverbially fine, so fine, indeed, that sometimes not even acute minds trained in the science of law can seize them. Is it on this account, or is it due to particular dulness of intellect, that some perceive a mere quibble, a subtlety of the doctrine of intentions, in the decision of Sir Robert Phillimore that has suffered flowers to creep into the ceremonial of the Church of England? Be it as it may, to not a few the decision is utterly distasteful; and one opponent, far from thinking flowers an innocent and not unseemly decoration, and one not ministering or subsidiary to any usage or

[22] 3 *Law Reports*, Admiralty and Eccles. Cases, 66.

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doctrine which the Church has abrogated, has with bitter reprobation pointed out that the use of them has risen into importance in the Anglican Church concurrently with the teaching of the Real Presence.[23] That many of every rank and profession, on the other hand, welcomed it with enthusiasm, cannot be more forcibly shown than by recalling the account given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* two years ago of the scene at Covent Garden the day before Easter Sunday:—

Covent Garden Market this morning presented an extraordinary spectacle, illustrating in a remarkable manner the general adoption of floral decorations at Easter in the churches. Although many of the choicest flowers, to the dismay of gardeners, are cut in the gardens of the country gentry for the London churches they attend, the amount of money spent in decking the more favoured shrines for the 'Queen of Feasts' is very great, and competition is very strong. As early as 4 A.M. well-known Churchmen and delicate ladies were standing outside the entrance anxious to have the first bid; for so great a profit do the growers as well as the shopkeepers make of the decoration of churches that of late years they have refused to book orders in advance. Clergy mingled with the throng, but not in such numbers as in previous years, as it has been found better to allow ladies from the suburbs to be accompanied by some local florist to bargain for them. Many Sisters of Mercy were present, bearing away with them in triumph floral spoils. A well-known barrister, a West End churchwarden, a medical man of great repute, a countess, and at least one member of the Legislature were among the throng who braved the elements. Geraniums, it may be mentioned, fetched from eighteen to twenty-four shillings a dozen. Arum lilies were in great request, but, owing to the late period at which Easter falls, there was an unusual supply of colours of every shade and hue, but no diminution in price; 'for,' said a shopkeeper, when told the charges should be proportionably less, 'the demand continually increases.' In all the adjacent streets four-wheel cabs were to be seen laden inside and outside with every kind of flower, from the rare exotic to those of the humblest kind.[24]

Is it credible that not only Churchmen of note, and Sisters of Mercy, and ladies of rank, but professional men, men in the law, in the legislature, should face the discomforts of an early, inclement morning at Covent Garden, the annoyance of bargaining, the vexation, I had almost said, of being fleeced, merely to indulge a simple taste for floral decoration?

II.

Long before the *Gardina Sacristæ* were done away with, the *Corona Sacerdotalis* reappeared: under altered circumstances, it is true, still it did reappear; and the canons and clergy of the cathedrals and churches of England walked in procession crowned with blooming flowers—roses, honeysuckles, or the sweet woodruff. Among the valuable but irregular churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary Hill

[23] 'The Degradation of Theology,' *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 2, 1875.
[24] *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 20, 1878.

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given in Nichols's *Extracts* we have the clearest testimony of the prevalence of it during the years ranging from 1483 to 1489, which carry us through the brief reigns of Edward the Fifth and Richard the Third down into the first part of that of Henry the Seventh:—

A dozen and ½ rose Garlondes on St. Barnebes' day [June 17] . .	0 0 8½
Item, for two doss' di. bocse [box] garlonds for prests and clerkes on St. Barnebe daye	1*s.* 10*d.*
Garlondes on Corpus Christi-day	10*d.*
For rose garlondis and wodrove garlondis on St. Barnebes day . .	11*d.*

Again, for the years 1524–5 the churchwardens' accounts of St. Martin Outwich furnish the following:—

1524.	Item, for rose garlands on Corpus Xti day	vj*d.*
	Item, for byrche at Midsummer	ij*d.*
	Item, for rose garlands, brede, wyne, ale on ij Sent Marten's days .	xv*d.*
	Item, for holly and ivy at Chrystmas	ij*d.*
1525.	Paid for kaks, flowers and yow	ij*d.*
	Paid for brome ageynst Ester	j*d.*
	Paid for rosse garlonds on Corpus Christi daye	vj*d.*
	Payd for byrche and bromys at Mydsom'	iij*d.*
	Payd for brede, ale and wyne and garlonds, on Seynt Marten's day [July 4] ye t'nslacyon[25]	xvj*d.*

But the garlands were not confined to priests and canons; bishops wore them. Roger de Walden, when he went in solemn procession on the feast of the Commemoration of St. Paul, 1405, to be enthroned in his episcopal chair at St. Paul's, had a wreath of red roses on his head: 'tam ipsemet Episcopus, quam omnes Canonici ejusdem Ecclesiæ usi sunt in Processione solenni garlandis de Rosis rubris; et qui vidit ista interfuit, testimonium perhibet de his, et scripsit hæc.'[26] Nor is this the sole mention we have in history of the custom in connection with St. Paul's. Polydore Vergil, who was sent on a mission to England at the beginning of the sixteenth century by Alexander the Sixth, was struck by it and notes it in his *De Rerum Inventoribus*. 'At the present time,' he observes, 'with the English as elsewhere, the priests on stated and solemn occasions appear at the public services of the Church with wreaths on their heads, and especially the priests of St. Paul's at London, who, on the feast of St. Paul in the month of June, are crowned for the celebration of all the sacred offices proper to the day.'[27] Stow's reference to it in his narrative of the procession with the famous buck's-head borne before the cross, when 'the Dean and Chapter apparelled in coapes and vestments with garlands of roses on their heads issued out at the west door,' is so well known that it scarcely needs to be cited. Some of the notices of it in foreign countries, however, are less familiar.

[25] Nichols, *Extracts from Churchwardens' Accompts, etc.*, 1797.
[26] Wharton, *Historia de Epis. et Dec. Londinensibus.*
[27] Lib. ii. c. 17.

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They occur chiefly in connection with the regulations for the observance of Corpus Christi. The Diocesan Synod of Worms, for example, held in 1610, amongst other decrees relating to the celebration of Corpus Christi, enacted that boys wearing wreaths on their heads should walk in the processions appointed for the day.[28] And Serarius in his elaborate treatise is at great pains not only to lay down the rules for the due solemnisation of the Corpus Christi processions in the diocese of Mayence, with clergy and laymen, girls and boys, all wearing wreaths and garlands composed of roses and various other flowers, and oak and ivy; but he also defends the use of wreaths against the mockery of some and the condemnation of others who, far from considering it a festive and joyful rite giving glory and honour to God —which he maintained it was—cried it down on account of its long-standing connection with the licentious and idolatrous usages of paganism; and he naively concludes his lengthy argument with the somewhat utilitarian plea that 'the wreaths serve another purpose than the honour and glory of God: they protect the head from the rays of the sun, which at the time is scorching hot; but even this, he exultingly adds, 'may be referred to the end set forth above, for as all walk bareheaded in honour of Christ, so likewise for His glory they ought in a measure to consult the interests of their bodily health. Where is the harm? Is it not rather a praiseworthy act thus to combine prudence with religion and piety?[29] The whole city of Mayence on this occasion, he says, was made one single temple: the walls, the houses, every place available for decoration was ornamented with flowers and foliage; and all the road-ways were strewed with them. Even the Emperor wore a floral crown at such times; for we learn from Sarnelli's letters that Ferdinand the Second used to take part in the solemnity 'sola florea redimitus corolla.'

The same practice was, moreover, general in France and Italy. Indeed, wherever the festival of Corpus Christi was kept flowers were in great request. In the Roman Ritual edited by Catalani at the command of Benedict the Fourteenth it is strictly enjoined that each of the laymen bearing the baldacchino on Corpus Christi day should be crowned with wreaths of flowers; that boys walking two and two with garlands on their heads should scatter rose leaves before the Blessed Sacrament; that men carrying lamps should likewise wear roses twined round their heads; and that the other boys and girls of the procession should also have wreaths.

At Nola a peculiar custom, undoubtedly of heathen origin and probably connected with the worship of Jupiter, prevailed, by which every priest of the diocese was obliged to go to the cathedral once a year to do homage to his bishop. But the clergy were not allowed to enter the city for the purpose unless crowned with roses or other flowers, the most beautiful of the season, and carrying in their hands

[28] *Concilia Germ.* t. ix. [29] *Serarii Opus Theol.* t. iii.

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bunches of roses skilfully and artistically arranged. All the people of the neighbourhood assembled in the cathedral to witness the ceremony. Each priest approached the episcopal throne in turn, knelt down, took off his wreath, and having kissed the prelate's hand, presented him with both wreath and nosegay. When all had rendered obeisance, the bishop sent the wreaths to the first matrons of the city who were present.[30]

In Italy, too, when a priest said his first mass he wore a crown of flowers up to the offertory, after which he sent it to his nearest relative who wore it for the remainder of the day. I am told that this custom is, with a slight difference, to be met with in some parts of Germany at the present day: the priest keeps the crown on during the whole of mass; and for a long while after it may be seen carefully preserved in his room.

III.

In the early days of Christianity the use of bridal wreaths was repudiated because it was so intimately connected with the excesses of heathen feasts; and Tertullian chiefly rested his contention against all manner of crowns on the ground that they owed their origin to falsehood and idolatrous worship. But by far the most interesting, curious part of the famous *De Corona* derived its rugged force from the argument of congruity: the use of wreaths was manifestly a violation of the intentions of nature, because the organs provided to convey to the soul of man the special enjoyment attached to the divine gift of flowers, which were the peculiar or at least principal material of wreaths, are the organs of sight and smell. With sight and smell, then, he says, make use of flowers, for these are the senses by which they are to be enjoyed; use them by means of the eyes and nose, which are the members to which these senses belong. You have got the thing from God, the mode of it from the world; but an extraordinary mode does not prevent the use of the thing in the common way. Let flowers, then, both when fastened into each other and tied together with thread and rush, be what they are when free, when loose —things to be looked at and smelt. You count it a crown, let us say, when you have a bunch of them bound together in a series, that you may carry many at one time, that you may enjoy them all at once. Well then, lay them in your bosom if they are so singularly pure; and strew them on your couch if they are so exquisitely soft; and consign them to your cup if they are so perfectly harmless. Have the pleasure of them in as many ways as they appeal to your senses. But what taste for a flower, what sense for anything belonging to a crown but its band, have you in the head, which is able neither to distinguish

[30] Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*. Edit. Sec.

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colour, nor to inhale sweet perfumes, nor to appreciate softness? It is as much against nature to long after a flower with the head as it is to crave food with the ear, or sound with the nostril. But everything which is against nature deserves to be branded as monstrous among all men; but with us it is to be condemned also as a sacrilege against God the Lord and Creator of nature.[31] He did not object to flowers being placed in the bosom, scattered on the couch, dropped in the cup, though all these uses more than trod upon the heels of heathen luxury, because, judging between things agreeable to reason and things opposed to it, they came under the former category. Singularly enough, he quite overlooks the reference in Wisdom and Isaiah to festal wreaths, and concludes that the people of God never indulged in the use of them, either on the occasion of public rejoicing, or to gratify criminal luxury: 'So they returned from the Babylonish captivity with timbrels, and flutes, and psalteries more suitably than with crowns; and after eating and drinking uncrowned, they rose up to play. For neither would the account of the rejoicing nor the exposure of the luxury have been silent touching the honour or dishonour of the crown.' But when 'uncrowned they rose up to play,' the people were in the desert. 'Thus, too, Isaiah,' he continues, 'with timbrels, and psalteries, and flutes, they drink wine,' would have added with crowns, if this practice had ever had place in the things of God.[32] Clement of Alexandria likewise declaimed against the unfitness of setting crowns of flowers above the organs of sight and smell:—

> Do not encircle my head with a crown, for in spring-time it is delightful to while away the time on the dewy meads, while soft and many-coloured flowers are in bloom, and, like the bees, enjoy a natural and pure fragrance. But to adorn one's self with a 'crown woven from the fresh mead' and wear it at home, were unfit for a man of temperance. For it is not suitable to fill the wanton hair with rose leaves, or violets, or lilies, or other such flowers, stripping the sward of its flowers. . . . Besides those who crown themselves destroy the pleasure there is in flowers; for they enjoy neither the sight of them, since they wear the crown above their eyes; nor their fragrance, since they put the flowers away above the organs of respiration. . . . As beauty, so also the flower delights when looked at; and it is meet to glorify the Creator by the enjoyment of the sight of beautiful objects.[33]

But he condemned the wreath not so much on this account, not so much on account of its being a symbol of recklessness and an incitement to rioting and drunkenness, as because it had been dedicated to idols. Tertullian's notion, however, predominates in Minutius Felix, so that when Cæcilius charges Christians that they do not wreathe their heads with flowers, Octavius is made to answer:—

> Who is he who doubts of our indulging ourselves in 'spring flowers, when we gather both the rose of spring and the lily, and whatever else is of agreeable colour and odour among flowers? For these we both use scattered loose and free, we twine our necks with them in garlands. Pardon us forsooth, that we do not

[31] Ante-Nicene Christian Library, vol. xi. [32] *Ibid.* [33] *Ibid.* vol. iv.

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crown our heads; we are accustomed to receive the scent of a sweet flower in our nostrils, not to inhale it with the back of our head or with our hair.[34]

Still, whatever other motive prevailed in the written denunciations by the primitive Christians of wreaths, hatred, on account of the luxury almost invariably associated with the heathen use of them, was never altogether absent. It stands out in strong relief in the Syriac version that has come down to us of the *Memorial* of the Greek senator Ambrose, addressed to his fellow-senators when they raised an outcry against him for embracing Christianity: 'Your festivals, too, I hate; for there is no moderation where they are; the sweet flutes also, dispellers of care, which play with a tremulous motion; and the preparation of ointments wherewith ye anoint yourselves; and the chaplets which ye put on.'[35] But in spite of Tertullian; in spite of Clement of Alexandria and Minutius Felix; in spite of the rigour that would interdict even the crown of the bride and bridegroom, the graceful practice was revived with a high significance it had never had before, and, freed from old associations, the nuptial crown became the prerogative of the virtuous alone. Some think that objections to it were never very widely entertained; but whether they were or not, in the fourth century it was again a common observance and an honoured one. St. Chrysostom is our first authority on this point: 'Garlands are wont to be worn on the heads of bridegrooms, as a symbol of victory, betokening that they approach the marriage bed unconquered by pleasure. But if captivated by pleasure he has already given himself up to harlots, why does he wear the garland, since he has been subdued?'[36] Then in both the Latin and Arabic Lives of St. Alexius—Alexius was the only son of the senator Euphemian, one of the first nobles of the court of the Emperor Theodosius—mention is made of the wreaths placed on the heads of Alexius and his bride, a member of the imperial family, by the chief priest, at their marriage in one of the churches of Rome: a marriage celebrated with truly royal magnificence, if we may believe the accounts of the feast served on the occasion at six hundred tables to the strangers and poor people who flocked to witness it.[37] And in his *History of the Franks* St. Gregory of Tours relates how the bride of Injuriosus, the richest senator of Auvergne, who had resolved to consecrate herself to the service of God by a vow of virginity, lamented to her husband on the first day of their marriage that she had lost her crown of incorruptible roses for the fleeting roses that disfigured rather than embellished her.[38] Furthermore we gather from Claudian that Honorius was satisfied with a crown of flowers at his marriage:

> Tu festas, Hymenæe, faces, tu, Gratia, flores
> Elige, tu geminas, Concordia, necte coronas.

[34] Ante-Nic. Christ. Lib. vol. xiii.
[35] Hom. ix. 1 Tim. (Trans. J. Tweed.)
[36] *Hist. des Francs.* Edit. Fr. p. 41. (1836.)
[37] *Ibid.* vol. xxiv.
[38] *Bollandi Acta Sanct.* tom. iv.

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And the same poet, exhorting the great Roman general Stilicho to marry, says:

> Solitas galeâ fulgere comas,
> Stilico, molli necte corona.

The observance is also more than once alluded to by the brilliant many-sided Sidonius Apollinaris. In a letter to his friend Heronius describing the pomp of Ricimer's marriage, he says, 'Jam quidem virgo tradita est, jam corona sponsus honoratur;' and in his panegyric to the Emperor Anthemius, referring to the same marriage, he, by a delicate allusion to the valour of Ricimer, has memorized the contemporaneous use of the laurel crown for warriors and the bridegroom's wreath of myrtle:—

> Hos thalamos, Ricimer, virtus tibi pronuba poscit,
> Atque Dionaeam dat Martia laurea myrtum.

Ricimer—the Roman king-maker—it will be remembered, married the daughter of Anthemius.

The marriage service of the Eastern Church is literally called in the Εὐχολόγιον the ceremony of the wreath (Ἀκολουθία τοῦ στεφανώματος), because of the solemn rite of the nuptial crown observed in it. And to be crowned (στεφανοῦσθαι) and to be married (ἀγαμεῖσθαι) are synonymous. Hence, too, the prohibition of secret marriage stands: No one must be crowned secretly (Μηδεὶς μυστικῶς στεφανούσθω). In fact, the coronation of the bridegroom and bride constitutes a most important part of the ceremony of marriage. It is performed by the chief officiating priest with wreaths or chaplets composed for the most part of olive sprays mixed with white and purple bands or flowers. When placing the wreath on the head of the bridegroom the priest says, 'The servant of God N. is crowned for [*i.e.* marries] the servant of God N. in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'[39] Having gone through a like ceremony with the bride, he crosses both their hands and blesses them thrice in this form: 'O Lord, our God, crown them with glory and honour (Κύριε ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, δόξῃ καὶ τίμῃ στεφάνωσον αὐτούς).' The rite of the cup, which follows next, having been fulfilled, the priest leads the newly married pair round in the form of a circle, whilst the wreaths are borne behind by the best man; and finally both bridegroom and bride are crowned afresh with a solemn blessing.

Up to the ninth century the rite of coronation was forbidden at second nuptials. Later, however, it was tolerated; though, as a general rule, wherever the custom of marriage wreaths prevailed outside the Greek Church the use of them was limited to first nuptials. And in Switzerland so much importance was attached to

[39] Στέφεται ὁ δοῦλος τοῦ Θεοῦ ὁ δεῖνα τὴν δούλην τοῦ Θεοῦ τήνδε, εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς, καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ, καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος.

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their symbolical significance that a very strict law was in force prohibiting brides from wearing chaplets or garlands in the church, or at any time during the wedding feast, if they had previously in any way forfeited their right to the privileges of maidenhood.[40]

IV.

As at the dawn of Christianity the nuptial wreath was repudiated because it was contaminated by its contact with paganism, so on like grounds the heathen customs of crowning the dead and strewing their graves with flowers were at first rejected by the early Christians; and in so marked a way that Cæcilius, in the *Octavius* of Minutius Felix, upbraided them for refusing garlands even to their sepulchres. Very soon after it was made, however, Octavius's defence was no longer required. The dead body, which under the Old Law was decreed an unclean thing, became 'honourable in the dishonour of corruption.' The Jew abhorred it: to touch it, nay its very presence, was pollution to him. To honour and reverence it was a sacred duty of the Christian bound up with fundamental doctrines of his faith; and he claimed it as a privilege. Naturally enough, the tombs of the martyrs were the first objects of the particular phase of the new-born obligation that belongs to the subject we are pursuing. And perhaps the earliest illustration of its fulfilment is to be met with in the decoration of the outer chamber of the cemetery of St. Agnes: little winged genii are represented bearing on their shoulders, to the graves of the saints within, baskets filled with flowers.[41] St. Ambrose himself certainly refrained from the pious office at the tomb of Valentinus, but he suffered others to bring their baskets full of lilies: 'Non ego floribus tumulum adspergam, sed spiritum ejus Christi odore perfundam. Spargant alii plenis lilia calathis: nobis lilium est Christus.'[42] St. Jerome likewise speaks without condemnation of how husbands softened their grief by covering the tombs of their wives with violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers, though at the same time he thought almsgiving the more profitable act: 'Ceteri mariti super tumulos conjugum spargunt violas, rosas, lilia, floresque purpureos, et dolorem pectoris his officiis consolantur. Pammachius noster sanctam favillam, ossaque veneranda, eleemosynæ balsamis rigat: his pigmentis atque odoribus fovet cineres quiescentes: sciens scriptum, sicut aqua extinguit ignem, ita eleemosyna peccatum.'[43] And furthermore, Prudentius not only enjoins the custom on others, but practises it himself:

[40] Werndley, *Trigurinc Liturgy*.
[41] Bottari, *Sculture e Pitture*, tav. cxxxix.
[42] *De Obitu Valentin. Consolatio.*
[43] *Epist. ad Pam.*: *Consolatio sup. ob. Paulinæ ux.*

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Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
Violis et fronde frequente.[44]

Thus step by step it gained ground, till at last the ceremony of crowning the dead found a place in the Roman Ritual. 'The rite instituted by the Catholic Church for the burial of children is a joyful rather than a sad one . . . . the body of the child must be clothed in white and strewed with fresh flowers and sweet herbs; and a wreath of flowers placed on its head in token of virginal chastity.'[45]

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
This done, a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncover'd to the grave. Her piteous loss
The lonesome mother cannot choose but mourn;
Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,
And joy attends upon her fortitude.[46]

But the limits first set by ecclesiastical authority were too narrow: the rite could not be confined to children.

In many places it is customary to put a wreath on the bier of unmarried persons in token of virginal chastity; this is going beyond the Rubrics, which prescribe such a mark of honour for children only who have died before attaining the use of reason; nevertheless it is approved of by Barussaldi (Tit. 40, n. 8) and Catalani (Tit. vi. c. 7, § 1, n. 2) in the case of persons of any age, no matter how advanced, provided they have never been married, but have remained single up to the time of their death; for such persons, of whichever sex, are presumed to be virgins; and are therefore entitled to the crown of virginity . . . however, according to Cavalieri (Tom. iii. c. 16, v. vi. vii.) this custom was open to many inconveniences, and certainly could not be followed in the case of those who by notorious sin had forfeited their good reputation.[47]

No one has handled the observance in its purely natural form, which knew no bounds, more exquisitely than Shakespeare:—

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill, (O bill, sore shaming

[44] *Prudentii Carmina*, Cathemerinon x.
[45] Pius Martinucci, *Manuale Sacr. Cerem.* v. 4, p. 60.
[46] Wordsworth, *Sonnets to Liberty*.
[47] De Herdt, *Sacræ Liturgiæ Praxis*, t. iii.

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Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.[48]

And the pitiful, tender service it was thought no shame for a soldier to render, it was thought no weakness for a soldier to claim:—

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland
In my father's grave to lie.
There chaunt my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers;
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.[49]

By our rural population in out-of-the-way hamlets, especially in Wales, the tradition of strewing graves with flowers was never lost; the village churchyard ever remained a faithful witness to the past, no matter what went on to tell of changed rites in the church within it. And now in England generally, as well as in France, in Germany, and in other places on the Continent, the custom flourishes to an extent unsurpassed by the Greek χοαί or the Roman Parentalia, Feralia, Violares Dies. Sceptics and believers uphold it, and statesmen, and soldiers, and princes, and scholars equally with children and maidens are the objects of it. The tomb of Michelet is heaped up with flowers no less than that of Baroche or the veteran statesman Thiers, whilst the late sovereign of them all, though buried in a foreign land, does not lie forgotten and unhonoured by tributes of affectionate loyalty composed of the favourite badge of the supporters of his dynasty, sent from across the sea. One of the most pathetic incidents connected with the funeral of Princess Alice was that of the poor old peasant woman from the Odenwald, who timidly laid her little wreath of rosemary with its two small white blossoms beside the rare and costly flowers that wellnigh hid the pall from view; and no one could have thought that the Queen complied with a bare form of etiquette when they read of the wreath of white roses, white camellias and passion-flowers placed at her express command on the coffin of the young Prince Waldemar.

A very touching instance of the intense craving of the human heart to force its way into the unseen world, to give sensible, outward proofs of affection to those who to all appearance have gone beyond the reach of them, came under my own immediate observation only a year or two ago. The mother of a friend of mine died, and whilst she yet lay in her room, an old servant, who had been much attached

[48] *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

[49] Mackay, *Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland from* 1688 *to* 1746: 'Derwentwater's Farewell.'

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to her, went a long distance to call and ask leave to look for a last time on the countenance of his former mistress. The boon was readily granted. Just as he was about to leave the room he took from under his coat some fresh snowdrops that he had carefully guarded there, and reverently laid them on her bosom. Then in a broken, pleading voice, as if fearful that he had taken too great a liberty, he said to her daughter, the sole witness of the act, 'She was so fond of them,' and hurried out of the house. His simple devotion was so spontaneous, so unstudied and reverent that it was impossible not to be moved by it. And yet it all lay under a rough exterior, and sprang from the impulse of a rude, uncultivated nature. 'Le cœur a ses raisons, que la raison ne connaît point.

In some parts of Italy, notably in Tuscany, the periwinkle—the identical flower with which they crowned poor Simon Fraser in mockery, on his way to execution[50]—from a custom dating from remote antiquity, of weaving it into garlands for the dead, especially children, is even now called *Fior da morte*; though the once familiar homely name is, I hear, gradually disappearing, passing out of the broad sunlight of the people's vocabulary into the comparative obscurity of botanical dictionaries. But this must not be taken as evidence that in the very cradle of the *Feralia* care for the dead has really waxed faint and cold with the lapse of time, though perhaps the *Violares Dies* are not kept up in all their pristine outward loveliness. During the *trasporto*, or carrying of the dead from the house, flowers are used in abundance, and beautiful garlands are placed on the bier. So that the spirit which moved Æneas at his father's grave—'purpureosque flores jacet'—yet lives in his descendants, if it be dwarfed in some respects; and Italians still urge, with the noblest poet of their land—

> Manibus date lilia plenis:
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis.

V.

I cannot well end my paper without a reference to Land Tenures, for in England we have had instances of them quite as curious as those by which the nobles of Mexico became tenants in chief. For instance, lands and tenements in Ham, in Surrey, were formerly held by John

[50] 'He was the eldest son of Simon Fraser, the ancestor of the baronial houses of Saltoun and Lovat; and a faithful adherent of Sir William Wallace. His death [in 1306] was as ignominious as his valour and patriotism had been great. He was carried to London heavily ironed, and his legs tied under his horse's belly, and as he passed through the city a garland of periwinkle was in mockery placed on his head.' Aungier, *Chroniques de London*. See also *Political Songs of the Reign of Edward I.*

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of Handloo of the men of Kingston on condition of rendering to the said men three clove gillyflowers at the king's coronation.[51] Again, in his letter to Cromwell on the dissolution of the monastery of St. Andrew at Northampton, Robert Southwell wrote, 'There have growne no decay by this priour that we can lerne, but surely his predecessours pleasured moche in odoryferous savours, as it shulde seme by their converting the rentes of their monastery, that were wonte to be paide in coyne and grayne, into gelofer flowers and roses.'[52] And more remarkable still are the terms of Sir Christopher Hatton's lease of the greater part of Ely Place, viz. a red rose, ten loads of hay and ten pounds per annum. In addition to which Bishop Cox, Queen Elizabeth's victim in the hard bargain, reserved to himself and his successors the right of walking in the gardens and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

The *Baillée des Roses*, which existed in France up to the end of the sixteenth century, consisted of a tribute of roses due from the peers of France to Parliament, and was rendered in the months of April, May and June on a day when the sitting was held in the great hall. The peer whose turn it was to pay the tribute had to see that on the appointed day all the rooms of the palace were strewed with roses, flowers and sweet herbs: before the sitting commenced he was bound to enter every chamber with a large bowl of silver borne before him containing as many crowns of roses and bouquets as there were members of Parliament and officers attached to its service; and when the roses had been distributed to the various claimants of the homage and the audience was ended, he gave a great feast to the presidents, councillors, clerks and ushers of the court. The origin of this custom is quite unknown. It existed not only at the Parliament of Paris, but was maintained at all the other Parliaments of the kingdom, especially that of Toulouse; and the tribute was obligatory on the children of the king, princes of the blood, dukes, cardinals and other peers. There is said to have been an edict of Henry the Third relating to it; but of this I have not been able to find any trace.

The part that flowers played in the Wars of the Roses needs but a passing allusion; their use, however, in the Guelph and Ghibelline disturbances that long distracted Italy is less known. Then party spirit ran so high in Bergamo, and factions were so keen about their floral badges that they even introduced them into the churches and stamped them on the chalices and sacred vestments and altars. Those were the days when men attached a party meaning to the very forms of drinking-glasses, to apples and peaches and other fruits. After this we cannot but acknowledge that Imperialists, Legitimists, Republicans, one and all, have exhibited a laudable restraint in their use of the violet, white blossoms and *immortelles*.

[51] *Excerpta Historica*, p. 21.

[52] Wright, *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries.*

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And now I must end. We have seen the savages of Florida offering gifts of fair flowers to their divinity, the sun; we have seen the broken-hearted Tonga chief wreathe the head of his dead child with the brightest flowers, and, unselfish in his sorrow, bid his people deck themselves gaily with blossoms and rejoice because her spirit was at rest; we have seen the barbarous Mexicans, discriminating between their various beauties, make—amidst the most revolting sacrifices of human life—oblations of flowers to the god or goddess to whose special worship appropriate kinds were dedicated; we have seen the followers of Bouddha and Brahma outstripping both the far-away savage and the bloodthirsty barbarian in the lavishness of similar gifts; we have seen, too, that the Egyptians were little, if they were at all, behind Brahmin and Buddhist; and in the ceremonial of the chosen people we have at least caught a glimpse of like practices; then, turning to the cultured Greeks and warlike Romans, we have seen the same rites upheld with all the intensity of which the keen sense of beauty of the one and the strong nature of the other made them capable, so that the very life of the people, in the temple, in the field, in the home, was bound up and interwoven with flowers;[53] and finally, coming to the Christian era after the first shrinking from everything suggestive of idolatry, we have seen the rulers of the early Church boldly incorporate these observances, stripped of their heathen attributes, with its ritual. There are those by whom the strange sequence, the long roll of Credos and Glorias lying before us in almost unbroken historical continuity, will be simply put aside as affording but a fresh proof of the unexhausted and inexhaustible superstition of our race. But, treat them as we may, these time-honoured, hoary customs—as sentimental fancies, antiquarian curiosities, aberrations of the human mind, the fact remains—stultify it if we can—that from the earliest and most archaic times, in all countries and places, throughout the ups and downs of civilisation, even in this great century of scientific enlightenment, young and old, rich and poor, the simple and the lettered, the sovereign and the subject, have ever sought to give expression to the deep-rooted and most cherished beliefs and aspirations of mankind, as well as to the joys and sorrows that stir our daily life, through the frailest yet most fair of all the things of earth. 'They labour not, neither do they spin, but I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these.'

AGNES LAMBERT.

[53] *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1878.

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THE POUND OF FLESH.

THE scholars who, in a recent Westminster Play, evoked four ghosts from ancient Greece to decide on the reliques exhumed by Dr. Schliemann, might well try their mediumship upon the equally mysterious past of their own country. They would confer a large benefit if they could evoke the ghost of William Shakespeare, and bring him before the footlights just now, in order that we might pelt him with questions which have long been accumulating. For one, I should like to put to him the question,—What do you think of Mr. Irving's Shylock?

We know that no such figure appeared on Shakespeare's own stage at the Globe. Shylock, as acted by Shakespeare's friend Burbage, was a comic figure. His make-up consisted of exceedingly red hair and beard, a false nose preternaturally long and hooked, and a tawny petticoat. Such a figure must have been largely meant to make fun for the pit and gallery, of which Shakespeare was rarely oblivious, and Burbage never.

But a conventional stage figure is generally an evolution, and this farcical Shylock was no exception. The famous Isaac of Norwich was a typical Jew in his time. A thirteenth century caricature, preserved in the Pell Office, shows us the popular notion of him. He is pictured as a three-faced idol surrounded by devils. The three faces are not specially ugly or comical, but repulsive enough; and we may detect in the figure the reflection of a period when the diabolical theory of the Jew was serious, and no laughing matter. Similarly, in the old Miracle Plays, Satan was a serious figure, though he gradually became a mere laughing-stock like Pantaloon in the pantomimes. The stage-Jew shared the same decline as the stage-devil—his supposed inspirer. In his malignant and formidable aspect he was, indeed, in Shakespeare's day, the main figure of a popular play—Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta;' but even he had the long nose and sundry grotesque features; and it can hardly be doubted that in the still more ludicrous make-up of Shylock, who succeeded Marlowe's Barabas in public interest, the Globe Theatre followed the popular feeling.

Mr. Swinburne, in his graphic and subtle 'Study of Shakespeare,'

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seems to regard Marlowe's Jew as the real man, and Shakespeare's a mouthpiece for the finest poetry. To this I can only half subscribe. Marlowe's Barabas, the Jew of Malta, is closely related to the figure of Isaac of Norwich surrounded by devils. He is no man at all, but an impossible fiend. He kills and poisons christians without any motive. As Charles Lamb wrote: 'He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners, by the royal command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet.' The average christian murdered the Jew because he did not look upon him as a man, actuated by human feelings and motives, but as a miscreant—the word means 'misbeliever'—which then meant an agent of Antichrist, instigated by his paternal devil.

In the character of Shylock Shakespeare retained the grotesquerie which might please the rabble, at the same time turning their scowl to laughter. Even now, while Mr. Irving is giving his powerful and pathetic impersonation, the occasional laugh reminds us how easily some parts of the text would lend themselves to a farcical interpretation, if the painted nose and comic gestures were present. But it is much more remarkable to observe how rare and superficial are these ludicrous incidents. The farcical Shylock has passed away from the English stage through force of the more real character which Shakespeare drew, and as I believe meant to draw; and if that grotesque figure of the old Globe should be acted now, he would be hissed in any theatre; and the ghost of Shakespeare, were he present, would probably join in the sibilant chorus. Shakespeare may not have intended all the far-reaching moral belonging to the ancient legend of the pound of flesh, but surely no one can carefully compare his Shylock with the Barabas of his contemporary without recognising a purpose to modify and soften the popular feeling towards the Jew, to picture a man where Marlowe had painted a monster, if not indeed to mirror for christians their own injustice and cruelty.

Let us take our stand beside Portia when she summons the Merchant and Shylock to stand forth. The two men have long legendary antecedents, and have met many times before. Five years ago Miss Toulmin Smith made the discovery that the story of the Bond was contained in the thirteenth-century English poem, *Cursor Mundi*, there interwoven with the legend of the Finding of the Holy Cross.

In a valuable paper read to the New Shakespeare Society, April 9, 1875, that lady quotes the story. A christian goldsmith, in the service of Queen Eline (mother of Constantine), owes a sum of money to a Jew; if he cannot pay it at a certain time he is to render the weight of the wanting money in his own flesh. The bond is forfeit; the Jew prepares to cut the flesh; but the judges decide that no

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drop of blood must be shed. The Jew being thus defeated, Queen Eline declares he must give up all his goods to the State and lose his tongue. But he is forgiven on agreeing to tell her where the Holy Cross is hidden.

There are eleven versions of the Bond story in the early literature of Europe. In four of these versions no Jew appears. Karl Simrock believes that it is an ancient law-anecdote—an illustration of the law of retaliation pressed to an extreme. The evidences he gives of its use for this purpose are interesting; and it appears to me probable that it might have been in this way that the Jew was first introduced into the story. Where a Jew and a christian confronted each other in any issue it might be assumed that all mitigations of the *summum jus* were removed from the question; only the naked technical terms of the law could then be conceived as restraining either from doing the utmost injury he could to the other. There is an old Persian version of the tale in which, perhaps for a similar reason, a Moslem and an Armenian confront each other; and in this case the failure of the bond is not because of the blood, but because of the extreme exactness of weight demanded by the court. An Egyptian form of the story has a similar end.

It is not proposed here to discuss and compare these versions or their dates, important as they are, but to pass beyond them to the principles involved and the ideas in which they are rooted.

Side by side, in all ages and races, have struggled with each other the principle of retaliation and that of forgiveness. In religion the vindictive principle has euphemistic names: it is called law and justice. The other principle, that of remission, has had to exist by sufferance, and in nearly all religions has been recognised only in subordinate alliance with its antagonist. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, is primitive law. Projected into heaven, magnified in the divine majesty, it becomes the principle that a deity cannot be just and yet a justifier of offenders. 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.' Since finite man is naturally assumed to be incapable of directly satisfying an infinite law, all religions, based on the idea of a divine lawgiver, are employed in devising schemes by which commutations may be secured, and vicarious satisfactions of divine law obtained. No deity inferred from the always relentless forces of nature has ever been supposed able to forgive the smallest sin until it was exactly atoned for. For this reason the divine mercifulness has generally become a separate personification. The story of the 'pound of flesh' is one of the earliest fables concerning these conflicting principles.

The following legend was related to me by a Hindu, as one he had been told in his childhood. The chief of the Indian triad Indra, pursued the god Agni. Agni changed himself to a dove in order to escape; but Indra changed himself to a hawk, to continue the

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pursuit. The dove took refuge with Vishnu, second person of the triad, the Hindu Saviour. Indra flying up demanded the dove; Vishnu concealing it in his bosom, refused to give up the dove. Indra then took an oath that if the dove were not surrendered he would tear from Vishnu's breast an amount of flesh equal to the body of the dove. Vishnu still refused to surrender the bird, but bared his breast. The divine hawk tore from it the exact quantity, and the drops of blood—the blood of a Saviour—as they fell to the ground wrote the scriptures of the Vedas.

Among the various versions of this story in India, I have not been able to find any in accepted sacred books which preserves with the simplicity of this folk-tale the ancient moral antagonism between the deities now found in alliance as a Triad. Hindu orthodoxy has outgrown the phase of faith which could sanction that probably provincial legend. Its spirit survives in one of Vishnu's titles, Yadjña Varâha, 'the boar of sacrifice,' derived from Vishnu's third incarnation by which he saved the world from demons by becoming himself a victim. We may see in the fable reflection of a sacrificial age; an age in which the will and word of a god became inexorable fate, but also the dawning conception of a divineness in the mitigation of the law, which ultimately adds saving deities to those which cannot be appeased.

The earliest version, probably B.C. 300, is the story in the Mahábhárata (*Vana parva*), of the trial of the best of mankind, King Usinára. Indra and Agni, wishing to test his fidelity to the laws of righteousness, assume the forms of falcon and pigeon. The latter (Agni) pursued by the former (Indra) seeks and receives the king's protection. The falcon demands the pigeon, and is refused on the ground that it is written that to kill a twice-born man, to kill a cow, and to abandon a being that has taken refuge with one, are equal sins. This is a quotation from the Laws of Manu. The falcon argues that it is the law of nature that it shall feed on pigeons, and a law against nature is no law. He (the falcon) will be starved, consequently his mate and little ones must perish, and thus in preserving one the king will slay many. The falcon is offered by Usinára other food—a boar, bull, gazelle,—but the falcon declares that it is not the law of its nature to eat such things. The king then declares that he will not give up the pigeon, but he will give anything else in his power which the falcon may demand. The falcon replies that he can only accept a quantity of the king's own flesh equal in weight to the pigeon's body. Usinára gladly accedes to this substitution. Balances are produced, and the pigeon is placed in one scale. The king cuts off a piece of his flesh that appears large enough, but is insufficient; he cuts again and again, but still the pigeon outweighs his piled-up flesh. Finally, all his flesh gone, the king gets into the scale himself. The two gods then resume their divine shape, announce to Usinára that for

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the sacrifice he has made he will be glorified in all worlds throughout eternity, and the king ascends transfigured into heaven.

This legend is repeated under the title *Syena-Kapotiyam* (Dove and Hawk) in the *Purana Sarvasvan* in the Bodleian Library, where it is in Bengali characters. There is another version in the *Markandêyâ Purâna* (ch. iii.) in which Indra appears to the sage Vipulasvan in the form of a large famished bird. Finding that this bird can only be nourished by human flesh, the sage appeals to his sons to give it some of their flesh; and on their refusal he curses them, and tells the bird that after he has performed certain funeral ceremonies his body shall be for its nourishment. Whereupon Indra bids the sage abandon his body only by the power of contemplation, reveals his divine nature, and offers Vipulasvan whatever he may ask.

Indra here says, 'I eat no living creature,' which shows a moral advance. Perhaps his conversion may have been in some measure due to the teaching of Buddha. It is instructive to compare the Mahábhárata legend with an early Buddhist version cited by M. Foucaux from the *Dsang-loung*,[1] a version all the more significant because the hero of it, Sivi, was traditionally the son of Usinára and had already appeared in the fourth book of Mahábhárata as tried in the same way with his father, and with the same results. Sivi had become a popular type of self-sacrifice. According to the Buddhist legend, Indra, perceiving that his divine existence was drawing to a close, confided to Visvakarman[2] his grief at not seeing in the world any man who would become a Buddha. Visvakarman declared King Sivi such a man. The falcon and pigeon test is then applied. But the Buddhist Sivi does not, like his Brahman prototype, offer to compensate the falcon with the flesh of other animals. He agrees to give his own flesh. The gods descend and weep tears of emotion at seeing the king as a skeleton outweighing the dove which his flesh could not equal. Nor is the Buddhist saint caught up to heaven. He is offered the empire and throne of Indra himself but refuses it; he desires only to be a Buddha. Sivi's body is restored to greater beauty than before, and he becomes Buddha amid the joy of gods and men.

Other versions show the legend further detached from brahmanic ideas, and resting more completely upon Buddha's compassionateness to all creatures. Of this description is one in the 'Sermons' by Asphagosha, for the translation of which I am indebted to Professor Beal. Sakra (a name of Indra) tempted by a heretic to believe that the teaching of Buddha was false, and that men followed it from motives of self-interest, sought for a perfect man who was practising austerities solely for the sake of becoming a Buddha. Finding one,

[1] *Le Mahabharata*, p. 241.

[2] The 'omnificent,' who offered up all worlds in a general sacrifice, and ended by sacrificing himself.

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Sivaka Raja, he agreed with Visvakarman to tempt him. All happens as in the old legend, except that Sivaka rests his refusal not upon the law of Manu, nor upon the sanctity of asylum, but upon his love of all living things. To this his mercifulness the falcon appeals, reminding him of its own young, and Sivaka calls for a knife and cuts off a piece of his flesh, not caring whether it is more or less than the body of the dove. He then faints. All living creatures raise lamentations, and the deities, much affected, heal the wound.

The influence of Buddhism is traceable in the modifications of the original legend, which show the sacrifice not accepted as it was in the case of Vishnu and to some extent in that of Usinára, whose earthly life terminates. With Buddha the principle of remission supersedes that of sacrifice. His argument against the brahmanic sacrifice of life was strong. When they pointed to these predatory laws of nature in proof of their faith that the gods approved the infliction of pain and death, he asked them why they did not sacrifice their own children; why they did not offer to the gods the most valuable lives. The fact was that they were outgrowing direct human sacrifices — preserving self-mortifications— and animals were slain in commutation of costlier offerings. This moral revolution is traceable in the gradual constitution of Vishnu as a Saviour. There is a later legend that Vishnu approached Sivi in the form of a Brahman in want of food, but would accept none except the flesh of Sivi's son Vrihad-Garbha. The king killed and cooked his son and placed the food before the Brahman, who then bade him eat it himself. Sivi prepared to do so, when Vishnu stayed his hand, revealed himself, restored the son to life, and vanished. This legend belongs to a transitional period. Its outcome is found in several Hindu folk-tales, one of which has been told by the charming story-teller, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston. The king of a country is dying, and a poor man is informed of the fact by a disguised 'fate.' He asks if there is no way to save the king's life, and is told there is but one way; if a child should be sacrificed, with its own consent, that would save the king. The man returns home and proposes to his wife to slay their beautiful little boy. She consents; the boy having also consented, the knife is about to descend on the child, when the fates appear, announcing that they only wished to try his loyalty to his king, who had already recovered.

We may feel pretty certain that originally that king was a deity, though not so certain that the knife was arrested without killing anything at all. In several popular fables we find the story preserved essentially in the old sacrificial form to teach the rewards of self-sacrifice, though, in order to escape the scandal of a human sacrifice, the self-devotion is ascribed to animals. Thus in the *Panchatantra*, a pigeon roasts itself to save a famished bird-catcher, who had just captured his mate; and the bird-catcher presently seeing its radiant

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form rising to heaven, spends his life consuming his flesh in the fire of devotion, in order that he also may ascend there.

In the Semitic story corresponding to that of Vishnu and Sivi, the Hindu Abraham, we may see that where a god is concerned the actual sacrifice cannot be omitted. That may do in the case of a dying king or hungry hawk, but not for a deity. In the case of Abraham and Isaac the demand is not remitted but commuted. The ram is accepted instead of Isaac. But even so much concession could hardly be recognised by the Hebrew priesthood as an allowable variation from a direct demand of Jahve, and so the command is said to have been given by Elohim, its modification by Jahve. The cautious transformation is somewhat in the spirit of the disguises of the Aryan deities, who may partially revoke as gods the orders they gave as hawks. It would indicate a more advanced idea if we found Jahve remitting a claim of his own instead of one made by the Elohim.

It is worthy of a remark that in some regions where this change of names in the story of Abraham's sacrifice is overlooked or unknown by Semitic religionists, there has sprung up a tradition that the sacrifice was completed and the patriarch's son miraculously restored to life. Thus, in another branch of the Jewish religion we find Mohammed flinching at the biblical story. He does not like to admit that Allah altered his word and purpose except for a serious consideration, so he says, 'We ransomed him with a noble victim.' The moslems believe that Isaac was not then born, and that it was Ismael across whose throat Abraham actually drew the knife, which was miraculously kept from killing the lad, according to some, but others say resulted in a death and resurrection.

Last year the highly educated State of Massachusetts was thrilled with horror by the tidings that a man named Freeman had offered up his beautiful and only child, Edith Freeman, as a sacrifice to God. It occurred in the historical town of Pocasset. A thousand years ago the Northmen who first discovered America wintered there, and possibly they there offered human sacrifices to their god Odin,—that is, if they got hold of one or two red men; for there has been a notable tendency among men in such cases to prefer other victims than themselves for their gods. Since that first landing of white men in America the religion of Odin had yielded to that of Christ; Pocasset and all New England had been converted to Christianity; the Bible had found its way into every home. Yet this well-to-do citizen, Mr. Freeman, and his wife, had learned in Sunday School about Abraham's touching proof of his faith. They had pondered the lesson until they heard the voice of Israel's God summoning them to a similar sacrifice, and they committed a deed which probably would have shocked even those rude Vikings who wintered at Pocasset a thousand years before. So

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much might the worship of a pitiless primitive deity arrest the civilisation of a household in the land of Channing and Parker. They prayed over the little girl, then the knife was plunged into her heart. Little Edith is now in her grave. The God of Abraham and Isaac got his pound of flesh this time. The devout priest of that horrible altar has just passed from his prison to an asylum. To the many who have visited him he puts questions hard to be answered. 'Do you believe the Bible or not?' he says. 'If you do, and have read the account of Abraham, why should you deny that God could require a man to sacrifice his child? He so required of me. I *did* hope and believe that he would stay my hand before the blow fell. When he did not I still believed he would raise my child to life. But that is his own affair. I have given that which I loved most to God because he commanded me.' The American people waited to see whether a christian community which trains up children to admire the faith of Abraham would hang them when they grow up to imitate that faith so impressed upon them. The embarrassing dilemma was escaped after eight months, by getting Freeman into an asylum for the insane, without trial.

I observed last year, soon after the occurrence of this tragedy, a rude picture of it in the *Police Gazette*, or some such paper, exposed in the shop windows of London. The designer had placed a crucifix near the little victim's head. It is probable that Freeman and his wife never saw a crucifix in their lives; they belong to the hardest, baldest dogmatic Protestantism. The rude artist perhaps placed the crucifix in his picture because the Abrahamic sacrifice was supposed to be typical of a holier one,—a sacrifice in which a son was offered up to satisfy the fatal law of a father. In the human sacrifice symbolised by that crucifix culminated all these sacrifices of which mention has been made; and there was embodied that principle which has maintained through the ages that though to forgive may be human, to avenge is divine.

Let us return now to Shylock and the Merchant whose life is forfeit. Shylock represents the law, the letter and rigour of it. He is Indra tearing Vishnu's breast; Elohim demanding Isaac's death; the First Person exacting the Second Person's atoning blood. His bond, his oath registered in heaven, its sanction by Venetian law, are by him identified with eternal justice. It is the irrevocable 'thing spoken,' *fatum*, weird, or word. Portia is exact in telling him that he represents that 'justice' in whose course, 'none of us should see salvation.' The Jew personates his god precisely. Nor is there wanting a certain majesty in his position. There is nothing mean about Shylock now, whatever there may have been at first. He has been called avaricious. It must be remembered, however, that, during those ages, the wealth of the Jews was the main factor in their survival. There is, indeed, an illustration of this in the

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only version of the Bond legend which has any pretension to be considered historical. A Jew named Cenéda forfeited a pound of his flesh to a christian merchant, on a wager; the case was brought before the Pope, Sixtus V., who decided that the christian must pay 2,000 scudi to his treasury for attempting manslaughter, and the Jew pay in an equal sum for having hazarded his life, that being a taxable property belonging to the Pope.

The Jews, suspected for ages of obtaining their wealth from Beelzebub, really accumulated it because they had no desire to spend it on gentile baubles and christian worldliness, having no country of their own. They kept it—or tried to keep it—religiously, to lay at their Messiah's feet when he should come; and if they had not possessed it they would long ago have been exterminated. Balzac tells us of a mediæval seneschal in France who declared the Jews to be the best taxgatherers in his region. It was his custom to let them gain money as bees collect honey; then he would swoop down on their hive and take it all away. The Jews were also restricted in their relations to various kinds of property, and almost driven by oppressive statutes to the dealings in money which brought opprobrium upon them. In hating Antonio because he lent money without interest, and so lowered the rate of usance in Venice, Shylock was hating him for undermining the existence of his tribe. That it was not personal avarice is presently proved, when Shylock scorns thrice his principal proffered to cancel his bond. For now he has been summoned by his own woes, the taking away of his daughter and his property, including that ring mourned because given by his lost Leah—artfully contrasted with the surrender by the christian lovers of the rings they had vowed never to part with —to stand forth as an avenger of the ages of wrong heaped upon his race. That is a messianic moment for Shylock, and ducats become dross in its presence. When the full tidings of his woes and wrongs are told him he cries, 'The curse never fell upon our nation till now: *I* never felt it till now.' Thenceforth we may see in Shylock the impersonation of the divine avenger of a divinely chosen people, and the majesty of his law confronting an opposing world.

On the other hand stands Antonio, representing rather feebly, until he too is summoned from being a mere rich merchant to become a shorn victim, the opposite principle. He stands for the Christ, the forgiver, the sufferer. In the course of its travels the legend had combined with one told by Hyginus. The patriot Moros having conspired to rid his country of its tyrant, falls into the hands of that tyrant, Dionysius of Sicily, who orders him to be crucified. But Moros is allowed a respite and absence of three days to visit his sister, his friend Selenuntius having agreed to become his hostage. On his way back, Moros is impeded by a swollen river, and when he reaches the place of execution finds his friend on the point of being

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nailed to the cross. The two friends now insist each on being crucified for the other, at which sight Dionysius is so affected that he releases both, resolves to be a more humane king, and asks the friends to take him as 'the third in their bond of friendship.' It is remarkable that this legend (which suggested to Schiller his ballad *Die Bürgschaft*, the Suretyship) should have been a popular one at the beginning of the christian era, introducing as it does an exactor of vicarious suffering—that too by a cross—and ending with the tyrant becoming one in a trinity of friendship.

Shakespeare has brought this vicarious feature into a prominence it never had in any version he could ever have seen, and his art, creating as it must in organic consistency, has dramatised the psychological history of mankind.

Antonio, the merchant called on to suffer, is the man who gained nothing at all from the bond. He has incurred the danger and penalty in order that his rather worthless friend Bassanio may get the money necessary to secure a rich marriage which shall free him from his debts. It is the just suffering for the unjust. Antonio is the man who gives, hoping for nothing again; in low simplicity he lends out money gratis; and, when Shylock agrees to lend the three thousand ducats, the merchant says, 'This Hebrew will turn christian; he grows kind.' At the trial, Antonio speaks like the predestined victim:

> I am a tainted wether of the flock,
> Meetest for death.

And, when the trial is over, Antonio is the only man who offers to relax his hold on the Jew's property. He gives up his own half, and takes the other only to give it away to Shylock's daughter and her husband.

To be kind Antonio calls christian; but it was not that spirit which finally brought him into the same fold with his judges. His life is spared on condition of his becoming a christian. Professor Morley and other critics say that was harsh. But Shylock is no longer a genuine Jew, and Shakespeare properly relieves that race of his connection. The Jews had indeed, in primitive ages, begun with the eye-for-an-eye principle, but fiery trials had long taught them patience under injury. Shylock, reminding Antonio, when he asks help, of his outrages, says:

> Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

So had it been for many ages, and the Jew had relegated the principle of vengeance to his fossil theology, practically becoming the patient victim; while, on the other hand, Christianity, reaching the throne, had antiquated Christ's principle of mercy, and was dealing out the rigours of the Judaic law which Israel had outgrown by

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suffering. But when Shylock repairs back to the old eye-for-an-eye spirit, when he draws from the armoury of the ancient law the old weapon of retaliation, it is only to find that the sacrificial knife grown rusty for a Jew is bright and keen enough in christian hands. In pressing to practise the blood-atonement and vicarious principle he enters upon christian ground, and Shakespeare rightly baptizes him a christian.

We may naturally question whether Shakespeare meant this irony. Did he intend any subtle hit when he made these christians claim as a co-religionist, ripe for baptism, a man who had just attempted to take a fellow-man's life? That cannot be affirmed; but it is notable that there should be in the play another passage liable to that construction. Shylock's enemies have just converted his daughter Jessica into a good christian; and the first sign of the work of grace in her heart is the facility with which she steals and squanders her father's money. Shakespeare does not fail to connect with this pious robbery the christian customs of the time towards Jews. When the robbery and elopement have been planned, the Jew's christian servant, Lancelot, says to Jessica:

> There will come a Christian by
> Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

That seems to be a play upon the then familiar phrase 'worth a Jew's eye'—a Jew having often to pay an enormous sum in order to avoid having his eye put out. With that christian usage the poet apparently connects the robbery of Shylock's treasure. So by adopting the christian usage of the time, by saying to Antonio what King John said to the Jews,—'Your money or your flesh,'—Shylock had given evidence of a change of heart, and his right place was in the christian fold.

But among all these representative figures of the Venetian court-room, transformations from the flying doves and pursuing hawks, bound victims and exacting deities, of ancient mythology, there is one who possesses a significance yet to be considered. That is Portia. Who is this gentle woman in judicial costume? She is that human heart which in every age, amid hard dogmatic systems and priestly intolerance, has steadily appealed against the whole vindictive system —whether Jewish or christian—and, even while outwardly conforming, managed to rescue human love and virtue from it. With his wonted yet ever-marvellous felicity, Shakespeare has made the genius of this human sentiment slipping through the technicalities of priest-made law, a woman. It is, indeed, the woman soul which has silently veiled the rude hereditary gods and laws of barbarism—the pitiless ones—with a host of gentle saints and intercessors, until the heartless systems have been left to theologians. Inside the frowning buttresses of dogmatic Theology the heart of woman has built up for the home a religion of sympathy and charity.

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Portia does not argue against the technique of the law. She agrees to call the old system justice—so much the worse for justice. In the outcome she shows that this so-called justice is no justice at all. And when she has shown that the letter of 'justice' killeth, and warned Shylock that he can be saved from the fatal principle he has raised only by invoking the spirit which giveth life, she is out of the case. Shylock now sues for mercy before a christian Shylock. And Portia—like Mary, and all sweet interceding spirits that ever softened stern gods in human hope—turns from the judicial Jahves of the bench to the one forgiving spirit there. 'What mercy can you render him, Antonio?' The christian Gratiano interposes—'A halter gratis: nothing else, for God's sake.' But Christ is heard, however faintly, above him, and Antonio forgives his part of Shylock's penalty.

Forgiveness is the attribute of man. We may reverse Portia's statement and say that, instead of Mercy dropping as the gentle rain from heaven, it is projected into heaven from compassionate human hearts beneath. And heavenly power doth then show likest man's when mercy seasons the vengeance of nature. From the wild forces above not only droppeth gentle rain, but thunder and lightning, famine and pestilence; it is man with his lightning-rod, his sympathy, his healing art, who turns them from their path and interposes a shield from their fury. Consequently all religions, beginning with trembling sacrifices to elemental powers personified—powers that never forgive—end with the worship of an ideal man, the human lover and Saviour. That evolution is invariable. Criticism may find this or that particular deified man limited and imperfect, and may discard him. It may take refuge in pure theism, as it is called. But it amounts to the same thing. What it worships is still a man,—an invisible, vast man, but still a man. To worship eternal love, supreme wisdom, ideal moral perfection, is still to worship man, for we know such attributes only in man. Therefore the Shylock-principle is non-human nature, hard natural law moving remorselessly on its path from cause to effect; the Portia-principle, the quality of Mercy, means the purely human religion, which, albeit for a time using the terms of ancient nature-worship and alloyed with its spirit, must be steadily detached from those, and on the ruins of every sacrificial altar and dogma build the temple whose only services shall be man's service to man.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN: A REPLY.

I AM one of those to whom an appeal is made by Mrs. Lathbury at the end of an article bearing the above title in the April number of this Review. I hold Agnosticism through 'an earnest conviction that it is the only true standpoint,' and 'honesty of thought has obliged me to cast away my ancient landmarks.' To me, then, a warning is addressed: she bids me consider if it would be all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise, and she asks the question: 'What has the Agnostic to offer in compensation?'—*for Christianity* is the premiss (we presume) to be here understood; but Christianity is an ambiguous term, and Mrs. Lathbury gives it no clear definition. If she assumes it to be a supernatural religion with a certain prospect of immortality, she may reasonably disparage the compensations Agnosticism has to offer. But if, on the other hand, Christianity is to her a natural religion, human in its origin like Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and, however useful in the past, destined to pass more or less slowly away, then to her question I reply, Agnosticism offers truth for delusion, it affords a standpoint from which clearness of thought and stability of feeling increase, and the women who adopt it grow in intellectual courage, which I agree with her is not at present a universal virtue of the sex.

These compensations are not to be despised in the present position of this country, where (as Mrs. Lathbury truly says) Agnosticism is gaining ground among men. Scientific culture is too far advanced for us to close our eyes *entirely* to its light. We may avoid all the solid literature that treats of the world as it is, and shows how it has become so by aid of existent forces irrespective of miracle; but we cannot help seeing in popular periodicals constant allusions to the religious questions of the day, attempts to harmonise science and Christianity, &c., and even in novels heroines are now frequently of the rationalistic type, whose opinions are either scoffed at, or made attractive, according to the bias of the author.

I submit that it is no longer *possible* for women to escape the shock to their feelings entailed by the discovery that they are living in an age when Christianity is undergoing critical examination and crucial test.

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Love of truth, and earnest desire to follow it, have led many of the sex to cultivate their minds, and with the growth of logical faculty has come a consciousness of the utter confusion of ideas involved in their early and much-cherished beliefs.

Timid shrinking, with a very agony of doubt as to what further path it would be right to pursue, is the first result of this awakening; then follows a passionate struggle to bring contradictories into agreement; and I do not seek to deny that to a woman, with her strongly emotional nature, these intellectual heavings are intensely painful, and *may* end in the overthrow of reason itself, or in a deliberate attempt (which Mrs. Lathbury would approve) to shut eyes and ears, and cling, with such blind and tottering faith as is still possible, to dogmas she dares not too closely scrutinise.

This course, however, is unwise; settled peace and comfort are not likely to be the result if there is any earnestness of nature and intelligent spirit of inquiry. To women of that calibre, Agnosticism is sure to prove a much more blessed haven of refuge. The conflict between reason and feeling there comes to an end. Fresh knowledge ceases to clash with one's accepted theory of the universe. The inner and outer life becomes harmonious and consistent. Love of the individual no longer forms the *one* predominant interest of life; for as the mind becomes stronger, one learns to take wider and broader views, and to find, especially in the history of the past, a new world for the imagination, with the constant calling forth of wonder and admiration, intellectual emotions which are always pleasurable and soothing. And in time the personal feelings themselves become slowly but surely adapted to the conditions. The standpoint which was reached in a spirit of pure self-negation—an inward bowing to the inevitable—is discovered to have proved a fresh starting-point in a renovated life, calmer perhaps and more sober, less liable to hopes and fears than the old, but a life not less rich in all enjoyments that rational beings value.

I propose now to point out some dangers Mrs. Lathbury ignores, and which the silence she inculcates is sure to increase.

Agnosticism, she says, is gaining ground among men, and women frequently see those of the other sex, whom most they reverence and admire, *drawn* away from the beliefs of the past. *Drawn* seems to imply that, notwithstanding the more powerful intellect she ascribes to man, he is yet supposed to be moved by some malignant influence —some force other than his own unbiased judgment. But to this I need not further refer. If the propulsion indicated is Agnostic, I presume the Mephistopheles is of his own sex.

The fact we have to deal with is, that *many* men now-a-days regard the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as superstition, and occupy themselves wholly with phenomena, believing that humanity has no faculty by which to transcend it and unveil what may lie

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beyond. The negative position of *knowing nothing* but *phenomena* is the only logical one to their masculine intellects; but as they consider women too weak and timid to endure the shock of unwelcome truth, there is amongst them a 'semi-cynical winking' all round, a readiness to prevaricate, and to speak and act before women in a dishonest and deceptive manner.

This state of things is degrading to both sexes, and in its tendency to thrust men and women apart there lies a very great social evil. Sympathy, and all the tender feelings that unite and bind together, creating a healthy social solidarity, are less likely to spring and flourish where there is a wide intellectual breach; and the instinctive perception of right and wrong (which Mrs. Lathbury regards as woman's special characteristic) will do little to influence men, when based on principles they have abjured for themselves as false and misleading.

Again, morals are taught only on the basis of Christianity. Children are shown no other justification of duty than the arbitrary command of God. It is *right* to honour father and mother, and *wrong* to covet and steal, because God said so to the Hebrews more than 3,000 years ago, and wrote it with his finger on tables of stone.

But when a boy leaves school he hears his father talk of the Hebrews as a barbarous uncivilised race, and he may see him smile at their anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity. His mother meanwhile reads the finger passage with devout and reverent air. How is the boy to reconcile these facts? Either his father must be wicked, or his mother foolish, and, whichever alternative he accepts, there is injury done to his young moral nature. He ceases to look up equally to both parents. He rejects the one or the other as a trustworthy guide in the conduct of life, and very probably he throws off all authoritative restraint in consequence of the conflicting influences around him.

It appears, then, that woman's *highest*, most *sacred* human interests require of her to enter into the struggle, and acquaint herself with the reasons why so many men are no longer Christians at heart. For if they are wrong she must defend her Christian position *logically* before them; if they are right, an all-important work has to be done, in laying a secure foundation for moral teaching, and sweeping away the cobwebs and dust that are sure to dim the eye of conscience in the young.

A mother must expect her boys to be logical, even if her girls are not so; and it is difficult to see how conscience can be maintained, far less strengthened and further developed, in homes where the intellectual atmosphere is full of antagonistic ideas.

This is no age for the exhibition of woman's loving nature in the closet alone. Mrs. Lathbury says: 'Prayer, in one form or other, makes up the life of every loving nature.' We trust she is greatly mistaken.

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The picture of such waste of energy, in view of what it might accomplish in a wider sphere than the closet, is appalling, and makes one wish that a cataclysm, and not the slow work of mental evolution, might take us suddenly beyond this transition period.

Mrs. Lathbury describes women as emotional in temperament and timid in intellect. Their nature and pursuits are different from those of men, and therefore Agnosticism, if embraced, will affect them differently. The occupations they at present are devoted to—viz., tending the sick and aged, educating the ignorant, and praying for the erring—will necessarily become distasteful. They will turn away from these, and either sit still and see their best hopes fade away, or throw themselves eagerly into the more active lines of employment in order to drown thought and fill the void that loss of belief will entail.

The inference throughout this reasoning is that women will always remain exactly what she sees them to be now—that, although the outward conditions alter, the essential nature of the sex is unchangeable.

But herein agnostics take a different and much more hopeful view. Human nature is to them infinitely modifiable, and while admitting that woman has suffered, and is likely to suffer, in passing from old creeds to new, still adaptation goes on, and even for the individual they anticipate *reconcilement* and not *despair*.

It is precisely to Agnosticism they look to aid and hasten this reconcilement. Were the women of the present day bravely to adopt the negative standpoint, and insist on education being freed from all theological assumptions, and above all were they to see to it that moral precepts were inculcated without reference to supernatural agency, then assuredly the next generation would be spared much suffering which they themselves have passed through.

Mrs. Lathbury's view of education appears singularly contracted. She anticipates that agnostic women would cease to care about educating the poor, since, without belief in a future life, 'education will only tend practically to heighten and intensify unhappiness.' 'Let us place ourselves,' she says, 'in the condition of a man with education enough to know that the whole of his surroundings are wretched, and it is only a question of money that makes the difference between his working all day on his back in a coal-mine and his master working in a comfortable room. How much happiness will his education bring him?'

Any one who has read the lives of Edwards and Dick, the lowly and obscure naturalists, needs no answer to this question. What self-education *may* do, in the way of giving pure enjoyment amidst grinding poverty, is too plainly set forth in the history of these men's lives. There are not perhaps very many natures to whom the riches of culture are sufficient for happiness independent of material comfort; but education, in the wide sense, gives positive pleasures and benefits,

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and it is absurd to represent it as likely to breed only discontent unless accompanied by hopes of heaven.

That the logical education of agnostics of the present day requires improvement Mrs. Lathbury points out. She says: 'Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that which is *untrue* for the individual cannot be *true* for the human race.' It seems hard to accuse all agnostics of this strange confusion of ideas. The real proposition they put forth is, that while individual life is short, the life of humanity, composed of myriads of individuals, generation after generation, through countless ages, still goes on, and may progress with steady step towards an ideal perfection scarcely now conceived of. Each individual must necessarily assist or retard this movement to the higher goal, according as *he* progresses or deteriorates within the narrow limits of his own individual existence.

And now to touch upon the question of immortality. 'Will the agnostic promise,' we are asked, 'that the human heart will have no longing after something higher than our own poor human perfection?'

The aspiration and attempt of the fabled frog to become the nobler bull would call for admiration had the thing been only possible; nevertheless, the lesson taught by the disaster seems: How much *more admirable*, had the lowly frog been satisfied with its own position in the economy of nature!

To summarise—Mrs. Lathbury's warning to agnostics should be disregarded: (1) because, by speaking out, they may prove most helpful to timid women who are now in a transition stage; (2) because men and women are already too much divided, and by the reticence of the former the intellectual breach may become wider, and it is an evil morally injurious to society; (3) because children suffer from this breach, for without parental harmony home influence cannot be wholly beneficial; (4) because, were they to carry out Mrs. Lathbury's counsel and be as silent as the grave, the movement would still go on, whereas, if agnostics act truthfully and speak out calmly, it will *not* bring the disastrous consequences she depicts and deplores.

There is already a considerable band of female agnostics in this country. They have no mind to whine over the inevitable or to be obstructive in the universal onward march; still less are they aggressive. They neither push nor draw into their supposed pit of despondency fellow-creatures who are unwilling; but whenever occasion offers they express their opinions freely and fearlessly. They have not lost relish for life; their former employments are not gone; they are not eager for professional work in order to drown thought; they are not plunged into suffering through hopelessness, and sitting supine in bitterness of soul. And in the light thrown upon the subject by the lives and characters of these women Mrs. Lathbury's picture of the effects of Agnosticism appears a caricature.

J. H. Clapperton.

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JOHN DONNE.

THOSE whom taste or accident leads to old books often find occasion to pause and meditate over high tributes of praise paid to men whose names have long since become unsuggestive sounds, except to the studious few. The man whose name stands at the head of this article lived in the greatest age of our literature, and was affirmed by contemporary judgment to be one of its greatest writers. Carew proposed as an epitaph for him the lines:—

> Here lies a king who ruled as he thought fit
> The universal monarchy of wit.

Ben Jonson, whose critical temper always moved him to be precise and discriminating in his eulogies, apostrophised Donne as 'the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,'

> Whose every work of thy most early wit
> Came forth example, and remains so yet.

No doubt, in estimating the value of such testimonies, we must make a certain allowance for the circumstances. It was the custom for authors in those days to certify one another's merits in glowing language. Authors now know a more excellent way; mutual admiration is expressed anonymously. But at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were no influential Reviews to be 'got at'; and friends showed their goodwill by sending the author of a new book copies of commendatory verses, which were printed and issued with it as a sort of guarantee or introduction. We should do wrong, of course, to attach much critical value to such panegyrics; they obviously cannot be accepted as the verdict of contemporary opinion on an author's worth. A collection of all the commendatory verses published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, would not be a faithful mirror of the estimation in which the writers of that time were held by their contemporaries. But these verses furnish a certain clue to contemporary opinion if we have regard to the character of the panegyrists. The commendation of a foolish person by another person only a trifle less foolish than himself does not carry much weight. But the enthusiastic admiration of such men as Jonson and Carew, and the host of eminent writers who paid tribute to Donne's memory when his works were published after his death, was not to

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be so cheaply purchased, and it is strange that a man who in such an age was numbered among the masters of literature should have received so little honour from posterity.

Neglect, indeed, is not the only indignity that the poetry of Dr. Donne has suffered. It was stamped with emphatic condemnation by the great critical authority of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson recognised Donne as a master and the founder of a school, but it was a school with which he had no sympathy. He nicknamed Donne and his followers 'the metaphysical poets,' and he culled from their works a variety of specimens to prove that the characteristics of the school were unnatural and far-fetched conceits, 'enormous and disgusting hyperboles,' 'violent and unnatural fictions,' 'slight and trifling sentiments.' At the same time he did not deny that there was something to be said in their favour.

> Great labour, directed by great ability, is never wholly lost; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. . . . If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety, though less copiousness, of sentiment.

Such was Dr. Johnson's opinion of the works which his great namesake in the Elizabethan time pronounced to be 'examples,' and did his best to rival; they were worth digging into as mines, but their art was detestable. A very different opinion was formed by the great critics at the beginning of this century; but, unhappily for Donne's general reputation, for one person that reads De Quincey's essay on Rhetoric or Coleridge's priceless fragments of criticism, twenty read Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. M. Taine, in his rapid survey of English literature, has unhesitatingly adopted Johnson's condemnation, and developed it into an historical theory. The poetry of Donne and his imitators M. Taine marks as a sign of the decadence of the grand inspiration that produced the literature of the Elizabethan period. The flood of great thoughts and great passions had spent itself; the mighty men of genius, through whom the heroic spirit had spoken, were succeeded by a feebler race, who, instead of giving free vent to fire that was burning in their hearts, strained and tortured their intellects in the devising of pretty compliments, and sought to outdo the natural language of overpowering passion by cold and artificial hyperbole. M. Taine admits that there is something of the energy and thrill of the original inspiration in Donne, but he does not admit that there is enough to exempt him from the

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sweeping censure passed by Johnson upon the school which he founded.

Critics, like travellers, too often see only what they look for. The truth is that the prettiness and pedantic affectation which M. Taine assumed to be marks of decadence were as common in Elizabethan literature before it reached its grand period as they were after. The poetry of the Elizabethan time may be divided roughly into two kinds, the poetry of the Court and the poetry of the stage. The poets cannot be so classified, because most of them attempted both kinds; but there were two classes of audience who had to be moved and delighted by essentially different means. It is in the poetry of the stage that we find the rushing abundance of impassioned feeling and sublime thought, divine and demoniac emotion, simple freshness of sentiment. The poetry of the Court demanded more veiled and intricate forms of utterance. But it is a mistake to represent the one style as a degradation of the other, the prettiness and affectation of the courtly poetry as a sign of the exhaustion of the inspiration which produced the grand style of the stage. Literature must always be conditioned by its readers, and if we take prettiness and affectation as marks of decadence, we must be driven to the conclusion that the grand style of the Elizabethan period decayed before it came into existence. The works of the most earnest of the love poets before Shakespeare reached his meridian were saturated with violent and unnatural fictions, trifling and far-fetched conceits. Sir Philip Sidney, in common with the more robust intellects of the time, rebelled against the prevailing foppery, and exhorted himself to 'look in his heart and write.' But he could not escape the infection of what he despised, and to a later generation his sonnets bear as much evidence of ambition to show his wit as of urgent necessity to pour out the feelings of his heart. We know from *Love's Labour Lost* what Shakespeare thought of the reigning mode. The King of Navarre and his lords make love at first in the very height of the fashion, and bandy wit with their mistresses; but when they get the worst of the gay encounter, they abjure—

> Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical,

and vow henceforth to conduct their wooing 'in russet yeas and honest kersey noes.' But Shakespeare, the universal, was not entirely wrapt up in the grand passions; and there was plenty of three-piled hyperbole and pedantical figures in his 'sugared sonnets among his private friends.'

In love, as in religion, there are three Churches, the High Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church. Love was worshipped in the Elizabethan age with elaborate rites and ceremonies.

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The poets were all extreme Ritualists. Here and there we come across notes of impatience under the burden of minute formalities, vows to have done with them as tedious fopperies, and to revert to 'the russet yeas and honest kersey noes.' But the tide of fashion was too strong, and the rebels who had solemnly repudiated one ritual, soon found themselves racking their brains to devise another. There was no keener satirist of the erotic commonplaces of his youth than John Donne; but his indignation was not against the style, but against the commonplace abuse of it, against the barren versifier

> who beggarly doth chaw
> Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
> Rankly digested, doth those things outspue
> As his own things.

Donne's own love poems were written in a fashionable style. He threw, however, so much wit and learning and ingenuity into them that he was looked up to in his own age and held up to ridicule in a succeeding age as the founder of a new school. His poetry was not a sign of the decadence of the grand style, the exhaustion of the grand inspiration. The simple fact that he began to write, as he continued to write, before the dramatic masterpieces of Shakespeare were produced is sufficient to refute this notion. His poetry was really a sort of new departure in the trifling style. And before we condemn the style of the Court, with its absurd ingenuities, its far-fetched conceits, its passion for saying only what had never been said before, as mere trifling and waste of brains, we must remember what the great poetry of the stage owed to it. The ransacking of heaven and earth for occult images, the elaborate torture with which those images were twisted and turned and broken into fragments, the indefatigable manipulation of words and ideas—all this belonged to the intense occupation of the best intellect of the time with the materials of poetry. The labour was not thrown away. The great masters of the dramatic art were gainers by it. Dr. Johnson admits that the rubbish heaps of the metaphysical poets contained many things that 'might be useful to those who know their value.' But they were useful also in their own generation to poets who possibly did not know their value, but owed to them unconsciously much stimulation and suggestion. The fantastic love poetry of the Elizabethan period was the soil from which the great works drew their sap, the atmosphere in which they put forth leaf and branch. The dramatic literature might have been still nobler without it; but without it this literature might never have existed, and the stage might have remained what it was before Marlowe descended to rescue it from clownish horseplay, bustling spectacle, and the crude representation of sensational incidents.

The admiration which Donne's contemporaries expressed for him

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as a writer was doubtless largely influenced by the impression which he made upon them as a man. A writer's personality cannot be separated from his works in his own time. Posterity judges him by what he has done, what he has finished and left behind him; the judgment of contemporaries is insensibly influenced by what they believe him to be capable of doing. The knowledge of Donne's immense learning, the subtlety and capacity of his intellect, the intense depth and wide scope of his thought, the charm of his conversation, the sadness of his life, gave a vivid meaning and interest to his poems—not published, it must be remembered, but circulated among his acquaintances—which at this distance of time we cannot reach without a certain effort of imagination. The effort is quite worth making. Dr. Donne is one of the most interesting personalities among our men of letters. The superficial facts of his life are so incongruous as to be an irresistible provocation to inquiry. What are we to make of the fact that the founder of a licentious school of erotic poetry, a man acknowledged to be the greatest wit in a licentious Court, with an early bias in matters of religion towards Roman Catholicism, entered the Church of England when he was past middle age and is now numbered among its greatest divines? Was he a convert like St. Augustine, or an indifferent worldling like Talleyrand? Superficial appearances are rather in favour of the latter supposition. He took holy orders at the command of King James, after long waiting in vain for a political appointment. He would much have preferred some such post as that of Clerk of the Council, but the king had made up his mind that he was eminently fitted for the Church, and persistently refused to give him any of the offices which were solicited for him. He was thus starved into submission to the king's will. His most influential friend and patron was the infamous favourite, Sir Robert Carr. He remained on intimate terms with Carr after his admission to holy orders, and letters are extant in which he implored the favourite's mediation when one of his sermons had given offence to the king. He sent Carr the manuscript of his *Biathanatos*, an elaborate inquiry into the lawfulness of suicide, begging him to note that it was 'a work written by Jack Donne, and not by Dr. Donne.' Carr was godfather to one of his children. His son has been blamed for the indecency of publishing the effusions of his irregular youth after his death. But it has not been observed that he printed, 'at his own cost, a few copies' of these licentious poems for private circulation. 'I must do this,' he wrote to his friend Goodyere, 'as a valediction to the world before I take orders.' These things cannot easily be reconciled with the supposition that he looked back with bitter mortification to the irregular sallies of his youth. And yet his behaviour after he took orders was eminently decorous. His life as well as his muse was above reproach. He never forfeited the respect of pious men. The most suspicious

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scoffer could not call in question the sincerity of his attachment to the faith which he preached with such impassioned ingenuity, and illustrated with such a plethora of learning.

The incongruities which are so perplexing when we look at the superficial facts of Donne's life disappear when we look more closely into his complex character. He was very far from having the moral flexibility of Talleyrand, and on the other hand he had not the passionate vehemence of nature which is subject to sudden revulsions, and streams impetuously in one direction or another in long clearly defined reaches. He was a man of many sides and many moods, a student and a dreamer, not a man of action, even in the pursuit of his studies and his dreams. With all his splendid gifts he drifted along aimlessly, without rudder or compass, till a career was found for him in the Church. The students of this century, projecting their inner consciousness upon the Elizabethan age, have sought in Hamlet a type of gentle and irresolute humanity. They have done their utmost thereby to obscure the import of the tragedy of the high-minded high-spirited youth, who, putting his foot across the threshold of the world, was confronted by horrors that dimmed the brightness of the sun for him, and disordered the foundations of his being. They might have found in Donne in real life the type that they sought in the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Donne did not need the heavy blow of a monstrous experience to force him out of harmony with the world; the music of his soul was not jangled by any thunderbolt of fate. He drifted gradually, from sheer weakness of will, from contemplative indecision, into a slough of despond. At the age of fourteen he was a linguistic prodigy. His mother, who was descended from the family of Sir Thomas More, cherished an attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, and while she was anxious to develop her son's genius, chose tutors for him who should incline his mind towards the doctrine of that Church. Hence, before he was twenty, Donne was deeply read in early divines and mediæval casuists. Casting about for a profession, he 'undertook,' as he says in one of his letters, 'the study of our laws; but was diverted therefrom by the worst voluptuousness, which is an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages;' 'beautiful ornaments,' he adds, 'to great fortunes, but mine needed an occupation.' Things went well with him for some years without an occupation. He had the good or ill fortune to find favour in the eyes of great men at Court. He accompanied the Earl of Essex on his expedition to Cadiz. The Lord Chancellor Ellesmere appointed him one of his secretaries.

In so far as Donne had any plans in life, he probably looked forward for a livelihood to the pickings with which great men in those days enriched their dependants. But even then, when he was in the prime of youth and was sailing along with a fair breeze, he was not

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greatly in love with existence. He was impatient, as he says, for 'the next life,' and took a gloomy pleasure in meditating on the lawfulness of suicide, and searching his books to discover whether in the opinion of the gravest and most learned thinkers, the Almighty had 'fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter.' Presently this life-weariness was quickened by misfortune. Donne did not make that use of his connection with the Court which a sharp man of the world would have made. He did not play his cards well. He fell in love with Lady Ellesmere's niece, who was staying in the Lord Chancellor's house. When the girl's father heard of this, he was furious, and recalled his daughter at once to the country. But it was too late. The pair were already secretly married. The angry father in his passion insisted that Donne should be dismissed from Lord Ellesmere's service. Subsequently he relented, became reconciled to the inevitable, and begged that Donne might be taken back to his secretaryship; but the Lord Chancellor said that he could not dismiss and reinstate his servants to gratify any man's whims, and so Donne and his wife were thrown out upon the world, he being then at the age of thirty. For the next ten or twelve years he led a very sad and unsettled life, mainly dependent upon the favours of rich and powerful friends, who used their influence in vain to get him some permanent office. He was profoundly dissatisfied with his purposeless drifting existence.

Every Tuesday [he wrote to a friend, in a letter from which I have already quoted] I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a week's life is run out since I writ. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the spider in my window. The primitive monks were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves, for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation and manufactures; and they sought the world no more, since they consumed none of her sweetness, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not only not to wound my soul in a minute by actual sin, but not to rob and cozen her by giving any part to pleasure or business, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltiness; as the eagle were very unnatural if, because she is able to do it, she should perch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majesty and glory of the sun, and let her young eaglets starve in the nest. . . . I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me and only declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea where mine impotency might have some excuse, not in a sullen, weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something; but that I cannot tell what is no wonder. For to choose is to do, but to be no part of anybody is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons are but great wens and excrescences; men of wit and delightful conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole.

To be incorporated into the body of the world, to be a wheel in

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the great machine and share in the glory of its motion, and not to lie unprofitably on the ground, cast aside to inertness and rust, was for many years—the best years of his life—the unfulfilled longing of the unhappy student. He doubted his fitness to 'contribute something to the sustentation of the whole,' in the capacity in which his Majesty the King was bent upon employing him.

Donne's consecration of the last third of his life to the service of the Church was a real and not merely a professed consecration, and it was not the result of a sudden impulse. It was a deliberate act, the act of a man who had from his youth up thought much about the mysteries of religion, searching with an intellect which was not easily satisfied, with a confidence which would not acknowledge defeat, and finding assurance and rest at last. The youthful irregularities which he pleaded as an excuse for declining sacred office were no part of the deep and massive current of his life; they were only waves raised upon the surface by the winds that blew over it. The first poems that Donne wrote were satires, very different productions from the dashing, smirking, fluent imitations of the ancients which Joseph Hall put forth with a claim to be the first of English satirists. They are not scholarly exercises or artistic displays; they have their root in the individual feelings and thoughts of the writer; they reveal the genuine workings of his mind upon the facts that life presented to it. The high spirits and unworldly mind of generous youth shine through them. In one he ridicules with mirthful mockery the light grounds on which men take up with religious creeds, and vindicates the right of inquiry in a strain which shows that he reserved his own judgment under the persuasions of his Roman Catholic tutors.

> In strange way
> To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
> To sleep or run wrong is; on a huge hill,
> Rugged and steep, Truth dwells; and he that will
> Reach her, about must and about it go.

He confessed later in life that he had to 'blot out certain impressions of the Roman religion, and to wrestle both against the example and against the reasons by which some hold was taken and some anticipations early laid upon his conscience, both by persons who by nature had a power and superiority over his will, and others who by their learning and good life seemed to him justly to claim an interest for the guiding and rectifying of his understanding in these matters;' but in this youthful satire he is as severe against 'Mireus,' who seeks true religion at Rome,

> because he doth know
> That she was there a thousand years ago,

as upon Grayus, who

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stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us, is only perfect, he
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values.

'Fool and wretch,' he cries, to all who follow mere authority,

Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soul be tied
To men's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day? Oh, will it then serve thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? Cannot both sides say so?
That thou may'st rightly obey Power, her bounds know.

That so earnest and thoughtful a boy—Donne was not twenty when he wrote this—an ardent bookworm, with 'an hydroptic immoderate desire for human learning and languages,' should have entered the lists with the erotic poets of the Court, and by the ascendancy of his wit have founded a new school, is a greater paradox than that in the evening of his life he should have become or rather been made one of the pillars of the English Church. His companions of his own age would seem to have had almost as much difficulty in dragging the boy from his study, as King James had in persuading the mature man to take holy orders. Not that he was a gloomy youth, a precociously sour and rabid satirist. The terrible crudeness and power which some critics have seen in his satires is not a churlish crudeness; it is nothing but the boisterous extravagance of youth, the delight of a fresh untamed intellect in its own strength. He loved his books and exulted with buoyant pride in the consciousness of power which communion with great minds gave him. 'Away,' he cries, in the first of his satires, to a foppish youth who had called upon him and entreated his company for a walk abroad—

Away, thou changeling motley humourist,[1]
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consoled with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffined when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave Divines; and here
Nature's Secretary, the philosopher;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a City's mystic body;
Here gathering Chronicles, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild, uncertain, thee?

[1] An affected person, a fop, such as Stephen in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

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When he was introduced to the Court, his conscience smote him for having gone there. 'At home, in wholesome solitariness,' he meditated on the wretchedness of suitors at Court. 'A trance,' he says, with humorous suggestion—

> A trance
> Like his who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
> Itself o'er me. Such men as he saw there
> I saw at Court, and worse, and more.

'Then,' he breaks out,

> Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or raised men,
> Fear frowns, and thee, my Mistress, Truth, betray
> To the huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
> No, no; thou, which since yesterday hast been
> Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
> O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity
> Such as swells the bladder of our Court?

Yet soon after this Donne joined the gay throng at Court, and set a fashion to its poetasters. He hated the practice of the bar; he scoffed at its indifferent championship of any side as a kind of prostitution; but his fortune required that he should have some remunerative occupation.

> There's nothing simply good nor ill alone;
> Of every quality Comparison
> The only measure is, and judge Opinion,

he wrote in 1602. He may have said to himself that he would have to tell fewer lies as a courtier than as a barrister. It is more than probable, too, that the uncompromising ardour of his youthful worship of truth was considerably shaken by his speculative inquiries into the foundations of morality. He questioned and canvassed everything with all the daring of an intellectual athlete, till he was ready to believe nothing, ready at least to maintain with brilliant rhetoric the converse of any proposition that was generally accepted in the world.

Among the things published after his death was a little volume of the paradoxes with which he dazzled and amused his gay companions in this frolicsome period of his life. 'That a wise man is known by much laughing,' 'that old men are more fantastic than young,' 'that good is more common than evil,' 'a defence of woman's inconstancy,' 'that women ought to paint,' 'that it is possible to find some virtue in some women,' are some of his theses. The youthful paradoxist particularly delighted in making women the butts of his boisterous mirth, partly perhaps from a spirit of antagonism to the love-lorn sonneteers of the period. 'Why hath the common opinion afforded women souls?' he propounds. After various ingenious and witty attempts at the solution of the problem, he comes to the rude con-

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clusion that 'we have given them souls only to make them capable of damnation.' The virtue of inconstancy in women was the burden of many of his verses. 'Everything as it is one thing better than another, so is it fuller of change,' he said in prose. Constancy is a 'sluttish virtue.' And he embodied this notion with equal spirit in verse.

> I can love both fair and brown;
> Her whom abundance melts and her whom want betrays;

and so forth—

> I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
> I can love any, so she be not true.

His reading in the casuists furnished him with admirable fuel for his graceless wit.

> Now thou hast loved me one whole day;
> To-morrow, when thou leavest, what wilt thou say;
> Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
> Or say that now
> We are not just those persons which we were?
> Or that oaths made in reverential fear
> Of Love and his wrath, any may foreswear?
> Or as true deaths true marriages untie,
> So lovers' contracts, images of those,
> Bind but till sleep, Death's image, them unloose?
> Or your own end to justify
> For having purposed change and falsehood, you
> Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
> Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
> Dispute and conquer, if I would;
> Which I abstain to do,
> For by to-morrow I may think so too.

Dr. Johnson admits that 'no man could be born a metaphysical poet,' and that 'to write on their plan it was at least necessary to read and think.' It certainly required learning as well as wit to embody as in the above poem the quintessence of the casuistical sophistry which Pascal ridiculed. Donne also turned to great account in these humorous sallies his intimate knowledge of the speculations with which the mind of 'Nature's Secretary, the philosopher,' was busied in the middle ages. He had been fascinated in real earnest by the ingenious philosophy which tortured itself in hunting through never-ending mazes the mysterious problems of being. What was the connexion between soul and body? Why was it that the bodily fabric ceased to perform its functions and decayed when the soul was removed from it? Could any principle be discovered which would bind the soul to perpetual tenancy of its house of clay? Where did the soul reside? Donne had been an earnest student of the theories of the learned on these knotty problems, but in the flush of youthful spirits he did not scruple to turn his learning to brilliant and profane

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uses. For example, in *The Funeral* he plays ingeniously with the fantastic notion that a lock of his mistress's hair tied round his arm might keep his body from decay, binding its members together as the nerves do which are let fall from the seat of the soul in the brain. If the threads that are let fall from his brain can perform this office, the hairs which are sent upwards from a better brain must be much more efficacious.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch.
For 'tis my outward soul
Viceroy to that which, then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
The hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with me;
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

The last lines give the key to the sentiment of the poem. Donne was still in his mocking vein when he wrote these stanzas. They are a sort of trap for the object of his addresses; he begins all seriousness, sweet fantastic seriousness, but he turns round at the end and laughs at his own sentiment. Yet the sentiment, with all the far-fetched ingenuity of its clothing, is so deep and tender that his mistress might have been pardoned if she did not know what to make of it. Donne has suffered not a little from the perversity of critics who have insisted upon giving too serious a meaning to his fantasies. This misfortune is perhaps partly the fault of his imitators, who have copied his extravagant fancies without being able to master the quick shifting between jest and earnest which is as it were the salt with which they are seasoned. There is all the difference in the world, it need hardly be said, between absurdity that is deliberate and playful, and absurdity that is unconscious and sincere.

But Donne's love-poetry is not all playful and humorous in intention. The brilliant scoffer at constancy, the gay advocate of

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licentious paradoxes, underwent a change when he fell seriously in love himself. The distinction which he drew between 'Jack' Donne and 'Dr.' Donne is not more marked than the difference between Jack Donne the sprightly 'indifferent,' and John Donne the married man. There is, no doubt, much in the serious poetry of his mature life which must appear as grossly absurd and unnatural to those who have no sympathy with it as anything that is to be found in the productions of his early wit. It is, in fact, from the later poems that Dr. Johnson draws most of his examples of what he condemns in Donne and his school. Johnson had no sympathy with impassioned mysticism and the subtle fancies born of it. There is no poet who can be more easily misrepresented than Donne by fragments torn from their context, because there is no poet whose images are more closely interwoven with some central thought. They cannot be understood without some knowledge of this thought, and some sympathy with it. They are meaningless when divorced from it. The very fact that these images are charged with intense feeling makes them appear forced and unnatural to readers who approach them in a different mood, and are left without a clue to the mood in which they shaped themselves to the poet's fancy.

However much Donne might toy and trifle with some of the mediæval fancies about the soul and the principles of life, there were others which had taken a deep hold of him, and installed themselves as the organs of his innermost feelings. 'I make account,' he says, in writing to one of his friends, 'that this writing of letters, when it is with any seriousness, is a kind of ecstasy and a departure and secession and suspension of the soul, which doth then communicate itself to two bodies.' A man of warm affections, Donne loved to think that his soul could hold communion with distant friends in a rapt trance such as that in which the solitary mystic, striving to shut out every impression of sense, sought to transport his soul into direct communion with the great soul of the universe. It may have been but a half-belief, a pleasing self-imposture, but that it was earnest, we cannot doubt. We may call it fantastic, if we please, and even artificial, but we cannot call it forced or cold. No more can we fairly apply these epithets to the sweet fancies which it inspired, and which appear, it must be admitted, strained and exaggerated enough if we have no regard to the feeling in which they had their root. Dr. Johnson quotes some stanzas from Donne's beautiful leave-taking of his wife before setting out on a journey, with the savage remark—'To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether ingenuity or absurdity has the better claim.' But in a generation when Donne's doctrine of ecstatic communion, whether as a belief or as a sentimental fiction, would have obtained a more indulgent reception than Dr. Johnson would have given it, Izaak

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Walton records that he had heard many good judges say that the Greek and Latin writers had never surpassed this poem.

As virtuous men pass mildly away
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
Now his breath goes, and some say, no;

So let us melt and make no noise,
Nor tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidations of the spheres,
Though greater far, are innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Absence, for that it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Interassured of the mind
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

'Their sentiments were trifling and affected.' M. Taine marks for peculiar reprobation the extravagance of Donne's adjuration to his mistress when she lay sick of a fever.

Oh, do not die, for I shall hate
All women so when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate
When I remember thou wast one.

He can see no motive for so strained an hyperbole except literary foppery—it was a lovers' commonplace to say that they would hate

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all women if their mistress were no more, and Donne was bound to outdo the commonplace extravagance. There is no arguing about lovers' hyperboles.

> But yet thou canst not die, I know;
> To leave the world behind is death;
> But when thou from this world shalt go,
> The whole world vapours with thy breath.
>
> Or if when thou, the world's soul, goest,
> It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then,
> The fairest woman but thy ghost,
> But corrupt worms the worthiest men.
>
> O wrangling schools, that search what fire
> Shall burn this world! Had none the wit
> Unto this knowledge to aspire
> That this her fever might be it.

Such sallies into the pure empyrean of hyperbole must always appear incomprehensible and heartless absurdity to certain temperaments. The heat of flames so thin and fantastic has no warmth for them. They need a more gross and material blaze to lift them out of coldness and discomfort.

> O Love, Love, Love, O withering might,
> O Sun, that at thy noonday height
> Shudderest when I strain my sight
> Throbbing through all thy heat and light!

Such utterances as this of our present Poet Laureate's youth move them. They recognise in this the voice of true passion, but they will not admit that any sincerity of feeling whatever can lie at the heart of the more insubstantial extravagances of Donne. There must always be Low Churchmen as well as Ritualists in impassioned poetry, temperaments that cannot be stirred except by raw brandy, and temperaments that acknowledge the influence of milder stimulants.

The bulk of Donne's poems—a very small bulk compared with his reputation in his own time—consists of short pieces elaborately finished. His want of self-determining impulses, his discursive and dilatory habits, and his difficulty in satisfying himself with his work, were not favourable to copious composition. He had difficulty in making up his mind, he tells us, about the writings of other people, and still greater difficulty in making up his mind about his own. 'I doubt and stick, and do not quickly say "good." I censure much and tax.' His longest work, 'The Progress of the Soul,' which might have been a monument worthy of his genius, remains an unfinished fragment. It is founded upon the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis, and it contains a dim and fantastic foreshadowing of the modern doctrine of evolution. The poet's fiction is that the soul, in passing from one bodily habitation to another, retains in such state some memory of its previous states. It takes some colour from

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every creature in which it has lived, and so goes on adding to the complexity of its nature. Donne inscribes his work 'poema satyricon,' and many touches in the completed section justify the title, but it was not intended to be a satire of fugitive fashions and customs. No other satirist ever expounded his design in such a strain of impassioned sublimity.

I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate—which God made but doth not control—
Placed in most shapes; all times before the law
Yoked us, and when, and since, in this I sing;
And the great world to his aged evening
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw;
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And, Holy Writ excepted, made to yield to none.

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great soul envies not.
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the first East, thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and Island spices there.
And wilt anon in thy loose-reined career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Western land of Mine;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quenched shall long long outlive thee.

Before setting out on his great enterprise, the poet appeals to Destiny to show him his fate, that he may not waste his strength in vain, and rob his grave of its due.

Great Destiny, the Commissary of God,
That hast marked out a path and period
For everything; who, when we offspring took,
Our ways and ends see'st at one instant; Thou
Knot of all causes; Thou, whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look,
And show my story in Thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal, this my life's race is spanned.

To my six lustres, almost now outwore,[2]
Except thy book owe me so many more;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this and the other whets;
O let me not launch out, but let me save
The expense of brain and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

[2] The poem was begun in 1601, when Donne was twenty-eight years old.

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According to the Pythagorean doctrine, the soul in its wanderings may lodge in plants as well as animals. The soul whose progress Donne aspired to trace had its first dwelling-place on the fatal tree in Paradise.

> For this great soul, which here amongst us now
> Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
> Which as the Moon the sea, moves us; to hear
> Whose story with long patience you will long;
> For 'tis the crown and last strain of my song;
> This soul to whom Luther and Mahomet were
> Prisons of flesh; this soul which oft did tear
> And mend the cracks of the Empire and late Rome,
> And lived where every great change did come
> Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

It was in the apple which Adam and Eve ate.

> Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
> Fenced with the law, and ripe as soon as born;
> That apple grew which this soul did enlive.

When the 'slight veins and tender conduit pipe' through which the soul drew life and growth to this apple were broken by the serpent's grip, it fled in search of a tenement to a dark and foggy plot, and gave life to a mandrake. This is his description of the beginnings of growth in the plant when the soul has quickened it.

> His right arm he thrust out towards the East,
> Westward his left; the ends did themselves digest
> Into the lesser strings—these fingers were:
> And as a slumberer stretching on his bed
> This way he this and that way scattered
> His other leg, which feet with toes upbear.

After a few transmigrations among smaller animals, the wandering soul was placed by Destiny in a very 'roomful house,' the body of a whale, a vast antediluvian monster.

> At every stroke his brazen fins do take
> More circles in the broken sea they make
> Than cannons' voices when the air they tear:
> His ribs are pillars, and his high-arched roof
> Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof;
> Swim in him swallowed dolphins without fear,
> And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
> Some inland sea; and ever as he went
> He spouted rivers up as if he meant
> To join our seas with seas above the firmament.
>
> He hunts not fish, but as an officer
> Stays in his Court, at his own net, and there
> All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
> So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
> And in his gulf-like throat sucks everything
> That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,

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Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall.
Oh, might not states of more equality
Consist? And is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls to make one great should die?

Touches of satire like the above hit at the abuses of the courts of law are intermingled with the main flow of the descriptive story. Every stage in the soul's progress is made to yield some sarcastic lesson for the times, some political or social maxim.

If Donne had completed the original design of this great poem, and traced the fortunes of the soul—the hero of the epic—through all the great political and religious epochs of Roman history, it would have been an achievement worthy of his extraordinary powers. But to have realised this *if*, he would have needed the addition to his many splendid gifts of still another, the gift of perseverance. 'The Progress of the Soul' completed in the same high strain with which it begins would have been a great monument, but it would have been a monument of a different type of man from Donne. The fragment, as it stands, represents him perfectly in the extent as well as in the limitation of his powers. It breaks off abruptly and unworthily, with a commonplace scoff at the wickedness of women.

She knew treachery
Rapine, deceit, and lust and ills enough
To be a woman; Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain that first did plow.

He takes leave of his Soul when it has reached this halting-place as if he were tired of pursuing its history.

It must be admitted that Donne belongs to the class of failures in literature—failures, that is to say, for the purpose of making an enduring mark, of accomplishing work which should be a perpetual possession to humanity. He was a failure, not from lack of power, but from superabundance. No single faculty had the lead in his richly endowed organisation. No one mood had sufficient strength to overbear all others, and compel all his powers into its service. It may be thought that this is only another way of saying that Donne was a man of amazing talents without being a man of genius. Yet there is no poet of the Shakespearian age to whom it would be more inappropriate to deny the rank of genius, in any conceivable acceptation of the term. If we take talent to be the power of adroitly manipulating common material into common forms, no man had less of it than Donne. He had an invincible repugnance to the commonplace. Everything is his own, alike the thought and the instrument by which it is expressed. He is no man's debtor. He digs his own ore, and uses it according to his own fancies.

For the widest and most enduring kind of reputation, talent is as necessary as genius. He who writes for the greatest number must

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have both. Donne was confirmed in the exclusive cultivation of his genius by the conditions under which he wrote. His poems were not intended for wide publicity; they were intended for the delight and amusement of a small circle among whom they were circulated in manuscript. There is much in them that does not accord with our ideas of refinement and culture; but we must make allowance for changes of taste, and the circle for which Donne wrote had at least this much of the characteristics of refinement and culture that it was weary and impatient of commonplace. There is always the danger with such select circles, that they put themselves in antagonism to the dominant spirit of their time. We may almost say in fact that this antagonism is an inevitable element in the atmosphere of sentiments and ideas that gathers round a group who have separated themselves from the crowd and organised any sort of intellectual or artistic aristocracy. Their shibboleths are coloured by it, and much of their work is inspired by it. The men who write for such an aristocracy must be content with a limited popularity in their own time, and must be prepared for a very rapid diminution in the numbers of their audience as time rolls on and generation after generation forms for itself its own watchwords of culture. A generation is represented to posterity by its best commonplace, and those who do not enter the main stream but stand critically on the banks or disport themselves in retired eddies soon pass from the notice of all but the curious explorers of the past.

WILLIAM MINTO.

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THE PINCH OF POVERTY.

In these days of reduction of rents, or of total abstinence from rent-paying, it is, I am told, the correct thing to be 'a little pressed for money.' It is a sign of connection with the landed interest (like the banker's ejaculation in *Middlemarch*) and suggests family acres, and entails, and a position in the county. (In which case I know a good many people who are landlords on a very extensive scale, and have made allowances for their tenants the generosity of which may be described as Quixotic.) But as a general rule, and in times less exceptionally hard, though Shakespeare tells us 'How apt the poor are to be proud,' they are not proud of being poor.

'Poverty,' says the greatest of English divines, 'is indeed despised and makes men contemptible; it exposes a man to the influences of evil persons, and leaves a man defenceless; it is always suspected; its stories are accounted lies, and all its counsels follies; it puts a man from all employment; it makes a man's discourses tedious and his society troublesome. This is the worst of it.' Even so poverty seems pretty bad, but, begging Dr. Jeremy Taylor's pardon, what he has stated is by no means 'the worst of it.' To be in want of food at any time, and of firing in winter time, is ever so much worse than the inconveniences he enumerates; and to see those we love—delicate women and children perhaps—in want of them, is worse still. The fact is, the excellent bishop probably never knew what it was to go without his meals, but took them 'reg'lar' (as Mrs. Gamp took her Brighton ale) as bishops generally do. Moreover, since his day, Luxury has so universally increased, and the value of Intelligence has become so well recognised (by the publishers) that even philosophers, who profess to despise such things, have plenty to eat, and good of its kind too. Hence it happens that, from all we hear to the contrary from the greatest thinkers, the deprivation of food is a small thing: indeed, as compared with the great spiritual struggles of noble minds, and the doubts that beset them as to the supreme government of the universe, it seems hardly worth mentioning.

In old times, when folks were not so 'cultured,' starvation was thought more of. It is quite curious, indeed, to contrast the high-flying morality of the present day (when no one is permitted, either

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by Evolutionist or Ritualist, however dire may be his necessity, so much as to jar his conscience) with the shocking laxity of the Holy Scriptures. 'Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry,' says Solomon, after which stretch of charity, strange to say, he goes on to speak of marital infidelity in terms that, considering the number of wives he had himself, strike one as severe.

It is certain, indeed, that the sacred writers were apt to make great allowances for people with empty stomachs, and though I am well aware that the present profane ones think this very reprehensible, I venture to agree with the sacred writers. The sharpest tooth of poverty is felt, after all, in the bite of hunger. A very amusing and graphic writer once described his experience of a whole night passed in the streets; the exhaustion, the pain, the intolerable weariness of it, were set forth in a very striking manner; the sketch was called 'The Key of the Street,' and was thought by many, as Browning puts it, to be 'the true Dickens.' But what are even the pangs of sleeplessness and fatigue compared with those of want? Of course there have been fanatics who have fasted many days; but they have been supported by the prospect of spiritual reward. I confess I reserve my pity for those who have no such golden dreams, and who fast perforce. It is exceedingly difficult for mere worldlings—such as most of us are—not to eat, if it is possible, when we are hungry. I have known a great social philosopher who flattered himself that he was giving his sons an experience of High Thinking and Low Living by restricting their pocket-money to two shillings a day, out of which it was understood they were to find their own meals. I don't know whether the spirit in their case was willing, but the flesh was decidedly weak, for one of them, on this very moderate allowance, used to contrive to always have a pint of dry champagne with his luncheon. The fact is, that of the iron grip of poverty, people in general, by no means excepting those who have written about it, have had very little experience; whereas of the pinch of it a good many people know something. It is the object of this paper—and the question should be an interesting one, considering how much it is talked about—to inquire briefly where it lies.

It is quite extraordinary how very various are the opinions entertained on this point, and, before sifting them, one must be careful in the first place to eliminate from our inquiry the cases of that considerable class of persons who pinch themselves. For, however severely they do it, they may stop when they like and the pain is cured. There is all the difference in the world between pulling one's own tooth out, and even the best and kindest of dentists doing it for one. How gingerly one goes to work, and how often it strikes one that the tooth is a good tooth, that it has been a fast friend to us for ever so many years and never 'fallen out' before, and that after all it had better stop where it is!

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To the truly benevolent mind, indeed, nothing is more satisfactory than to hear of a miser denying himself the necessaries of life a little too far and ridding us of his presence altogether. Our confidence in the average virtue of humanity assures us that his place will be supplied by a better man. The details of his penurious habits, the comfortless room, the scanty bedding, the cheese-rinds on his table, and the fat banking-book under his thin bolster, only inspire disgust; if he were pinched to death he did it himself, and so much the better for the world in general and his heir in particular.

Again, the people who have a thousand a year, and who try to persuade the world that they have two thousand, suffer a good deal of inconvenience, but it can't be called the pinch of poverty. They may put limits to their washing-bills, which persons of cleanlier habits would consider unpleasantly narrow; they may eat cold mutton in private for five days a week in order to eat turtle and venison in public (and with the air of eating them every day) on the sixth; and they may immure themselves in their back rooms in London throughout the autumn in order to persuade folks that they are still at Trouville, where for ten days they did really reside and in splendour; but all their stint and self-incarceration, so far from awakening pity, only fill us with contempt. I am afraid that even the complaining tones of our City friend who tells us that in consequence of 'the present unsettled state of the markets' he has been obliged to make 'great retrenchments'—which it seems on inquiry consist in putting down one of his carriages and keeping three horses instead of six—fail to draw the sympathising tear. Indeed, to a poor man this pretence of suffering on the part of the rich is perhaps even more offensive than their boasts of their prosperity.

On the other hand, when the rich become really poor their case is hard indeed; though, strange to say, we hear little of it. It is like drowning; there is a feeble cry, a little ineffectual assistance from the bystanders, and then they go under. It is not a question of pinch with *them*; they have fallen into the gaping mouth of ruin, and it has devoured them. If we ever see them again, it is in the second generation as waiters (upon Providence), or governesses, and we say 'Why, dear me, that was Bullion's son (or daughter), wasn't it?' using the past tense as if they were dead. 'I remember him when he lived in Eaton Square.' This class of cases rarely comes under the head of 'genteel poverty.' They were at the top, and hey presto! by some malignant stroke of fate, they are at the bottom; and there they stick.

I don't believe in bachelors ever experiencing the pinch of poverty; I have heard them complaining of it at the club, while ordering Medina oysters instead of Natives, but, after all, what does it signify even if they were reduced to cockles? They have no appearances to keep up, and if they cannot earn enough to support themselves they must be poor creatures indeed.

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It is the large families of moderate income, who are delicate, and have delicate tastes, that feel the twinge: and especially the poor girls. I remember a man, with little care for his personal appearance, of small means but with a very rich sense of humour, describing to me his experiences when staying at a certain ducal house in the country, where his feelings must have been very similar to those of Christopher Sly. In particular he drew a charming picture of the magnificent attendant who in the morning *would* put out his clothes for him, which had not been made by Mr. Poole, nor very recently by anybody. The contempt which he well understood his Grace's gentleman must have felt for him afforded him genuine enjoyment. But with young ladies, in a similar position, matters are very different; they have rarely a sense of humour, and certainly none strong enough to counteract the force of a personal humiliation. I have known some very charming ones, compelled to dress on a very small allowance, who, in certain mansions where they have been occasionally guests, have been afraid to put their boots outside their door, because they were not of the newest, and have trembled when the officious lady's-maid has meddled with their scanty wardrobe. A philosopher may think nothing of this, but, considering the tender skin of the sufferer, it may be fairly called a pinch.

In the investigation of this interesting subject, I have had a good deal of conversation with young ladies, who have given me the fullest information, and in a manner so charming, that, if it were common in witnesses generally, it would make Blue-Books the most delightful description of reading.

'I consider it to be a pinch,' says one, 'when I am obliged to put on black mittens on occasions when I know other girls will have long white kid gloves.' I must confess I have a prejudice myself against mittens; they are, so to speak, 'gritty' to touch; so that the pinch, if it be one, experienced by the wearer, is shared by her ungloved friends. The same thing may be said of that drawing-room fire, which is lit so late in the season for economical reasons, and so late in the day at all times; the pinch is felt as much by the visitors as by the members of the household. These things, however, are mere nips, and may be placed in the same category with the hardships complained of by my friend Quiverfull's second boy. 'I don't mind having Papa's clothes cut up for me,' he says, 'but what I do think hard is getting Bob's clothes [Bob being his elder brother], which have been Papa's first; however, I am in great hopes that I am outgrowing Bob.'

A much more severe example of the pinch of poverty than these is to be found in railway travelling; no lady of any sense or spirit objects to travel by the second, or even the third class, if her means do not justify her going by the first. But when she meets with richer friends upon the platform, and parts with them to journey in

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the same compartment with their man-servant, she suffers as acutely as though, when the guard slams the door of the carriage with the vehemence proportioned to its humble rank, her tender hand had been crushed in it. Of course it is very foolish of her; but it demands democratic opinions, such as almost no woman of birth and breeding possesses, not to feel *that* pinch. Her knowledge that it is also hard upon the man-servant, who has never sat in her presence before, but only stooped over her shoulder with ''Ock, Miss,' serves but to increase her pain.

A great philosopher has stated that the worst evil of poverty is, that it makes folks ridiculous; by which I hope he only means that, as in the above case, it places them in incongruous positions. The man, or woman, who derives amusement from the lack of means of a fellow-creature, would jeer at a natural deformity, be cruel to children, and insult old age. Such people should be whipped and then hanged. Nevertheless there are certain little pinches of poverty so slight, that they tickle almost as much as they hurt the victim. A lady once told me (interrupting herself, however, with pleasant bursts of merriment) that as a young girl her allowance was so small that when she went out to spend the morning at a friend's, her promised pleasure was almost darkened by the presentiment (always fulfilled) that the cabman was sure to charge her more than the proper fare. The extra expense was really of consequence to her, but she never dared dispute it because of the presence of the footman who opened the door.

Some young ladies—quite as lady-like as any who roll in chariots—cannot even afford a cab. 'What *I* call the pinch of poverty,' observed an example of this class, 'is the waiting for omnibus after omnibus on a wet afternoon and finding them all full.'

'But surely,' I replied with gallantry, 'any man would have given up his seat to you?'

She shook her head with a smile that had very little fun in it. 'People in omnibuses,' she said, 'don't give up their seats to others.' Nor, I am bound to confess, do they do so elsewhere; if I had been in their place, perhaps I should have been equally selfish; though I do think I should have made an effort, in this instance at least, to make room for her close beside me.[1]

A young governess whom some wicked fairy endowed at her birth with the sensitiveness often denied to princesses, has assured me that her journeys by railway have sometimes been rendered miserable by the thought that she had not even a few pence to spare for the

[1] There is, however, some danger in this. I remember reading of some highly respectable old gentleman in the City who thus accommodated on a wet day a very nice young woman in humble circumstances. She was as full of apologies as of rain-water, and he of goodnatured rejoinders, intended to put her at her ease; so that he became, in a Platonic and paternal way, quite friendly with her by the time she arrived at her destination—which happened to be his own door. She turned out to be his new cook, which was afterwards very embarrassing.

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porter who would presently shoulder her little box on to the roof of her cab.

It is people of this class, much more than those beneath them, who are shut out from all amusements. The mechanic goes to the play and to the music-hall, and occasionally takes his 'old girl,' as he calls his wife, and even 'a kid' or two, to the Crystal Palace. But those I have in my mind have no such relaxation from compulsory duty and importunate care. 'I know it's very foolish, but I feel it sometimes to be a pinch,' says one of these ill-fated ones, 'to see them all [the daughters of her employer] going to the play, or the opera, while I am expected to be satisfied with a private view of their pretty dresses.' No doubt it is the sense of comparison (and especially with the female) that sharpens the sting of poverty. It is not, however, through envy that the 'prosperity of fools destroys us' so much as the knowledge of its unnecessariness and waste. When a mother has a sick child who needs sea air, which she cannot afford to give it, the consciousness that her neighbour's family (the head of which perhaps is a most successful financier and market-rigger) are going to the Isle of Wight for three months, though there is nothing at all the matter with them, is an added bitterness. How often it is said (no doubt with some well-intentioned idea of consolation) that after all money cannot buy life! I remember a curious instance to the contrary of this. In the old days of sailing-packets a country gentleman embarked for Ireland, and when a few miles from land broke a blood-vessel through sea-sickness. A doctor on board pronounced that he would certainly die before the completion of the voyage if it was continued; whereupon the sick man's friends consulted with the captain, who convoked the passengers, and persuaded them to accept compensation in proportion to their needs for allowing the vessel to be put back; which was accordingly done.

One of the most popular fictions of our time was even written with this very moral, that life is unpurchasable. Yet nothing is more certain than that life is often lost through want of money—that is of the obvious means to save it. In such a case how truly has it been written that 'the destruction of the poor is their poverty'! This, however, is scarcely a pinch, but, to those who have hearts to feel it, a wrench that 'divides asunder the joints and the marrow.'

A nobler example, because a less personal one, of the pinch of poverty, is when it prevents the accomplishment of some cherished scheme for the benefit of the human race. I have felt such a one myself when in extreme youth I was unable, from a miserable absence of means, to publish a certain poem in several cantos. That the world may not have been much better for it if I had had the means does not affect the question. It is easy to be incredulous. Henry the Seventh of England did not believe in the expectations of Columbus, and suffered for it, and his case may have been similar to that of the seven publishers to whom I applied in vain.

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A man with an invention on which he has spent his life, but has no means to get it developed for the good of humanity—or even patented for himself—must feel the pinch of poverty very acutely.

To sum up the matter, the longer I live, the more I am convinced that the general view in respect to material means is a false one. That great riches are a misfortune is quite true; the effect of them in the moral sense (with here and there a glorious exception, however) is deplorable: a shower of gold falling continuously upon any body (or soul) is as the waters of a petrifying spring. But, on the other hand, the occasional and precarious dripping of coppers has by no means a genial effect. If the one recipient becomes hard as the nether millstone, the other (just as after constant 'pinching' a limb becomes insensible) grows callous, and also (though it seems like a contradiction in terms) sometimes acquires a certain dreadful suppleness. Nothing is more monstrous than the generally received opinion with respect to a moderate competence; that 'fatal gift,' as it is called, which encourages idleness in youth by doing away with the necessity for exertion. I never hear the same people inveighing against great inheritances, which are much more open to such objections. The fact is, if a young man is naturally indolent, the spur of necessity will drive him but a very little way, while the having enough to live upon is often the means of preserving his self-respect. One often hears what humiliating things men will do for money, whereas the truth is that they do them for the want of it. It is not the temptation which induces them, but the pinch. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' was Agur's prayer; 'feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal.' And there are many things, flatteries, disgraceful humiliations, hypocrisies, which are almost as bad as stealing. One of the sharpest pinches of poverty to some minds must be their inability (because of their dependency on him and that of others upon them) to tell a man what they think of him.

Riches and poverty are of course but relative terms; but the happiest material position in which a man can be placed is that of 'means with a margin.' Then, however small his income may be, however it may behove him to 'cut and contrive,' as the housekeepers call it, he does not feel the pinch of poverty. I have known a rich man say to an acquaintance of this class, 'My good friend, if you only knew how very small are the pleasures my money gives me which you yourself cannot purchase!' And for once it was not one of those cheap and empty consolations which the wealthy are so ready to bestow upon their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Dives was, in that instance, quite right in his remark; only we must remember he was not speaking to Lazarus. 'A dinner of herbs where love is,' is doubtless quite sufficient for us; only there must be enough of it, and the herbs should be nicely cooked in an omelette.

JAMES PAYN.

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IRISH ABSENTEEISM.

In the course of the anti-rent agitation, which has been attracting so much notice in Ireland of late, the grievance of Absenteeism has been prominently and forcibly adverted to on more than one occasion. It is an old grievance, one that runs through Irish history from the very earliest times, sowing its seeds from century to century, and leaving ever a harvest of ills for future generations to reap.

A considerable period has elapsed since the subject was last discussed—the state of Ireland has in the meanwhile materially changed, and now that the matter is being again brought into notice, it is most desirable the question should be carefully examined whether Irish absenteeism is really an evil and a grievance, and if so, how, and to what extent, it is such. More or less mistaken views have, as a rule, been held regarding it; authorities even have differed; and the parties concerned have each paraded and insisted upon the conclusions most in accordance with their personal interests and sympathies. The word 'absentee' has been variously defined. Some people only consider a landowner an absentee if he resides permanently out of Ireland. Others apply the term to a landowner who resides so little on his property that it is in no way benefited by the expenditure of the revenue which he derives from it, or by his personal presence—irrespective of whether he resides in Ireland or not. It is unnecessary to waste time in discussing which is the more accurate definition. The difference between them is merely one of degree, and the actual meaning of the word will make itself clear as we proceed.

Absenteeism begins to figure early in Irish history. So far back as the reign of Richard the Second its effects had begun to attract notice. Many of the English lords to whom grants of land had originally been made were found to have withdrawn to England, and as the Irish immediately resumed possession of the estates thus neglected, the English cause lost ground. This was deemed to be an evil requiring a remedy, and an Act was passed forfeiting two-thirds of the profits of the estates of all absentees.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth the non-residence of landowners again attracted attention, and the Legislature, recognising the very undesirable effects of the practice, applied a remedy of rather an

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effectual character, inflicting no less a penalty than forfeiture on several absentee landowners, and confiscating to the Crown the Irish estates of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and others.[1]

The subject again comes into prominence in Elizabeth's reign, absenteeism having been the principal cause of the failure of her scheme for the settlement of Munster, and for the regeneration thereby of that portion of Ireland. The English nobles to whom she granted extensive estates out of the confiscated lands, were unwilling to take up their permanent residence in Ireland, and after a short time began to neglect their estates there, and to withdraw to England, and the scheme of settlement ended therefore in total failure.

The causes of this failure were subsequently so clearly recognised that when James the First was projecting the settlement of Ulster, the greatest care was taken to prevent a repetition of such results; and the success of his scheme was, in no small measure, due to the stringent conditions which were imposed on the settlers as to residence and as to the performance of the duties of their position as landowners. From time to time after this, as we turn the leaves of Irish history, or peruse works relating to the state of the country, we find writer after writer referring to the subject.

Sir William Temple, writing from Dublin at the end of the seventeenth century, said:—

> The country loses the expense of many of the richest persons or families at home, and mighty sums of money must needs go over from hence into England, which the great stock of rich native commodities here can make the only amends for. These circumstances, so prejudicial to the increase of trade and riches in a country, seem natural, or at least have ever been incident to the government here.

Dean Swift, some years later, in a sermon on the causes of the wretched condition of Ireland, said:—

> The second cause of our miserable state is the folly, the vanity, and ingratitude of those vast numbers who think themselves too good to live in the country which gave them birth, and still gives them bread; and rather choose to pass their days and consume their wealth, and draw out the very vitals of their mother kingdom among those who heartily despise them.

And in the Drapier's Letters the absentees fall under the lash of his satire.

Arthur Young, in his *Tour in Ireland* in the year 1780, gives a list of absentees, and estimates their rental at 732,000*l.*, whilst he

[1] The preamble of the Act is worth quoting:—'Forasmuch as it is notorious and evident that this, the King's land of Ireland, heretofore being inhabited, and in due obedience and subjection unto the King's most noble progenitors, hath principally grown into ruin, desolation, rebellion, and decay, by occasion that great dominions, lands, and possessions had descended to noblemen of the realm of England, who, leaving the same, have absented themselves out of the said land of Ireland, demouring within the said realm of England, and not providing for the good order and suretie of the same their possessions there,' &c.

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estimates the rental of all Ireland at 5,293,000*l.* On these figures he remarks:—

> The total, though not equal to what has been reported, is certainly an amazing drain upon a kingdom cut off from the reaction of a free trade, and such a one as must have a considerable effect in preventing the course of its prosperity.
>
> It is not the simple amount of the rental being remitted into another country, but the damp on all sorts of improvements, and the total want of countenance and encouragement which the lower tenantry labour under.

Many passages of similar purport could also be quoted from other writers.

By about the date of Young's *Tour*, the Irish Parliament had become a body of considerable importance, and, on more than one occasion, absenteeism formed the subject of discussion in the Irish House of Commons.

In 1773 Sir J. Blaquiere succeeded so far as to induce the British Ministers to assent to a tax on the property of absentees, but his proposal was lost, when it came before the Irish House of Commons, by a majority of 14.

Ten years afterwards, when the Irish Parliament had freed itself from the restraining provisions of Poynings' Act, and had become 'independent,' the subject was brought forward by a Mr. Molyneux, who proposed that a tax of four shillings in the pound should be deducted from all sums remitted to persons having estates in Ireland and not residing therein six months in the year; and justified his proposal on the ground that the noblemen and gentlemen who possessed large estates in Ireland, but who spent their income in another country, did not contribute to the support of the State in proportion to the property they possessed.[2] This scheme did not meet with much favour. The Attorney-General moved an amendment 'to show his abhorrence' of the tax, which he thought should be 'scouted out of the House with every mark of reprobation,' and the proposal was rejected by 184 to 22.

And yet it would appear that the grievance was a real one. Adam Smith, who, at least, may be regarded as an impartial judge, recognised and admitted the truth of the arguments urged in favour of a tax. He pointed out that those who live in another country contribute nothing by their consumption towards the support of the Government of that country in which is situated the source of their revenue; and that where there is no land-tax, nor any tax on the transference of property, as was the case in Ireland, such absentees might derive a great revenue from the protection of a Government to the support of which they did not contribute a single shilling.[3]

[2] It is to be borne in mind that at this time Ireland had her separate Exchequer and paid the expense of her own Government.

[3] He adds: 'The inequality is likely to be greatest in a country of which the Government is in some respects subordinate and dependent upon that of some other.

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Another long discussion took place in the Irish House of Commons in 1797. The arguments already stated were reproduced. It was again pointed out that absentee landlords who were possessed of estates variously estimated between a fourth and a sixth of the whole country, escaped all taxation, and that the burden of the cost of government fell entirely on the residents in Ireland. The proposal of a tax was again made, but again negatived. Once more the floods of declamation were let loose against it. The measure was unjust, unconstitutional, and impolitic; unjust as being a partial tax, unconstitutional as restraining natural liberty, and impolitic as tending to deter strangers from settling in the country. It was meant to compel landlords to reside in Ireland, but it was the absolute inherent right of every free subject to choose his habitation and establish his residence in any part of her Majesty's dominions he might think proper, and the imposition of a fine or coercion by the operation of a partial tax would be a direct subversion of that right. It was a class tax; it would render necessary a registry of all lands, and it would go to the ruin of trade and credit by diverting the cash of the country from commercial purposes.

A perusal of these discussions does not impress one much with the manner in which subjects were debated in the Irish House of Commons. There is not the slightest vestige of the recognition of any responsibility on the part of landowners towards their tenants and towards their country; nor was there a single word said in condemnation of a practice which, to say the least of it, was greatly to be deprecated. The discussions, moreover, never rose to the height of the general question, but dealt merely with absenteeism as a fiscal grievance; and this it undoubtedly was, in spite of all arguments and Parliamentary majorities to the contrary. The grievance, however, was only one so long as each country maintained its own Government and its separate Exchequer. In 1801 the Governments were united; in 1817 the Exchequers amalgamated; thenceforward the cost of Government was paid out of Imperial Funds, and the fiscal grievance ended.

Absenteeism, however, was not limited in its effects to this comparatively small fiscal question, and its real gravity lay in no such narrow compass. It is no exaggeration to say that, throughout the whole recent history of Ireland, absenteeism has affected the entire community of that country, politically, socially, and economically: its consequences have been far-reaching, all-embracing, and lasting in their character; and not alone was the state of the country affected

The people who possess the most property in the dependent, will, in this case, generally choose to live in the governing country. Ireland is precisely in this situation, and we cannot, therefore, wonder that the proposal of a tax on absentees should be so very popular in that country.' See *Wealth of Nations*, Book v., ch. 2.

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thereby at the time, but the full measure of the evil was only realised in the future.

It will, perhaps, be best to consider the economic aspect first.

Some people have gone so far as to maintain that, economically, Ireland did not suffer at all from absenteeism. We may take Mr. J. R. McCulloch, so well known as a political economist, as the most prominent exponent of this school.

He was examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1825, which was then inquiring into the state of Ireland, and he there asserted that 'the income of a landlord when he is an absentee, is really as much expended in Ireland as if he were living in it.'

This rather startling view he was asked to explain, and in reply he said:—

> When a landlord becomes an absentee, his rent must be remitted to him one way or another, either in money or in commodities. It cannot continue to be remitted to him from Ireland in money, therefore the rents of absentees can only be remitted in commodities. And this, I think, would be the nature of the operation: When a landlord has an estate in Ireland, and goes to live in London or Paris, his agent gets the rent and goes and buys a bill of exchange with it. Now the bill of exchange is a draft drawn against equivalent commodities that are to be exported from Ireland; it is nothing more than an order to receive an equivalent amount in commodities which must be sent from Ireland. The merchants who get 10,000*l.*, or any other sum, from the agent of an absentee landlord, go into the Irish market and buy exactly the same amount of commodities as the landlord would have bought had he been at home; the only difference being that the landlord would eat them and would wear them in London or Paris, and not in Dublin or in his house in Ireland.

It was impossible that a proposition so manifestly false as this should pass unchallenged; and, a short time after, there appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (March 1826) an article which gave a very different appearance to the economic aspect of absenteeism. The writer puts so clearly and convincingly the opposite side of the case, that I quote the passage:—

> We will simplify the process described by Mr. McCulloch, and suppose the rent of an absentee to be transmitted to him directly, without the intervention of merchants and bills of exchange. Let it be assumed then that the rent due to an absentee amounts to 100 qrs. of wheat, 100 head of cattle, and 100 firkins of butter, and that his tenants convey these to Cork, whence they are transported to England, France, or Italy, for the use of the landlord. If the owner of this estate lived in Ireland, he would expend his wheat, beef, and butter on Irish footmen and housemaids, or Irish tailors, coachmakers, butchers, bakers, &c., to whom he would give employment; but as an absentee he expends them on the domestics, artisans, and mechanics whom he employs at Westminster, Paris, or Naples. Still, if we are to believe the witness, his income is as much expended in Ireland as if he were living in it.

The case is so clear that it is strange that a man of Mr. McCulloch's abilities should have fallen into the error he did. The plain patent fact was, that Ireland had annually to export a large amount of agricultural produce in order to obtain the money which

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had to be remitted to absentees, and Ireland received no return whatever for such exports, for the money obtained by such exportation was immediately sent out of the country to pay the rent due to absentees.

The rest of Mr. McCulloch's views on this subject were vitiated by the cardinal error into which he had fallen, and he even went so far as to say that, economically, it was 'very nearly the same thing' to Ireland, whether the whole gentry of the country were absentees or not. This was as incorrect as his other statement, for there are two very evident economic disadvantages of absenteeism which at once refute his assertion. The first is, that no portion of the landowner's income is spent on the property or its neighbourhood in articles of consumption; the second is, that no portion of that income is spent in giving employment to the people. It may be admitted, as held by economists, that even had the absentees resided on their properties, the employment they could give would not have permanently raised the rate of wages of the country; but it is not the less true that their residence would have created a demand for various kinds of labour highly beneficial to the people. In this point of view, the absence of the landowners affects labourers, artisans, and tradespeople, rather than the tenant-farmers; but in Ireland many of the small farmers would have been only too glad to get employment, so that they also felt the loss to some extent.

Nobody for a moment expects that a resident landlord should spend his whole income on the property from which he derives it, for there are many commodities which he would be obliged to import from manufacturing centres; but it is none the less evident that a portion of his income would be expended amongst local tradesmen, whilst those who act as carriers would derive some benefit from that portion expended elsewhere.

Another manner in which absenteeism affects a country economically is as regards the cultivation of the land. A good deal of evidence upon this point was taken before the different Committees and Commissions that were appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland, but a great deal of it was very contradictory. The conclusion arrived at by some of those who most closely examined the question was, that the relative state of cultivation of the estates of resident and absentee landlords seemed to depend entirely on the means, intelligence, and industry of the tenants. This, however, is not as decisive as at first sight might appear, for, speaking generally, the means, intelligence, and industry of the tenants would be greater on the estates of good resident landlords than on those of absentees. After going through the evidence given before these Committees, the balance of opinion would appear to be, that the cultivation was, as a rule, worse on the properties of absentees. Doubtless there were and are many cases in which, owing to the good management of an agent,

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and the generosity of the absentee landlord, the cultivation on the property of an absentee would be superior to that on the property of some residents; but these were the exceptions rather than the rule, and they did not controvert the general proposition; whilst it is only the natural inference that where the tenantry were neglected, and left to pursue their own old-fashioned wasteful methods of cultivation, and received no instruction in improved methods, they should be behind those of their neighbours who received some guidance and assistance from resident landowners. This held truer some time ago than it does now; for, owing to the work of agricultural societies, and the instruction conveyed by newspapers and books, the tenant is far less dependent on his landlord for instruction and guidance than he was formerly.

The popular idea of absenteeism in Ireland has been derived from the economic aspect of the subject, it being that which came most home to the agricultural population of the country, and appealed most to their feelings. In the years before the famine, when over 2,000,000 people were living on the verge of absolute pauperism, and in a state of semi-starvation, they saw a vast quantity of the produce of the country being sent away, from which they derived no benefit; they saw food exported which was urgently wanted at home, and for which labour would willingly have been given, and the name of absentee became a by-word and a term of reproach.

It must, I think, be acknowledged, upon a calm and impartial examination of the matter, that their view was not far from being the correct one; for when we consider the economic effects of absenteeism—when we see that the tenantry suffered from the absence of that guiding and instructing influence which would have added to the productiveness of their farms, that labourers suffered from want of that employment which a resident landlord would have to some extent afforded them, and that tradesmen and others suffered from the want of local custom and expenditure—we are forced to the conclusion, that, viewed in its economic aspect, absenteeism was and is undoubtedly an evil. The political and social effects are, however, in many respects even more important, affecting, as they have done for years, the disposition of the people towards England, the civilisation and comfort of the population, and the existence of that mutual good feeling which is so essential to prosperity, and to the utilisation of the rich resources of the land.

Arthur Young had referred to some of the political evils of the practice, and attention was directed to them in the Irish House of Commons in 1797; for Colonel Vandeleur, in proposing the tax, said that the financial aspect of his proposal was nothing when compared with its policy. All the disturbances which had taken place in the country for half a century, disgracing its character, and checking its growth, had, he said, uniformly been found to commence on the

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properties of absentees, who, if resident, would have curbed the licentious spirit of the disorderly, removed some of the causes of discontent, and encouraged industry. The Irish Parliament, however, either did not or would not recognise the evils; no attempt, therefore, was made to grapple with them, and things were let to go their own course. Unfortunately, instead of any improvement taking place, and absenteeism with its attendant evils diminishing, the state of Ireland went from bad to worse. The abolition of the Irish Parliament removed one of the inducements of residence in Ireland to many of the wealthier class. The rebellion of 1798, and the subsequent abortive attempt at another rebellion, gave an aspect of disorder and insecurity to the country which was not conducive to the residence of persons who could live elsewhere, and there were other circumstances which gradually led up to that state of things which in after years aggravated and intensified the effects of absenteeism.

The number of landowners in Ireland was small as compared with the agricultural population of the country. Of these many were unwilling to reside in Ireland, or unable to attend personally to their estates there; and, content with a moderate income, provided it was a comparatively certain one, they gave leases of their properties at a low rent, and so freed themselves from the troubles of management. The great advance of prices of agricultural produce consequent on the war with France enabled these leaseholders to sublet; and this process went on until the lands passed through many hands, and the rents were forced up to the highest point. The enfranchisement of 40*s.* freeholders in 1793 had given a political inducement to sublet and subdivide the land. These causes, and others to which reference need not be made, combined to bring about that minute subdivision of farms which has been the source of nearly every evil in Ireland, and with it an enormous increase of the population of the country without any corresponding improvement in their circumstances.

Affairs, long unsatisfactory, began to reach a climax towards the end of the first quarter of the century, and thenceforward the state of the country year by year demanded more anxious attention. Committee after Committee was appointed by Parliament to ascertain the causes of the poverty and distress in Ireland, and if possible to suggest some remedy. It is unnecessary to repeat the descriptions given in their reports. One fact, bearing on our present subject, comes out with painful clearness, and that was that the unfortunate condition of the people in a great portion of the country was aggravated by absenteeism. In many parts of Ireland those to whom the poorer classes had a right to look for information, advice, and assistance, were not to be found. Some, by leasing their land as above described, had placed it for a time out of their power to

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render any assistance. Others had deputed the management of their properties to agents, who frequently were ignorant of the true interests of their owners, and, as a rule, were careless of the comforts and welfare of the tenants. Hence, therefore, large masses of the people were left to follow their own dictates. Steeped in poverty, misery, and ignorance, often without the bare necessaries of life, with no helping hand held out to them, with no ray of instruction or kindness reaching them from above, they had no encouragement, no motive to regard with kindly feelings those who by circumstances had become their masters.

The absence of landowners was all the more keenly felt, and more particularly disastrous in the first thirty or thirty-five years of the century, because there was no Poor Law or organised system of charity to alleviate the distress of the people; there were no state schools or public system of education to lift them out of the slough of ignorance in which they were so deeply plunged; and there were no facilities of travelling to enable them to obtain elsewhere the employment which they were unable to find at home.

It was but a natural consequence of this state of things that the people should have become the easy prey of any political agitator who made specious promises and held out alluring hopes to them. It was an actual consequence that they were lawless, turbulent, addicted to violence, and prone to attempt to redress what they considered, justly or not, as grievances. The advantages of a system for the administration of justice had not yet been realised by them. They had not yet learned that the laws were for their benefit, if they would but have recourse to them, as much as for their punishment if they defied and broke them. Moreover, in many parts of Ireland, owing to the absence of the landowners, there was no one to check the initiatory stages of disturbance and lawlessness, and often and often, small beginnings, which could easily have been checked at the outset, grew to troublesome ends. It is of course undeniable—being manifest enough—that even in places where there were resident landlords, and where all the moral and sometimes coercive influence of position was used, political agitation throve and crime could not be checked; but any one who believes that the peace of the country suffered little detriment by absenteeism must either be very prejudiced and ignorant, or have read the history of Ireland to very little purpose.

It is difficult to overrate the influence which an active resident landlord has with his tenantry, whether by example, inducement, or at times by compulsion; and it has been nothing less than a political calamity that an influence which might have been so advantageously and so beneficially exercised in Ireland should not have been utilised to its full extent.

It would, however, be most unfair to omit from consideration the

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extenuating circumstances in favour of some of the absentees. There are, first of all, many men who hold also large properties in England, and upon whom, therefore, England has greater claims than Ireland. Many of these have endeavoured to minimise the results of non-residence by the appointment of resident agents and by thus endeavouring to perform by deputy the duties and responsibilities of their ownership.

It must also be acknowledged that absenteeism does not spring entirely from the predilections of landowners for the more entertaining society of London or foreign capitals, or from any indifference to their duties; for it is beyond all question true—no matter how indignantly the assertion will be repudiated—that in some parts of the country the tenantry are directly responsible for the non-residence of their landlords. Case after case has occurred in which the tenants have absolutely driven away their landlord by threatened or actual violence, resorting even to murder to accomplish their end. By their secret societies, and threatenings and disorderliness, they have endeavoured to prevent many landlords exercising some of the most ordinary rights of property, and they have made it impossible for any person to live amongst them who could live elsewhere. Throughout the history of the last fifty years, this fact is only too evident, nor has it ceased in the present day. It would be manifestly an injustice to censure men for living away from their properties when some of their tenantry by threatening violence, even assassination, make their lives a source of constant anxiety to them; and it is but a well-merited punishment to tenantry who act in this manner, that they should be deprived of the advantages which the residence of a landlord brings with it.

This much must be said in extenuation of absentees; but there are men, who, having neither of these excuses, having no claims from property in England, nor any occasion to fear danger from their tenantry in Ireland, totally ignore the duties of their status as landowners—men who think their duties as such are confined to the mere receiving a rental from their property—who, having no residence on their property, give no employment of any kind to the people of their district, and make no return in any way for the advantages they receive. These are the drones of the hive, and they it is who give occasion for the demand put forward at some of the land meetings in Ireland for a compulsory sale of the estates of absentees to the tenants at a valuation.

Fortunate is it for Ireland that, thanks to the efforts of successive Governments, the sphere of the evil effects of absenteeism has of late years considerably narrowed. The provision made by the State for the education of the people through the National Board supplied one of the most urgent wants—a want which, though not attended to by resident landlords to the extent it ought to have been, would never have been attended to by absentees.

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The establishment of dispensaries throughout Ireland, and the granting of medical relief, which was also provided by Parliament, tended in a very great degree to alleviate the sufferings of the people in illness, and to supply them with some of those comforts which the wealthier classes where resident would have been able, to some extent, to give them. The Poor Law at least secured them against the last extremities of poverty and helplessness.

Crime was to a great extent checked by the institution of an efficient police force, which exercised a strict supervision over the people. Furthermore, amongst the large sales of land in the Encumbered Estates Court, the properties of many absentees were sold, so that, in one way or another, the evils of absenteeism are not so great as they were formerly, nor are the effects of it so far-reaching.

But no measures adopted by the State can fully supply the numerous moral and indirect benefits which the residence of landlords amongst their tenants confers. The presence of a more enlightened and refined class, the example of a higher standard of living, the stimulus which a little judicious encouragement gives, and the kindlier feelings evoked by a personal interest in the tenantry, and by the removal of many little subjects of complaint, many of the smaller ills and irritants of life—these are advantages for which legislation can make no provision. Nor is it merely on the tenantry that the social benefits are conferred; for where there are intermediate classes, they also derive some advantages from association, even if only occasional, with a more cultivated and higher-educated class, and thus a good example permeates through all grades, and effects improvement in many ways.

It is impossible to estimate now the full results of the want of this leaven in Ireland. Writing, in 1845, of landlords in Ireland, the Land Occupation Commissioners said:—'The foundation of almost all the evils by which the social condition of Ireland is disturbed, is to be traced to feelings of mutual distrust which too often separate the class of landlord and tenant, and prevent all united exertion for the common benefit.' And if this was the case as regards resident landlords, how much less prospect was there of absentee landlords and tenants working harmoniously together for the common benefit!

Where the social and political evils of absenteeism are thus so great and so evident, the residence of landowners on their properties for at least a portion of each year is nothing less than a paramount duty due to society generally. Having regard to the past history of Ireland, it is perhaps more a duty in that country than in any other.

It is to be borne in mind that the right to property is not a natural right, but merely a social right, created by law for the benefit of the public; and that certain very definite responsibilities are attached to the possession thereof. Any person inheriting or

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even purchasing landed property receives it 'charged with its moral as well as its legal engagements.' As has been very justly pointed out,[4] 'There is a compact implied at least between the landlord and the peasantry who have been brought up on his estate, by which the latter have as good a right to protection as the lord of the soil has to make arbitrary dispositions for the future management of his property.'

The neglect of some of these duties by resident landlords evoked once from the Government of Ireland a declaration which, familiar as it is, cannot be too often quoted; crystallising, as it does, into a maxim the vital truth of the case, and condensing into a few sentences the causes of, and the remedy for, the miserable state of Ireland:—

> Property has its duties as well as its rights; to the neglect of those duties in time past is mainly to be ascribed that diseased state of society in which such crimes (murder &c.) take their rise; and it is not in the enactment or enforcement of statutes of extraordinary severity, but in the better and more faithful performance of those duties, and the more enlightened and humane exercise of those rights, that a permanent remedy for such disorders is to be sought.[5]

No one who reads carefully and impartially the history of Ireland during the present century, can fail to trace the unfortunate effects of absenteeism throughout that period. It is, in fact, impossible to ignore them. The absenteeism of the Protestant clergy from their parishes, consequent on their holding a plurality of livings, and the imperfect performance of their duties, did not lead more effectually to the religious demoralisation of the people under their charge, and the falling away of many from the Church, than the absence of landowners did to the political demoralisation of the people. In extensive districts in Ireland, there was no one to check the evil tendencies of the people, no one to prevent them rushing impetuously after political will-o'-the-wisps, no one to try and win them to the side of order and peace.

This is not a matter upon which one is left to speculation, for there is visible proof of the results of the two systems—the system of residence, and of absenteeism. Those parts of Ireland in the present day which are best disposed to the English Government, which are freest from political agitation, which are the most peaceful and law-abiding, and in which the people are most generally enlightened, liberal, and tolerant, are just those places where the landowners have been longest and most constantly resident, and have for generations faithfully performed the duties of their position. Those parts of Ireland where the people are most lawless, most ignorant, superstitious, poor, and backward, are the places where absenteeism has

[4] See 'Report of Railway Commissioners in Ireland,' *Parliamentary Papers.*

[5] See McLennan's *Life of Thomas Drummond*, who was Under-Secretary for Ireland at the time (1835), and by whom this paragraph was written.

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thrown its blighting influence, and where the people have been left most to themselves.

Had absentees but done their duty, the result for many past years and in the present day would have been far different. Unfortunately, as it is, disturbance, crime, political agitation, and disaffection to England, these were and are the Nemesis of absenteeism, a Nemesis visited unfortunately not on the absentees, but on the kingdom itself.

Proposals to remedy absenteeism, though often talked about, have never been seriously made, because the evil is not one which can be easily reached by legislation.

Any law imposing additional taxation on absentees would but add to the burden of tenantry upon whom the tax would ultimately fall—neither could any law be made enforcing residence for a certain number of months in the year. The compulsory sale of their estates, as now demanded by Irish agitators, is a request equally beyond the pale of feasibility, and cannot be complied with. The sole hope, the sole means of effecting any improvement, any amelioration, or of awakening absentees to a sense of their duties, is through public opinion, a strong expression of which may be productive of much good.

Those who have claims upon them in England, let them, at least for a time, give greater attention to their properties in Ireland, where their presence and their example are so urgently required, and would be productive of such beneficial results. Whilst those who, without any such justification, neglect the duties of landowners, let them be entreated, even impelled, to consider the heavy responsibility resting upon them; let it be shown them that their action or inaction involves not only the welfare of their tenantry, but in no inconsiderable degree the peace and prosperity of the country; let them see that the evil their neglect entails, affects not only the present time, but also generations to come; and if they are then still unwilling to undertake the performance of the duties which their position as landowners entails on them, let them at least seek some other investment for their property than that which is fraught with so many economical and social disadvantages to Ireland, and with such lamentable political results to the kingdom at large.

HENRY L. JEPHSON.

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ON THE NURSING CRISIS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

I.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE justly remarks that 'every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity.' I hope I shall not be considered unchivalrous, if I should say that this maxim is sometimes applicable to lady champions, as well as to men. It will be admitted to be a subject of regret when a good cause, that needs no more than a simple history to recommend it, is advocated by statements of which the least that can be said is that they are exaggerated, and that they suggest conclusions which are not true.

I am led to these remarks by the perusal of an article in the last number of this Review, on 'The Present Crisis at Guy's Hospital.' The writer, whose object is to enlist the sympathies of hospital authorities and the public in general in favour of a better class of nurses for the sick, in which I entirely go with her, has weakened her argument, and raised up prejudice against her cause, from a want of fairness or want of knowledge which has prevented a liberal recognition of the labours of those who have hitherto worked in this great field.

The nursing at the large London hospitals, though by no means near perfection, and probably not far on the road to it, has been, under a high sense of duty on the part of the women engaged, and from a humble wish to carry out the instructions of the medical and surgical officers, generally good, and often very excellent.

It is therefore a quite improper aspersion on this class of women, so to write as that the fair inference would be that they are generally immoral and intemperate, and that they are not actuated, as most other persons are, by a reasonable sense of the responsibility of their work.

The writer, speaking of hospital sisters and nurses, says:—

> In the evening, by arrangement with the matron, who was a kind of upper servant or housekeeper, the lower order of nurse, or scrubber, was left in charge of the patients, while the old-fashioned head nurse went out to take her hardly-earned

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holiday, too often, alas! in the nearest public house. She came back at the regulation hour, more or less the worse for drink as the case might be, and went to bed, to sleep off the effects of it; no inquiry was made as to her condition, since it was nobody's business, as long as she satisfied the medical men by the work which came under their notice, to ask how her hours off duty were spent, or what her own moral condition might be.

I am far from saying (she adds) that every nurse under the old system was drunken or dissolute, but I do say that, as a rule, *their moral character was unsatisfactory.*

So much for this writer's statement. It would seem to any one unacquainted with the subject that the author of these serious accusations was a person of large experience on the subject she treats of, for nothing less than this would warrant so wholesale a condemnation. The reader may therefore be surprised when I say that these charges rest upon the most limited and superficial experience of the system condemned, the writer having been but a few weeks in the hospital as a learner of the rudiments of nursing. In contradiction of her statements I can affirm that a residence of fifteen years within the walls of Guy's Hospital, and an unusually intimate acquaintance with what took place within the wards, have left upon my mind a quite contrary impression, and I have no reason to believe that there has been a deterioration of the sisters and nurses since my day. I am constrained to say that this sort of writing about them comes near to 'evil-speaking.' It is possible, and to my conviction probable, however, that this lady may have other inspirations than such as would naturally spring up in her young mind. However this may be, it cannot be necessary to do an injustice, and to excite prejudice, in order to promote such a good cause as the better selection and training of nurses.

I agree with Miss Lonsdale and her friends that hitherto there has been but little selection of proper persons to become nurses, and it is a matter for congratulation that the authorities of our large hospitals are alive to the pressing importance of this matter, and are willing to make arrangements for both the selection and the training of such women. Any action in this direction will be not only in the interest of the patients of the hospital themselves, but also in the interest of the public at large.

It would therefore naturally be a matter of surprise that any opposition to this useful movement should arise from the medical and surgical staff of the hospital, yet much antagonistic feeling has been excited by it, and is still felt, I believe, not only at Guy's, but also in other hospitals. Though I have no immediate relation to the work my colleagues carry on at Guy's, I have not been indifferent to the objections they have felt to the new order of nursing which has been introduced there, nor to the feeling of irritation which has been occasioned by many incidents connected with this change.

Miss Lonsdale supposes that the objections of the medical and

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surgical staff arise from several causes, but, as I infer from what she says, none of them of an honourable character. According to this lady they are, an indifference to the nursing improvement, or rather a preference for a low intellectual and moral standard in nurses, jealousy of refined intelligence and repugnance to its presence, ignorance of what nursing should be, and a desire to conceal 'practices and experiments indulged in in the wards,' &c. I may leave it to the public to judge how far such an indictment as this is likely to be true against a large body of highly educated gentlemen, the physicians and surgeons of a large hospital containing hundreds of patients—a hospital hitherto considered an honour to our country, whose Medical School has produced a long list of distinguished physicians and surgeons, whose pupils, numbered by thousands, are now practising in every part of the world, vindicating at home and abroad, in public and private practice, the honour of their profession, and justly proud of being Guy's men.

Such imputations, coming from a spokesman of the new system, naturally raise the greatest objections to it. This writer exposes indeed, in the article in question, the very grounds of this great opposition; and no wonder, for what physician or surgeon would care to have much to do with ladies who begin by so misunderstanding them and their work? If the coming class of nurses are to have no more respect for the medical and surgical staff than is here shown, I am afraid the opposition to them will not be very short-lived, and the establishment of a nursing school, which I have so long been looking for, will not be soon realised.

The ladies who ask the suffrages of the profession for promoting the art of nursing to a higher grade than it holds at present, must not hope to introduce this movement by condemning, in such terms as I have quoted, honest and worthy persons who have hitherto done the work. Nor can they do it by acting as if the objections on the part of the profession were of that unworthy character which this writer supposes.

The true and I believe the chief objection which medical men have felt against the new order of nursing is that it introduces a new element between them and their patients. It has been naturally a recognised if not expressed principle, both in hospital and private practice, that in the treatment of the patient everything is to be subordinate to the purpose of the physician or surgeon; not that the medical man should have to consider mere domestic matters, but that these should co-operate with, and be entirely subject to, the details of nursing. But 'a doctor,' says Miss Lonsdale, 'is no more necessarily a judge of the details of nursing than a nurse is acquainted with the properties and effects of the administration of certain drugs.' This is the claim of the new nursing system. It is preposterous and absurd. Every medical man, if not the public in general, will feel this to be so.

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I for my own part should say that the medical man who does not feel the absurdity of it is unmindful how often minor matters may be of vital importance in the treatment of his patient.

So much is this lady's statement the reverse of fact, that the most distinguished members of the profession would not entrust the nursing in some anxious cases to a woman, however highly trained she might be as a nurse, or, if they did, not without the strictest supervision on their part directly, or through some proper assistant. These pages are not for bedside histories, but I may say that it almost daily happens, in the wards of our large hospitals, that cases requiring special care are not committed to nurses alone, but are placed under the immediate and constant supervision of students advanced in their studies, who watch over and direct every item of the nursing.

It is obviously part of the teaching of a medical man that this should be so, and that he should acquaint himself minutely with every particular of bedside treatment. There should be no circumstance affecting the sick man, nor any office to be rendered him, of which the medical attendant should not be the best judge, and the best agent if necessary, though in the nature of human affairs there is and must be a division of labour, and the less important part in the management of the sick will fall on the nurses. The above misconception as to the supposed supreme knowledge of lady-nurses for nursing, and the fancied independence of their position and work, are errors to be recognised and corrected in the very initiation of any new system. The profession can never sanction a nursing system which claims for itself not to be under their control and direction. It is impossible for them to do so if they have a high sense of their duty.

Oh! could some kindly demon dispossess these nursing ladies of this too presumptuous spirit, here so naïvely confessed and defended, there might be, I think, some hope of their success. But to suppose that a nurse can have a knowledge of her work without being properly taught through the profession, is to betray an almost palpable ignorance of the subject, and of the only way by which the education of nurses can be advanced. For instance, take the matter of cleanliness, which all would say is a nurse's speciality of knowledge; yet so far is it from being so, that science, and even advanced science, has lately been much occupied in instructing medical men what cleanliness really is, and I may venture to affirm that no nurse has a proper conception of it, though probably this lady would maintain that she is as good a judge of cleanliness as the best informed surgeon. Again, take the preparation and fitness of different kinds of food for the sick; much on these points is confided to the nurse, or those acting under her instructions, but how can she obtain the adequate knowledge for her guidance in these duties but from the science of medicine? In fact, there is no proper duty which the nurse has to perform, even to the placing of a pillow, which does not or may not

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involve a principle, and a principle which can be only properly met by one who has had the advantage of medical instruction. It is a fundamental and dangerous error to maintain that any system of nursing has sources of knowledge not derived from the profession, and that it can be maintained and advanced within its own sphere. Such an error is as irrational as would be that of the man in a balloon who, forgetting the conditions of his buoyancy, should step from the car.

As the views of medicine and surgery advance in the treatment of disease, the particulars required in good nursing will advance as part of the improved treatment. Nothing illustrates this more plainly than the antiseptic surgery of modern times, which saves many lives by cleanliness alone; and were this the proper place, almost infinite illustrations might be given of improvements in nursing growing immediately out of the advances of medicine. A nurse should be so educated as to be able to understand the intentions of the physician or surgeon in the treatment he may order, so as to be able to ask for new instructions if his purposes do not seem to be attained.

There must be no 'divine right' assumed for nurses. There seems a hint of claiming this by the writer in question, for I observe she says that 'the matron will consider herself bound to regard, *as far as in her lies*, the wishes of the doctors.' Nursing is not especially a woman's art. To suppose it to be so is to draw a large conclusion from a small premiss. A mother is no doubt by 'divine right' the nurse of her child, but how very little way on the right road do her instincts for the most part carry her even in that limited duty, and how much has she to learn of the conditions necessary to a healthy life, such as proper feeding, pure air, cleanliness, clothing, warmth, &c.

To suppose that woman has an inherent fitness for nursing is a poetical fiction, and one which I believe has had an influence in retarding the proper education of women for these duties. On economic and social grounds alone, women are chiefly selected for nursing; but it would be an error to suppose that they have any special intellectual fitness for it.

The gentleness, tenderness, patience, delicacy, and high sentiment of women, are no doubt a very advantageous stock upon which to engraft that kind of knowledge required for nursing; but all these great personal advantages would be more than neutralised by an alloy of self-assertion. I may tell my lady friend that it was not so in Utopia. There this matter of nursing was much in advance of our own, and was governed by the principles I have advocated, carried to their highest pitch. It was the public opinion in Utopia that woman had her own fitness and sphere of work, as man had his, and they used often to remark that there was a kind of harmony in this, as of the heavenly bodies.

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As attendance on the sick often called for great skill and prudence, there was in Utopia a careful selection of the fittest women for such duties, the chief recommendation being humility, docility, and willingness of mind to be instructed and directed by the physicians. And although education, in all directions of usefulness and the higher intelligences, was never so much esteemed as amongst the Utopians, there seemed to superficial observers some contradiction in this; for they, both men and women, were considered the most educated, who had the deepest knowledge of their ignorance.

The present crisis at Guy's can only be of interest to the public so far as it affects the better training of nurses in general. Now, although there have sprung up on all sides so-called institutions for nurses, some of which are excellent and some not worthy of consideration, it must be confessed that little or nothing has been done to meet the daily wants in this respect. Unhappily there exists a difference of opinion as to the desirability of utilising the wards of our hospitals for meeting this want. Some of my colleagues entertain a doubt whether the bedside studies of the students would not be interfered with by it.

As the maintenance of the Medical School in its highest efficiency is of the first importance, any risk of damaging it must certainly be avoided; but I believe that if the position of the lady pupils and nurses were duly assigned and regulated, there need not be any apprehension on that score.

The education of medical men for their profession, and the training of nurses to act under them, involve no contradictory purposes, and, with the cordial support and co-operation of the medical staff, both could go on together, and to the public advantage.

Let it be at the outset understood and acknowledged that the system of nursing which has been hitherto in vogue at Guy's is undeserving of such censure as Miss Lonsdale's article has passed upon it; that the sisters or superiors of the wards have been women of excellent character, some of them ladies by birth and education, and all of them such in conduct and good feeling; that the nurses, though not always well selected, were not therefore, as a class, drunken and dissolute, and, if not educated according to modern requirements, still trustworthy, and for the main purpose of nursing, in most cases, all that could be desired. Let these truths be liberally acknowledged, and let it be laid down, as a first principle, that the nursing system is to be under the auspices and regulated by the advice of the medical officers, and I feel sure that the evolution of nursing to a higher level will not be opposed by them.

There is, however, a further part of this lady's paper I cannot pass over in silence. She writes as if the existence of the Medical School of Guy's Hospital were on its trial, as if it were at this time of day a question of the possibility of carrying on a large hospital without it,

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and is apparently forgetful or ignorant of the fact that the high training of medical men is an absolute necessity for the country. Of course it is not to be expected that this young writer knows much about the subject upon which she exercises her pen; therefore it would be unbecoming of me to press too hardly upon the foolishness of her remarks. I would not write so strongly, but that the public may not be able to gauge the authority of the writer or the importance of the subject.

Not only is the Medical School a necessary part of this great institution, but its existence has raised the hospital to the eminence it now holds in the world. If the lady nurses entertain the idea that the nursing system cannot flourish in the presence of the Medical School, then they must seek some other arena for their operations. I fancy I perceive between the lines of this lady's writing, which is probably not altogether her own, a feeling of jealousy that the whole of the hospital system is not given up to her party. She even claims that nurses should have a right to exclude, except at certain times, the medical students from the wards. Nothing could be more absurd than such a proposition. The wards of a hospital should be frequented by the students continually, day or night. It is much to be regretted that they are so little frequented by them. Every facility should be offered to the medical student to enable him to watch minutely the cases under his care. How is he ever to be fitted to discharge the responsible duties of practice, unless he have trained himself by observation to recognise the phases of disease and the effects of remedies? Both patients and nurses gain by the assiduous performance of this bedside work, nor is any one incommoded or injured by it. The usefulness of our hospitals would be hopelessly impaired, if any hindrance were thrown in the way of the student in his practical studies. There is a proper corps of students, physicians' clerks, and dressers, whose duties cannot be performed without this constant attendance in the wards. As to any inconvenience to the patients themselves, not only is none occasioned by the performance of the duties in question, but on the contrary it begets a feeling of confidence and satisfaction.

It might perhaps seem to any one unacquainted with the size of our large wards, that the visits of students would interfere with good order and with the privacy of the patients; but nothing of the kind really happens in the practice of the hospital, though this lady would seem to imply as much. The students visit the case or cases in which they are specially interested, or to which their proper duties call them, without disturbing or interfering with those with whom they have no concern. The quiet zeal evinced by students in these visits is one of the most pleasant and useful influences in a hospital.

I speak with no common feeling on this subject, having passed a

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period longer than a revolution of Jupiter, as a student, in the performance of these duties, whilst my lady friend, who feels so differently from myself, gained her information, I am informed, within a revolution of the Moon.

I cannot bring to a close these few remarks on Miss Lonsdale's paper respecting 'The Crisis at Guy's Hospital' without a feeling of pain and disappointment. The tone in which she has written respecting all concerned, whether medical men, students, or nurses, is exaggerated, disrespectful, and unfair. The reckless way in which a worthy though uneducated class of women are stigmatised, the unworthy motives which are attributed to gentlemen of education, the statement that medical men and their pupils are so devoid of moral sense and refinement that their words and ways are only decent because a lady is present in the wards to restrain them, and that the opposition to lady-nurses is grounded upon nothing so much as upon the desire to get rid of such restraint—all these utterances, taken together, indicate, on the part either of the writer or of those who have inspired her, an animus which all must deplore. For my own part, I have special grounds of regret. Comparing small things with great, I had long hoped that our large hospitals might be made as available for the education and training of carefully selected women for nurses, as they have so long and successfully been for the education of medical men; and whilst I have been encouraging the authorities at Guy's to prosecute this movement, comes this writer's article, like a dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary, and mars the work.

WILLIAM W. GULL.

(*Consulting Physician to Guy's Hospital.*)

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II.

It is evident that young blood does not like restraint. We live in a stirring age, when women's rights and modern schools of thought are brought before us on every hand. Past experience in the varied departments of knowledge or labour is lightly esteemed, or it is regarded as unsuitable in this advanced period of the world's history. Among the subjects in which progress and reformation have been demanded, nursing in our public institutions has occupied a large share of attention. It is perfectly true that there was room for improvement, and every wise man in the medical profession would desire that the nursing of the sick should be rendered as efficient as possible; but there is such a thing as sentiment instead of judgment, and conceit favoured by ignorance. Disease and suffering are realities, and efficient relief must be guided by knowledge and experience, which are more likely to be possessed by men who have devoted their lives to the subject, than by sentimental women who have but slight acquaintance with the requirements of disease.

Guy's Hospital is an old-established institution; several generations have passed since it was founded; tens of thousands of human beings have been relieved in its wards. The most grateful expressions have been called forth by the benefits there received, and its value has been appreciated by both high and low, rich and poor. The services of men such as Sir Astley Cooper, Dr. Bright, Dr. Addison, Dr. Babington, Dr. Golding Bird, Mr. Aston Key, Mr. Hilton, not to mention those who are held in the highest regard amongst their countrymen, and whose names are on the honorary staff, have been devoted to the carrying out of the benevolent purposes of the founder. Their works or their words could testify whether 'the welfare of the patients' has not been the first consideration of the staff, and whether the large Medical School attached to the hospital has not been of the greatest value to the patients and to the whole nation. Such results would have been impossible, if the character of the nursing at Guy's Hospital, its staff, its sisters and students, its arrangements and its working had been in conformity with the statements made by its recent detractors. About eighty years ago Mr. Benjamin Harrison found the hospital little better than a workhouse infirmary, but by the co-operation and talents of men, whose names have been mentioned, a

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Medical School was established, and the hospital was raised to a high standard. Other Treasurers have followed in his steps, and still further increased the efficiency of the institution. Their names will always be held in honour and esteem by future generations. Their work was one of real progress and improvement; they did everything to advance to the highest state of proficiency both the staff and the school. They directed minutely all the concerns of the hospital, and did *not* ignore its moral condition. The Medical School has added still more to the fame and lustre of the hospital, and has enabled it in a tenfold degree to relieve suffering and to save life.

These results have been attained under a system which is now condemned by those who have had no experience of its character or its worth; and it is sought to substitute a method at variance with the old traditions and the valuable practical working of the hospital. We are asked to believe that blind sentiment and the theoretical ideas of strangers are better guides than the experience of those who have spent the greater portion of their lives in the work of the hospital, and who have attained to no mean position in their profession.

The article with which the public has been favoured in the *Nineteenth Century* on a 'Crisis at Guy's Hospital' is doubtless intended to throw some light on the subject that is exciting so much attention in the medical world; but, as the picture is drawn from *imagination*, scarcely any of its statements can be substantiated by facts. The staff of the hospital, with its late matron, sisters, nurses, and students, are pictured in the darkest colours, that the contrast of the new system may be brought out in brighter relief, and may be seen to the best advantage.

As the writer of the article referred to only appeared on the scene last November, her information is not derived from personal observation; and a few facts may prove whether Miss Lonsdale is correct when she has 'no hesitation in affirming that the presence of these refined and intelligent ladies as a restraint' upon the improprieties (to use no stronger term) of all concerned 'is the *principal* thing against which the staff are protesting with all their might.' In November last a new matron with modern ideas was suddenly introduced into the hospital, whereby its peace and harmony were overturned as completely, as if an ignited bombshell were thrown in the midst of a zealous ambulance corps.

The first introduction of the new system was seen in the rules which were at once laid down (*without any consultation with the staff*), and which were found totally unfit for working the hospital. The nurses were informed that they would be subject to removal into other wards every three months, ostensibly that they might learn nursing more fully, but the comfort of the nurses and the benefit of the patients were lost sight of.

We have had an illustration of the disadvantages of this plan in

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private practice. A lady patient was attended by a nurse from one of the institutions where the rule required that her services should not be continued with one patient more than three months, but that another nurse should then be supplied from the same institution. The first woman by her skill and tact was most valuable to the patient; by her influence she induced her to take food, she was regaining strength, and there was every prospect of recovery. The change of nurse proved most disastrous; the second had no influence on the patient, who refused food, and declined from that time, and she eventually sank. In this case the nurse was studied more than the benefit of the patient, in order to follow out the new nursing ideas.

When this rule was introduced into the hospital, the staff were compelled to protest, as they knew that such a course might even lead to the sacrifice of life. To change a nurse in the midst of a critical case, or to send an attendant from a patient with erysipelas to a surgical operation, was found to be disastrous, and the order had to be dropped, but not before forty nurses had given notice after appealing in vain against the new rule. The sudden exodus of so large a number of old and experienced nurses was felt to be a misfortune, but it was too late to stop it, and twenty-four left in one day. These were not drunken, immoral, untrained women, but valuable efficient nurses, who had served faithfully and intelligently, some of them for many years. On inquiry we find that about fifty nurses have left since November, but not one of them for impropriety of conduct; and other institutions have gladly availed themselves of their services. It is true their places have been supplied, but too often by young inexperienced women, mere novices, and the public may judge of the injury to the patients and the annoyance to the staff. Several of these young nurses have broken down from their unaccustomed duties, and have had to be nursed themselves.

We acknowledge that in so large a number of women (more than eighty) there has been an occasional instance of intemperance and immorality; but this does not warrant the statement, which is grossly untrue, that such is the general character of Guy's nurses. With equal justice might we reflect upon every lady pupil, because the conduct of one of them gave rise to great scandal.

Another rule affecting the nurses was as to the time of exercise or recreation. The former plan was for half of them to go out on alternate evenings from six to ten, when, Miss Lonsdale informs us, they spent their time at the public house, and returned to sleep off the effects of their carousal without notice or observation!

No doubt a woman might abuse her privilege, but the nurses generally found it an extreme relief after their arduous duties to spend this time with their families or friends, and return at night feeling that the day's work was over. We have the testimony of a former nurse, who worked for seven years at Guy's, that she had to

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walk four miles, and was most thankful for the opportunity of visiting her mother and child, whom she was helping to support. We may add that this nurse is *not* of the charwoman class, but one of the most efficient and competent women that could be produced, skilful in attending every kind of disease. This can be proved by many of our first physicians, from whom she has received numerous testimonials during the seven subsequent years in which she has been engaged in private nursing, *although* she was trained for *six* years *in one ward* under the old system. The time of recreation, however, might be open to objection, but surely in the interest of the patient it need not be just when the physician goes round; and this is the time selected under the new system, and advocated by Miss Lonsdale, whereby the physician has been deprived of much necessary information, and his opportunities of investigation have been thwarted. This rule has now been changed on account of the strong representations of the staff.

The charges against the night nurses of turning the wards into a laundry, taking the patients' money, and feeding themselves with their wine and nourishment, are most unfounded. In my earlier professional life I have visited the wards at all hours of the night, to attend upon some severe cases, and have often entered when I was not expected, but I can say I never witnessed such things; although I have seen a night nurse asleep. With varied house surgeons and house physicians, who have been cognisant of everything going on in the wards for many years, no such complaints have ever been brought before us.

We are informed, however, by Miss Lonsdale that 'doctors are no more necessarily judges of the details of nursing than the nurse is acquainted with the properties and effects of the administration of certain drugs.' We think our leading physicians would be rather startled, if they were told that they know nothing about nursing; that they must not interfere with its details; they are out of their province; that all they have to do is to prescribe the medicines their patients require. They would be still more astonished, if the nurse chose to take a walk at the hour the physician was expected, leaving him to find out all that relates to the progress of his patient the best way that he can. The staff at Guy's are old-fashioned enough to believe that a well-trained physician understands every minute detail of nursing, so as to direct the diet, the temperature, the position—in fact, everything that affects his patient—or else he is unfit for his duties.

It is not generally known that Guy's Hospital has been one of the largest institutions for training nurses, and also the first; the idea originated with Mrs. Fry, and was supported by a former treasurer, Mr. Benjamin Harrison. It is true that the training was a short one, but it was of the greatest service to those women who

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were instructed in the wards. The nurses for the Devonshire Square institution were the first to derive this benefit from Guy's Hospital, and the connection has lasted for thirty-six years. The excellence of these nurses is well known by the public. For fifteen years the nurses associated with the Rev. Mr. Pennefather's work at Mildmay have received a similar benefit, and for ten years Mrs. Ranyard's Bible nurses have shared in a like training. These latter nurses were earnest and devoted Christian women, true sisters of mercy, who by this help were qualified to render most valuable service to the suffering poor in their own homes. This has been no small honour, and has greatly increased the beneficent work of the hospital; but all these nurses have now been compelled to go elsewhere, as they are no longer admitted into Guy's Hospital.

Let us now examine some of the rules of this modern system of nursing, as it affects *the patients*. In former times it was the custom for the convalescents to have their breakfast at six, and to rise when the ward was warm and comfortable. According to modern notions, it is thought desirable that the night nurse should make the beds, therefore the patients have been turned out at half-past five. For a patient just recovering from rheumatism or bronchitis to rise in a cold ward on a cheerless winter's morning, one hour and a half before breakfast (which is now given at seven), in order that the night nurse may attend to her duties, is not what we should consider good nursing. No wonder that a patient had a relapse; but it was trained nursing and the new system. Of course the doctor can order his patient to remain in bed.

Cleanliness is a most important point even in health, and still more needful in sickness, but life is better. One of the new rules is to 'wash backs,' and the nurse or probationer must obey her directions; but what can be more consummate ignorance than to carry out such a rule without guidance or discrimination, and to ignore the condition of the sufferer?

For instance, in a case of internal inflammation, requiring perfect rest, where the physician had directed that the patient was not to get out of bed, nor even to move his limbs upon any consideration, so that absolute rest might be maintained—notwithstanding this order the new system enjoins that the back be washed or dusted; therefore this patient was allowed to pull himself up, that the nursing rule might be carried out, in direct opposition to the physician, who knew that the least movement might lead to the extension of disease, and be fraught with the greatest peril to life. This is not nursing the sick. It would be far better for the patient to remain in his quiet home, where he could rest, than to be assailed by the officious attentions of these sentimental nurses.

Again, a little lad with severe inflammation of the lungs is brought into the hospital cold and dirty. The doctor orders him a

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warm bath and a hot poultice to his chest; but in a day or two, while the attack still continues, the poor boy is seized afresh, raised in bed, and a student finds him stripped to the waist, while these trained nurses are washing him. Of course the student protests, and tells them of the danger, but he was very much in the way, his presence was a great interference with the modern *régime*. Can we regard this as an improved method of nursing the sick? In another case of severe illness, notwithstanding the entreaties of the sufferer, the same process was carried out, although checked by the sudden appearance of the physician, who rescued the poor fellow from his tormentors. Would such treatment have been carried out by our old nurses, who were trained under the direction of the physician instead of the theoretical rules of the new refined system?

Modern nursing does not like interference; the trained nurses must follow their routine, whether life is trembling in the balance or no. What does it matter if ignorant doctors object? The details of nursing are not in their province. Imagine the risk to a patient in the third or fourth week of fever, with whom a very slight movement might take away his chance of life by producing fatal perforation; but to carry out the new system he must be turned about, that the back may be washed, or he may get bedsore. We think that it would be better to preserve the chance of life, than to let the patient die with a clean back.

We are of opinion, that if a patient have acute rheumatism, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs or bowels, he had better, if he desire life, avoid *such* nursing and stay at home. If this be the new system of training, we should be sorry to have the attention of these trained nurses, however refined they may be, or to recommend them to our private patients.

As to the administration of medicines, the sister was formerly held responsible, as she had directions from the physician, and was acquainted with each case. One of the new rules has been to place this duty in the hands of the lady pupil; but this has been found so objectionable that the rule has been modified. Mere routine must come into collision with the ever-varying circumstances of life, much more with those of disease.

All these rules have been given for the private instruction of nurses, pupils, &c., and it is only when they come into practice that the physician has discovered them. Under the new system he has to be continually on the alert to guard his patient from positive injury, and to prevent his careful treatment from being thwarted.

There is something sentimentally attractive in the modern idea of sisterhoods. They are regarded as bonds of union for those who are united in devoted service to a benevolent cause; the feelings are carried away with the beauty of the thought, and the heart glows with satisfaction as it dwells on the character of the work and its

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self-denying sacrifice. The mother is the guide, the director, the law; but may not this be mere sentimentalism?

We should be sorry to say a word to detract from the devotedness of Christian ladies, or to discourage those who are willing to spend their time and abilities in relieving the sick and suffering. They could not devote their talents to a higher purpose, but they can only accomplish the object they have in view when under the guidance of medical skill.

At Guy's the 'sisters' have always been called after their wards, as a mere name of distinction, totally unconnected with any religious system. When the new arrangement was first introduced, we greatly feared the formation of a sisterhood; but the existence of anything of the kind has been denied and strongly repudiated.

Every germ requires time to be developed. Noxious weeds may have but small beginnings, and appear most innocent in character, but when fully grown we are often surprised at their fruit.

Nothing would be more deplorable than any attempt to interfere with the freedom of religious opinion which has always prevailed at Guy's. The only thing to be desired, among the poor suffering and dying patients, is an earnest spiritual influence which may afford them the consolation they need.

The students come in for a full share of condemnation from Miss Lonsdale. According to her statements, they are 'universally acknowledged to be uncouth,' 'behaving exactly as their natural disposition prompts them,' and requiring the moral restraint of refined ladies, as 'doctors and students alike were at no trouble to consider either their own manners or the feelings of the nurses.' 'I ask,' says this writer, 'are not practices and experiments indulged by medical men, and permitted by them to members of the medical schools, which it is understood had better not be named beyond the wards of the hospital?' This is tolerable assurance after a month's experience of a London hospital that has produced such names as those we have mentioned, as well as of others now on the staff, and thousands throughout the country, whose character and fame have been established almost before this lady was born. It is but too evident that she is the mouthpiece of her party, and she only gives expression to the opinion of those who want to establish a system. But it makes all right-minded men recoil from the presence of these ladies, if they can only work by a presuming interference instead of being the valuable help they might be.

The students are charged with a want of decency and propriety, of an undue familiarity with the nurses, sanctioned by those who are above them. We pity the imagination which can draw such a picture, but it only reflects on those who can boldly make such assertions without facts or experience to warrant them.

It is certainly very obstructive to all the minute and meddlesome

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details of the new system to have students watching their patients at all hours, and the nursing according to modern theories might be carried on more freely if these gentlemen were altogether absent. The duties which they have been accustomed to perform would then be *left for the lady pupil*, and this would accord far better with the ideas of the new system.

But what is it that has made Guy's Hospital such a name in the world? Is it not the very presence of these students that insures accuracy of observation, and enables scientific details to be noted, which would otherwise be impossible? At the same time, the opportunities afforded to the students at the bedside for the study of disease have secured that skill and experience in the medical practitioner, the benefit of which the public have so largely shared. Any one who has known the work of the students, and who has heard the patients speak of their attention, can bear testimony to the estimate in which they are held by the inmates of the hospital. The services of the students are of the greatest value to the staff, and an inexpressible comfort and advantage to the patients, while their devotedness and self-sacrifice have often been the means of saving life.

Should the fashionable mania for nursing have full sway according to the theories of Miss Lonsdale, the physician himself would be scarcely required.

If the public are satisfied to ignore the value of medical skill, by all means let the doors of the hospital be closed to students ('it was only intended for patients'), and let the future treatment of disease be handed over to these refined and highly trained ladies!

The character of the late matron deserves a better tribute than she receives from one who is altogether ignorant of her work or the value of her services. We all desire to see an educated lady as the matron of Guy's Hospital, one who can exercise decided authority, and take the entire control of everything that relates to domestic detail, both with sisters, nurses, and patients. We think her rule should be maintained with tact and discretion, with sympathy and kindness, so that every one may look up to her with confidence, and all the workers may be united in carrying out the means of relief suggested by the medical staff *for the benefit of the patients*, which we regard as the chief end for which the hospital was instituted.

As to the 'sisters,' nothing could be more incorrect than to state that they have been mere 'housekeepers;' if Miss Lonsdale had taken the trouble to inquire, she would have found that several who have recently left have been *ladies* both by education and position. Of three who have left since November, one was the daughter of a colonel and wife of an officer, another the niece of an old sister of Guy's, a third had formerly been a governess; of three who had left a short time before, we are informed that one was a lady of independent means, another the daughter of a well-known brewer, and a third

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was distantly related to the present Treasurer. We may add, that when the late Queen Adelaide required a nurse, one of the sisters of Guy's was selected, and well did she sustain the reputation of our hospital training.

It is the desire of the staff to secure the services of those who are ladies in every sense of the word, the more gifted and intelligent the better; but it is their opinion, as the result of long experience, that a large hospital will be worked far more efficiently if each 'sister' has the entire control of her own ward. We think that she alone should be responsible to the physician for carrying out his directions, and for the proper administration of medicines, &c.; that every nurse, helper, and attendant should be subject to her guidance, and that all complaints in the ward should be made in the first place to the sister—of course she herself being subject to the matron and the executive of the hospital.

What the staff object to is the system of centralisation, whereby the sisters are deprived of full control of their wards, so that they may be reduced to the level of head hurses, whereby the whole power is placed in the hands of one individual, to be exercised wisely or not as the case may be.

We affirm that the ward system has worked well hitherto, and a ruthless interference with it will prove a great misfortune.

No one is more desirous than the staff of Guy's Hospital to see the highest state of efficiency in the nursing of their patients, and many improvements have been made at their suggestion; but improvement of detail does not require revolution in principle.

The staff are perfectly willing to receive nurses of an educated class, if only they can perform the necessary duties; and the more thoroughly they are trained the better, provided that the training is according to the requirements of disease, instead of being guided by sentimental theories. For this reason they have strongly urged that untried and inexperienced women should not be placed in responsible positions, and be asked to discharge duties for which they are altogether unqualified. This makes it the more to be regretted that the hospital has lost the services of so many valuable and long-tried nurses, not because they 'pleased the fancy of the physician,' but because they were able to perform difficult duties, which required scientific training and experience. The injury falls unfortunately upon those whom the hospital was intended to benefit.

The staff do not object to lady pupils, so long as they conduct themselves as ladies, not as agents of a system of espionage where truth is held lightly, nor as meddlesome busybodies who interfere with the well-being of the patients.

The presence of truly refined Christian ladies would exercise a beneficial influence in the wards, and prove a great comfort to the suffering and sorrowful; but, if the hospital is to be continued as an

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institution for the skilful treatment of disease, it must be under the direction of the doctors, instead of the matron, in all things that concern the patients.

It could scarcely have happened that a large medical staff of various opinions in many things should have continued a unanimous opposition for five months both to the changes that have been made and the manner of introducing them, unless there were some valid reason for their decided protest. Is it likely that the staff can commend a system where *the medical men are ignored*, and only treated as opponents, unless they fall in with every rule introduced by these self-taught nurses? The physician must lead, while the nurse must be content to follow and to learn, if there is to be harmony or success in their work. The time may come when it will be found that long experience and professional science are of more value than sentimental theories.

S. O. Habershon.
(Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital.)

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III.

It is extremely difficult to discover any useful purpose served by the publication of the article, 'The Present Crisis at Guy's Hospital,' which appears in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and it is still more difficult to comprehend the object of the writer in introducing into such article damaging and incorrect statements concerning one of the most useful and meritorious charitable institutions of London.

The writer purports to relate and explain the causes of a recent 'crisis' at Guy's Hospital with reference to the system of nursing at that hospital, the interest in which hardly extends to the general public. Very early in the article the author states that 'in the largest institution of the kind, the London Hospital, the old system (of nursing) is still in full force,' and then proceeds to condemn, in strong but in undiscriminating terms, the old system of nursing. Now to connect any institution with evils and abuses which are ruthlessly exposed must be injurious to such institution; but where the existence of evils to be exposed or of abuses to be redressed is clearly established, the advantages to be derived from the setting forth the *truth* must confessedly neutralise the injury caused by the exposure. The truth, however, must be clear and undoubted. To allege that evils exist which do not exist, and to indicate abuses which are, as matter of fact, absent, are the reverse of public duties, and are acts which cannot be criticised otherwise than most severely.

The London Hospital is the largest hospital in London—in Great Britain. It depends greatly on public support, inasmuch as its endowment supplies only three-eighths of an annual expenditure of 40,000*l.* Therefore the charitable public are trusted to provide 25,000*l.* per annum, or five-eighth parts of the general revenues of the hospital. Any interference with or check to this full stream of charity cannot but act most injuriously on the good work the hospital is enabled to perform. The London Hospital contains nearly 800 beds, of which number about 600 are constantly filled. The amount of human misery and suffering assuaged and relieved in these 600 or 800 beds must be enormous and almost impossible to estimate. It is the fear that the statements concerning the system of nursing at this hospital (incorrect, as will hereafter be shown) may possibly

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damage the hospital in the eyes of the charitable public, which induces the present writer to offer a categorical denial of the allegation that the 'nursing at the London Hospital preserves all the evils of the 'old system' so graphically described in the article in the *Nineteenth Century*.

It is needless to express any opinion as to the necessity or expediency of arguing in support of that which no one denies, or specially insisting on superior training for nurses, because at the present day no one qualified to form a decision will contend that untrained persons are competent to perform the manifold duties required of modern medical and surgical nurses. It is now universally agreed that nurses must be efficiently trained, and that educated persons are more easily trained, and make better nurses when trained, than nurses 'mainly drawn from the class to which the domestic charwoman belongs.'

The managers of the London Hospital are as deeply impressed with these truths as the writer of the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and they have been greatly influenced by them in the organisation of the nursing system in their hospital. The nurses are not 'scrubbers,' but are respectable young women possessing a taste for nursing and desirous of becoming nurses as a professional calling, and who have been trained as probationers for a sufficient time to become qualified as thoroughly efficient and trustworthy nurses. They then, and not till then, take their place in the wards and perform the functions of nurses. Their qualifications consist in moral and physical fitness as well as knowledge of the art of nursing, and the allegation that they are to be classed with drunken charwomen is emphatically repudiated. The nurses of each ward are under the control of a ward-sister, whom the managers have earnestly desired to be, and in selecting whom they require that she shall be, a lady, and very different from the experienced 'housekeeper' mentioned in the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, 'who keeps and gives out wine and spirits, and partakes of them or not as she is disposed.'

The ward-sisters are required to possess, besides the education and the bearing of a lady (which enable them to exercise the moral control in the wards referred to in the article), a sufficient amount of practical knowledge, which confessedly varies among the several ward-sisters according to their different intelligences and aptitudes. An experienced matron rules over the ward-sisters, and none but an educated lady would be deemed eligible for such position. The whole subject of nursing has for years occupied the attention of the managers of the London Hospital, and improvements have been from time to time and still are being introduced; but, as the hospital is so greatly dependent on public support, it is deemed better and wiser to make changes and introduce reforms gradually and unostentatiously, so as not to challenge criticism or provoke opposition from

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the various quarters from which the means of support are derived. But one change is not likely to be advocated by the managers of the London Hospital; and from a casual remark in the article in the *Nineteenth Century* it would seem that the ultimate object of the writer of that article was to maintain the advantages of that system of nursing against which the London Hospital has already pronounced, viz. *the nursing by members of sisterhoods.* The comparative merits of nurses connected with sisterhoods and nurses free from the obligations of sisterhoods have recently been very warmly discussed. It is unnecessary on the present occasion to touch upon the subject, except in order to state that the London Hospital does not recognise the advantages of sisterhoods, and is not desirous of introducing members of any sisterhood into its wards as nurses. But it is anxious, now as heretofore, to make the system of nursing as perfect as it can be; and the managers, knowing well that 'good nursing is second (if it be second) to good medical and surgical treatment,' will not fail to introduce from time to time any well-considered and practically expedient change and improvement into its nursing system.

ALFRED G. HENRIQUES.

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A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF THE ELECTIONS.

If an article which appeared in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled 'The Docility of an Imperial Parliament,' did not bear about it such evident marks of heat and hurry as to rob it of much of the authority belonging to the name appended to it, I should have declined the invitation of the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* to offer any remarks on the result of the late General Election. Why grope about in the dark, I might have been told, for an explanation of events which lies straight before you in the broad noonday? A wicked, grovelling, treacherous, and abominable Parliament has simply met the doom which every right-thinking man was confident awaited it. But as I cannot believe that the article in question represents either the sober sentiments of the writer himself, or is in harmony with the views of the Liberal party in general, a large proportion of which is included in the sweeping curse pronounced upon the late Parliament, I may be allowed perhaps to proceed on my way without further reference to it.

The first sensation excited in the public mind by the downfall of the late Administration was one of pure astonishment. Its suddenness was startling. In smooth water, under a clear sky, without a note of warning, the ship went straight to the bottom, as if struck by some invisible hand upraised beneath the waters. I am not about to engage in any vindication of the late Government, the sole object of these remarks being to consider what the future has in store for us. But in dwelling on the unexpected issue of the late election it will be impossible to avoid all reference to past circumstances; and I only wish it to be understood that they will be introduced simply in illustration of my argument, and not for the sake of raising any discussion on their merits. I repeat, then, that the complete and instantaneous collapse of the Conservative party smote the vast majority of lookers-on with amazement, wherever they dwelt, to whatever party they belonged, and whatever their vocation in life. It may be quite true that here and there a few individuals, who had taken special trouble to inquire into the matter, had arrived at conclusions somewhat different from the generally prevailing one, and were disposed to believe that the Liberals would gain a small

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majority. Even these, however, in their most sanguine calculations, never dreamed of what actually occurred; while by the great body of the public, by the recognised agents of both political parties, and by the public press in general, it was confidently anticipated that the Government would hold their ground, not indeed with their old majority, but in sufficient numbers to make it impossible for a disunited Opposition to attack them with success. These assertions will no doubt be challenged; and as, unless they can be made good, the rest of what I have to say might just as well not have been written, I must briefly recapitulate the circumstances which seem to me to justify them, at the risk of repeating much which everybody knows already.

We may be told that this conception of what the 'great body of the public' was thinking about the matter had its origin entirely in London, where, the subsequent verdicts of the metropolitan constituencies notwithstanding, there was a great preponderance of feeling among the classes just above the lowest in favour of the Conservative Government. It was all-powerful in the City; it flourished in great strength at the West-end, and was fostered and inflated by the cynical Toryism of the clubs. Now there are undoubtedly some elements of Liberalism—and those, it must be granted, especially hostile to the late Administration—which are more visible to the naked eye in country towns than they are in London. Nonconformity is one of these; perhaps the temperance movement is another. Both of these are, comparatively speaking, lost to view in the immensity of the metropolis, and it is perfectly intelligible that any one mixing in the general society of a town like Leicester or Nottingham should have detected more signs of hostility to the Government than one whose observations were confined solely to the metropolis. Let this admission be taken for what it is worth. My appeal is to common experience—the common experience of all those whom business or pleasure has carried not to this town particularly or that, but all over England, north, south, east, and west, during the last three years—and I ask all the readers of this periodical whether, of all the men of this class with whom they have come in contact within the period mentioned, nineteen out of twenty have not given the same report of the political opinion of the country. Commercial travellers, dealers of every kind attending the great fairs and markets, newspaper reporters, Government inspectors—I care not who—one and all have had the same story to tell. I am of course speaking in general terms. There have doubtless been exceptions, and at this point I may as well protest against that kind of criticism which is so aptly illustrated by Dr. Johnson: 'If I come to an orchard, and say "There's no fruit here," and there comes a poring man who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, "Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears," I should laugh at him: what would that be to the

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purpose?' I feel convinced that on the whole the experience of all my readers will confirm what I say: namely, that a very general impression prevailed all over the country that popular feeling was so far in favour of the Ministry as to make any immediate change of government extremely improbable; that this was the conclusion to be gathered from what the traveller overheard in his third-class carriage, the passenger in his daily omnibus, the tourist at his *table d'hôte*, the merchant in the town exchange, from what all sorts and conditions of men reported as the current talk of the places which they most frequented; and that this conclusion was accepted as more or less well founded by both the Liberal and the Conservative parties. It may be added here that although this estimate was not justified by the event, the fact will be found only to strengthen the case which it is my object to establish. Evidence of popular feeling on questions of great public moment, which escapes the observation of the great mass of the upper and lower classes, is really no evidence at all. We may apply to it the old maxim *De non apparentibus*. And it is to the danger of such a state of things that I wish to call particular attention.

In the next place there is the testimony afforded by the bye-elections which occurred between 1874 and 1880. I have already said that the present article is not intended as any vindication of the late Government. But in order to show still more clearly how very natural was the surprise created by its fall, we must consider that between 1874 and 1880 the consituencies had ample opportunities of showing their disapproval of the Government had they really felt it. But what are the facts? In February 1874 the Conservative majority was 46. In March 1880 it was 39. During the six years of Lord Beaconsfield's administration the Conservative party lost only four seats.[1] As it seems to be generally allowed that every government, from sheer impatience or disappointment among the constituencies, must expect to lose a few seats in the course of its tenure of power, a government could hardly lose less than Lord Beaconsfield's; and it was impossible, therefore, that the public at large should accept such losses as any evidence of its general unpopularity. On the contrary, they would naturally draw the opposite conclusion from it; nor are we left without a most important witness to the legitimacy of that conclusion. Writing to the *Times* on the 14th of April, Mr. Melly, the chairman of the Liverpool Reform Club, admits that if a dissolution had taken place in 1878, 'the figures would have been different:' *i.e.* that an appeal to the people exclusively on the foreign policy of the Government would have renewed the Conservative majority. On the other hand it can hardly be any failure in the

[1] Norwich being a vacant Liberal seat, these four count only seven instead of eight on a division.

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domestic policy of the Government which has alienated the working class; for almost all that the Government has done in the way of domestic legislation has been for the benefit of the working class. Mr. Mundella and Mr. Macdonald are our witnesses to the great popularity of such measures as the Factories and Workshops Act, the Enclosure of Commons Act, the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, the Masters and Workmen Act; and to these we may add the remission of the sugar duties and the exemptions from income-tax.

Seeing, therefore, that the domestic legislation of the Government has been altogether favourable to the working classes, and that when they had the opportunity of condemning its foreign policy they did not take advantage of it—combining, that is, what the Government notably had done to gratify the working class, what the working class in turn had not done to show their disapproval of the Government, and what the current opinion of the day declared to be the probable event—I think I may fairly say that the great body of the public had every reason to be amazed and confounded by the result. It might be urged, perhaps, that a great effect had been produced by the eloquent and vigorous declamation of Mr. Gladstone addressed at the eleventh hour to the electors of Midlothian. We all know the weight of Mr. Gladstone's arm:

Quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.

But there was no evidence of such effect. His tour in Scotland was followed by contested elections in three most important English boroughs, which all told in favour of the Government, and that, too, in emphatic terms. In one great Liberal constituency in the north of England, where no Conservative was supposed to have a chance, the Liberal candidate only won by so small a majority that the triumph of his opponent at the next opportunity was confidently predicted, and the prediction was actually realised. In another great constituency equally devoted to Liberalism for the last fifty years, the Conservative candidate polled more votes than the two Liberals put together. These events did not seem to betoken any change in the feeling of the people, produced either by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence or any other cause. Yet, with the cheers of the great Southwark victory still ringing in its ears, the Government, on appealing to the country, went down in a moment, as though the ground beneath its feet had been a quicksand.

It seems to me, I must confess, that the event is one to excite the most serious reflections in politicians of all shades. It is useless, I suppose, to disclaim party motives; but, useless or not, I can most honestly declare that I am actuated by none such at the present moment. That the government of this country, whether Liberal or Conservative, should be at the mercy of a popular opinion, working, as it were, underground, invisible, inaudible, inscrutable, and throw-

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ing up no indications whatever to mark the course which it is taking—that it should be possible both for political parties and for the general public to remain to the last in total ignorance of the intentions of that great lower class which can turn elections at its will—is not only so remote from the common-sense of politics, but so manifestly inconsistent with the maintenance of any dignified or regular system of government, that it is not necessary for a man to be on the losing side to make him anxious about our political future.

Besides, it is important to remember that even in 1874 a surprise of the same kind, though not nearly so startling or so absolute, was the result of Mr. Gladstone's dissolution. During the five years of his administration the Liberal party had lost twenty-two seats, but the Government majority was still between seventy and eighty when the elections began. The general opinion then was that it would be reduced perhaps to twenty or thirty, or even to ten or a dozen; some sanguine politicians calculated on a slight Conservative majority. But the result was a surprise all round. There appeared to be no adequate reason for so violent a revulsion of feeling. Some considerable irritation was known to have been produced among important classes of the community, but nobody calculated on so violent a demonstration of resentment. Six years have passed away, and we see another resilience of opinion far more violent than the last, and far less capable of explanation. The conclusion is forced upon one that the classes in whose hands political power is now deposited cannot be trusted to support the policy of any government, even though they may have given unequivocal signs of their approval of it, whenever any temporary inconvenience or physical depression happens to cross their path and put them out of conceit with their former idol. A majority of the people of this country did undoubtedly approve of the foreign policy of the Government; that much is admitted by its adversaries. This policy might be wise or foolish, just or unjust. Its quality is nothing to the purpose. The important fact is that the people believed in it, and must have believed, therefore, that the welfare of this country was involved in it. Yet when they are called on to support the Administration which was pledged to that policy, so far from showing any sense of the magnitude of the issues at stake, they virtually declare that they will try a change of government 'for luck;' that, as the existing Government has been attended by bad times and bad weather, another perhaps will bring better; and, at all events, that after one party has been in office six years, it is time the other had its innings. The wanton levity, or else the total insensibility to the gravity of their own duties, which such a use of their power implies in those who are now 'our masters,' is enough to fill any man, whether he has gained or lost by it for the moment, with the most gloomy and sickening forebodings. And that is what

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has actually occurred. I am confident that, when the first flush of triumph has passed away, Liberals themselves will be the first to acknowledge the danger which now lies ahead of us. I am certain even now that if Conservative and Liberal partisans, dropping the tricks of the trade, were to talk confidentially with each other, there would, on this point at least, be very little difference between them.

Prior to 1867 political parties held power for considerable terms of years—sixty, forty, or thirty years, during which time the whole world knew pretty well what our policy was likely to be. From 1835 to 1865, for instance, a species of gentle Liberalism was in the ascendant, which never varied very greatly whoever might happen to be in office. And will any one venture to believe that if Mr. Gladstone had been brought into power in 1868 by the old constituencies, with a full concurrence in the general principles of his policy, he would have been ejected as he was in 1874; or that if Lord Beaconsfield had been brought in by the old constituencies in 1874, with the same full concurrence in the general principles of his policy, he would have been ejected as he has been in 1880? No one, I am certain, will maintain such an opinion for a moment. The relative strength of parties might have been considerably modified, but no such absolute *bouleversement* as that of this year and six years ago would have been possible without frequent and unmistakable premonitions of it.

The question then is whether we are to expect a constant repetition of such doings; whether we are to have a system not only of septennial parliaments, but also of septennial ministries, each in turn representing one of two rival parties; and whether both our foreign and domestic policy is to be in a constant flux, so that no reliance is to be placed on our continuance in any one path or our support of any one ally? Is every election henceforth to be a leap in the dark; and is the franchise to be used by an overwhelming majority of the enfranchised, solely with a view to the petty accidents of the moment and without any regard to the highest interests of the State? It has been said, we believe with great truth, that it is difficult for uneducated minds to dissociate the two ideas of power and mischief; and on that hypothesis we may infer that the lowest class of voters regard every government in turn as their natural enemy, and only enthrone one because that is a necessary condition of pulling down another. If, however, the exercise of political power after this fashion is what we have now to expect as the inevitable result of enfranchising the working classes, it may possibly not be too late to devise some intervening check. The Reform Bill of 1867 was clearly unavoidable. It was as much the necessary result of the Act of 1832, as the enfranchisement of the peasantry is the necessary sequel to the enfranchisement of the artisan. But it does not follow that it was a good

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thing in itself. The real authors of the mischief, however, were not those who saw the futility of attempting to set up an intermediate pecuniary qualification between the ten-pound suffrage and the rate-paying suffrage—a barrier that must have been swept away almost as soon as it was erected—but those who fifty years ago did not use the opportunity vouchsafed to them to introduce greater elements of permanence into the new political settlement.

We hear a great deal of the 'practical anomalies' which led to the first Reform Bill, and there was no denying their magnitude. But nobody inquired at the time—perhaps at such times it never is inquired—whether, under the anomalies complained of, any system or principle was concealed, which in some form or other it might be worth while to endeavour to preserve, or for which a substitute must be found. Such questions are too intricate for discussion in times of great popular excitement and in the heat of Parliamentary debate. They can only be considered in the closet; and I am not aware of any work in which this question was investigated prior to 1832. The people of England, I believe, had accepted these anomalies for so many generations because they unconsciously saw in the old borough system the indirect means of perpetuating the form of government to which they had always been accustomed—government on all Imperial questions by the Crown and the aristocracy, on financial ones by the House of Commons. Originally the House of Commons was assembled exclusively to vote supplies; and though it is not to be supposed that a body of men so circumstanced did not occasionally discuss other matters, or express opinions on the policy of the Government, its functions, on the whole, were financial, and while they continued to be so its constitution was really democratic. But as it gradually acquired new powers and extended its jurisdiction to new spheres of action, the nomination boroughs became the means of keeping the direction of affairs substantially in the same hands. As the popular assembly became more and more powerful, it became less and less popular, thus insensibly adapting itself to the constitutional system with which it had been incorporated, and retaining the confidence of the nation as long as it secured the objects for which alone the nation really cared. It was this perfect harmony between the actual results of the old borough system and the traditional theory of the Constitution which blinded people to its practical anomalies. But as long-continued popular distress and the existence of great practical abuses, unnoticed during the excitement of war, gradually undermined the confidence of the people in their old aristocratic system, the singular machinery by which it had so long been supported began to attract more of their attention; and their eyes became fixed on these 'anomalies,' to the neglect of all other considerations.

The favourable moment, therefore, was allowed to pass, and we

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have only now to note the failure of every attempt which has since been made to find an equivalent for what was then abandoned—some means, that is, of keeping the democratic element in the Constitution from overpowering every other class, and of securing to the aristocracy of intelligence some such control over numbers as was exercised by the aristocracy of birth. We have now looming in no remote future that final trial of strength between property and numbers which, in Dr. Arnold's opinion, has never terminated in any country without great and irreparable disasters. How, then, can we avert them in this country?

Many proposals have been made for establishing some such securities as I have here referred to, but none as yet which have recommended themselves to practical politicians. It is probable that in 1832 the system of plurality of votes might have been introduced without difficulty; and although there are many objections to such a plan, it is perhaps as simple and as equitable a one as any that have yet been suggested. But what might very well have formed part of the original scheme, before the people had begun to use their power, and when there would have seemed nothing strange in establishing some compensation for the loss of what constituted the steadying elements of the old system, could hardly be attempted now with any hope of success, when the very loss in question has come to seem an integral and essential part of the whole reform, and when such a scheme would confessedly aim at taking away some part of the power which the people have now exercised for years. It is, however, not improbable that the violent oscillations of the electoral machine which we have lately experienced may set people thinking afresh upon this point before the introduction of the new Reform Bill which we are to expect at the hands of the Liberal Government. It cannot be for the interests of the nation at large that opinion, or what stands for such, should be perpetually swinging backwards and forwards as it has done since 1868. And the reconstruction of our county system, if dealt with in a statesmanlike spirit, might afford an opportunity of ballasting the vessel so as to prevent the ill effects of a blind rush to one side or the other on the part of the uneducated classes. At the same time it will be as well that any Government, in the matter of a County Reform Bill, should proceed with circumspection. Granted that it is not only the logical conclusion of the reform begun fifty years ago, but also, what cannot perhaps so easily be proved, that the peasantry have a right to the franchise because it has been given to the artisans, it does not follow that the Government of the day may not choose its own time for introducing a measure so important. And it is exceedingly questionable whether at the present moment the agricultural labourer is not less fit than he was in 1867 for the exercise of this privilege. Since that time we have seen the growth of a rural chartism not dissimilar in many respects to the

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urban chartism of forty years ago. Like that, no doubt, it has been provoked by real wrongs; but like that also it has become the nurse of many wild delusions and mischievous theories which it is needless to say the country will never allow to be reduced to practice, but which, if not allowed to die out before political power is conferred on those who entertain them, may lead to deplorable results. Nobody, we suppose, is more thoroughly acquainted with the English agricultural poor than Mr. Richard Jefferies. In his latest work on this subject he tells us what are the nine points of the new 'cottage charter.' They are as follows: '(1) The confiscation of large estates. (2) The subdivision of land. (3) The abolition of the laws of settlement of land. (4) The administration of the land by the authorities of State. (5) The confiscation of glebe lands for division and distribution. (6) The abolition of church tithes. (7) Extension of the county franchise. (8) Education gratis, free of fees or payment of any kind. (9) High wages, winter and summer alike, irrespective of season, prosperity, or adversity.' He adds, what may be perfectly true, that the only point for which the majority of the labourers care is the last one. But if they are told that they cannot get that except through the medium of the others, they will demand all. Besides, there is, he allows, a considerable minority among the peasantry who really do care for the others, and a minority consisting for the most part of the younger and more vigorous men. They may be few in number as yet; but while the spirit is abroad none can say how far it may spread. And if we consider what might have been the consequence of passing in 1839 the Reform Bill of 1867, we shall perhaps hesitate to extend the Act of 1867 to a population under the same class of delusions which prevailed in 1839. Sooner or later, however, the electoral rights of the town and county population must be placed upon the same footing; and then will be the time to consider whether anything can be done to remedy the evil to which I have ventured in this article to call attention. Merely to add on to the working-class constituencies of the towns a new working-class constituency belonging to the counties, would simply intensify the mischief till the state of things became absolutely intolerable, and relief would be sought perhaps in a direction the reverse of liberal. At all events I feel convinced that the evil complained of must in time be recognised even by those who have immediately profited by it. I may have painted it in too vivid colours: I am quite alive to that possibility. But I say that it exists; that it is no creature of the imagination; and that it will form one of the most perplexing factors with which we shall have to reckon in the political arrangements of the future.

I know that there is a great deal of this from which partisans on both sides will dissent. Conservatives, I know, will maintain that the loss of seats was mainly due to an accumulation of minor causes with which Government could not be supposed to be acquainted, and not

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to any general, even supposing it to be temporary, dissatisfaction. Some seats of course, which were snatched in 1874 out of the jaws of their opponents, they expected to lose. Some were lost through false security, some for want of due attention on the part of members to their constituents, others by the superior organisation which was insured by a larger expenditure. If from thirty to forty seats were lost in this manner during the first few days, the impetus thereby imparted to the Liberal attack cost as many more. Add a *quantum sufficit* of commercial and agricultural depression, and you have the whole catastrophe explained. The very smallness of the majorities by which so many seats have been won and lost goes far to confirm this view. I am far from saying that there is nothing at all in any of these representations; there may possibly be a good deal. But whatever truth they may contain does not affect what I have been saying, for nobody beforehand anticipated so total a discomfiture on any one of these grounds. And if so great and violent a change, fraught with such momentous possibilities, can be brought about by such comparatively paltry agencies without anybody suspecting their activity, the fact only strengthens my argument. How can we rely from day to day on a public opinion dependent on such influences; how can we measure it or gauge it for our guidance on great national questions? Liberal partisans, on the other hand, declare that if men will shut their eyes they cannot expect to see; that the municipal elections of last autumn showed which way public feeling was running; that many of the Liberal members who in the last Parliament supported Ministers have lost their seats; and would the Opposition leaders have been so anxious for a dissolution if they had not known they were to win by it? The municipal elections might possibly have suggested something had they not been followed immediately by the Liverpool, Sheffield, and Southwark elections; but their significance, never at any time very great, was utterly drowned in the much greater significance very naturally attached to these contests. That Liberal members who supported the late Government have since been unseated may also be some evidence that the Government was unpopular. But unless some warning had been given to these gentlemen—unless they had some reason to believe that the votes which they recorded for Ministers were unpalatable to their constituents—their defeat is only an additional illustration of what I am striving to establish. That the leaders of the Opposition should have been anxious for a dissolution is easily explained. They could not be worse off than they were, and it was all but certain that they would be better; whereas, the longer the dissolution was deferred, the more chance was there that the recovery of trade and agriculture might strengthen the hands of the Administration.

'The Government,' says the *Edinburgh Review*, 'had lost the confidence of the country without knowing it.' But that is precisely

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my case. That is just what Mr. Gladstone had done in 1874; and it is in the possibility of a government losing the confidence of the country without knowing it, and without its being known or suspected by three-fourths of the upper and lower middle classes, that the very danger consists which it has been the object of this paper to describe. It is easy to be wise after the event. But that the result of the election was never for one moment anticipated by the great body of the English people, any more than it was by the Government, is a proposition which I am certain will be affirmed by the general experience of the public. What was the turn of the Conservatives yesterday may be the turn of the Liberals to-morrow; and it might be well if both sides would consider what measures can be taken to steady the motion of the body politic, and to prevent the government of the country from becoming merely a government of impulse—an impulse, too, proceeding from a class of society which is necessarily under the dominion of its physical wants, and the members of which, from the very circumstances which surround them, creating as they do a marked uniformity of thought and character, are prone to follow one another, and to rush altogether in the same direction as hope or fear may instigate them.

The lowest stratum of the constituencies which exists in our great towns is one of which we know nothing. What do the inhabitants of Belgrave or of Grosvenor Square, or the occupiers of the luxurious villas which encircle our parks and gardens—what do the dwellers in Bayswater or in Bloomsbury, or the barrister in the Temple, or the tradesman in the Strand or Regent Street, know of the labouring population which surrounds them? What does such a man know of the cobbler who makes his shoes, of the tailor who makes his clothes, of the blacksmith who shoes his horses, of the carpenter who mends his chairs? He knows some of their masters. He knows the polite and smiling gentleman who receives his order, and who very likely lives himself in a house worth several hundreds a year. But what does he know of the workpeople? Nothing, absolutely nothing. He almost rubs shoulders with a class of whom he positively knows no more than if they were at Timbuctoo, and who know, of course, as little of him. They see his splendour or his comfort, but he does not see their squalor. The two are knit together by none of those charities and courtesies which mark the intercourse of rich and poor in the country. The upper classes of society in the country know the poorer classes thoroughly well; and whatever may be thought of the relations which have long existed between them, there is at least no ignorance of each other's habits, thoughts, and characters. In great cities this ignorance is, I fear, profound; for as it is in London, so I apprehend it is in all our other great towns. And this fact it is which is calculated to inspire so much anxiety when we reflect on recent events, and on others but a little more remote. We are in the hands of an invisible

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power, neither malignant, nor lawless, nor furious, but blind, unreflecting, and credulous. And surely, when we see it rushing from one extreme to another with such precipitancy as has lately been exhibited, he is no alarmist who suggests that we have some reason to be anxious for the future stability of society.

Finally, let me repeat once more that all which I have written relates exclusively to the *evidence* which existed down to last March of any such change of opinion as the present election has discovered, and of such evidence as is palpable to all men who take a reasonable interest in politics. I am neither denying nor affirming that the policy of the Government was wise, just, and beneficial. That question has nothing at all to do with the one raised in these pages. It lies very close to it; but it runs on parallel lines, and the two do not touch each other at all. I say that the election took the country by surprise; that we have no guarantee that future elections will not be of the same kind; that the ultimate result must be the alternate succession of Conservatives and Liberals to power for short terms of years, with little or no regard to the highest class of political questions; that such a system must be demoralising to the nation, and infinitely injurious to the State; and that consequently it is the duty of all Liberals as well as of all Conservatives, who look to something beyond the accidents of the hour, to consider well if nothing can be done to counteract a tendency which is fraught with such disastrous consequences.

I have said nothing of the county elections, because the meaning of the agricultural vote where it was given against the Conservatives is perfectly well known, and because farmers are a class whom we all know and understand. The danger, therefore, to which I call attention, is not in any way illustrated by the behaviour of the county constituencies.

T. E. KEBBEL.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Considering that Mr. Grant Duff has found it admissible to divide the politicians of the Conservative party in England into Black and White Jingoes, I have but the alternative to come forward in the hitherto nondescript character of a Foreign Jingo. This is, at all events, a rather curious denomination, and I must therefore account for the reasons which induce me to do so. Firstly I have to say why I come forward at all, and secondly, what are the arguments upon which I base my political views of that highly interesting question of rivalry between England and Russia in Central Asia.

I am fully aware of the somewhat queer position into which I get by mixing in the politics of a country which I like and admire, but to which I am a foreigner. The many anonymous letters, nay, postcards, in which certain narrow-minded political opponents in England remind me, in not very flattering terms, to 'paddle my own canoe,' to care about the business of my own country, and not to meddle with the affairs of England, might well have cooled my zeal, or impressed me with the belief that I am engaged in a rather useless task. But no! The effect is quite the contrary of what was expected by my adversaries. Their anonymous sneering has rather encouraged and raised my spirits; I am the more ready for a fight, for I get convinced of the necessity that an impartial writer, whose eyes are not blinded by the thick veil of smoke rising out of the fire of party struggle, must obviously view the details of that ques-

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tion in a much clearer light, and that he will not stumble over the blocks which so often bar the way of a home politician towards the foreign policy of his country.

In reviewing the line of policy pursued by English statesmen in the course of the last decades in the East, we shall discover the cardinal mistake in the ignorance or in the insufficient appreciation of the great difference which exists between Eastern and Western politics. I mean to say, in their disregarding entirely that peculiar spirit of the Asiatics, and of the Mohammedan Asiatics in general, after which the only possible sound policy can be shaped. Before all, it ought to be borne in mind that the political maxims and theories employed in Europe and in reference to Europeans can be of no avail in Asia and with Asiatics. The man in the Old World, a greyhaired child, is particularly fond of diplomatising, of tricks and of subterfuges; he never shows his colours, not even to his friends and nearest relatives, and still less in his dealings with the European; and being under the continual impression of distrust, fear, and suspicion caused by the overwhelming superiority of the West, he very naturally never expects sincerity and straightforwardness from the latter—nay, he will show the more reticence, the greater the frankness with which he is met. It would be idle to suppose that these greyhaired children do or can pursue, with their intrigues and dissimulation, some serious aim. No; nothing of the kind, for a deeper look into the history of our transactions with the East will show that the most brilliant stars on the heaven of Turkish, Persian, and Afghan diplomacy were and are, when viewed from a near vicinity, but very modestly twinkling tiny sparks, very poor diplomatists, to whom Prince Bismarck would scarcely confide a second-rate consular post. Russia alone had always a keen eye for the discernment of this discrepancy; she always showed a particular aptitude in the selection of the proper means to deal with her adversaries in Asia. She never indulged in illusions about the good faith of Asiatic statesmen, and has consequently never had to experience such bitter disappointments as the English found quite recently in their dealing with Shir Ali and Yakoob Khan. It is certainly a very laudable act, and worthy of the moral standpoint of our Christian civilisation, to adhere in Asia strictly to our principles of morality; but we ought never to forget that it is a very useless undertaking to parade before a blind man with a Raphael cartoon. It is our duty, before all things, to open his eyes; we have to modify and to adapt our means in order to approach him more closely, and then we may nourish the hope of transforming gradually that abject character of his, and of bringing him round to our notions of justice and righteousness. Russia, as far as historical evidence proves, never aspired to produce such a change of morality in the East; she has always had but aggrandisement and material ends in view. But England, to whom her staunchest enemy will not deny the

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title of a real representative of Western culture, has to prosecute essentially different aims. With her the material advantages are only the basis for moral results, and therefore she is bound to be particularly careful in her operations in the East; for the success she has to insure does not regard only the national interest of Great Britain, but eminently the future standing of our Western civilisation, nay, the sacred cause of humanity, in the distant regions of the Old World.

Next to the shortcomings produced by impracticable and one-sided political measures, England must too frequently expiate the heat of contest with which party-fights are fought at home, and by which the agency of her power and influence abroad becomes sometimes of a rather problematic nature. I do not agree with those who say that the *sic volo sic jubeo* of a despotic government is more efficient for the extension of national greatness abroad than the will of a free constitutional people, but I expect this will to be a unanimous one, not like that in England, where politicians of the ultra-Liberal party publicly declare in Parliament that they would like to see if that horrible beast, called the British Lion, would burst in the East—politicians who make no secret of it that they would exult in England's losing India, in the chance of Constantinople becoming a Russian town, and in other similar pious expectations. But we ought not to forget that the vehemence and injustice of party criticism must in the end slacken the most fervent zeal of gifted patriots, and diminish greatly the number of those who leave their insular home in order to earn distinctions and merits in the distant East. It would be useless to deny the fact that the England of to-day is not half so rich in statesmen versed in Eastern politics as this very England was at the beginning of the present century. Nor can I conceal from myself the impression that the interest shown by the English public at large towards the various topics referring to the East is scarcely adequate to the duty which England, as the greatest Mohammedan Power, has taken upon herself. There are comparatively but very few meetings, very few papers, in which that highly important question of transforming the social condition of forty millions of Mohammedans is discussed; and the public opinion elicited from time to time in reference to political events in Central Asia manifests either very scanty information on the subject, or is to such a degree imbued with party spirit that it helps little or nothing towards the formation of a sound judgment, and has more an embroiling than a clearing effect.

I suppose that those who know the tendency of my political writings during the last sixteen years will not attribute my finding fault with a certain class of English politicians to a preconceived anti-English feeling. Nor can I be accused of a particular predilection for one party. I had to point out these errors in order to prove that they are the very fount and origin of the misjudgment and false

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interpretation in which the latest events in Afghanistan and beyond the frontiers of that country have been viewed and expounded in England. To begin with Afghanistan, I must say at once that nothing was more painful and afflicting for the impartial observer than the unjustified compassion and commiseration which was shown to the well-deserved fate of Shir Ali Khan, who has almost been depicted with a halo of martyrdom suffered through the cruel and inhuman treatment of the late Government. I wish that these softhearted humanitarian writers could have spent a few weeks with me in the society of those rapacious, treacherous, and cruel Asiatics, called Afghans, or that they could have had the opportunity of penetrating into the detestable mysteries of character of the ruling classes in the Mohammedan world. I am sure their mind would have been essentially changed in reference to that innocent lamb Shir Ali, and they would discover at once that the rupture between England and Afghanistan, far from having been provoked by the over-zealous activity and vainglory of the English Conservatives, is nothing but the simple and natural result of the dealings of a distrustful and avaricious Asiatic despot with a credulous, frank, and straightforward European. It is not my intention to reopen the rather too much lengthened controversy as to the right or wrong of England's interference in Afghanistan, but I cannot suppress my full conviction that the recent war may well have been delayed, but could scarcely have been avoided, having been forced upon England partly by the personal character of the late Shir Ali himself, partly by the interference of Russia, to whom the demonstration of the British fleet before Constantinople was a means and not the cause of aggression. As to Shir Ali Khan, I am at a loss to understand, firstly, how an English statesman could ever have expected an Afghan prince, whose nation is in a deadly dread of the English, and whose savage fanaticism is boundless, to become a trustworthy and reliable ally. We always hear about the good faith and valuable services the late Dost Mohammed rendered to Great Britain during the Sepoy revolution; but it ought to be borne in mind that the abstinence of the grey Afghan wolf did not lie so much in his love and sincerity for the English, as in his firm belief of the superiority and final success of the British arms. Had the Russians been in 1857 in Samarkand, as they are to-day, it may be taken for granted that all the exertions and all the wisdom of Edwardes would have proved useless; for the old Dost, in spite of his former resultless stipulations with Vitkevitch, would scarcely have abstained from an inroad into the Peshawur territory. Secondly, putting aside all the Asiatic propensities of the bilious and avaricious late Afghan ruler, how could it have been forgotten that Shir Ali was at the very outset of his career not only slighted, but sadly forsaken, by the Indian Government? The famous letter of Lord Lawrence, in which it was said to him,

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'Aide-toi et le bon Dieu anglais t'aidera,' did not sound very encouraging at a time when, beset on all sides by enemies and void of all means, he had to fight hard for the recovery of his throne. Or have the opponents of an active policy really the *naïveté* to believe that a revengeful Barekzi can readily forget what he fancies an offence, and that in his subsequent relations with the Viceroys of India he should come forward as a feeling friend and grateful ally? It is now sufficiently proved that he left the meeting of Umballah dissatisfied, not seeing the deep pockets of his *chogha* so amply filled as he expected; that he sent with reluctance his Vezir Noor-Ullah to Peshawur, where all the abilities of Sir Lewis Pelly must have failed; and that finally he had to refuse the embassy of Sir Nevile Chamberlain not only because advised to do so by General Stolyetoff, but also to mantle his falsehood, having years ago consistently refused to receive an English envoy at Kabul, declaring himself unable to guarantee the safety of a Feringhee, whilst the Russian Christian was met everywhere with distinctions and outbursts of joy by Shir Ali, as by his pious Mohammedan subjects.

So much for Shir Ali as the promoter of the recent war between England and Afghanistan. Turning now to the Russian agency, I have already pointed out that England's threatening position during the late Turco-Russian war did not so much create as accelerate the anger of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and the consequent move to the country on the left bank of the Oxus. The concatenation of the recent events with those of 1839–42 is too clearly visible to escape attention. The first acts of the drama are almost the same, only the names of the performers are changed; the unfortunate Cavagnari substituted for the ingenious Burnes, Stolyetoff acting in the part of the shamefully disowned Pole, Captain Vitkevitch. Happily Sir F. Roberts has turned out a better general than Sir John Kaye, and, nourishing the hope that there will be no necessity for a Pollock No. 2, we dare to say the second performance of the drama will not conclude as a tragedy, and further that it will not be performed again. Suffice it to say, if Russia found it advisable to despatch in 1839 an agent to the Court of Kabul, and to revolutionise the whole country from the Araxes to the Indus, when there was no British fleet in the Bosphorus and no Indian army in Malta, and when she was several hundred miles distant from the Oxus—nay, without any firm footing in Khirgiz Steppes—how can any one pretend that the recent intrigues of General Kaufmann beyond the Hindukush were only provoked by England's philo-Turkish policy? And further, to what purpose did Russia spend the money given to Abdurrahman, the presents given to the chief of Badakhshan, and to the late Shir Ali? Why all the multifarious exertions, which date long before the outbreak of the Turco-Russian war, if she really had no intentions upon Afghanistan? Can we style this movement of Russia a being dragged reluctantly into action?

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No! In viewing the ethnical and political conditions of Afghanistan—the unruly temper of the inhabitants and the utter impossibility of a homogeneous rule—and in considering fully the position of Russia on the left bank of the Oxus—of that Russia who will never renounce her lust for secret machinations—we shall needs be convinced that the idea of making Afghanistan a neutral zone between the two rival powers is a preposterous and an impossible one. A buffer, whose interior is hollow and rotten can and will further only the aims of that power who likes to indulge in mole-work, and who in the subterranean gallery of diplomacy will the easier reach her goal of desire; but it can and will never afford any security to the other power, who, whilst shunning all further territorial conquests, is only on the outlook for a firm and solid wall, for a barrier against the threatening avalanche. Such being the case, we can hardly see how the late Government can be found fault with for having tried to make of the hitherto unsettled and weak Afghan neighbour a firm and reliable ally; and why should we wonder that, when the said ends proved unattainable, the same Government had to resort to the 'scientific frontier,' a policy which, however much derided, offers still the only practical and recommendable measure under the present circumstances? The pros and cons of this question having been so variously discussed by competent military authorities, I would only add that the extent of that frontier does not and ought not to depend so much upon the goodwill and intention of British statesmen as upon the movements Russia is making, or preparing to make, on that tract of Central Asia which lies between the Northrand of Iran and the Murgab and between the left bank of the Oxus. If it were really possible to transform the country of the Afghans into that desirable buffer, in the feasibility of which a great political party in England even now believes, I would at once declare the 'scientific frontier' superfluous; but as there is no doubt of the impracticability of that design, it must be taken as a strict rule that to every Russian move towards the South an English step towards the North must unavoidably correspond. To Russia tampering with the Yomut Turkomans on the Görgen, and to her standing on the Hyrcanian steppe, the English occupation of Quetta was the appropriate answer; and as the Court of St. Petersburg seems to persevere in the plan referring to the culture-oases of the Tekke Turkomans, which simply means the earlier or later occupation of Merv and of the western outrunners of the Paropamisus, it is not only incumbent upon England, but it is her imperative duty, to hold Kandahar, and to connect this place, through the railway now under construction, with the main body of her Indian possessions. We all of us know that from the time when good old General Jacob came forward with his important schemes referring to the country north of the Bolan Pass—schemes which are now so ably supported by other authori-

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ties—there was always, as there is even now in certain quarters, a great aversion against the pushing forwards of the British outposts in that or in any other direction beyond the so-called natural boundary of the Suleiman range; but I am at a loss to understand how this aversion and antipathy can be reconciled with the settled opinion of those who publicly say that Russia's interference with Afghanistan would simply mean war on the side of the English. Thirty or forty years ago that aversion and antipathy may have been justified, but not at present, when Russia's nominal frontier is on the right bank of the Oxus, and the real sphere of her influence extends to Mazendran and Khorasan, to the Murgab, to Balkh, and far into Badakhshan. I beg leave to ask, does this not mean interference with Afghanistan, and was it not necessary, nay unavoidable, to meet Russia's progress towards the South with a similar move towards the North?

It is useless arguing that since Russia has not crossed the Oxus at Shirabad or Kerki, we cannot impeach her of any actual interference with Afghanistan. Russia was never overhasty in her movements. Her usual way of progress consists at first of a right and a left lateral movement; and then only follows the irrestrainable advance of the central force, backed on both sides by the previously located wings. In her planned conquest of the Central Asiatic Khanates we saw her proceeding in two different lines, on the one side towards the embouchures of the Yaxartes, and on the other towards the Issik-Köl, and it was only after a firm position insured on the two said points that the conquest of the Khanates was successfully effected. On a similar plan is based the encroachment upon which Russia is actually bent. Six or seven years ago we saw her gliding down the east shore of the Caspian to the temporary stoppage of Chikishlar. This is the western or right wing, whilst the eastern or left may be easily discovered in her reiterated 'scientific missions' to the Pamir, in the feelers stretched out towards Gilgit and Yassin, and finally in her skilful manœuvres with China, who runs great risk of losing her Turkestan possessions, and of losing them for ever. With these two standpoints, namely, with Chikishlar or Gömüshtepe on the right, and with Khotan or Kashgar on the left, Russia will be almost sure of success in her future encroachment upon Afghanistan. Politicians of all parties in England are therefore right in viewing such an emergency as a *casus belli*; and, such being the case, we cannot be rebuked for our advocating at the present moment, while the Russian scheme is only in preparation, a solid forward policy—a policy the pivot of which is the retention of Kandahar under all circumstances and at every cost. If the Liberal politicians of England have made up their minds to keep Russia off from Afghanistan, they cannot disown or undo the work of their predecessors in the western part of the said country; but if,

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moved by party spirit or by ill-applied economy, they would like to withdraw to the former line of frontier, they must necessarily contradict their own principle referring to the non-admission of Russian intervention in Afghanistan; for with the Russian outposts at Chat and Ashk-abad, eventually also in Merv on one side, and with the undeniable influence of the General Governor of Tashkend over the upper course of the Oxus, the so-called neutral zone is nearly in the grasp of the Czar, and the English countermove cannot be any longer postponed.

We do not underrate the troubles and expenses England must incur in the pursuance of such a policy, but we beg leave to draw attention to the amount of facilities and to the comparatively greater advantages this position in Western Afghanistan would secure. First of all it may be noted that the ethnical conditions of this part of the country—namely, the various different races, such as Beluches, Brahnis, Afghans, Parsivans, Hezares, Timuris, Djemshidis, &c.—afford certainly more facilities to foreign influence than the homogeneous Afghan masses who live between the Hindukush and the Indus. Secondly, it is proved by historical evidence that the aforesaid mixed population, inhabiting a country which formed the highway from the barren north towards the fertile south, were much more accustomed to foreign rule than the independent *montagnards* of the ancient Ghoristan, a name under which the eastern portion of Afghanistan was known in the Middle Age; and further, that the ethnical conglomeration of the country between the Oxus and India was never united under one sceptre. We saw, during the rule of Ahmed Shah Durani, the Ozbeg chief Shahmurad in possession of Balkh, Kunduz, and Aktche: even Dost Mohammed Khan was unable to extend his power to Kerki, and if Shir Ali did so with the assistance of the English, this cannot be a convincing proof against the indivisibility of the Afghan crown. Thirdly, there is certainly no illusion about the hope that Kandahar will pay the cost of British protection, and that the road connecting this outpost with Shikarpur, in spite of its length, will be much easier safeguarded than any much shorter portion of the way leading from Peshawur towards the Hindukush. This circumstance alone suffices to recommend the evacuation of Kabul, leaving this old seat to such an Afghan ruler as can hold his own in good relations with England. Aware that such a retrogressive step will certainly not heighten the *prestige* of Great Britain in the eyes of Asiatics in India and abroad, we still would recommend it under the condition of retaining Kandahar, which will form an appropriate counterbalance in this regard, and a valuable recompense for Kabul, where I would not mind admitting even Abdurrahman, provided that his Russian propensities be safeguarded sufficiently through the firm position on the northern opening of the Kheiber and Kuram passes.

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There are besides many other reasons which would recommend, if not the continuance, at all events the preservation, of the line of policy the late Government pursued in this direction; but we shall not dwell on it any longer, having before us the not less interesting part of the question, namely, Russia's position in Turkoman Steppe.

Without getting nervous, or Mervous, as the Duke of Argyll jestingly remarked, about the pile of ruins called Merv, or about my former hosts in the north of Persia, who are the most contemptible ruthless robbers, with whom I cannot have any sympathy, I must say at once that Russia's doings on the south-eastern shore of the Caspian Sea are of a very dubious character, and not at all calculated to soothe the apprehension of native and foreign Jingoes. Russian official writers, such as Professor Martens, and his over-zealous colleagues in England, will certainly come forward with their pious indignation against those who venture to suspect the humanitarian doings of Russia in that quarter of the world. Well, I have not the slightest desire to exculpate and to patronise the adventurous knights-errant of the Turkoman Steppes—I go even further in saying that it would be a real blessing for mankind in Persia to have chastised and brought to order these restless remnants of Turanian savageness—but I cannot acquiesce in seeing Russia entrusted with that work—Russia, which is always anxious to parade philanthropic purpose in the interests of her insatiable earth-hunger, and in her secret aggression upon England. Are we really thought naïve enough to believe that twenty millions of roubles spent hitherto in the desert, and other millions which must be spent in future, have no other aim but to serve the sacred cause of humanity? The detached oasis countries in the Küren mountains will never pay the excessive costs of a firm footing, as little as the Khanates will ever pay the Russo-European administration; and just as the protracted march across the Khirgiz Steppes had to be pursued with the distant but sure scheme upon the Khanates, which are looked upon at St. Petersburg as simple *étapes*, so will and can the present march across the Hyrcanian have no other object in view but the approach of the fertile district of Eastern Khorasan, viz. to Herat and its environs. There is no doubt as to this ultimate result of the Russian plans, whether or not people in England get Mervous or nervous about it.

A similar prospect, but with later success, opens with reference to the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg in Eastern Turkestan, where, in spite of all the diplomatic skill of the Chinese, Russia will ultimately triumph, driving the big-talking but helpless and weak Chinese army before her as far as she pleases. It is an erroneous belief to fancy that Chinese proficiency in arms has overthrown the rule of the late Yakub Khan, and reconquered the Thien-shan-nan-lu province. No! the rule of the late Atalik Ghazi crumbled from itself whilst he was yet in life, and yet, had his premature death

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not taken place, the disorderly rabble, called Chinese Army, would not have indulged in the *easy walk* to Kashgar and Yarkend, where the wild confusion and disunion of the Moslem natives, and not military strength, have helped the Chinese to pluck laurels. In this regard I cannot share the opinion expressed in the otherwise very able paper on 'The Chinese in Central Asia,' published in No. 298 of the *Quarterly Review*. It will take a long time before China can cope with Russia, who, even in the case of a peaceable retrocession of Kuldja, will always have the means of proceeding in her policy of aggression until she has reached the foot of the northern slopes of the Kuen-lun mountains, the north-western continuation of which, namely, the Pamir, is actually almost entirely under her sway.

In attributing such far-seeing and portentous schemes to the actually semi-bankrupt and inwardly rotten state of Russia, I know that I shall, in the eyes of a certain class of politicians, come under the charge of inveterate Russophobia and unjustified black-painting. Accustomed as I might have become during the two last decades of my literary career to such charges, I must nevertheless excuse myself by saying: (1) that I do not look upon it as a mere chance that similar views of mine, exhibited years ago, and ridiculed at that time, have since been fulfilled, and that it is not to the sham gift of divination of the former dervish, but to the autoptical experience of a traveller, that I ascribe this sad success; (2) that it is not the Russia of to-day, but the Russia of the near future, from whom I expect the successful execution of these schemes—schemes which are getting riper every day, every hour, and command therefore the assiduous attention of British statesmen, to whatever party they may belong. Now that the excessive heat of party-struggle is gradually subsiding, and that the thick clouds of passion will not any longer prevent the eye of the practical and sound-judging Englishmen from viewing distant objects in the proper light, I believe the time has come to ask: What is the basis upon which the advanced English Liberals would like to build the policy of a mutual understanding with Russia? Do they seriously believe they will find the necessary guarantee for the safety of the British Empire in the promises and good faith of Russian statesmen, and do they really not anticipate any danger from the conterminous neighbourhood of the northern rival close on the frontiers of India?

These questions so variously and frequently discussed during the last decades of the present century, far from finding a proper solution, have, particularly in recent times, elicited such fantastic views and such wild theories, that even a foreign bystander may be pardoned when, impelled by curiosity and by a warm interest of long standing in that matter, he allows himself the interpellation. Let us consider these questions one by one, and let us begin with the mutual understanding.

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When the English friends of Russia—I mean those who are *plus catholique que le Pape*—more Russian than the Russians themselves—in order to exculpate the continual aggression of the Court of St. Petersburg, come forward with the analogy of England's similar doings in the South, they have only proved the unavoidableness of future collisions, and their comparison is certainly wrong in reference to England, who would be a thousand times happier were she to stop at her natural frontier of the Suleiman range, and who but reluctantly moves forward in her self-defence to the great disgust of the British taxpayer. It is only the blind who must fail to see that not an unbounded ambition, nor an 'Imperial' policy, but Russia's secret attacks and insatiable lust of conquest, have forced England to cross the Kheiber and the Bolan.

Here we have a constitutional free people, which clings spasmodically to the strings of the state-purse, and is always unwilling to spend the fruit of its labour upon venturesome undertakings, whilst there we see an unrestrained autocrat, who must lavish the blood and wealth of millions in order to suppress the dismal sound of the clattering of chains in the flourish of idle glory! and this is called analogy of motives? I presume the reader will conceive at once that with such a difference of motives the future prospect of a mutual understanding between England and Russia is a very dark one, and that consequently the idea of exchanging the neighbourhood of the rough, irksome, and barbarian Asiatic for that of the apparently refined European, who wears all kinds of murderous arms concealed under his dress, is the unhappiest possible in the world. If the Indian subjects of her Majesty had progressed so far in their notions about modern or Western civilisation as to appreciate fully the good intentions of their English masters, and the undeniable change for the better which has already taken place in various departments of social and political life—I mean to say, if they were keen enough to discern between the English and the Russian civilising influence in the East—there would not be the slightest fear or danger from the immediate neighbourhood of Russia. But under the actual conditions, when the question whether India be Dar-ul-Harb (Abode of War) or Dar-ul-Islam (Abode of Peace) is still largely discussed, when the innate love for continual change, so common with all Asiatics, nay, with all societies and men in the period of childhood, gives birth to vague hopes and illusions, at such a time England ought not and cannot let her outspoken rival approach the field of her activity, that enclosure upon the gates of which so many heroes have inscribed their names with blood. What use in denying the fact that the North-Western Provinces, nay, the whole Mohammedan portion of India, are yet much like a powder-mill in the close vicinity of which the declared enemy cannot be admitted? Those who believe that England may avert the seditious

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designs of Russia by a similar attack upon Turkestan are grossly mistaken; for the utterly coward and unpatriotic inhabitants of the Khanates can hardly be revolutionised, whilst the inimical spark thrown upon the soil of India will necessarily cause the most fearful destruction. With the settled Ozbegs, Tadjiks, Sarts, and Kuramas, any catastrophe like that of the Sepoy revolution of 1857 is wholly unimaginable.

Suffice it to say that the only means left to England to stave off successfully the plots of her rival consists exclusively in unremitting watchfulness, and not in the idle hope of a future good understanding between the two rival Powers. It would be certainly most desirable, in the interest of the civilisation of India, that the two great representatives of our Western culture should come to a mutual understanding; but the *dictum* of optimist writers, that Asia is big enough for the activity of both great Powers, is unfortunately an empty phrase, and the old Persian poet when saying 'Ten dervishes have room on one carpet, but not two kings in one country,' is pretty near the truth. It is obviously clear that the eventual costs of the policy of extreme watchfulness and of other steps connected with it may find a more useful application in the material and moral development of India; but the acre field which we intend to till and to cultivate must be, before all, made safe against the covetousness of our neighbour. The money spent upon the late Afghan war will be only thrown away if the present Government should undo the work of their predecessors—a work commanded by urgent necessity, and executed as effectually as local conditions and political party spirit in England have permitted.

A. VAMBÉRY.

Pesth: May 1880.

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ON THE METHOD OF ZADIG:

RETROSPECTIVE PROPHECY AS A FUNCTION OF SCIENCE.

'Une marque plus sûre que toutes celles de Zadig.'—CUVIER.[1]

IT is a usual and a commendable practice to preface the discussion of the views of a philosophic thinker by some account of the man and of the circumstances which shaped his life and coloured his way of looking at things; but, though Zadig is cited in one of the most important chapters of Cuvier's greatest work, little is known about him, and that little might perhaps be better authenticated than it is.

It is said that he lived at Babylon in the time of King Moabdar; but the name of Moabdar does not appear in the list of Babylonian sovereigns brought to light by the patience and the industry of the decipherers of cuneiform inscriptions in these later years; nor indeed am I aware that there is any other authority for his existence than that of the biographer of Zadig, one Arouet de Voltaire, among whose more conspicuous merits strict historical accuracy is perhaps hardly to be reckoned.

Happily Zadig is in the position of a great many other philosophers. What he was like when he was in the flesh, indeed whether he existed at all, are matters of no great consequence. What we care about in a light is that it shows the way, not whether it is lamp or candle, tallow or wax. Our only real interest in Zadig lies in the conceptions of which he is the putative father; and his biographer has stated these with so much clearness and vivacious illustration, that we need hardly feel a pang, even if critical research should prove King Moabdar and all the rest of the story to be unhistorical, and reduce Zadig himself to the shadowy condition of a solar myth.

Voltaire tells us that, disenchanted with life by sundry domestic misadventures, Zadig withdrew from the turmoil of Babylon to a secluded retreat on the banks of the Euphrates, where he beguiled his

[1] 'Discours sur les révolutions de la surface du globe,' *Recherches sur les ossemens fossiles*, Ed. iv. t. i. p. 185.

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solitude by the study of nature. The manifold wonders of the world of life had a particular attraction for the lonely student; incessant and patient observation of the plants and animals about him sharpened his naturally good powers of observation and of reasoning; until, at length, he acquired a sagacity which enabled him to perceive endless minute differences among objects which, to the untutored eye, appeared absolutely alike.

It might have been expected that this enlargement of the powers of the mind and of its store of natural knowledge could tend to nothing but the increase of a man's own welfare and the good of his fellow-men. But Zadig was fated to experience the vanity of such expectations.

One day, walking near a little wood, he saw, hastening that way, one of the Queen's chief eunuchs, followed by a troop of officials, who appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, running hither and thither like men distraught, in search of some lost treasure.

'Young man,' cried the eunuch, 'have you seen the Queen's dog?' Zadig answered modestly, 'A bitch, I think, not a dog.' 'Quite right,' replied the eunuch; and Zadig continued, 'A very small spaniel who has lately had puppies; she limps with the left foreleg, and has very long ears.' 'Ah! you have seen her then,' said the breathless eunuch. 'No,' answered Zadig, 'I have not seen her; and I really was not aware that the Queen possessed a spaniel.'

By an odd coincidence, at the very same time, the handsomest horse in the King's stables broke away from his groom in the Babylonian plains. The grand huntsman and all his staff were seeking the horse with as much anxiety as the eunuch and his people the spaniel; and the grand huntsman asked Zadig if he had not seen the King's horse go that way.

'A first-rate galloper, small-hoofed, five feet high; tail three feet and a half long; cheek pieces of the bit of twenty-three carat gold; shoes silver?' said Zadig.

'Which way did he go? Where is he?' cried the grand huntsman.

'I have not seen anything of the horse, and I never heard of him before,' replied Zadig.

The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch made sure that Zadig had stolen both the King's horse and the Queen's spaniel, so they haled him before the High Court of Desterham, which at once condemned him to the knout and transportation for life to Siberia. But the sentence was hardly pronounced when the lost horse and spaniel were found. So the judges were under the painful necessity of reconsidering their decision: but they fined Zadig four hundred ounces of gold for saying he had seen that which he had not seen.

The first thing was to pay the fine; afterwards Zadig was permitted to open his defence to the court, which he did in the following terms:

'Stars of justice, abysses of knowledge, mirrors of truth, whose gravity is as that of lead, whose inflexibility is as that of iron, who rival the diamond in clearness, and possess no little affinity with gold; since I am permitted to address your august assembly, I swear by Ormuzd that I have never seen the respectable lady dog of the Queen, nor beheld the sacrosanct horse of the King of Kings.

'This is what happened. I was taking a walk towards the little wood near which I subsequently had the honour to meet the venerable chief eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I noticed the track of an animal in the sand, and it was easy to see that it was that of a small dog. Long faint streaks upon the little elevations of sand between the footmarks convinced me that it was a she dog with pendent dugs—showing that she must have had puppies not many days since.

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Other scrapings of the sand, which always lay close to the marks of the forepaws, indicated that she had very long ears; and, as the imprint of one foot was always fainter than those of the other three, I judged that the lady dog of our august Queen was, if I may venture to say so, a little lame.

'With respect to the horse of the King of Kings, permit me to observe that, wandering through the paths which traverse the wood, I noticed the marks of horseshoes. They were all equidistant. "Ah!" said I, "this is a famous galloper." In a narrow alley, only seven feet wide, the dust upon the trunks of the trees was a little disturbed at three feet and a half from the middle of the path. "This horse," said I to myself, "had a tail three feet and a half long, and, lashing it from one side to the other, he has swept away the dust." Branches of the trees met overhead at the height of five feet, and under them I saw newly fallen leaves; so I knew that the horse had brushed some of the branches, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must have been made of twenty-three carat gold, for he had rubbed it against a stone, which turned out to be a touchstone, with the properties of which I am familiar by experiment. Lastly, by the marks which his shoes left upon pebbles of another kind, I was led to think that his shoes were of fine silver.'

All the judges admired Zadig's profound and subtle discernment; and the fame of it reached even the King and the Queen. From the ante-rooms to the presence-chamber, Zadig's name was in everybody's mouth; and, although many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the King commanded that the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been fined should be restored to him. So the officers of the court went in state with the four hundred ounces; only they retained three hundred and ninety-eight for legal expenses, and their servants expected fees.

Those who are interested in learning more of the fateful history of Zadig must turn to the original; we are dealing with him only as a philosopher, and this brief excerpt suffices for the exemplification of the nature of his conclusions and of the method by which he arrived at them.

These conclusions may be said to be of the nature of retrospective prophecies; though it is perhaps a little hazardous to employ phraseology which perilously suggests a contradiction in terms—the word 'prophecy' being so constantly in ordinary use restricted to 'foretelling.' Strictly, however, the term prophecy as much applies to outspeaking as to foretelling; and, even in the restricted sense of 'divination,' it is obvious that the essence of the prophetic operation does not lie in its backward or forward relation to the course of time, but in the fact that it is the apprehension of that which lies out of the sphere of immediate knowledge; the seeing of that which to the natural sense of the seer is invisible.

The foreteller asserts that, at some future time, a properly situated observer will witness certain events; the clairvoyant declares that, at this present time, certain things are to be witnessed a thousand miles away; the retrospective prophet (would that there were such a word as 'backteller'!) affirms that so many hours or years ago, such and such things were to be seen. In all these cases, it is only the relation to time which alters—the process of divination beyond the limits of possible direct knowledge remains the same.

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No doubt it was their instinctive recognition of the analogy between Zadig's results and those obtained by authorised inspiration which inspired the Babylonian magi with the desire to burn the philosopher. Zadig admitted that he had never either seen or heard of the horse of the king or of the spaniel of the queen; and yet he ventured to assert in the most positive manner that animals answering to their description did actually exist, and ran about the plains of Babylon. If his method was good for the divination of the course of events ten hours old, why should it not be good for those of ten years or ten centuries past; nay, might it not extend to ten thousand years and justify the impious in meddling with the traditions of Oannes and the fish, and all the sacred foundations of Babylonian cosmogony?

But this was not the worst. There was another consideration which obviously dictated to the more thoughtful of the magi the propriety of burning Zadig out of hand. His defence was worse than his offence. It showed that his mode of divination was fraught with danger to magianism in general. Swollen with the pride of human reason, he had ignored the established canons of magian lore; and, trusting to what after all was mere carnal common sense, he professed to lead men to a deeper insight into nature than magian wisdom, with all its lofty antagonism to everything common, had ever reached. What, in fact, lay at the foundation of all Zadig's arguments but the coarse commonplace assumption, upon which every act of our daily lives is based, that we may conclude from an effect to the preexistence of a cause competent to produce that effect?

The tracks were exactly like those which dogs and horses leave; therefore they were the effects of such animals as causes. The marks at the sides of the fore prints of the dog track were exactly such as would be produced by long trailing ears; therefore the dog's long ears were the causes of these marks—and so on. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar, more unlike the majestic development of a system of grandly unintelligible conclusions from sublimely inconceivable premisses, such as delights the magian heart. In fact, Zadig's method was nothing but the method of all mankind. Retrospective prophecies, far more astonishing for their minute accuracy than those of Zadig, are familiar to those who have watched the daily life of nomadic people.

From freshly broken twigs, crushed leaves, disturbed pebbles, and imprints hardly discernible by the untrained eye, such graduates in the University of Nature will divine, not only the fact that a party has passed that way, but its strength, its composition, the course it took, and the number of hours or days which have elapsed since it passed. But they are able to do this because, like Zadig, they perceive endless minute differences where untrained eyes discern

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nothing; and because the unconscious logic of common sense compels them to account for these effects by the causes which they know to be competent to produce them.

And such mere methodised savagery was to discover the hidden things of nature better than *à priori* deductions from the nature of Ormuzd—perhaps to give a history of the past, in which Oannes would be altogether ignored! Decidedly it were better to burn this man at once.

If instinct, or an unwonted use of reason, led Moabdar's magi to this conclusion two or three thousand years ago, all that can be said is that subsequent history has fully justified them. For the rigorous application of Zadig's logic to the results of accurate and long-continued observation has founded all those sciences which have been termed historical or palætiological, because they are retrospectively prophetic and strive towards the reconstruction in human imagination of events which have vanished and ceased to be.

History, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is based upon the interpretation of documentary evidence; and documents would have no evidential value unless historians were justified in their assumption that they have come into existence by the operation of causes similar to those of which documents are, in our present experience, the effects. If a written history can be produced otherwise than by human agency, or if the man who wrote a given document was actuated by other than ordinary human motives, such documents are of no more evidential value than so many arabesques.

Archæology, which takes up the thread of history beyond the point at which documentary evidence fails us, could have no existence, except for our well-grounded confidence that monuments and works of art, or artifice, have never been produced by causes different in kind from those to which they now owe their origin. And geology, which traces back the course of history beyond the limits of archæology, could tell us nothing except for the assumption that, millions of years ago, water, heat, gravitation, friction, animal and vegetable life caused effects of the same kind as they do now. Nay, even physical astronomy, in so far as it takes us back to the uttermost point of time which palætiological science can reach, is founded upon the same assumption. If the law of gravitation ever failed to be true, even to the smallest extent, for that period, the calculations of the astronomer have no application.

The power of prediction, of prospective prophecy, is that which is commonly regarded as the great prerogative of physical science. And truly it is a wonderful fact that one can go into a shop and buy for small price a book, the *Nautical Almanac*, which will foretell the exact position to be occupied by one of Jupiter's moons six months hence; nay more, that, if it were worth while, the Astronomer Royal could furnish us with as infallible a prediction applicable to 1980 or 2980.

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But astronomy is not less remarkable for its power of retrospective prophecy.

Thales, oldest of Greek philosophers, the dates of whose birth and death are uncertain, but who flourished about 600 B.C., is said to have foretold an eclipse of the sun which took place in his time during a battle between the Medes and the Lydians. Sir George Airy has written a very learned and interesting memoir[2] in which he proves that such an eclipse was visible in Lydia on the afternoon of the 28th of May in the year 585 B.C.

No one doubts that, on the day and at the hour mentioned by the Astronomer Royal, the people of Asia Minor saw the face of the sun totally obscured. But, though we implicitly believe this retrospective prophecy, it is incapable of verification. It is impossible even to conceive any means of ascertaining directly whether the eclipse of Thales happened or not. All that can be said is, that the prospective prophecies of the astronomer are always verified; and that, inasmuch as his retrospective prophecies are the result of following backwards the very same method as that which invariably leads to verified results when it is worked forwards, there is as much reason for placing full confidence in the one as in the other. Retrospective prophecy is therefore a legitimate function of astronomical science; and if it is legitimate for one science it is legitimate for all; the fundamental axiom on which it rests, the constancy of the order of nature, being the common foundation of all scientific thought. Indeed, if there can be grades in legitimacy, certain branches of science have the advantage over astronomy, in so far as their retrospective prophecies are not only susceptible of verification, but are sometimes strikingly verified.

Such a science exists in that application of the principles of biology to the interpretation of the animal and vegetable remains imbedded in the rocks which compose the surface of the globe, which is called Palæontology.

At no very distant time, the question whether these so-called 'fossils' were really the remains of animals and plants was hotly disputed. Very learned persons maintained that they were nothing of the kind, but a sort of concretion or crystallisation which had taken place within the stone in which they are found; and which simulated the forms of animal and vegetable life, just as frost on a window-pane imitates vegetation. At the present day, it would probably be impossible to find any sane advocate of this opinion; and the fact is rather surprising, that among the people from whom the circle-squarers, perpetual-motioners, flat-earth men and the like, are recruited, to say nothing of table-turners and spirit-rappers, somebody has not perceived the easy avenue to nonsensical notoriety open to any one

[2] 'On the Eclipses of Agathocles, Thales, and Xerxes,' *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. cxliii.

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who will take up the good old doctrine, that fossils are all *lusus naturæ*.

The position would be impregnable, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to prove the contrary. If a man choose to maintain that a fossil oyster shell, in spite of its correspondence, down to every minutest particular, with that of an oyster fresh taken out of the sea, was never tenanted by a living oyster, but is a mineral concretion, there is no demonstrating his error. All that can be done is to show him that, by a parity of reasoning, he is bound to admit that a heap of oyster shells outside a fishmonger's door may also be 'sports of nature,' and that a mutton bone in a dust-bin may have had the like origin. And when you cannot prove that people are wrong, but only that they are absurd, the best course is to let them alone.

The whole fabric of palæontology, in fact, falls to the ground unless we admit the validity of Zadig's great principle, that like effects imply like causes; and that the process of reasoning from a shell, or a tooth, or a bone, to the nature of the animal to which it belonged, rests absolutely on the assumption that the likeness of this shell, or tooth, or bone to that of some animal with which we are already acquainted, is such that we are justified in inferring a corresponding degree of likeness in the rest of the two organisms. It is on this very simple principle, and not upon imaginary laws of physiological correlation, about which, in most cases, we know nothing whatever, that the so-called restorations of the palæontologist are based.

Abundant illustrations of this truth will occur to every one who is familiar with palæontology; none is more suitable than the case of the so-called *Belemnites*. In the early days of the study of fossils, this name was given to certain elongated stony bodies, ending at one extremity in a conical point, and truncated at the other, which were commonly reputed to be thunderbolts, and as such to have descended from the sky. They are common enough in some parts of England; and, in the condition in which they are ordinarily found, it might be difficult to give satisfactory reasons for denying them to be merely mineral bodies.

They appear, in fact, to consist of nothing but concentric layers of carbonate of lime, disposed in subcrystalline fibres, or prisms, perpendicular to the layers. Among a great number of specimens of these Belemnites, however, it was soon observed that some showed a conical cavity at the blunt end; and, in still better-preserved specimens, this cavity appeared to be divided into chambers by delicate saucer-shaped partitions, situated at regular intervals one above the other. Now there is no mineral body which presents any structure comparable to this, and the conclusion suggested itself that the Belemnites must be the effects of causes other than those which are at work in inorganic nature. On close examination, the saucer-shaped

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partitions were proved to be all perforated at one point, and the perforations being situated exactly in the same line, the chambers were seen to be traversed by a canal, or *siphuncle*, which thus connected the smallest or apical chamber with the largest. There is nothing like this in the vegetable world; but an exactly corresponding structure is met with in the shells of two kinds of existing animals, the pearly *Nautilus* and the *Spirula*, and only in them. These animals belong to the same division—the *Cephalopoda*—as the cuttle-fish, the squid, and the octopus. But they are the only existing members of the group which possess chambered, siphunculated shells; and it is utterly impossible to trace any physiological connection between the very peculiar structural characters of a cephalopod and the presence of a chambered shell. In fact, the squid has, instead of any such shell, a horny 'pen,' the cuttlefish has the so-called 'cuttle bone,' and the octopus has no shell at all, or a mere rudiment of one.

Nevertheless, seeing that there is nothing in nature at all like the chambered shell of the Belemnite, except the shells of the *Nautilus* and of the *Spirula*, it was legitimate to prophesy that the animal from which the fossil proceeded must have belonged to the group of the *Cephalopoda*. *Nautilus* and *Spirula* are both very rare animals, but the progress of investigation brought to light the singular fact, that, though each has the characteristic cephalopodous organisation, it is very different from the other. The shell of *Nautilus* is external, that of *Spirula* internal; *Nautilus* has four gills, *Spirula* two; *Nautilus* has multitudinous tentacles, *Spirula* has only ten arms beset with horny rimmed suckers; *Spirula*, like the squids and cuttlefishes, which it closely resembles, has a bag of ink which it squirts out to cover its retreat when alarmed; *Nautilus* has none.

No amount of physiological reasoning could enable any one to say whether the animal which fabricated the Belemnite was more like *Nautilus*, or more like *Spirula*. But the accidental discovery of Belemnites in due connection with black elongated masses which were certainly fossilised ink-bags, inasmuch as the ink could be ground up and used for painting as well as if it were recent sepia, settled the question; and it became perfectly safe to prophesy that the creature which fabricated the Belemnite was a two-gilled cephalopod with suckers on its arms, and with all the other essential features of our living squids, cuttlefishes, and *Spirulæ*. The palæontologist was, by this time, able to speak as confidently about the animal of the Belemnite, as Zadig was respecting the queen's spaniel. He could give a very fair description of its external appearance, and even enter pretty fully into the details of its internal organisation, and yet could declare that neither he, nor any one else, had ever seen one. And, as the queen's spaniel was found, so happily has the animal of

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the Belemnite; a few exceptionally preserved specimens having been discovered which completely verify the retrospective prophecy of those who interpreted the facts of the case by due application of the method of Zadig.

These Belemnites flourished in prodigious abundance in the seas of the mesozoic or secondary age of the world's geological history; but no trace of them has been found in any of the tertiary deposits, and they appear to have died out towards the close of the mesozoic epoch. The method of *Z*adig, therefore, applies in full force to the events of a period which is immeasurably remote, which long preceded the origin of the most conspicuous mountain masses of the present world and the deposition, at the bottom of the ocean, of the rocks which form the greater part of the soil of our present continents. The Euphrates itself, at the mouth of which Oannes landed, is a thing of yesterday compared with a Belemnite; and even the liberal chronology of Magian cosmogony fixes the beginning of the world only at a time when other applications of Zadig's method afford convincing evidence that, could we have been there to see, things would have looked very much as they do now. Truly the magi were wise in their generation; they foresaw rightly that this pestilent application of the principles of common sense inaugurated by Zadig would be their ruin.

But it may be said that the method of Zadig, which is simple reasoning from analogy, does not account for the most striking feats of modern palæontology—the reconstruction of entire animals from a tooth or perhaps a fragment of a bone; and it may be justly urged that Cuvier, the great master of this kind of investigation, gave a very different account of the process which yielded such remarkable results.

Cuvier is not the first man of ability who has failed to make his own mental processes clear to himself, and he will not be the last. The matter can be easily tested. Search the eight volumes of the *Recherches sur les Ossemens fossiles* from cover to cover, and no reasoning from physiological necessities—nothing but the application of the method of Zadig pure and simple—will be found.

There is one well-known case which may represent all. It is an excellent illustration of Cuvier's sagacity, and he evidently takes some pride in telling his story about it. A split slab of stone arrived from the quarries of Montmartre, the two halves of which contained the greater part of the skeleton of a small animal. On careful examinations of the characters of the teeth and of the lower jaw, which happened to be exposed, Cuvier assured himself that they presented such a very close resemblance to the corresponding parts in the living opossum that he at once assigned the fossil to that genus.

Now the opossums are unlike most mammals in that they possess two bones attached to the forepart of the pelvis, which are commonly

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called 'marsupial bones.' The name is a misnomer, originally conferred because it was thought that these bones have something to do with the support of the pouch, or marsupium, with which some, but not all, of the opossums are provided. As a matter of fact, they have nothing to do with the support of the pouch, and they exist as much in those opossums which have no pouches as in those which possess them. In truth, no one knows what the use of these bones may be, nor has any valid theory of their physiological import yet been suggested. And if we have no knowledge of the physiological importance of the bones themselves, it is obviously absurd to pretend that we are able to give physiological reasons why the presence of these bones is associated with certain peculiarities of the teeth and of the jaws. If any one knows why four molar teeth and an inflected angle of the jaw are almost always found along with marsupial bones, he has not yet communicated that knowledge to the world.

If, however, Zadig was right in concluding from the likeness of the hoof-prints which he observed to a horse's that the creature which made them had a tail like that of a horse, Cuvier, seeing that the teeth and jaw of his fossil were just like those of an opossum, had the same right to conclude that the pelvis would also be like an opossum's; and so strong was his conviction that this retrospective prophecy about an animal which he had never seen before, and which had been dead and buried for millions of years, would be verified, that he went to work upon the slab which contained the pelvis in confident expectation of finding and laying bare the 'marsupial bones,' to the satisfaction of some persons whom he had invited to witness their disinterment. As he says:—'Cette opération se fit en présence de quelques personnes à qui j'en avais annoncé d'avance le résultat, dans l'intention de leur prouver par le fait la justice de nos théories zoologiques; puisque le vrai cachet d'une théorie est sans contredit la faculté qu'elle donne de prévoir les phénomènes.'

In the *Ossemens fossiles* Cuvier leaves his paper just as it first appeared in the *Annales du Muséum*, as 'a curious monument of the force of zoological laws and of the use which may be made of them.'

Zoological laws truly, but not physiological laws. If one sees a live dog's head, it is extremely probable that a dog's tail is not far off, though nobody can say why that sort of head and that sort of tail go together; what physiological connection there is between the two. So in the case of the Montmartre fossil, Cuvier, finding a thorough opossum's head, concluded that the pelvis also would be like an opossum's. But, most assuredly, the most advanced physiologist of the present day could throw no light on the question why these are associated, or could pretend to affirm that the existence of the one is necessarily connected with that of the other. In fact, had it so happened that the pelvis of the fossil had been originally exposed,

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while the head lay hidden, the presence of the 'marsupial bones,' however like they might have been to an opossum's, would by no means have warranted the prediction that the skull would turn out to be that of the opossum. It might just as well have been like that of some other Marsupial; or even like that of the totally different group of Monotremes, of which the only living representatives are the *Echidna* and the *Ornithorhynchus*.

For all practical purposes, however, the empirical laws of co-ordination of structures which are embodied in the generalisations of morphology may be confidently trusted, if employed with due caution, to lead to a just interpretation of fossil remains; or, in other words, we may look for the verification of the retrospective prophecies which are based upon them.

And if this be the case, the late advances which have been made in palæontological discovery open out a new field for such prophecies. For it has been ascertained with respect to many groups of animals, that, as we trace them back in time, their ancestors gradually cease to exhibit those special modifications which at present characterise the type, and more nearly embody the general plan of the group to which they belong.

Thus, in the well-known case of the horse, the toes which are suppressed in the living horse are found to be more and more complete in the older members of the group, until, at the bottom of the Tertiary series of America, we find an equine animal which has four toes in front and three behind. No remains of the horse-tribe are at present known from any Mesozoic deposit. Yet who can doubt that, whenever a sufficiently extensive series of lacustrine and fluviatile beds of that age becomes known, the lineage which has been traced thus far will be continued by equine quadrupeds with an increasing number of digits, until the horse type merges in the five-toed form towards which these gradations point?

But the argument which holds good for the horse, holds good, not only for all mammals, but for the whole animal world. And as the study of the pedigrees or lines of evolution to which at present we have access brings to light, as it assuredly will do, the laws of that process, we shall be able to reason from the facts with which the geological record furnishes us to those which have hitherto remained, and many of which, perhaps, may for ever remain, hidden. The same method of reasoning which enables us, when furnished with a fragment of an extinct animal, to prophesy the character which the whole organism exhibited, will, sooner or later, enable us, when we know a few of the later terms of a genealogical series, to predict the nature of the earlier terms.

In no very distant future, the method of Zadig, applied to a greater body of facts than the present generation is fortunate enough to handle, will enable the biologist to reconstruct the scheme of life

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from its beginning, and to speak as confidently of the character of long extinct living beings, no trace of which has been preserved, as Zadig did of the queen's spaniel and the king's horse. Let us hope that they may be better rewarded for their toil and their sagacity than was the Babylonian philosopher; for perhaps, by that time, the Magi also may be reckoned among the members of a forgotten Fauna, extinguished in the struggle for existence against their great rival common sense.

THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

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FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

On the first mild—or, at least, the first bright—day of March, in this year, I walked through what was once a country lane, between the hostelry of the Half-moon at the bottom of Herne Hill, and the secluded College of Dulwich.

In my young days, Croxsted Lane was a green bye-road traversable for some distance by carts; but rarely so traversed, and, for the most part, little else than a narrow strip of untilled field, separated by blackberry hedges from the better cared-for meadows on each side of it: growing more weeds, therefore, than they, and perhaps in spring a primrose or two—white archangel—daisies plenty, and purple thistles in autumn. A slender rivulet, boasting little of its brightness, for there are no springs at Dulwich, yet fed purely enough by the rain and morning dew, here trickled—there loitered—through the long grass beneath the hedges, and expanded itself, where it might, into moderately clear and deep pools, in which, under their veils of duckweed, a fresh-water shell or two, sundry curious little skipping shrimps, any quantity of tadpoles in their time, and even sometimes a tittlebat, offered themselves to my boyhood's pleased, and not inaccurate, observation. There, my mother and I used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn; and there, in after years, I used to walk in the summer shadows, as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual in *Modern Painters*.

So, as aforesaid, on the first kindly day of this year, being thoughtful more than usual of those old times, I went to look again at the place.

Often, both in those days, and since, I have put myself hard to it, vainly, to find words wherewith to tell of beautiful things; but beauty has been in the world since the world was made, and human language can make a shift, somehow, to give account of it, whereas the peculiar forces of devastation induced by modern city life have only entered the world lately; and no existing terms of language known to me are enough to describe the forms of filth, and modes of ruin, that varied themselves along the course of Croxsted Lane. The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut

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through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three railroads. Half a dozen handfuls of new cottages, with Doric doors, are dropped about here and there among the gashed ground: the lane itself, now entirely grassless, is a deep-rutted, heavy-hillocked cart-road, diverging gatelessly into various brickfields or pieces of waste; and bordered on each side by heaps of—Hades only knows what!—mixed dust of every unclean thing that can crumble in drought, and mildew of every unclean thing that can rot or rust in damp: ashes and rags, beer-bottles and old shoes, battered pans, smashed crockery, shreds of nameless clothes, door-sweepings, floor-sweepings, kitchen garbage, back-garden sewage, old iron, rotten timber jagged with out-torn nails, cigar-ends, pipe-bowls, cinders, bones, and ordure, indescribable; and, variously kneaded into, sticking to, or fluttering foully here and there over all these,—remnants broadcast, of every manner of newspaper, advertisement or big-lettered bill, festering and flaunting out their last publicity in the pits of stinking dust and mortal slime.

The lane ends now where its prettiest windings once began; being cut off by a cross-road leading out of Dulwich to a minor railway station: and on the other side of this road, what was of old the daintiest intricacy of its solitude is changed into a straight, and evenly macadamised carriage drive, between new houses of extreme respectability, with good attached gardens and offices—most of these tenements being larger—all more pretentious, and many, I imagine, held at greatly higher rent than my father's, tenanted for twenty years at Herne Hill. And it became matter of curious meditation to me what must here become of children resembling my poor little dreamy quondam self in temper, and thus brought up at the same distance from London, and in the same or better circumstances of worldly fortune; but with only Croxsted Lane in its present condition for their country walk. The trimly kept road before their doors, such as one used to see in the fashionable suburbs of Cheltenham or Leamington, presents nothing to their study but gravel, and gas-lamp posts; the modern addition of a vermilion letter-pillar contributing indeed to the splendour, but scarcely to the interest of the scene; and a child of any sense or fancy would hastily contrive escape from such a barren desert of politeness, and betake itself to investigation, such as might be feasible, of the natural history of Croxsted Lane.

But, for its sense or fancy, what food, or stimulus, can it find, in that foul causeway of its youthful pilgrimage? What would have happened to myself, so directed, I cannot clearly imagine. Possibly, I might have got interested in the old iron and wood-shavings; and become an engineer or a carpenter: but for the children of to-day, accustomed from the instant they are out of their cradles, to the sight of this infinite nastiness, prevailing as a fixed condition of the universe, over the face of nature, and accompanying all the operations

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of industrious man, what is to be the scholastic issue? unless, indeed, the thrill of scientific vanity in the primary analysis of some unheard-of process of corruption—or the reward of microscopic research in the sight of worms with more legs, and acari of more curious generation than ever vivified the more simply smelling plasma of antiquity.

One result of such elementary education is, however, already certain; namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of imaginative literature: and that the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy.

The many concurrent reasons for this mischief may, I believe, be massed under a few general heads.

I. There is first the hot fermentation and unwholesome secrecy of the population crowded into large cities, each mote in the misery lighter, as an individual soul, than a dead leaf, but becoming oppressive and infectious each to his neighbour, in the smoking mass of decay. The resulting modes of mental ruin and distress are continually new; and in a certain sense, worth study in their monstrosity: they have accordingly developed a corresponding science of fiction, concerned mainly with the description of such forms of disease, like the botany of leaf-lichens.

In De Balzac's story of *Father Goriot*, a grocer makes a large fortune, of which he spends on himself as much as may keep him alive; and on his two daughters, all that can promote their pleasures or their pride. He marries them to men of rank, supplies their secret expenses, and provides for his favourite a separate and clandestine establishment with her lover. On his deathbed, he sends for this favourite daughter, who wishes to come, and hesitates for a quarter of an hour between doing so, and going to a ball at which it has been for the last month her chief ambition to be seen. She finally goes to the ball.

This story is, of course, one of which the violent contrasts and spectral catastrophe could only take place, or be conceived, in a large city. A village grocer cannot make a large fortune, cannot marry his daughters to titled squires, and cannot die without having his children brought to him, if in the neighbourhood, by fear of village gossip, if for no better cause.

II. But a much more profound feeling than this mere curiosity of science in morbid phenomena is concerned in the production of the carefullest forms of modern fiction. The disgrace and grief resulting from the mere trampling pressure and electric friction of town life, become to the sufferers peculiarly mysterious in their unde-

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servedness, and frightful in their inevitableness. The power of all surroundings over them for evil; the incapacity of their own minds to refuse the pollution, and of their own wills to oppose the weight, of the staggering mass that chokes and crushes them into perdition, brings every law of healthy existence into question with them, and every alleged method of help and hope into doubt. Indignation, without any calming faith in justice, and self-contempt, without any curative self-reproach, dull the intelligence, and degrade the conscience, into sullen incredulity of all sunshine outside the dunghill, or breeze beyond the wafting of its impurity; and at last a philosophy developes itself, partly satiric, partly consolatory, concerned only with the regenerative vigour of manure, and the necessary obscurities of fimetic Providence; showing how everybody's fault is somebody else's, how infection has no law, digestion no will, and profitable dirt no dishonour.

And thus an elaborate and ingenious scholasticism, in what may be called the Divinity of Decomposition, has established itself in connection with the more recent forms of romance, giving them at once a complacent tone of clerical dignity, and an agreeable dash of heretical impudence; while the inculcated doctrine has the double advantage of needing no laborious scholarship for its foundation, and no painful self-denial for its practice.

III. The monotony of life in the central streets of any great modern city, but especially in those of London, where every emotion intended to be derived by men from the sight of nature, or the sense of art, is forbidden for ever, leaves the craving of the heart for a sincere, yet changeful, interest, to be fed from one source only. Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the labourer are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable, animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labour too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where

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snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust: where—chief and most fatal difference in state, there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse, or the slitting of a pocket.

I said that under these laws of inanition, the craving of the human heart for some kind of excitement could be supplied from *one* source only. It might have been thought by any other than a sternly tentative philosopher, that the denial of their natural food to human feelings would have provoked a reactionary desire for it; and that the dreariness of the street would have been gilded by dreams of pastoral felicity. Experience has shown the fact to be otherwise; the thoroughly trained Londoner can enjoy no other excitement than that to which he has been accustomed, but asks for *that* in continually more ardent or more virulent concentration; and the ultimate power of fiction to entertain him is by varying to his fancy the modes, and defining for his dulness the horrors, of Death. In the single novel of *Bleak House* there are nine deaths (or left for death's, in the drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's, or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:—

One by assassination . .	Mr. Tulkinghorn.
One by starvation, with phthisis	Joe.
One by chagrin . .	Richard.
One by spontaneous combustion	Mr. Krook.
One by sorrow . . .	Lady Dedlock's lover.
One by remorse . . .	Lady Dedlock.
One by insanity . . .	Miss Flite.
One by paralysis . . .	Sir Leicester.

Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged.

And all this, observe, not in a tragic, adventurous, or military story, but merely as the further enlivenment of a narrative intended to be amusing; and as a properly representative average of the statistics of civilian mortality in the centre of London.

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Observe further, and chiefly. It is not the mere number of deaths (which, if we count the odd troopers in the last scene, is exceeded in *Old Mortality*, and reached, within one or two, both in *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*) that marks the peculiar tone of the modern novel. It is the fact that all these deaths, but one, are of inoffensive, or at least in the world's estimate respectable persons; and that they are all grotesquely either violent or miserable, purporting thus to illustrate the modern theology that the appointed destiny of a large average of our population is to die like rats in a drain, either by trap or poison. Not, indeed, that a lawyer in full practice can be usually supposed as faultless in the eye of heaven as a dove or a woodcock; but it is not, in former divinities, thought the will of Providence that he should be dropped by a shot from a client behind his fire-screen, and retrieved in the morning by his housemaid under the chandelier. Neither is Lady Dedlock less reprehensible in her conduct than many women of fashion have been and will be: but it would not therefore have been thought poetically just, in old-fashioned morality, that she should be found by her daughter lying dead, with her face in the mud of a St. Giles's churchyard.

In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo). In *Old Mortality*, four of the deaths, Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's, and Evandale's, are magnificently heroic; Burley's and Oliphant's long deserved, and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military duty, and the old miser's, as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care.

'Ailie' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance,) 'Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to dee wi'. He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.

In *Guy Mannering*, the murder, though unpremeditated, of a single person, (himself not entirely innocent, but at least by heartlessness in a cruel function earning his fate,) is avenged to the uttermost on all the men conscious of the crime; Mr. Bertram's death, like that of his wife, brief in pain, and each told in the space of half-a-dozen lines; and that of the heroine of the tale, self-devoted, heroic in the highest, and happy.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten, in the comparison of Scott's with inferior work, that his own splendid powers were, even in early life, tainted, and in his latter years destroyed, by modern conditions of commercial excitement, then first, but rapidly, developing themselves. There are parts even in his best novels coloured to meet tastes which

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he despised; and many pages written in his later ones to lengthen his article for the indiscriminate market.

But there was one weakness of which his healthy mind remained incapable to the last. In modern stories prepared for more refined or fastidious audiences than those of Dickens, the funereal excitement is obtained, for the most part, not by the infliction of violent or disgusting death; but in the suspense, the pathos, and the more or less by all felt, and recognised, mortal phenomena of the sick-room. The temptation, to weak writers, of this order of subject is especially great, because the study of it from the living—or dying—model is so easy, and to many has been the most impressive part of their own personal experience; while, if the description be given even with mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy. Few authors of second or third rate genius can either record or invent a probable conversation in ordinary life; but few, on the other hand, are so destitute of observant faculty as to be unable to chronicle the broken syllables and languid movements of an invalid. The easily rendered, and too surely recognised, image of familiar suffering is felt at once to be real where all else had been false; and the historian of the gestures of fever and words of delirium can count on the applause of a gratified audience as surely as the dramatist who introduces on the stage of his flagging action a carriage that can be driven or a fountain that will flow. But the masters of strong imagination disdain such work, and those of deep sensibility shrink from it.[1] Only under conditions of personal weakness, presently to be noted, would Scott comply with the cravings of his lower audience in scenes of terror like the death of Front-de-Bœuf. But he never once withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength, or the wreck of beauty.

IV. No exception to this law of reverence will be found in the scenes in Cœur de Lion's illness introductory to the principal incident in the *Talisman*. An inferior writer would have made the king charge in imagination at the head of his chivalry, or wander in dreams by the brooks of Aquitaine; but Scott allows us to learn no more startling symptoms of the king's malady than that he was restless and impatient, and could not wear his armour. Nor is any bodily weakness, or crisis of danger, permitted to disturb for an instant the royalty of intelligence and heart in which he examines, trusts and obeys the physician whom his attendants fear.

Yet the choice of the main subject in this story and its companion—the trial, to a point of utter torture, of knightly faith, and

[1] Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, was simply killed for the market, as a butcher kills a lamb (see Forster's *Life*), and Paul was written under the same conditions of illness which affected Scott—a part of the ominous palsies, grasping alike author and subject, both in *Dombey* and *Little Dorrit*.

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several passages in the conduct of both, more especially the exaggerated scenes in the House of Baldringham, and hermitage of Engedi, are signs of the gradual decline in force of intellect and soul which those who love Scott best have done him the worst injustice in their endeavours to disguise or deny. The mean anxieties, moral humiliations, and mercilessly demanded brain-toil, which killed him, show their sepulchral grasp for many and many a year before their final victory; and the states of more or less dulled, distorted, and polluted imagination which culminate in *Castle Dangerous*, cast a Stygian hue over *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Anne of Geierstein*, which lowers them, the first altogether, the other two at frequent intervals, into fellowship with the normal disease which festers throughout the whole body of our lower fictitious literature.

Fictitious! I use the ambiguous word deliberately; for it is impossible to distinguish in these tales of the prison-house how far their vice and gloom are thrown into their manufacture only to meet a vile demand, and how far they are an integral condition of thought in the minds of men trained from their youth up in the knowledge of Londinian and Parisian misery. The speciality of the plague is a delight in the exposition of the relations between guilt and decrepitude; and I call the results of it literature 'of the prison-house,' because the thwarted habits of body and mind, which are the punishment of reckless crowding in cities, become, in the issue of that punishment, frightful subjects of exclusive interest to themselves; and the art of fiction in which they finally delight is only the more studied arrangement and illustration, by coloured firelights, of the daily bulletins of their own wretchedness, in the prison calendar, the police news, and the hospital report.

The reader will perhaps be surprised at my separating the greatest work of Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, with honour, from the loathsome mass to which it typically belongs. That book is an earnest and uncaricatured record of states of criminal life, written with didactic purpose, full of the gravest instruction, nor destitute of pathetic studies of noble passion. Even the *Mysteries of Paris* and Gaboriau's *Crime d'Augival* are raised, by their definiteness of historical intention and forewarning anxiety, far above the level of their order, and may be accepted as photographic evidence of an otherwise incredible civilisation, corrupted in the infernal fact of it, down to the genesis of such figures as the Vicomte d'Augival, the Stabber,[2] the Skeleton, and

[2] 'Chourineur' not striking with dagger-point, but ripping with knife-edge. Yet I do him, and La Louve, injustice in classing them with the two others; they are put together only as parts in the same phantasm. Compare with La Louve, the strength of wild virtue in the 'Louvécienne' (Lucienne) of Gaboriau—she, province-born and bred; and opposed to Parisian civilisation in the character of her sempstress friend. 'De ce Paris, où elle était née, elle savait tout—elle connaissait tout. Rien ne l'étonnait, nul ne l'intimidait. Sa science des détails matériels de l'existence était inconcevable. Impossible de la duper!—Eh bien! cette fille si laborieuse et

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the She-wolf. But the effectual head of the whole cretinous school is the renowned novel in which the hunchbacked lover watches the execution of his mistress from the tower of Notre-Dame; and its strength passes gradually away into the anatomical preparations, for the general market, of novels like *Poor Miss Finch*, in which the heroine is blind, the hero epileptic, and the obnoxious brother is found dead with his hands dropped off, in the Arctic regions.[3]

si économe n'avait même pas la plus vague notion des sentiments qui sont l'honneur de la femme. Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral; d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudence si effrontément naïve.'—*L'Argent des autres*, vol. i. p. 358.

[3] The reader who cares to seek it may easily find medical evidence of the physical effects of certain states of brain disease in producing especially images of truncated and Hermes-like deformity, complicated with grossness. Horace, in the *Epodes*, scoffs at it, but not without horror. Luca Signorelli and Raphael in their arabesques are deeply struck by it: Durer, defying and playing with it alternately, is almost beaten down again and again in the distorted faces, hewing halberts, and suspended satyrs of his arabesques round the polyglot Lord's Prayer; it takes entire possession of Balzac in the *Contes Drolatiques*; it struck Scott in the earliest days of his childish 'visions' intensified by the axe-stroke murder of his grand aunt; L. i. 142, and see close of this note. It chose for him the subject of the *Heart of Midlothian*, and produced afterwards all the recurrent ideas of executions, tainting Nigel, almost spoiling Quentin Durward—utterly the Fair Maid of Perth: and culminating in Bizarro, L. x. 149. It suggested all the deaths by falling, or sinking, as in delirious sleep—Kennedy, Eveline Neville (nearly repeated in Clara Mowbray), Amy Robsart, the Master of Ravenswood in the quicksand, Morris, and Corporal Grace-be-here—compare the dream of Gride, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dickens's own last words, *on the ground*, (so also, in my own inflammation of the brain, two years ago, I dreamed that I fell through the earth and came out on the other side). In its grotesque and distorting power, it produced all the figures of the Lay Goblin, Pacolet, Flibbertigibbet, Cockledemoy, Geoffrey Hudson, Fenella, and Nectabanus; in Dickens it in like manner gives Quilp, Krook, Smike, Smallweed, Miss Mowcher, and the dwarfs and wax-work of Nell's caravan; and runs entirely wild in *Barnaby Rudge*, where, with a *corps de drame* composed of one idiot, two madmen, a gentleman fool who is also a villain, a shop-boy fool who is also a blackguard, a hangman, a shrivelled virago, and a doll in ribands—carrying this company through riot and fire, till he hangs the hangman, one of the madmen, his mother, and the idiot, runs the gentleman-fool through in a bloody duel, and burns and crushes the shop-boy fool into shapelessness, he cannot yet be content without shooting the spare lover's leg off, and marrying him to the doll in a wooden one; the shapeless shop-boy being finally also married in *two* wooden ones. It is this mutilation, observe, which is the very sign manual of the plague; joined, in the artistic forms of it, with a love of thorniness—(in their mystic root, the truncation of the limbless serpent and the spines of the dragon's wing. Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., 'Chapter on the Mountain Gloom,' s. 19); and in *all* forms of it, with petrifaction or loss of power by cold in the blood, whence the last Darwinian process of the witches' charm—'cool it with a baboon's *blood*, *then* the charm is firm and good.' The two frescoes in the colossal handbills which have lately decorated the streets of London (the baboon with the mirror, and the Maskelyne and Cooke decapitation) are the final English forms of Raphael's arabesque under this influence; and it is well worth while to get the number for the week ending April 3, 1880, of *Young Folks*—'a magazine of instructive and entertaining literature for boys and girls of all ages,' containing 'A Sequel to Desdichado' (the modern development of Ivanhoe), in which a quite monumental example of the kind of art in question will be found as a leading illustration of this characteristic sentence, "See, good Cerberus," said Sir Rupert, '*my hand has been struck off. You must make me a hand of iron*,

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This literature of the Prison-house, understanding by the word not only the cell of Newgate, but also and even more definitely the cell of the Hôtel-Dieu, the Hôpital des Fous, and the grated corridor with the dripping slabs of the Morgue, having its central root thus in the Ile de Paris—or historically and pre-eminently the 'Cité de Paris'—is, when understood deeply, the precise counter-corruption of the religion of the Sainte Chapelle, just as the worst forms of bodily and mental ruin are the corruption of love. I have therefore called it 'Fiction mécroyante,' with literal accuracy and precision; according to the explanation of the word which the reader may find in any good French dictionary,[4] and round its Arctic pole in the Morgue, he may gather into one Caina of gelid putrescence the entire product of modern infidel imagination, amusing itself with destruction of the body, and busying itself with aberration of the mind.

Aberration, palsy, or plague, observe, as distinguished from normal evil, just as the venom of rabies or cholera differs from that of a wasp or a viper. The life of the insect and serpent deserves, or at least permits, our thoughts; not so the stages of agony in the fury-driven hound. There is some excuse, indeed, for the pathologic labour of the modern novelist in the fact that he cannot easily, in a city population, find a healthy mind to vivisect: but the greater part of such amateur surgery is the struggle, in an epoch of wild literary competition, to obtain novelty of material. The varieties of aspect and colour in healthy fruit, be it sweet or sour, may be within certain limits described exhaustively. Not so the blotches of its conceivable blight: and while the symmetries of integral human character can only be traced by harmonious and tender skill, like the branches of

one with springs in it, so that I can make it grasp a dagger."' The text is also, as it professes to be, instructive; being the ultimate degeneration of what I have above called the 'folly' of *Ivanhoe*; for folly begets folly down, and down; and whatever Scott and Turner did wrong has thousands of imitators—their wisdom none will so much as hear, how much less follow!

In both of the Masters, it is always to be remembered that the evil and good are alike conditions of literal *vision*: and therefore also, inseparably connected with the state of the health. I believe the first elements of all Scott's errors were in the milk of his consumptive nurse, which all but killed him as an infant, L. i. 19—and was without doubt the cause of the teething fever that ended in his lameness (L. i. 20). Then came (if the reader cares to know what I mean by *Fors*, let him read the page carefully) the fearful accidents to his only sister, and her death, L. i. 17; then the madness of his nurse, who planned his own murder (21), then the stories continually told him of the executions at Carlisle (24), his aunt's husband having seen them; issuing, he himself scarcely knows how, in the unaccountable terror that came upon him at the sight of statuary, 31—especially Jacob's ladder; then the murder of Mrs. Swinton, and finally the nearly fatal bursting of the bloodvessel at Kelso, with the succeeding nervous illness, 65–67—solaced, while he was being 'bled and blistered till he had scarcely a pulse left,' by that history of the Knights of Malta—fondly dwelt on and realised by actual modelling of their fortress, which returned to his mind for the theme of its last effort in passing away.

[4] 'Se dit par dénigrement, d'un chrétien qui ne croit pas les dogmes de sa religion.'—Fleming, vol. ii. p. 659.

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a living tree, the faults and gaps of one gnawed away by corroding accident can be shuffled into senseless change like the wards of a Chubb lock.

V. It is needless to insist on the vast field for this dice-cast or card-dealt calamity which opens itself in the ignorance, money-interest, and mean passion, of city marriage. Peasants know each other as children—meet, as they grow up in testing labour; and if a stout farmer's son marries a handless girl, it is his own fault. Also in the patrician families of the field, the young people know what they are doing, and marry a neighbouring estate, or a covetable title, with some conception of the responsibilities they undertake. But even among these, their season in the confused metropolis creates licentious and fortuitous temptation before unknown; and in the lower middle orders, an entirely new kingdom of discomfort and disgrace has been preached to them in the doctrines of unbridled pleasure which are merely an apology for their peculiar forms of ill-breeding. It is quite curious how often the catastrophe, or the leading interest, of a modern novel, turns upon the want, both in maid and bachelor, of the common self-command which was taught to their grandmothers and grandfathers as the first element of ordinarily decent behaviour. Rashly inquiring the other day the plot of a modern story from a female friend, I elicited, after some hesitation, that it hinged mainly on the young people's 'forgetting themselves in a boat;' and I perceive it to be accepted as nearly an axiom in the code of modern civic chivalry that the strength of amiable sentiment is proved by our incapacity on proper occasions to express, and on improper ones to control it. The pride of a gentleman of the old school used to be in his power of saying what he meant, and being silent when he ought, (not to speak of the higher nobleness which bestowed love where it was honourable, and reverence where it was due); but the automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect, or the effervescence of a chemical mixture.

There is a pretty little story of Alfred de Musset's,—*La Mouche*, which, if the reader cares to glance at it, will save me further trouble in explaining the disciplinarian authority of mere old-fashioned politeness, as in some sort protective of higher things. It describes, with much grace and precision, a state of society by no means pre-eminently virtuous, or enthusiastically heroic; in which many people do extremely wrong, and none sublimely right. But as there are heights of which the achievement is unattempted, there are abysses to which fall is barred; neither accident nor temptation will make any of the principal personages swerve from an adopted resolution, or violate an accepted principle of honour; people are expected as a matter of course to speak with propriety on occasion, and to wait with patience when they are bid: those who do wrong, admit it;

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those who do right don't boast of it; everybody knows his own mind, and everybody has good manners.

Nor must it be forgotten that in the worst days of the self-indulgence which destroyed the aristocracies of Europe, their vices, however licentious, were never, in the fatal modern sense, 'unprincipled.' The vainest believed in virtue; the vilest respected it. 'Chaque chose avait son nom,'[5] and the severest of English moralists recognises the accurate wit, the lofty intellect, and the unfretted benevolence, which redeemed from vitiated surroundings the circle of d'Alembert and Marmontel.[6]

I have said, with too slight praise, that the vainest, in those days, 'believed' in virtue. Beautiful and heroic examples of it were always before them; nor was it without the secret significance attaching to what may seem the least accidents in the work of a master, that Scott gave to both his heroines of the age of revolution in England the name of the queen of the highest order of English chivalry.[7]

It is to say little for the types of youth and maid which alone Scott felt it a joy to imagine, or thought it honourable to portray, that they act and feel in a sphere where they are never for an instant liable to any of the weaknesses which disturb the calm, or shake the resolution, of chastity and courage in a modern novel. Scott lived in a country and time, when, from highest to lowest, but chiefly in that dignified and nobly severe[8] middle class to which he himself belonged, a habit of serene and stainless thought was as natural to the people as their mountain air. Women like Rose Bradwardine and Ailie Dinmont were the grace and guard of almost every household (God be praised that the race of them is not yet extinct, for all that Mall or Boulevard can do), and it has perhaps escaped the notice of even attentive readers that the comparatively uninteresting character of Sir Walter's heroes had always been studied among a class of youths who were simply incapable of doing anything seriously wrong; and could only be embarrassed by the consequences of their levity or imprudence.

But there is another difference in the woof of a Waverley novel from the cobweb of a modern one, which depends on Scott's larger

[5] 'A son nom,' properly. The sentence is one of Victor Cherbuliez's, in *Prosper Randoce*, which is full of other valuable ones. See the old nurse's 'ici bas les choses vont de travers, comme un chien qui va à vêpres,' p. 93; and compare Prosper's treasures, 'la petite Vénus, et le petit Christ d'ivoire,' p. 121; also Madame Brehanne's request for the divertissement of 'quelque belle batterie à coups de couteau' with Didier's answer. 'Hélas! madame, vous jouez de malheur, ici dans la Drôme, l'on se massacre aussi peu que possible,' p. 33.

[6] Edgeworth's *Tales* (Hunter, 1827), 'Harrington and Ormond,' vol. iii. p. 260.

[7] Alice of Salisbury, Alice Lee, Alice Bridgnorth.

[8] Scott's father was habitually ascetic. 'I have heard his son tell that it was common with him, if any one observed that the soup was good, to taste it again, and say, "Yes—it is too good, bairns," and dash a tumbler of cold water into his plate.' —Lockhart's *Life* (Black, Edinburgh, 1869), vol. i. p. 312. In other places I refer to this book in the simple form of 'L.'

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view of human life. Marriage is by no means, in his conception of man and woman, the most important business of their existence;[9] nor love the only reward to be proposed to their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all;[10] and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life, but not as its only interest, still less its only aim. And upon analysing with some care the motives of his principal stories, we shall often find that the love in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of character are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry the Fifth's courtship of Katherine is to the battle of Agincourt. Nay, the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale are often little more than a background on which grander figures are to be drawn, and deeper fates forthshadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivalry of Scotland at Drumclog and Bothwell bridge owe little of their interest in the mind of a sensible reader to the fact that the captain of the Popinjay is carried a prisoner to one battle, and returns a prisoner from the other: and Scott himself, while he watches the white sail that bears Queen Mary for the last time from her native land, very nearly forgets to finish his novel, or to tell us—and with small sense of any consolation to be had out of that minor circumstance,—that 'Roland and Catherine were united, spite of their differing faiths.'

Neither let it be thought for an instant that the slight, and sometimes scornful, glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analysed with the airs of a philosopher, and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicate any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness. An era like ours, which has with diligence and ostentation swept its heart clear of all the passions once known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety, necessarily magnifies the apparent force of the one remaining sentiment which sighs through the barren chambers, or clings inextricably round the chasms of ruin; nor can it but regard with awe the unconquerable spirit which still tempts or betrays the sagacities of selfishness into error or frenzy which is believed to be love.

That Scott was never himself, in the sense of the phrase as employed by lovers of the Parisian school, 'ivre d'amour,' may be admitted without prejudice to his sensibility,[11] and that he never knew

[9] A young lady sang to me, just before I copied out this page for press, a Miss Somebody's 'great song,' 'Live, and Love, and Die.' Had it been written for nothing better than silkworms, it should at least have added—Spin.

[10] See passage of introduction to *Ivanhoe*, wisely quoted in L. vi. 106.

[11] See below, note 17, p. 957, on the conclusion of *Woodstock*.

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'l'amor che move 'l sol e l'altre stelle,' was the chief, though unrecognised, calamity of his deeply chequered life. But the reader of honour and feeling will not therefore suppose that the love which Miss Vernon sacrifices, stooping for an instant from her horse, is of less noble stamp, or less enduring faith, than that which troubles and degrades the whole existence of Consuelo; or that the affection of Jeanie Deans for the companion of her childhood, drawn like a field of soft blue heaven beyond the cloudy wrack of her sorrow, is less fully in possession of her soul than the hesitating and self-reproachful impulses under which a modern heroine forgets herself in a boat, or compromises herself in the cool of the evening.

I do not wish to return over the waste ground we have traversed, comparing, point by point, Scott's manner with those of Bermondsey and the Faubourgs; but it may be, perhaps, interesting at this moment to examine, with illustration from those Waverley novels which have so lately *re*tracted the attention of a fair and gentle public, the universal conditions of 'style,' rightly so called, which are in all ages, and above all local currents or wavering tides of temporary manners, pillars of what is for ever strong, and models of what is for ever fair.

But I must first define, and that within strict horizon, the works of Scott, in which his perfect mind may be known, and his chosen ways understood.

His great works of prose fiction, excepting only the first half-volume of *Waverley*, were all written in twelve years, 1814–26 (of his own age forty-three to fifty-five), the actual time employed in their composition being not more than a couple of months out of each year; and during that time only the morning hours and spare minutes during the professional day. 'Though the first volume of *Waverley* was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th of June and the 1st of July, during all which I attended my duty in court, and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business.' [12]

Few of the maxims for the enforcement of which, in *Modern Painters*, long ago, I got the general character of a lover of paradox, are more singular, or more sure, than the statement, apparently so encouraging to the idle, that if a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength, and all Scott's great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labour, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resource.

Omitting from our count the two minor and ill-finished sketches of the *Black Dwarf* and *Legend of Montrose*, and, for a reason presently to be noticed, the unhappy *St. Ronan's*, the memorable romances of Scott are eighteen, falling into three distinct groups, containing six each.

[12] L. iv. 177.

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The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared after Scott was struck down by his terrific illness in 1819. It includes *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The composition of these occupied the mornings of his happiest days, between the ages of 43 and 48. On the 8th of April, 1819 (he was 48 on the preceding 15th of August) he began for the first time to dictate—being unable for the exertion of writing—*The Bride of Lammermuir*, 'the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as for giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."'[13] From this time forward the brightness of joy and sincerity of inevitable humour, which perfected the imagery of the earlier novels, are wholly absent, except in the two short intervals of health unaccountably restored, in which he wrote *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*.

It is strange, but only a part of the general simplicity of Scott's genius, that these revivals of earlier power were unconscious, and that the time of extreme weakness in which he wrote *St. Ronan's Well*, was that in which he first asserted his own restoration.

It is also a deeply interesting characteristic of his noble nature that he never gains anything by sickness; the whole man breathes or faints as one creature: the ache that stiffens a limb chills his heart, and every pang of the stomach paralyses the brain. It is not so with inferior minds, in the workings of which it is often impossible to distinguish native from narcotic fancy, and the throbs of conscience from those of indigestion. Whether in exaltation or languor, the colours of mind are always morbid, which gleam on the sea for the 'Ancient Mariner,' and through the casements on 'St. Agnes' Eve;' but Scott is at once blinded and stultified by sickness; never has a fit of the cramp without spoiling a chapter, and is perhaps the only author of vivid imagination who never wrote a foolish word but when he was ill.

It remains only to be noticed on this point that any strong natural excitement, affecting the deeper springs of his heart, would at once restore his intellectual powers in all their fulness, and that, far towards their sunset: but that the strong will on which he prided himself, though it could trample upon pain, silence grief, and compel industry, never could warm his imagination, or clear the judgment in his darker hours.

I believe that this power of the heart over the intellect is common to all great men: but what the special character of emotion was,

[13] L. vi. 67.

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that alone could lift Scott above the power of death, I am about to ask the reader, in a little while, to observe with joyful care.

The first series of romances then, above named, are all that exhibit the emphasis of his unharmed faculties. The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but mortal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it.

They consist of the *Bride of Lammermuir*, *Ivanhoe*, the *Monastery*, the *Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, and the *Pirate*.[14] The marks of broken health on all these are essentially twofold—prevailing melancholy, and fantastic improbability. Three of the tales are agonisingly tragic, the *Abbot* scarcely less so in its main event, and *Ivanhoe* deeply wounded through all its bright panoply; while even in that most powerful of the series, the impossible archeries and axestrokes, the incredibly opportune appearances of Locksley, the death of Ulrica, and the resuscitation of Athelstane, are partly boyish, partly feverish. Caleb in the *Bride*, Triptolemus and Halcro in the *Pirate*, are all laborious, and the first incongruous; half a volume of the *Abbot* is spent in extremely dull detail of Roland's relations with his fellow-servants and his mistress, which have nothing whatever to do with the future story; and the lady of Avenel herself disappears after the first volume, 'like a snaw-wreath when it's thaw, Jeanie.' The public has for itself pronounced on the *Monastery*, though as much too harshly as it has foolishly praised the horrors of *Ravenswood* and the nonsense of *Ivanhoe*; because the modern public finds in the torture and adventure of these, the kind of excitement which it seeks at an opera, while it has no sympathy whatever with the pastoral happiness of Glendearg, or with the lingering simplicities of superstition which give historical likelihood to the legend of the White Lady.

But both this despised tale and its sequel have Scott's heart in them. The first was begun to refresh himself in the intervals of artificial labour on *Ivanhoe*. 'It was a relief,' he said, 'to interlay the scenery most familiar to me[15] with the strange world for which I had to draw so much on imagination.'[16] Through all the closing scenes of the second he is raised to his own true level by his love

[14] 'One other such novel, and there's an end; but who can last for ever? who ever lasted so long?'—Sydney Smith (of the *Pirate*) to Jeffrey, December 30, 1821. (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 223.)

[15] L. vi. p. 188. Compare the description of Fairy Dean, vii. 192.

[16] All, alas! were now in a great measure so written. *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, and *Kenilworth* were all published between December 1819 and January 1821, Constable & Co. giving five thousand guineas for the remaining copyright of them, Scott clearing ten thousand before the bargain was completed; and before the *Fortunes of Nigel* issued from the press Scott had exchanged instruments and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four 'works of fiction,' not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement, to be produced in unbroken succession, *each of them to fill up at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money in case any of them should run to four*; and within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Red Gauntlet*.

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for the queen. And within the code of Scott's work to which I am about to appeal for illustration of his essential powers, I accept the *Monastery* and *Abbot*, and reject from it the remaining four of this group.

The last series contains two quite noble ones, *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*; two of very high value, *Durward* and *Woodstock*; the slovenly and diffuse *Peveril*, written for the trade; the sickly *Tales of the Crusaders*, and the entirely broken and diseased *St. Ronan's Well*. This last I throw out of count altogether, and of the rest, accept only the four first named as sound work; so that the list of the novels in which I propose to examine his methods and ideal standards, reduces itself to these following twelve (named in order of production): *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, the *Heart of Midlothian*, the *Monastery*, the *Abbot*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Woodstock*.[17]

It is, however, too late to enter on my subject in this article, which I may fitly close by pointing out some of the merely verbal characteristics of his style, illustrative in little ways of the questions we have been examining, and chiefly of the one which may be most embarrassing to many readers, the difference, namely, between character and disease.

One quite distinctive charm in the Waverleys is their modified use of the Scottish dialect; but it has not generally been observed, either by their imitators, or the authors of different taste who have written for a later public, that there is a difference between the dialect of a language, and its corruption.

A dialect is formed in any district where there are persons of intelligence enough to use the language itself in all its fineness and force, but under the particular conditions of life, climate, and temper, which introduce words peculiar to the scenery, forms of word and idioms of sentence peculiar to the race, and pronunciations indicative of their character and disposition.

Thus 'burn' (of a streamlet) is a word possible only in a country where there are brightly running waters, 'lassie,' a word possible only where girls are as free as the rivulets, and 'auld,' a form of the southern 'old,' adopted by a race of finer musical ear than the English.

On the contrary, mere deteriorations, or coarse, stridulent, and, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, 'broad' forms of utterance, are not dialects at all, having nothing dialectic in them, and all phrases developed in states of rude employment, and restricted intercourse, are injurious to the tone and narrowing to the power of the language they affect. Mere breadth of accent does not spoil a dialect as long

[17] *Woodstock* was finished 26th March 1826. He knew then of his ruin; and wrote in bitterness, but not in weakness. The closing pages are the most beautiful of the book. But a month afterwards Lady Scott died; and he never wrote glad word more.

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as the speakers are men of varied idea and good intelligence; but the moment the life is contracted by mining, millwork, or any oppressive and monotonous labour, the accents and phrases become debased. It is part of the popular folly of the day to find pleasure in trying to write and spell these abortive, crippled, and more or less brutal forms of human speech.

Abortive, crippled, or brutal, are however not necessarily 'corrupted' dialects. Corrupt language is that gathered by ignorance, invented by vice, misused by insensibility, or minced and mouthed by affectation, especially in the attempt to deal with words of which only half the meaning is understood, or half the sound heard. Mrs. Gamp's 'aperiently so'—and the 'underminded' with primal sense of undermine, of—I forget which gossip, in the *Mill on the Floss*, are master- and mistress-pieces in this latter kind. Mrs. Malaprop's 'allegories on the banks of the Nile' are in a somewhat higher order of mistake: Mrs. Tabitha Bramble's ignorance is vulgarised by her selfishness, and Winifred Jenkins' by her conceit. The 'wot' of Noah Claypole, and the other degradations of cockneyism (Sam Weller and his father are in nothing more admirable than in the power of heart and sense that can purify even these); the 'trewth' of Mr. Chadband, and 'natur' of Mr. Squeers, are examples of the corruption of words by insensibility: the use of the word 'bloody' in modern low English is a deeper corruption, not altering the form of the word, but defiling the thought in it.

Thus much being understood, I shall proceed to examine thoroughly a fragment of Scott's Lowland Scottish dialect; not choosing it of the most beautiful kind; on the contrary, it shall be a piece reaching as low down as he ever allows Scotch to go—it is perhaps the only unfair patriotism in him, that if ever he wants a word or two of really villanous slang, he gives it in English or Dutch—not Scotch.

I had intended in the close of this paper to analyse and compare the characters of Andrew Fairservice and Richie Moniplies, for examples, the former of innate evil, unaffected by external influences, and undiseased, but distinct from natural goodness as a nettle is distinct from balm or lavender; and the latter of innate goodness, contracted and pinched by circumstance, but still undiseased, as an oak-leaf crisped by frost, not by the worm. This, with much else in my mind, I must put off; but the careful study of one sentence of Andrew's will give us a good deal to think of.

I take his account of the rescue of Glasgow Cathedral at the time of the Reformation.

Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open-steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic-like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid eneugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew,

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and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nicknackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging), and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them!) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland.

Now this sentence is in the first place a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value. Andrew's temperament is the type of a vast class of Scottish—shall we call it '*sow*-thistlian'—mind, which necessarily takes the view of either Pope or saint that the thistle in Lebanon took of the cedar or lilies in Lebanon; and the entire force of the passions which, in the Scottish revolution, foretold and forearmed the French one, is told in this one paragraph; the coarseness of it, observe, being admitted, not for the sake of the laugh, any more than an onion in broth merely for its flavour, but for the meat of it; the inherent constancy of that coarseness being a fact in this order of mind, and an essential part of the history to be told.

Secondly, observe that this speech, in the religious passion of it, such as there may be, is entirely sincere. Andrew is a thief, a liar, a coward, and, in the Fair service from which he takes his name, a hypocrite; but in the form of prejudice, which is all that his mind is capable of in the place of religion, he is entirely sincere. He does not in the least pretend detestation of image worship to please his master, or any one else; he honestly scorns the 'carnal morality [18] as dowd and fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule' of the sermon in the upper cathedral; and when wrapt in critical attention to the 'real savour o' doctrine' in the crypt, so completely forgets the hypocrisy of his fair service as to return his master's attempt to disturb him with hard punches of the elbow.

Thirdly. He is a man of no mean sagacity, quite up to the average standard of Scottish common sense, not a low one; and, though incapable of understanding any manner of lofty thought or passion, is a shrewd measurer of weaknesses, and not without a spark or two of kindly feeling. See first his sketch of his master's character to Mr. Hammorgaw, beginning: 'He's no a'thegither sae void o' sense,

[18] Compare Mr. Spurgeon's not unfrequent orations on the same subject.

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neither;' and then the close of the dialogue: 'But the lad's no a bad lad after a', and he needs some carefu' body to look after him.'

Fourthly. He is a good workman; knows his own business well, and can judge of other craft, if sound, or otherwise.

All these four qualities of him must be known before we can understand this single speech. Keeping them in mind, I take it up, word by word.

You observe, in the outset, Scott makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new, and scarcely write-able one. The Scottish way of pronouncing 'James,' for instance, is entirely peculiar, and extremely pleasant to the ear. But it is so, just because it does *not* change the word into Jeems, nor into Jims, nor into Jawms. A modern writer of dialects would think it amusing to use one or other of these ugly spellings. But Scott writes the name in pure English, knowing that a Scots reader will speak it rightly, and an English one be wise in letting it alone. On the other hand he writes 'weel' for 'well,' because that word is complete in its change, and may be very closely expressed by the double *e*. The ambiguous '*u*'s in 'gude' and 'sune' are admitted, because far liker the sound than the double *o* would be, and that in 'hure,' for grace' sake, to soften the word;—so also 'flaes' for 'fleas.' 'Mony' for 'many' is again positively right in sound, and 'neuk' differs from our 'nook' in sense, and is not the same word at all, as we shall presently see.

Secondly, observe, not a word is corrupted in any indecent haste, slowness, slovenliness, or incapacity of pronunciation. There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling: the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow: and its elisions and contractions are either melodious, ('na,' for 'not,'—'pu'd,' for 'pulled,') or as normal as in a Latin verse. The long words are delivered without the slightest bungling; and 'bigging' finished to its last *g*.

I take the important words now in their places.

Brave. The old English sense of the word in 'to go brave' retained, expressing Andrew's sincere and respectful admiration. Had he meant to insinuate a hint of the church's being too fine, he would have said 'braw.'

Kirk. This is of course just as pure and unprovincial a word as 'Kirche,' or 'église.'

Whigmaleerie. I cannot get at the root of this word, but it is one showing that the speaker is not bound by classic rules, but will use any syllables that enrich his meaning. 'Nipperty-tipperty' (of his master's 'poetry-nonsense') is another word of the same class. 'Curlieurlie' is of course just as pure as Shakespeare's 'Hurly-burly.' But see first suggestion of the idea to Scott at Blair-Adam (L. vi. 264).

Opensteek hems. More description, or better, of the later Gothic

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cannot be put into four syllables. 'Steek,' melodious for stitch, has a combined sense of closing or fastening. And note that the later Gothic, being precisely what Scott knew best (in Melrose) and liked best, it is, here as elsewhere, quite as much himself[19] as Frank, that he is laughing at, when he laughs *with* Andrew, whose 'opensteek hems' are only a ruder metaphor for his own 'willow-wreaths changed to stone.'

Gunpowther. '-Ther' is a lingering vestige of the French '-dre.'

Syne. One of the melodious and mysterious Scottish words which have partly the sound of wind and stream in them, and partly the range of softened idea which is like a distance of blue hills over border land ('far in the distant Cheviot's blue'). Perhaps even the least sympathetic 'Englisher' might recognise this, if he heard 'Old Long Since' vocally substituted for the Scottish words to the air. I do not know the root; but the word's proper meaning is not 'since,' but before or after an interval of some duration, 'as weel sune as syne.' 'But first on Sawnie gies a ca', Syne, bauldly in she enters.'

Behoved (*to come*). A rich word, with peculiar idiom, always used more or less ironically of anything done under a partly mistaken and partly pretended notion of duty.

Siccan. Far prettier, and fuller in meaning than 'such.' It contains an added sense of wonder; and means properly 'so great' or 'so unusual.'

Took (*o' drum*). Classical 'tuck' from Italian 'toccata,' the preluding 'touch' or flourish, on any instrument (but see Johnson under word 'tucket,' quoting *Othello*). The deeper Scottish vowels are used here to mark the deeper sound of the bass drum, as in more solemn warning.

Bigging. The only word in all the sentence of which the Scottish form is less melodious than the English, 'and what for no,' seeing that Scottish architecture is mostly little beyond Bessie Bell's and Mary Gray's? 'They biggit a bow'r by yon burnside, and theekit it ow're wi rashes.' But it is pure Anglo-Saxon in roots; see glossary to Fairbairn's edition of the Douglas *Virgil*, 1710.

Coup. Another of the much-embracing words; short for 'upset,' but with a sense of awkwardness as the inherent cause of fall; compare Richie Moniplies (also for sense of 'behoved'): 'Ae auld hirplin deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way, and offer me a pig (earthen pot—etym. dub.), as he said "just to put my Scotch ointment in;" and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil coupit owre amang his own pigs, and damaged a score of them.' So also Dandie Dinmont in the postchaise: ''Od! I hope they'll no coup us.'

[19] There are three definite and intentional portraits of himself, in the novels, each giving a separate part of himself: Mr. Oldbuck, Frank Osbaldistone, and Alan Fairford.

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The Crans. Idiomatic; root unknown to me, but it means in this use, full, total, and without recovery.

Molendinar. From 'molendinum,' the grinding-place. I do not know if actually the local name,[20] or Scott's invention. Compare Sir Piercie's 'Molinaras.' But at all events used here with bye-sense of degradation of the formerly idle saints to grind at the mill.

Crouse. Courageous, softened with a sense of comfort.

Ilka. Again a word with azure distance, including the whole sense of 'each' and 'every.' The reader must carefully and reverently distinguish these comprehensive words, which gather two or more perfectly understood meanings into one *chord* of meaning, and are harmonies more than words, from the above-noted blunders between two half-hit meanings, struck as a bad piano-player strikes the edge of another note. In English we have fewer of these combined thoughts; so that Shakespeare rather plays with the distinct lights of his words, than melts them into one. So again Bishop Douglas spells, and doubtless spoke, the word 'rose,' differently, according to his purpose; if as the chief or governing ruler of flowers, 'rois,' but if only in her own beauty, rose.

Christian-like. The sense of the decency and order proper to Christianity is stronger in Scotland than in any other country, and the word 'Christian' more distinctly opposed to 'beast.' Hence the back-handed cut at the English for their over-pious care of dogs.

I am a little surprised myself at the length to which this examination of one small piece of Sir Walter's first-rate work has carried us, but here I must end for this time, trusting, if the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* permit me, yet to trespass, perhaps more than once, on his readers' patience; but, at all events, to examine in a following paper the technical characteristics of Scott's own style, both in prose and verse, together with Byron's, as opposed to our fashionably recent dialects and rhythms; the essential virtues of language, in both the masters of the old school, hinging ultimately, little as it might be thought, on certain unalterable views of theirs concerning the code called 'of the Ten Commandments,' wholly at variance with the dogmas of automatic morality which, summed again by the witches' line, 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,' hover through the fog and filthy air of our prosperous England.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[20] Andrew knows Latin, and might have coined the word in his conceit; but, writing to a kind friend in Glasgow, I find the brook was called 'Molyndona' even before the building of the Sub-dean Mill in 1446. See also account of the locality in Mr. George's admirable volume, *Old Glasgow*, pp. 129, 149, &c. The Protestantism of Glasgow, since throwing that powder of saints into her brook Kidron, has presented it with other pious offerings; and my friend goes on to say that the brook, once famed for the purity of its waters (much used for bleaching), 'has for nearly a hundred years been a crawling stream of loathsomeness. It is now bricked over, and a carriage-way made on the top of it; underneath the foul mess still passes through the heart of the city, till it falls into the Clyde close to the harbour.'

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SOME INDIAN SUGGESTIONS FOR INDIA.

THE accession of a Liberal Ministry to power will, in all likelihood, affect the principles upon which India has hitherto been governed. The members of the present Government were able to perceive, whilst in Opposition, from an independent standpoint, the mistakes which vitiated the policy of their predecessors in office, and to realise, to a certain extent, the absence of sympathy between the rulers and the ruled which characterised the direction of affairs until now. The hope, therefore, entertained on all sides in India that the commencement of a fresh *régime* will inaugurate a more Liberal policy in that country, can hardly be considered illegitimate or irrational. The difficulties which surround all Indian questions, and prevent Englishmen from ascertaining genuine Indian public opinion, lead to the impression that it will not be inopportune at the present moment to place on record a few suggestions, from an Indian point of view, for the consideration of those to whose hands the destiny of the country has been confided.

The first thing to which the serious attention of the Liberal Ministry will probably be directed is the financial condition of India and the system of taxation in force there. In fact, the rehabilitation of Indian finances is a question of the greatest emergency, and any delay in grappling with it will be a grievous mistake. The partial repeal of the duty on imported cotton goods, by which the Indian Government abandoned without any tangible reason a considerable amount of revenue, was one of those mistakes which leave their mark on the mind of the people for long periods of time. It gave rise to an impression, not without reason, that the interests of the people of India were sacrificed in deference to the wishes of a portion of the British community; and this opinion obtained public utterance in various quarters. It is a fact which has been lately recognised by one of the leading Liberal statesmen in England, that the cotton duties are not maintained for protective purposes, but rather for fiscal reasons and exigencies. An indirect tax of this nature is more in conformity with the wishes of the people than any direct form of taxation;

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and while it saves the Government much odium, it spares the population from the tender mercies of the tax-collector. The people, as a body, approved of the duty levied on cotton goods, because its incidence was hardly perceptible to them. The Government having abandoned a portion of the revenue, recourse was had to other measures to recoup the loss thereby sustained. That to a certain extent the License Tax was designed to answer this purpose can hardly be doubted. Possibly it was also intended that this tax should provide an insurance fund against famines. The object in view may have been very commendable, but the method adopted for carrying it into effect certainly deserves no commendation. A more mischievous measure, or one more calculated to bring the Government into disrepute with the mass of the population, could not have been devised. Those who know the impecunious condition of the general body of the people, how they live from hand to mouth, can imagine the hardships to which they were subjected at the hands of the smaller satellites of Government. The cases of gross oppression which were investigated and exposed in the Presidency towns served to throw considerable light on the condition of affairs in the Moffussil.

The amount realised by Government does not represent the entire sum extracted from the taxpayers. The collectors and assessors have always to be assisted by informers (as was publicly admitted in open court by one of the collecting officers), and these informers, who render their services gratis to the State, recoup themselves for their trouble from those who have to pay the tax. In a poor country like India, where the mass of the population is steeped in ignorance, where the English officials are inaccessible to the general run of the community, and where there is little public opinion, an indirect tax weighing lightly on the people, requiring no tax-gatherer and no informer for its practical working, is in every way preferable to direct taxation.

It would seem, however, that this principle has been entirely lost sight of in India in every measure adopted heretofore for the adjustment of the finances. It would seem also that the men chiefly responsible for the introduction of the License Tax are yet unaware of the peculiarly obnoxious character this impost assumes when worked by the agency of informers and unpaid assessors. Some dim inkling of the hardships entailed on the people has led to the exemption of the poorest classes from the operation of the Act; the relief afforded is, however, very partial. Now that the surplus is acknowledged to be a dream of the past, it is idle to expect, whilst the financial direction remains in the present hands, that the tax will be repealed. Not even at the time when the idea of a surplus was first started, and many Alnaschar-like plans built upon it, did the repeal of the License Tax, or its substitution by some indirect form of taxation, ever enter the heads of the financial authorities. The

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simplicity with which the idea was formed and put forward before the public in India, was matched by the avidity with which it was accepted in England. But in India it was never supposed for a moment that the optimistic views entertained by the Finance Minister had any foundation in fact. Those who knew how, before this, subsequent events had always falsified the Budget estimates of Sir John Strachey, raised their warning voices against implicitly trusting to the figures given in the last Budget. It was pointed out that, in 1876–77, the actual expenditure exceeded the Budget estimate by 3,094,655*l.*; in 1877–78, by 5,180,400*l.*; in 1878–79, by over 1,000,000*l.*; and in 1879–80, by over 1,500,000*l.* The Anglo-Indian press persistently called attention to the lavish expenditure going on in the military department. The *Bombay Review*, in a trenchant article of the 14th of February last, spoke out vigorously. A portion of the article is worth quoting:—

Therefore the first and pressing duty the Indian press has to fulfil, is to trace the items and sum up the totals of the huge expenditure rapidly accumulating month by month. The tale thereof is being studiously and skilfully concealed; but, though the task is thus rendered difficult, our daily contemporaries with space and resources at their command ought to be equal to the occasion. Unfortunately they will, for the present, be a day after the fair, as the financial statement, cunningly concocted on the disingenuous principle we have described, must now be nearly ready for launching. All the more need is there for those who have any sincere care for the permanent welfare of India, and who cherish some sense of political equity, to be up and doing. We are glad to see that an attempt in the direction we have indicated is being made by one of our Calcutta contemporaries (*Indian Daily News*), though in a somewhat mild and apologetic fashion. We wish our space permitted us to extract the articles on the subject from that paper of the 6th and 7th; but we give the reference, so that other writers may, perchance, be induced to push the argument a stage further. Our contemporary makes a very good point in demanding that strict current account shall be taken of all extra expenditure caused by the Afghan war. Though this order would chiefly affect the military department—to which the *News* appears to confine its attention—it should be extended in every direction where the present strain is felt. Not only the transport and 'followers' services are squandering money 'like fun,' but the public works, the railways, and the marine, besides several branches of ordinary civil service, are contributing to the hæmorrhage now going on so freely. The columns of our contemporaries in northern India are full of indications of lavish outlay, within our borders, on transport, service on railways, on supplies and munitions of war; while the devil's cauldron, over the border, is being stirred merrily to the emphatic refrain of d—— the expense, subsidies squandered on tribes who are barely kept at bay, and ready rupees being flung broadcast for supplies in the Passes and at Kabul. Our Calcutta contemporary is quite right in demanding that account shall be taken *now* of these headlong disbursements; and very properly adds—'delay (in rendering these current accounts) should involve the removal of the (head) officer responsible in each case.'

Whilst almost every public journal in India was calling the attention of Government to 'the cataract of unavowed expenditure,' it is absurd to suppose that the responsible parties were not aware of the fact until now. Of course, no one is prepared to say that the surplus was

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put forward designedly. The wonder is, that it was persistently believed in, despite the plainest evidence to the contrary. And even now it would appear, from the telegraphic summary of the Government of India's despatch contained in the papers of the 6th of May, that in certain quarters there is a desire to slur over hard facts. 'But for the war,' it is said, 'there would have been a surplus of four millions both in the past and present years.' 'But for the war!' Within the last four years, the public debt has grown by twenty millions; within the last ten years, the gross expenditure has increased by fifteen or sixteen millions; whilst within the last six years, the army expenditure has admittedly increased by three millions. Making every allowance for augmented railway returns and larger opium receipts, is there any valid ground for supposing that the additional revenue, derivable from these and other accidental sources, would enable the two ends to meet? The revenue derived from opium is of the most precarious character, and the abnormal gains of this year may not improbably lead next year to a large fluctuation contrariwise. Persia has commenced to compete vigorously with India in the opium market; and once the practical monopoly which now exists ceases, all reliance on the opium yield may safely be abandoned in financial calculations. Again, it is uncertain how far the proceeds of the reserved stocks of opium of former years have entered into the Budget estimate for the present year. The stoppage of public works cannot possibly be permanent. To say, therefore, that but for the war there would have been a surplus of four millions, is a stretch of the imagination. Not only, at the present moment, is there no surplus, but there is a deficit of about four millions. Some people are inclined to believe that even this is under-estimated. How is this deficit to be met? Should the difficulty be tided over by a loan, it is to be feared the Finance Minister of the future will find no little trouble in paying the interest out of the general revenue. Let us hope that England will partially lighten the burden by undertaking the payment of a portion of the cost of the Afghan war. This even would afford only a partial and temporary relief. The finances of India, in order to be placed on a satisfactory basis, will have to be handled delicately, yet vigorously. The partial abandonment of the duty on cotton goods is already producing the effects all along anticipated. Goods which come within the exempted category are alone manufactured and sent out to India. No duty, of course, is leviable thereupon. The entire import duty on cotton goods may be considered as virtually abandoned. With the virtual abandonment of the import duties, the export duty on rice will have to go, as seems to be anticipated by Sir J. Strachey himself. What this means may safely be commended to the attention of earnest people in England. Already the export of rice has reached an unprecedented extent in India, and exercises no little influence on the fluctuations in the price of the staple food of

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the country. Speculators and traders will gain chiefly by the abolition of the export duty on rice, as they have done by the reduction of the salt duty in certain parts of India. The loss to the public revenue will accentuate the misery of the people. In view of these facts it is puerile to talk about the war being the only disturbing element in financial calculations.

A sifting inquiry, such as has been suggested by Mr. Fawcett, into the financial condition of India, will probably show that the only branch of the public revenue which possesses any real elasticity and where an enhancement might safely be effected without creating great popular discontent, consists in the income derived from the Customs and Excise Departments. The incidence of the License or the Income Tax can never be fairly apportioned or equalised, nor can their collection be altogether free from those evils to which attention has already been directed.

All direct forms of taxation are, therefore, strongly to be deprecated. There remains, then, the question of indirect taxation, which must be fairly discussed in order to determine what margin was still left for the Indian Government in that direction. The reimposition of the cotton duties also deserves serious consideration. This task, however, must be approached without the fear of hurting the susceptibilities of English constituencies and British manufacturers. The idea prevalent in England that the import duties on cotton goods are not only repugnant to the theory of free trade, but have the effect of pressing heavily on the poorer classes, is absolutely erroneous. It would appear that this is the only form of tax that touches them most lightly. The cotton duty, like the duty on sugar, reached the well-to-do classes, who alone consumed the comparatively high-priced foreign fabrics. The wisdom of abandoning taxes upon luxuries, which are habitually consumed by the richer portion of the population, upon purely theoretical grounds, is, to say the least, very doubtful.

The consumption of 'excisable' articles, which is a legal euphemism for intoxicating liquors and drugs, seems to progress in the same ratio as the advancement of British civilisation. The rich of course indulge in imported liquors, whilst the poor betake themselves to country-made *doashtas*, and other intoxicating drinks distilled from rice, &c. It would seem that here at least there is ample field for the exercise of financial ability. A very excellent Act was passed by the Bengal Legislature about a year ago, which has for one of its objects the increase of the number of articles upon which an excise duty may be levied.[1] Its operation might usefully be extended to the whole of India.

The duty on salt is another of those questions which, sooner or later, must engage the attention of the Government. This duty has been partially reduced in some quarters, and partially enhanced in

[1] The Bengal Excise Act.

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others. Considering that in the latter case, notably in Madras and Bombay, the people are on the whole poorer than in Bengal, one is inclined to doubt the financial success of the measure. Then again, the partial reduction of the duty in the more favoured parts, whilst it has entailed some loss to the revenue, has made no appreciable difference in the price of salt. Viewed by the light of practical experience, it may be questioned whether the thorough equalisation of the duty on salt is feasible.

That India is on the verge of bankruptcy is a statement which has often been put forward, but scarcely ever seriously controverted. Whatever truth there may be in it, one fact can hardly be disputed, that the mass of the population is worse off now than at any time before under British rule. Everywhere the necessaries of life have become dear. Undoubtedly, in many cases the standard of living has improved, but the consequence is that living costs more than twenty years ago. The value of money has diminished. Trade does not bring in much profit. The supply of candidates for Government employment is greater than the demand. The cultivators of the soil are impoverished, and the general body of the landowning classes is not better off. The wages of labour have increased, but the benefit which might be expected from increase of wages in the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes is to be seen nowhere. There are a few, very few, rich people scattered over the country; but, as a whole, a dead weight seems to hang on the Indian community. The real causes of this serious outlook are not far to seek, and may be stated in a few words. They are the natural results, partly of the financial difficulties of the Government which necessitate the imposition of onerous and unpopular taxes, and partly of those circumstances which lead to a heavy and incessant drain of large sums of money year after year in the shape of savings, pensions, home-charges, &c. Those who know the nature of the investments made by English gentlemen in India, understand perfectly that a very small fraction of the sums so withdrawn finds its way back for 'opening up the resources of the country.' A taste has grown up on all sides for foreign articles and imported goods, all of which have to be paid for in hard cash. It is not my wish to decry the taste which has grown up among Indians for foreign things. I look upon it as a sign of progress. Nor do I find fault with Englishmen, who have rendered their services faithfully and loyally to the country, for enjoying their rewards in their own fatherland. The fact, however, remains that whereas, under the native rule, the wealth of the country continued there, by the necessity of the British rule an enormous portion of its resources is withdrawn, and, to a great extent, lost. Various plans have been, from time to time, suggested to combat this evil, and to prevent, at least partially,

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the continuous outflow of the resources of India. One notable suggestion was that the administration should, as far as practicable, be entrusted to and conducted through the instrumentality of the natives of the country, saving thereby the necessity of importing costly foreign labour. In 1870 this plan received the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, and an act was passed embodying the principle in a formal statute. It remained, however, a dead letter until a year or two ago, when, under the pressure of British public opinion, the Government of India framed a set of rules, which the Indian people have with one voice declared to be a fiasco. If the educated public opinion of a nation possesses any value in the eyes of statesmen, these rules stand condemned as absurd and impracticable.

The Act of 1870 was passed with the object of placing the Indian subjects of Her Majesty on a footing of equality with the British European subjects. It authorised the Indian Government to appoint natives of India of proved merit and ability to offices of trust and emolument, without regard to the fact whether they belonged to the Civil Service or not. There was no question of a difference of pay between European and native officials involved in the object of the Act. It is undoubtedly true that the primary principle in view was to save India from bankruptcy and collapse by utilising indigenous labour, and stopping the needless influx of the foreign element. Had the Act received the hearty concurrence of the Indian Government, two practical gains would have resulted therefrom. In the first place, much of the wealth which is at the present moment necessarily withdrawn, would have remained in its legitimate sphere, and gone towards the improvement of the masses. In the second place, the waste of public money caused by the retention of offices not absolutely needed would have come to an end. The rules, however, not only stultify the object of the Act, but negative completely the theory upon which the Government has ostensibly proceeded. The invidious distinction in the matter of pay between Europeans and Indians, besides other disqualifications, would prevent qualified natives of India, whose services might be really worth securing, from entering the service; whilst a few unimportant nominations here and there can have no appreciable effect on the expenditure of the country. If there is any real intention on the part of the authorities in India to utilise the acknowledged capacity of the educated Indians in the judicial and administrative departments, the principle should be carried into effect with the sole object of benefiting the country, independently of every consideration for class interests. If economy is in view, the pay of all the high officers of Government should be cut down, irrespective of every question of nationality. In every country in the world the emolument of an office serves as the standard of its importance in the eyes of the populace. And this is particularly the case in India. If the pay of all the high officers of

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Government were reduced without distinction of race, colour, or creed, there would be no fear of invidious comparisons being drawn between a European and an Indian employé. It might possibly be said that Indians living in their own country do not require such large salaries as Englishmen going out to a foreign land. There appear to me to be two fallacies involved in this assumption. Is it necessary to import foreign labour to India at a greater cost to do the same work which an Indian would do equally well? If the latter cannot perform it as well as a European, *cadit quæstio*; an Indian should not be placed in any position on any pay whatsoever. On the other hand, if both are equally efficient, one can hardly understand the reason of importing foreign labour at greater expense. The foreigner who makes his choice must fain accept the wages of indigenous labour. This is surely a principle of political economy which governs the employment of all labour, wherever there is no monopoly; nor is there any reason why India, because she has no voice in the government of the country, should alone be deprived of the benefits of this equitable rule. Another question is, Do Englishmen really require larger salaries than Indians? No one would suppose it is intended to confer such offices as are contemplated under the Act on men of the old, old type, now happily extinct, who administered justice in the villages of Bengal or Maharashtra dressed in a single loin-cloth. It may be assumed that offices of trust and responsibility, which require not only capacity and cultivation, but also probity and independence, would be conferred on men who form the link between Western and Eastern civilisation. The merits of these men have frequently been questioned by a new class of Anglo-Indians, but the motive is too transparent to deceive anybody. As a matter of fact, the men of culture who are growing up in India under Western influences should be considered by a wise Government as forming the nucleus of a healthy progressive organisation for the country. The style of living among these men is little inferior to that of Europeans. They all look forward to bestowing on their children the boons of a good *English university* education. Their ambitions, hopes, and aspirations are little behind those of cultivated Englishmen. The claims on their charity, on the other hand, are as extensive as their dependents are numerous. Can it be contended that the expenses of these men are less than those of Englishmen? Young Englishmen, going out to India, have, in the majority of cases, only themselves to support. They live in 'chummeries,' and their expenses are moderate. It is self-evident that the theory which has been put forward to justify the distinction in the pay of Indian and European officials under the new rules, is fallacious. One may well feel surprised at the absurdity of the idea that there could be any gain to the State by the introduction of a few extra men into the service on reduced salaries whilst the main body continues on the old lines.

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Turning now to the question of comparative efficiency, as the primary element in the consideration of economy, there can be no doubt that, taken as a body, the native public servants are as efficient as any ordinary European official. In personal integrity, in the simple-minded discharge of public duties, and the grasp of administrative details, they are not inferior in the smallest degree to any foreigner. If there is any tendency in some of them towards sycophantism, they cannot be said to stand alone in this respect; and the system under which they exist is directly responsible for the growth of this reprehensible habit among them as well as among foreigners. Personal integrity does not consist in incorruptibility alone; it implies that incorruptibility should be joined to freedom from all kinds of prejudices and predilections which warp the judgment. As a rule, whether from force of circumstances or otherwise, Indian officials are singularly free from prejudices. Besides, a European, however well-intentioned, labours always under certain disadvantages in the satisfactory discharge of his duties. His ignorance of the habits, customs, and usages of the people over whom he happens to be placed, and his imperfect knowledge of the vernacular languages, seriously interfere with his efficiency. Frequent miscarriages of justice are occasioned simply by want of knowledge on the part of the officers of the language of the people, and their modes of life and thought.

The judicial capacity of the Indians is universally admitted. The deputy-magistrates and other subordinate executive officers, who practically carry on the work of administration all over the country, attest the administrative talent of the native officials. With these facts staring one in the face, it is the height of unreasonableness to insist upon the continuance of imported labour. If the obnoxious rules are abrogated, as it is to be hoped they soon will be, care should be taken to avoid all invidious distinctions between native and foreign employés. In making nominations regard should be had to the status of the individual nominee at the time. For example, if an officer happened to be drawing Rs. 700 per month when so nominated, he should be considered eligible for an equivalent office in the Civil Service, say a joint magistracy. Were some such line of action as is here indicated to be adopted, there can be no question of an interference with vested interests, assuming that 'vested interests' have any right to be thought of in a matter of absolute justice.

As regards the question whether the number of British officials in the country is not more than is actually needed, it may be mentioned that the point has been repeatedly discussed by some of the leading organs of Indian public opinion, both Hindoo and Mahommedan. In some districts not far from one of the Presidency towns, if my information is not incorrect, there appears to be frequently such a plethora of official talent that the divisional head has a little difficulty in providing work for all his subordinates. Of course this

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applies to Sudder stations and places where there are native deputies to lighten the work of 'joints' and assistants. And yet young civilians are annually 'indented' to do the work which can be more effectually and inexpensively done by a less numerous body of officials. It is not for a moment implied that the Indian Government has wilfully called for more men than were required; what India complains of is that no care has hitherto been taken to ascertain the precise requirements of the country. Of course, it is impossible now to reduce the existing number, but in future some limit ought to be imposed on the system of indiscriminate drafting.

Another question which is not out of place here is, whether so many police superintendents and assistant superintendents are really needed in places where assistant civilian magistrates are available to do the work? Nobody would advocate for a second the union of the judicial and executive functions; nor would it be right to revert to the old system, under which the police were subject to the control of the head of the district, who was partly a police and partly a judicial officer. The two functions should always be kept apart, as is the case in the Presidency towns. The principle which has been so long followed in the towns can easily be introduced in the Moffussil without entailing any extra charge on the State, and would be the means of preventing the recurrence of those cases of police oppression which so often bring into discredit the administration of justice. But the adoption of the principle referred to ought not to interfere with the curtailment of some unnecessary offices in the Police Department. It is possible that in some large districts separate police superintendents are necessary, but there are others in which certainly they can be dispensed with, without detriment to the efficiency of the administration.

There are various other branches of the public service where retrenchment might safely be effected. The Bengal Government has recently succeeded, not without some opposition, in bringing about a considerable reduction of expenditure in one department at least. As it is desirable to avoid, as much as possible, barren controversies, it is needless to specify more particularly the directions in which such retrenchment can be achieved. A strong, conscientious chief, like the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, would easily put a stop to the undoubted waste which goes on in certain branches of the public service. The vigour with which he has exposed the absurdity, not to call it by any other name, of maintaining a Bureau of Agriculture in the North-west Provinces, points him out as the fittest man to grapple effectually with the difficult questions that have to be faced shortly in India—a man who would not shrink from applying the pruning-knife where it is chiefly needed—at the top.

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The legislation of the country requires serious attention. It was unfortunate that no Indian was included in the late Law Commission. A judge of the stamp of Mr. Justice Romesh Chunder Mitter, whose experience and knowledge are acknowledged and appreciated on all sides, would have rendered invaluable services to the Commission, since the task they were engaged in had reference entirely to the wants and requirements of India. It is a matter of regret also that the legislative council of India should contain so little Indian element in it really valuable. The Maharajahs, Rajahs, and Nawabs who have hitherto adorned the viceregal council, may be very estimable men in themselves; but, with the exception of one or two, none of them know the English language, in which the debates are conducted, sufficiently well to understand the drift of the arguments. It is difficult to see what services such men could possibly render to the senate in its task of law-making. Whilst the provincial councils include some of the most talented Indians, the Supreme Council is guided in its selection of members much more by their rank and wealth than by their fitness. This is not meant as a reflection on the individual members who have had the honour of sitting in the Legislative Council of India, and who have, according to their lights, tried to be of some assistance in its deliberations. If they have failed, it is owing to no fault of theirs. The blame lies at the door of others. As long as the principle of nomination exists, and as long as the people have no voice in the selection of the men who are supposed to represent their views in the councils of the Empire, it is desirable that the number of Indian members should not be less than four, and that their presence at the Board should be judged by the standard of their usefulness and ability, and not by the titles attached to their names. In the Bengal Legislative Council five out of twelve members were, at one time, natives of India. The principle which answers so well in the Lieutenant-Governor's Council should answer equally so in the Viceroy's Council. The services of the members of the Bengal Council are purely honorary—the 'additional' members of the Indian Council are allowed a sum of Rs. 10,000[2] per annum, to cover the costs of their journeys to and from Simla. Possibly some change will soon be made in the systematic migration of the Government from Calcutta for eight months in the year. The judges of the High Court, magistrates, barristers, solicitors, Small Cause Court judges, and non-official Europeans generally, who spend the major portion of their time in the plains, do not, as a rule, feel the worse for it. Would not three or four months' trip to the hills be sufficient to recuperate the flagged energies of the chief officers of Government without entailing on the country the expense of pro-

[2] About 1,000*l.*

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viding for the transfer of entire establishments to Simla for eight or nine months in the year? The question of the cost, not to speak of other undesirabilities, connected with the annual exodus has been thoroughly discussed. It is to be hoped that a Liberal Government will signalise its return to power by putting some kind of check on the enormous expenditure which is entailed on the country on account of these trips to the famous hill-station. It is said that the Indian Government has lately tried to deal with the question by ordering all the clerks and subordinate officers to be permanently located there! The result of this order will ultimately be, that extra clerks will have to be maintained in Calcutta at an additional expense.

In no country in the world, perhaps, is justice taxed so heavily as in India. With the exception of the Presidency towns, and except as regards suits instituted in the Presidency High Courts, suitors are subjected to the payment of a heavy *ad valorem* stamp duty on plaints, grounds of appeal, &c. Those people who have at one time or another been connected with the administration of justice in India, will bear testimony to the fact that the Stamp Act in numerous cases prevents the poorer classes from seeking redress in Courts of Justice, whereas it serves as a great engine of oppression in the hands of the rich. Judicial officers have repeatedly protested against the working of this peculiarly obnoxious Act, and the people have been crying out against it, but no heed has been paid to their complaints. If the stamp duties are intended as a prohibitory tax on justice, it unquestionably answers its purpose. But it is doubtful if it adds much to the popularity of the British Government.

The relation of the Ryots to the Zemindars, and the Ryots and Zemindars to the Government, forms one of the burning questions of the day, and has to be grappled with in earnest, and that speedily. Unquestionably the condition of the landowning and cultivating classes all over the country, and their feelings towards the British rule, are of far greater importance than even the financial difficulties of the administration. The Rumpa and the Deccan mutiny and the famous Pubna and Furreedpoor riots owed their origin primarily to agrarian causes. Owing to a variety of circumstances, people connected with land have latterly incurred heavy losses in one shape or another. No doubt their own improvidence is mainly responsible for these unhappy results. At the same time, it may be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that the general indebtedness of the landowning classes and the peasantry of India is the indirect consequence of two causes, for which the administration must be held answerable. The introduction of the principle of freedom of contracts, recognised by English Courts, among an unadvanced community like the masses of

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India, has had the effect of throwing them completely into the hands of usurers and money-lenders.[3]

The rigorous exaction of the Government dues in literal accordance with the requirements of the law, has often driven landowners to obtain loans on the most extortionate terms, which have led eventually to the sale of their properties. Since the abolition of the law against usury, there is no check on the rapacity of money-lenders. Again, the manner in which landed properties are set up to auction in the Moffussil in execution of decrees, without reserved bids, has the effect of knocking down estates of immense value for a mere trifle. The Deccan Ryots' Relief Act, and the measure lately introduced in the Supreme Council for the protection of the proprietors of the Jhansi district, serve to show that the Government is beginning to recognise the emergent character of the difficulties under which the landed interest in India is labouring. The relief, however, in order to be effectual, must not be partial in its nature. Some plan ought to be devised by which the benefits intended for the Jhansi proprietors may be extended to other parts of India. The system of reserved bids might also be introduced in the Moffussil to protect landowners in the sale of their properties in execution of judgment-debts and decrees. The National Mohammedan Association, at Calcutta, submitted a memorial to the Government of India on this subject, but no attention seems to have been paid to its recommendation.

The extreme rigidity of the land revenue system of India deserves the most serious consideration of every Government conscientiously bent upon removing all causes of discontent among a people who have never shown any lack of forbearance or patient endurance. The rigour with which the land tax is exacted all over India, regardless of all questions of droughts or floods (*khuski* or *gharki*), bad or good harvests, has conduced to no small extent to the present impoverishment of the country. In those parts where the Permanent Settlement is in force, the rule of law is that in case of a default committed by a Zemindar in the payment of the *Jamma* or tax by the sunset of a day fixed, his estate is liable to be sold by public auction. The strict enforcement of this peculiarly harsh rule has acquired for it the popular designation of 'the Sunset Law.' Any one who has ever had to deal with its practical working must be aware of the numberless cases of ruin and beggary which have been occasioned thereby, and the infinite amount of trouble it causes to many.[4] In relaxing its rigour the Government will not only save itself from much odium, but strengthen its hold on the affections of the people. For can it be wondered at that

[3] The writer of these lines knows of a case, from his own forensic experience, in which a debt of Rs. 4,000 (400*l.*) had swelled in ten years to Rs. 30,000 (3,000*l.*)

[4] Of the hardships to which people are exposed in Behar and many parts of Bengal, the writer ventures to speak from some personal knowledge. With reference to the other parts, he is, of course, obliged to speak from 'secondary evidence.'

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the scions of those houses which have suffered most should look upon the British rule as responsible for their present misery? When it is borne in mind that absenteeism is the general rule in India, that estates are left in the management of the *Dewans* and *Mutsuddis*, who alone are charged with the duty of paying punctually the Government dues; and when it is considered how open these men are to all sorts of underhand influences, either to achieve the ruin of their masters, or their own aggrandisement, it may be thought expedient, if not just, to relax to some extent the hard and fast rule which now prevails. Fraud and collusion often lead to the sale of vast estates before the proprietors themselves have the smallest inkling of the fact. The only resource then left to the victims is to move the District Courts to set aside the sales, but as *substantial irregularities* have to be proved, the chances of a reversal are few indeed.[5] A simple direction from the Board of Revenue to the revenue collectors against the strict enforcement of this law, even if it should be considered advisable to retain it on the Statute Book, may in some degree benefit the people. The collectors should, in cases of default, be required to give notice to the proprietors; and grace of a fortnight or a month should be allowed. A few simple rules to this effect would amply answer the requirements of the case.

A change in the land-laws of the country seems to be engaging the attention of the Indian Government at the present moment. It is to be hoped that the Permanent Settlement will be made applicable to all India.[6] The system of periodical settlement, whatever its advantage from a fiscal point of view, keeps the mind of the people in a state of perpetual ferment. The proprietors never feel secure in the enjoyment of their estates, and their tenants continue in as great a state of unrest as they. The Permanent Settlement, in spite of all that has been said against it, has proved on the whole beneficial to Bengal. In those parts where periodical settlements

[5] The perverseness of English Moffussil judges frequently causes great hardships. People go to court in quest of justice. They are turned back with what untrained administrators call Law. In one case, which occurred only a short time ago in the District of Shahabad, a large family of Rajpoots were sold out of their hearth and home under peculiarly severe circumstances. They had mortgaged their homestead lands to a money-lender, who took out execution on a decree which he obtained against them and which declared that the mortgaged properties were primarily liable for the judgment-debt. At the time of execution, the judgment debtors had in deposit in the Subordinate Judge's Court a large sum of money, and they applied to the District Judge that the decretal amount might be paid out of that sum. They also begged for time to arrange matters with the creditor, who, on his side, was not unwilling to come to terms. But the District Judge was inexorable, his view of the law being that the debt was to be satisfied by the sale of the mortgaged properties in accordance with the terms of the decree. And so the properties were put up to sale, and knocked down for a quarter of their value.

[6] Should the value of land increase in any part independently of any agency employed by the landlords or tenants, Government can easily share in the accruing advantage by a well-devised system of local taxation.

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have been introduced, the condition of the people compares unfavourably with that of Bengal. The extension of the Permanent Settlement over the whole of India would save the people from the continual molestation to which they are now exposed, and probably would prove the greatest boon which could be conferred on a nation. On the other hand, the time seems to have arrived when the Indian Government should make up its mind, in spite of the opposition evinced in certain quarters, to confer transferable rights on the Ryots, *bonâ-fide kâshtkârs*, holding occupancy tenures. Care should, however, be taken to prevent the peasantry from being bought out or swamped by speculative *Vakeels* or greedy *Bunniahs*. Prior to the Act X. of 1859, justly regarded as the Magna Charta of the Ryots, they were more or less at the mercy of the landlords. It is possibly true that the Act of 1859 to some extent affected the Zemindars injuriously; and it may be unreservedly admitted that the Ryots as a rule are not so 'child-like' as they are occasionally represented to be. Child-like Ryots are as difficult to find in India as elsewhere. Considering, however, the enormous advantages possessed by the landlords for the enforcement of their rights, it would hardly be fair to go back, as the desire seems to be, to the old state of things. The landowning interest is strongly represented in the Councils. The Zemindars have easy access to the governing classes; their views are everywhere listened to with consideration. The voice of the Ryot remains unheard and unheeded until he calls attention to his existence by some revolting deed of agrarian violence. It is simply absurd to talk of the mischiefs likely to ensue to the Ryot were he to obtain transferable rights. Human nature and self-interest would in the end assert themselves, and insure his safety from the evils predicted. Whilst affording every facility to the landowners to realise their rents, and insuring them, in every possible way, the enjoyment of their rights, Government should not overlook the interest of the Ryots. Subinfeudation, with the concomitant evil of rack-renting, should be strictly put a stop to. Absenteeism should be discouraged, and the Zemindars should be required to develope greater interest in agricultural pursuits and agricultural improvements. At the same time, a genuine desire should be promoted amongst the Ryots for improving their material condition; and this can be attained only by giving them such an interest in the soil as would be heritable as well as transferable. Some scheme should also, if possible, be devised for rendering assistance by Government loans, or the establishment of agricultural banks, to landowners and Ryots really anxious to improve their lands.

The Vernacular Press Act and the Arms Act—the need of both of which still remains unintelligible to common apprehension—it is to be hoped will soon be repealed. The arguments against the Vernacular Press Act are familiar to the British public. But the

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Arms Act requires a brief mention. This measure applies exclusively to the native population. Europeans and Eurasians, are exempted from the operation of the Act. In fact it proceeds upon the general assumption of the disloyalty of the natives of India. A few men here and there are specially exempted from this category, but the spirit of the Act implies a national censure. Whatever may have been the necessity for a measure to prevent arms of precision reaching the frontier tribes, a law which assumes the disloyalty of the nation as a body can hardly fail to create surprise and discontent.

These suggestions are offered in the hope that, at a time when the affairs of India are engaging public attention in England more than at any other period in its history, they might prove of some interest to those statesmen to whom has been entrusted the duty of settling the lines upon which India shall, in future, be governed. The writer has tried in these pages to represent the views of the Indian nation without regard to the interest of any class or creed. He has purposely abstained from touching on those questions which are likely to give rise to controversies leading to no practical result, dealing only with matters on which there is a consensus of opinion among the people of India. Should these remarks prove to be of any use in evoking the sympathy of the British public in behalf of that country, the object of this paper will have been amply achieved.

AMEER ALI.

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OUR NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS AND PROVINCIAL ART MUSEUMS.

THERE are, I think, special reasons why public attention should at this time be turned towards the subject of our National Museums, both imperial or metropolitan and provincial.

No doubt dealing with this question suggests taking into account the expenditure of considerable sums of public money, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that in these early days of emergence from a prolonged period of financial depression and political uncertainty, this particular consideration must be a somewhat unwelcome one.

Every now and then, however, whether the time be convenient or not, periods occur when by the force of circumstances new departures must be taken. The country is committed to the maintenance and development of existing imperial collections, and also to the system of extending these benefits to the great centres of provincial life and culture, and there are unmistakable signs that this latter question will soon take a prominent position amongst the social topics of the day. It must not be forgotten that already the State has founded museums and galleries in Dublin and Edinburgh, and that it has also taken a significant step in the upholding and management of the Bethnal Green Museum; it is in consequence not to be wondered at that many other great provincial centres should also consider themselves entitled to direct pecuniary and other assistance, in the formation and support of art and science collections. In some cases already splendid structures have been erected, at the sole cost of the localities, and long ranges of vacant galleries are awaiting the acquisition of the costly and well-chosen specimens, which can alone render these institutions other than a mockery and a snare. Such rare and costly specimens, however, are just what local endeavour finds itself almost powerless to procure. The questions then of how far the State is already committed, and what the country at large expects it to do, in regard to the fostering of provincial museums, are ripe for discussion, and will inevitably force themselves into notice.

In the present inchoate condition of provincial expectation more

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especially, there is perhaps even some danger lest crude schemes should be entertained to which, even with an almost unlimited command of imperial resources, the State could not properly give its sanction, and, on the other hand, unless well-considered principles of action are put forward, the Government is not unlikely to drift into a course of ill-directed and intermittent assistance to local institutions, certain in the long run to entail great expense to the country without any clear prospect of adequate return. The question is in reality a great and intricate one—service will at all events be rendered in endeavouring to confine its discussion within the bounds of reasonable possibility.

The fact should be kept in view that great progress has already been made in the matter of State aid to provincial museums, that administrative machinery to that end has been created, and, in one at least of our national art establishments, definite modes of assistance have now become customary; it is therefore mainly a question of improving and extending this action, and not of modifying in any sweeping manner the status of the existing central institutions, which must be the practical channels of conveyance of all such assistance.

A brief and necessarily discursive preliminary survey of the present state and mutual relations of these imperial museums, will perhaps be the best means of entering on the intricate questions before us. In this manner, light will be thrown on the special difficulties, shortcomings, and the lack of concert amongst these establishments themselves; such incidental illustration moreover will doubtless tend to bring down vague and impracticable aspirations, which are likely enough to arise in the provinces, to the practical level, at which safe and certain work is to be done.

I purpose then to pass rapidly in review the present state of our three great national art establishments, namely, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum.

The first named, if only as the oldest and most deeply rooted institution of the three, demands our attention in the outset—special reasons moreover suggest its being taken first in order. The proximate removal of the Natural History Collections from Great Russell Street, for instance, and their installation in the new edifice at South Kensington, will in itself be an occurrence of great moment; the elimination of these sections will leave the museum in possession of a range of empty galleries, the reoccupation of which will probably bring about great shifting and changing in other departments of the establishment—and from this cause alone questions of points of contact and other relations with the great art collections at South Kensington will in all probability be brought to an issue. It is to be hoped that this change will practically result in the complete elimination of the science element from the general scheme, or province of the British Museum, and that the new Natural History Museum will

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have the status of an entirely distinct and separate institution, to be managed by men of science under the immediate authority of a Government Department or Minister of State. Here, however, in the outset, let me disclaim in the strongest manner any appearance of wishing to meddle in science matters; it is for the men of science to assert themselves and take up the public affairs of their several departments. Art and Science form two sufficiently distinct branches of culture, and in my opinion a successful and orderly administration of the affairs of both, so far as State action is concerned, will be best promoted by complete separation. If it were not that hitherto all questions of our national dealings with art and science have been so needlessly mixed up and interwoven, I should carefully avoid all allusion to the science element in our museum systems.

Founded shortly after the middle of the last century, the British Museum has grown up like many other institutions of this country, with but little preconceived design; its somewhat fortuitous growth indeed has been likened more than once to that of the British Constitution itself; its history however has been unlike that of the body politic at large in one important respect, in that it has as yet almost escaped reform. It is perhaps too much to say that the British Museum has fallen behind the age, but it can scarcely be denied that there is something in the atmosphere, as it were, surrounding it, which savours more of the last century than of the bracing tone of the present day. In spite, however, of anomalies and shortcomings, the machine has worked and continues to work with but little friction; but it would neither stop nor fall to pieces, if measures of reform as complete in their way as those which have repeatedly invigorated the country at large, were applied to it. One generally admitted grievance, perhaps the main root of evil, is that the governing body of the British Museum is too numerous, and is encumbered with practically non-efficient members, especially in the class of ex-officio and 'family' trustees.

The body of trustees of the British Museum consists of fifty noblemen, great ecclesiastics, and gentlemen, for the most part holding office for life. There might perhaps be some justification for the retention of a certain number of ex-officio trustees, if the rest of the body, nominated or 'elected' by the Government, were to consist of professional specialists, men of paramount eminence in letters, science, or art, but in such nominations another principle has been usually followed—it has been found convenient, or at all events by the force of things it seems to have become habitual, to bestow these appointments, as a kind of honorary distinction, only on persons of high social status or official position. It is true that some ostensible deference to the principle of fitness has usually been shown inasmuch as the recipients have generally been distinguished by the possession of at least some especial tincture of literature, science, or

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art, as the case might be; but it is no disparagement to the elected trustees to say, that as a rule they have been only dilettanti, and that any benefit that could have accrued to the institution by reason of their several specialities would have been a hundredfold greater from the class I have indicated. In regard to the family, *i.e.* Hereditary Trustees, it is hard to perceive a single argument in favour of their retention.[1]

Any one conversant with the working of English Boards and 'Trusts' in general will have no difficulty in comprehending what must have been the general nature of the action of such a body—it has in fact been slow, cumbrous, somewhat narrow-minded and unprogressive.

The Trustees of the British Museum as a corporate body have had very much the status of an 'imperium in imperio,' and their relations with the Government of the country, though direct, have been comparatively slight; it is especially important to note that under this system responsibility to Parliament has been reduced to a minimum.

It is scarcely necessary to say that most other countries possess a Minister of Education, in whose department all matters of public museums and state aid to science and art naturally fall; but in England accident, or temporary convenience has alone determined to which particular Ministerial Department, the supreme direction of such institutions should be committed.

In the case of the British Museum, the Treasury seems to have been the chief governing power, and the Prime Minister of the day and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the authorities who have been in direct communication with the Trustees. Probably almost the only action of these great ministers of state has been the work of supervising and sanctioning the annual parliamentary estimates and occasional special grants, which furnish the sinews of war to the establishment. These ministers, and indeed nearly all the principal political heads of governing departments, are, it is true, during their tenure of office, ex-officio members of the British Museum Trust—but, as may be imagined, the connexion of these high officials with the institution has been usually little more than nominal.

In past times it would seem that the real governing power fell mainly into a few hands. Prominent amongst these acting trustees, singularly enough, the ecclesiastical ex-officio members, in particular the Archbishop of Canterbury, seem to have tacitly acquired a certain

[1] The British Museum Trust consists of fifty members as follows: twenty-five official trustees, one trustee appointed by the Crown, and nine 'family' trustees. Amongst the ex-officio trustees are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the other principal law-officers of the Crown.

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administrative headship. A perceptible bias seems from this cause indeed to have been given to the entire status of the institution, for whilst prominence has always been given to the old established but limited fields of culture, tacitly recognised by the Church and its closely allied establishments the Universities, entire categories in the domains of both Art and Science have been only feebly represented, or have remained entirely excluded from the Museum scheme.

These categories nevertheless are perhaps just those which now concern the world and English people in particular the most closely.

It has happened then, that the British Museum, failing to concern itself with departments of culture for the illustration of which, by means of public collections, popular demands have arisen, has gradually somewhat lost its paramount status, and in response to these demands other national institutions have sprung up around it, some administered directly by ministerial departments without the assistance of Boards of Trustees.

Of these new growths, the South Kensington Museum has been by far the most vigorous and successful. By its rapid development, the intrinsic value of its acquisitions, and the direct practical relations which it has established with the country at large, that institution has indeed now become in some sense a rival of the older establishment. Such however is the force of national tendencies, and so closely in consequence do systems of government repeat themselves in this country, that this latter institution, as yet little more than a quarter of a century old, has already fallen into a state of confusion almost as great, and is beset with almost as many difficulties and anomalies as the older establishment. Moreover, in consequence of the creation of this museum, new complications and perplexities have arisen; there are already in fact embarrassing points of contact, and numerous matters wherein these two great establishments do, and must of necessity, on their present footing, somewhat clash, overlap, and even run the risk of competing with each other.

One of the most important facts, the consideration of which cannot in any case be long delayed, is this, that whereas since 1851, when the era of international exhibitions commenced, and the country at large became alive to the necessity of increased art culture, a system of extending in a direct and practical manner the benefits of metropolitan collections to the provincial and other centres throughout the empire, has been fully organised under the auspices of South Kensington, the British Museum has all the time held entirely aloof from the work.

As a matter of fact, that institution has not in any way aided in the establishment of provincial collections—it has lent no support to the formation of the special exhibitions, which have now become so frequent and popular—it has done nothing in the matter of the distribution of superfluous, or duplicate specimens, and it has never lent

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from its own resources, or assisted in the circulation of specimens on loan, to provincial museums, or schools of art. A universal feeling of dissatisfaction at this apathetic attitude has in consequence arisen throughout the country; so strong indeed and unreasoning has this feeling become, more especially as it is in great measure based on imperfect knowledge of the case, that it is not unlikely to be pushed to excess.

Let us now pass from the question of the British Museum to that of the institution next in order as regards date of creation, if not of actual importance,—the National Gallery. This institution has now been in existence somewhat more than half a century, and although but a shadow of what it might have been made, it has nevertheless attained proportions not unworthy of a great nation. Its relatively slow growth in the most prolific soil and the most propitious atmosphere, so to speak, that has ever existed in any age or country, must nevertheless be pointed out; it is in fact a striking commentary on the inefficiency of the machinery hitherto devised for the management of our national collections. Like the British Museum, the National Gallery has from the first been governed by a board of trustees, nominated by the Crown, through the direct agency of the Treasury; but the trust consists of fewer individuals than that of the British Museum, and it is not encumbered with ex-officio members; the nominations, however, are for life, so that there has been no power of getting rid of inefficient or non-acting members.[1] As in the parallel case, the trustees have always been noblemen and gentlemen of high social or official position, amateurs of art. The executive staff has also been a very limited one, a director and a secretary only, and these officers have been appointed by the Government direct, *i.e.* by the Treasury, and not by the Board of Trustees, as in the case of the British Museum. Here, however, the principle of deference to constituted authority and precedent, rather than that of inherent fitness for office, has again come into play, and certainly not to the advantage of the State. The successive directors have been usually chosen from amongst members of the Royal Academy, perhaps on the supposition, by no means well founded, that the actual practice of art is likely to be the best guarantee for the knowledge of its technical development and the power of critical judgment of its monuments. The results of this organisation, in general, have been chronic feebleness, timidity, and a blundering fitfulness more fatal than all. Several of the directors have been old men of failing powers, aged academicians, put in office when the real work of their

[1] The trustees of the National Gallery are only six in number, but latterly even this small number has been practically reduced. Two of the most efficient members of the trust having accepted high offices under the Crown, one as an Ambassador and the other as a Colonial Governor, were necessarily absent during their tenure of office abroad: one of these gentlemen is indeed still absent at his post. For five or six years therefore there were only four acting trustees. At present there are five.

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lives was over; need it be said that all energetic action or timely development has been impossible under such a system?

The limits of jurisdiction of the National Gallery have hitherto received no extension; what the institution professed to take cognisance of or to do fifty years ago it does at present, neither more nor less. This being so, it is scarcely necessary to say that, like the British Museum, this institution has never yet made the slightest movement, or assisted in any way in the work of forwarding provincial endeavour, and that consequently the same dissatisfaction exists throughout the country in respect to it.

Many things, however, which the National Gallery ought to have done have been realised in other quarters. At South Kensington, for instance, commencing more than twenty years ago with the Sheepshanks bequest, a rival National Gallery of modern art has been created. Moreover as the National Gallery entirely ignored one of the most important branches of English art,—water-colour painting —the energetic managers of the former institution went out of their way to supply the deficiency. This, however, should not have been, for it is evident there can be no real gain to the nation from a divided and dual action of this kind, involving as it does a needless waste of power. The fine art collections, that is, the pictures, drawings, and certain categories of engravings at South Kensington, whether they continue to be housed there or not, should obviously be transferred to the keeping of the National Gallery, but not, be it said, without ample guarantees that the special uses now made of these collections by those in whose charge they at present are, will be continued and further developed in the same directions.

The National Gallery again should reclaim its own from another concurrent power, the British Museum. All reasons of logical congruity, fitness and convenience indicate that the 'Print Room' as it is called, i.e. the special department of the British Museum which takes cognisance of the original drawings of the ancient masters, the etchings of great painters, and engravings in general, should be transferred bodily to the National Gallery.

These classes of works of art have no necessary relation to the bulk of the other collections of the British Museum, consequently there are no roots or filaments, as it were, extending into the main ground of that establishment, which might be injured by the severance; as it is, what can be less defensible on any grounds of ordinary common sense than the arrangement by which the original drawings by great masters, in some cases the first studies and sketches for celebrated pictures by the same hands, actually preserved in the National Gallery, are kept stored away in portfolios in the British Museum?

Fortunately from the nature of the collections in question, the transfer of domicile and keeping would involve but little trouble and expense. When this change is effected, however, a great and

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important extension of action will be required from this special department; for gatherings in this section could be made more fully and extensively useful, and to contribute more directly to the assistance of provincial museums and art institutions, than perhaps any other.[3] This section has indeed a great field before it.

It must not be thought ungracious towards the Royal Academy, to which the country is sensibly indebted for its institution of loan exhibitions of the works of ancient masters, to suggest that this work should in some shape or other be carried on by the National Gallery also; for it is certain that a careful and judicious system of the reception of pictures, &c., on loan from private possessors would be of public advantage in many obvious ways—there is indeed no real obstacle in the way of immediate commencement in that direction. Such a system has long been in operation at South Kensington, and there is perhaps no reason why, even if it were adopted at the National Gallery, it should be entirely discontinued at the former place.

But for all these things the governing body of the National Gallery must be changed, or, at all events, aroused from its accustomed torpor.

The principal cause of the formation of the South Kensington Museum was the acquisition, by purchase or gift, of specimens from the Universal Exhibition of 1851; but the nucleus of an Industrial Art Museum existed previously, in the miscellaneous gatherings of the old Government School of Design. The two collections were brought together in 1852, and under the title of the 'Museum of Ornamental Art,' they were temporarily housed at Marlborough House.

At the period in question, all kinds of ideas and schemes were rife for the further extension of art culture throughout the country, more especially with reference to the improvement of taste in manufactures. The Government 'School of Design,' as it was then called, had already been in existence for several years, and branches were established in most of the chief provincial towns. Much controversy and uncertainty of purpose, however, had attended the early development of that institution. Crude notions were prevalent that the right way to improve British manufactures was by teaching workmen, designers, and manufacturers, what was vaguely termed 'ornamental

[3] Since the above was written, an important series of duplicate specimens of ancient engravings and etchings has been selected from the 'Print Room' Collections, and actually sold by auction (in April of this year), on the premises of the British Museum itself. The sale of duplicate specimens from time to time has indeed always been customary at the British Museum. But the utterly defenceless nature of this course of procedure *at the present day* is evinced in the strongest manner by the fact that for years past the South Kensington Museum has systematically devoted a considerable part of its resources to the purchase of analogous specimens for the purpose of circulation to Schools of Art and Provincial Museums: so that whilst one great National Museum has been selling, the other has been buying the very same class of specimens. Comment on these facts is unnecessary.

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design,' in some direct and compendious, but heretofore unknown manner, which should dispense with the usual lengthy course of methodic education in art. And it was also conceived that, as regards the improvement of the public taste in general, a speedy revolution might be brought about by the accumulation of a mass of fine models of style of all countries and periods, and their comparison with the most hideous modern productions, exhibited side by side with them. Finally the meaningless and absurd term 'practical art' was invented as a concrete designation for these nebulous doctrines.

One amusing development of this phase of public thought will be recollected, in what was soon dubbed the 'Chamber of Horrors.' At the Marlborough House temporary museum, an attempt was practically made to establish, as it were, a standing tribunal of taste; specimens of current art manufactures, of more or less outrageous ugliness, were put side by side with other examples of ancient or contemporaneous oriental origin, supposed to offer special points of instructive contrast. The results, however, were not satisfactory, for setting aside the angry reclamations of indignant manufacturers whose productions were thus gibbeted, the British public showed a most conservative leaning towards the old accustomed 'horrors,' or at best treated the experiment as a somewhat incomprehensible joke. This crude and ridiculous episode at any rate served to show that there was no royal road to the acquisition of good taste in art.

In all this, nevertheless, there was a vein of reason and common sense—the end in view was definite and practical, and the mere fact of the increased attention awakened in the country to the subject of art-culture was a great gain. It was perceived, moreover, that art was substantially one, that there were no real lines of demarcation betwixt what was termed 'high art' and industrial art. The real province and functions of public museums and galleries became better understood, and there was a general perception that these institutions had heretofore been made to move in set lines of direction on too rigid and narrow bases. When it was considered, for instance, what the collections of the British Museum could do in the way of directly assisting designers and manufacturers, it was found to be comparatively little, for the art collections of that Institution stopped short at the periods of classical antiquity, and the world's activity in the field of art, for fifteen hundred years at least, was simply ignored. But other countries, notably our nearest neighbour and rival, France, had already recognised the importance of an adequate representation of mediæval and more recent art, and a special collection, the Musée de Cluny in Paris, had been formed to take cognisance of numerous branches of art, which, as in our own country, had hitherto been thought unworthy of the serious attention of persons of high classical culture, or of the State. The great success

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and popularity of the Musée de Cluny undoubtedly gave a strong bias to public taste in this country, and the necessity for the national representation of modern, *i.e.*, mediæval and more recent, art was universally recognised. At this time, then, as the result of this general consensus, the question arose as to how and under what jurisdiction the national short-comings in this field should be remedied.

Should the British Museum take up the thread and make an entirely new departure in this direction, or should the work be done by some other and independent organisation? The question was soon resolved. The governing body of the British Museum had shown no signs of sympathy with the Exhibition of 1851, or the movements to which it gave birth, and it remained wrapped up in its accustomed exclusiveness. The work, then, naturally fell into the province of the newly established institution, the early title of which —'The Museum of Ornamental Art'—indicated, although somewhat indirectly, its special field.

It must be remarked, however, that, in the beginning, the Government of the day had certainly no special intention of founding a new institution of the high status of the British Museum, and consequently there was no question of thenceforward formally restricting the province of the latter establishment within the definite limits, which it seemed itself to have marked out. It would, nevertheless, obviously have been a logical and convenient arrangement to have thenceforward confined the jurisdiction of the British Museum, in the art department, to the representation of the 'antique' or 'classical' periods only, and to have handed over the few miscellaneous specimens of mediæval and more recent origin, which it had only casually acquired, to the new institution; then to have given the latter a clear and definite mission, that of taking up the illustration of art and antiquities at the terminal period of the British Museum scheme, and to have carried it down to the present time, so that a continuous chain of art-illustration might have been established. No such methodic plan, however, was adopted, and, to this day, no fixed rules have been laid down in this matter for the guidance of either the British Museum or South Kensington.

In any case, by the force of circumstances, perhaps more than from any definite preconceived design, a vast establishment has rapidly grown up, the vacant ground has been occupied, and a National Museum of Mediæval and Modern Art has been created at South Kensington, which has now no rival in Europe.

During the last five and twenty years, however, the British Museum, in its turn, has not been entirely inactive in this special field. As there was no inhibition in respect to its collecting specimens in the sections of mediæval and more recent art, though mainly as the result of gifts and bequests, mediæval art-collections, though far less extensive and complete than the analogous gatherings

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at South Kensington, have been formed at the British Museum, so that practically the nation now possesses two national collections of the same nature. No harm has as yet been done by this concurrent action—if there has been rivalry, there has been no antagonism, and the nation is all the richer in art treasures; but it is perhaps time that this state of things should cease.

There has been less excuse for what might almost seem like retaliatory action on the part of South Kensington; that establishment had really no sufficient justification in trespassing on the field so well and completely occupied by the British Museum—namely, antique art, yet from time to time collections of specimens in that category of considerable extent have been acquired by it. It is not necessary to dwell on the circumstances under which these deviations from the recognised province of South Kensington have from time to time taken place. The ostensible reasons alleged in defence of this action are, however, noteworthy; they are—that as the South Kensington Museum is not only a great fixed metropolitan institution, but also the recognised purveyor and feeder of the country at large—one of its constant functions being the circulation of works of art on loan to provincial museums—and, as for this purpose, specimens of antique art, as well as those of more recent epochs, were required, it was necessary to purchase them for this special end. More especially so as the British Museum could neither transfer specimens from its collections to South Kensington for this purpose, nor undertake the work of circulation itself. I have intimated, however, that this was not a tenable ground of procedure; all action in that direction has, however, now ceased.

Unquestionably the rapid development and the success of the South Kensington undertaking must be mainly ascribed to the energetic personality of its first promoters. It will probably be pointed to hereafter as the most substantial achievement, and the best monument of the great Prince, whose zealous and enlightened advocacy was for a long time the mainspring of its support. Individual zeal and activity were the motive powers from the first; whether these qualities were of the nature of temporary forces, only destined to do their work and give place to other more methodic and settled influences, remains perhaps to be seen.

In any case, the old system of management of museums was broken through and a new one established. The new museum was managed by salaried officials working under the immediate control of a Ministry of State, instead of by a board of practically irresponsible trustees. A direct chain of responsibility was thus established, beginning with the humblest official, and ending with the highest power in the State.

Parliamentary authority was in consequence enabled to exert its due influence, and certainly there has never been any lack of interest

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in the establishment shown in that quarter, or in that of the other great power, the press. Publicity, in short, has always given to South Kensington a healthy stimulus and a more vigorous life.

The basis of the museum was from the first essentially popular; its object was to instruct and refine the masses, as much as to respond to the requirements of the artist or the connoisseur; but this did not imply any lowering of its relative status as a National Collection—it did not mean that works of a less rare and excellent character should be indiscriminately amassed, and deemed good enough for the people at large; in other words, that a somewhat rough and ready second-class collection should be formed, mainly to delight the gaping crowd, whilst in the back-ground, overshadowing it in stately isolation, another vast establishment of the same nature should continue to be kept up, but on a superior level, for the use or delectation of the select and fastidious few. Whatever may, in some quarters, have been the vague ideas at one time entertained on this subject, the matter has, during the last few years, been conclusively settled in favour of the larger and more liberal museum policy. Tacitly but assuredly the new ideas and practices, carried out at South Kensington, are being adopted and imitated throughout the world; and there can be little doubt that the popular forces at work in this country, will so re-act upon both the British Museum and the National Gallery, as to direct their future action, more or less, in the lines marked out by the younger and more enterprising institution. The writer, however, is no partisan, and is by no means prepared to give unqualified and indiscriminate approval to the doings of South Kensington. Unquestionably some things have been accomplished by that institution which in one way or other will have to be undone—crude, hasty, impracticable schemes have been repeatedly launched, the only result of which has been the useless expenditure of large sums of public money, and the collections have been encumbered with a great deal of useless and incongruous matter, some of it utter misleading rubbish. It has indeed been admitted in the outset, that reforms are now perhaps as much needed in the younger as in the older institution.

But with all this, the work accomplished by the South Kensington Museum has been a great and durable one, and the reasons of its existence are patent and undeniable.

The principal extensions of the action of museums brought about by South Kensington, now that they have been substantially realised, appear simple and obvious enough; but it is just such reforms and innovations which, for one reason or another, are often the most obstinately resisted and the most persistently decried. It will be desirable to briefly indicate the nature of the principal new features of the South Kensington scheme.

In the first place the essentially modern idea of temporary

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exhibitions, that of gathering together works of art and general interest, on loan, taken hold of from the first at South Kensington, has fructified and expanded to an extent, the importance of which it is impossible to overrate. In addition to the formation from time to time of special exhibitions, practically it has been found possible to supplement and illustrate the permanent art treasures of the State by a standing collection, though composed of fluctuating and varying matter, the extent and intrinsic value of which, at any given time, are practically bounded only by the greater or less activity and intelligence of the official managers of the institution.

In this way the enormous accumulation of works of art of all kinds, in the possession of the Crown, of corporations, and societies, the ancestral gatherings of the nobles and gentry of the land, and the rich collections of amateurs and connoisseurs, are made available for the delight and instruction of everybody. It is needless to say that this could only have been accomplished by an authorised administration in which everybody has confidence, and to which treasures of untold value could be confided with the assurance of absolute safety.

The slightest reflection will show what a boon this is to the country. In this way practically the humblest citizen has a share in the entire Art wealth of the community, every remarkable treasure of Art brought to these shores by the wealthy collector is a gain to him, for sooner or later it is pretty sure to find its way to public exhibition. How many possessors of fine works of Art are there indeed, who have themselves never beheld their own treasures adequately displayed, till they have seen them hung on the walls, or carefully arranged in the glazed cases, of South Kensington.

The system is one in fact which answers the purpose of all parties, and the success already achieved is probably but an earnest of far greater development. The growing liberality and enlightenment of mankind have indeed already made it perceptible that the highest enjoyment, and the greatest profit accruing from the acquisition and possession of fine works of Art, are not to be obtained from the silent hoarding and hiding away of such treasures, but their continuous and effective display to rich and poor, learned and unlearned alike.

Coincident with the reception of works on loan moreover, even in the earliest days of the formation of the Museum, there was commenced a system of lending, or circulating its own treasures throughout the provinces. The Government Schools of Art were at first the only authorised recipients of these loans, but as years went on, and as local museums and galleries, usually in connection with the Art schools, were founded, and as temporary specia lexhibitions were frequently organised throughout the country, this action was liberally extended, so that at the present time the privilege of obtaining loans of specimens from South Kensington, or through its agency, may be

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said to be enjoyed by any and every public institution or association, temporary or otherwise, offering sufficient guarantees, throughout the kingdom. Usually the nucleus lent by South Kensington becomes the heart and mainspring, as it were, of such provincial exhibitions—and in many cases alone renders them possible. So great and so rapidly growing indeed is the amount of business of this kind which the South Kensington administration is now called upon to transact, that it has rendered necessary a numerous special staff of officers, and the most complete and extensive appliances; and whatever fault may be found with other matters of South Kensington management, there can be no doubt of the efficiency and excellent organisation of this department. Precious works of art of all kinds and dimensions, fragile and minute, or cumbrous and unwieldy as the case may be, are in fact now daily culled from the collections of the Museum itself, or from those of private owners, sent off to all parts of the kingdom, and in due time collected again and brought back to London and returned to their proper places of deposit, with an ease, celerity, and safety which might almost be compared with the circulation of books from a lending library.

Not less important than the reception of loans and the circulation of works of art, is their reproduction by casting and moulding, photography, hand-copying, etc. The work already accomplished in this direction, although it has been somewhat intermittent, and has been characterised to some extent by conspicuous mistakes and failures, has yet been very considerable in amount. The foundations at all events have been laid for systematic and greatly extended action in this matter. The reasons which will necessitate this increased action will be dwelt upon hereafter; they lie at the very root of my argument—for the present it will be sufficient to allude in a general manner to what has been done. Until the present generation, plaster casts of antique statues, generally confined to a few stereotyped models and a limited series of casts of ornamental details for the use of architects, formed the sum and substance of all plastic productions to be obtained. Copies of a few celebrated pictures in Continental galleries, generally the same hackneyed types repeated *ad nauseam*, and engravings of a more or less inaccurate style, afforded but a meagre representation of pictorial art, whilst the arts decorative, to which so much consideration is now being paid, were represented only in a few costly illustrated works, mainly of an architectural character.

The Apollo Belvedere, the Venus dei Medici, the Corinthian capitals of Jupiter Stator, a few Gothic crockets and finials, the Madonna della Sedia or Guido's everlasting Beatrice Cenci, Stuart's Athens, and Hamilton's Greek Vases—such were the well-worn types of our own early days. But the world has been opened, as it were, within the last five-and-twenty years; entirely new classes of art pro-

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ductions have risen into public estimation, a vast number of galleries, museums, architectural monuments, etc. have become accessible. Everybody travels, sketches, and collects, and at the same time marvellous discoveries of science have enabled new machinery of unlimited power and adaptability to be brought to bear in the special field of reproduction. Photography, the electro-deposit process, chromo-lithography and a host of other inventions, have at last rendered possible the most admirable and perfect copies of all kinds of art objects, to be made and brought within reach of the humblest student or the slenderest purse—the prospect is vast, and the field as yet comparatively untrodden.

It has been an object at South Kensington to obtain casts and other reproductions of the most notable treasures of Continental museums and galleries, of monuments *in situ* in churches, palaces, etc., and in general to secure the best possible representation of those great masterpieces of art, the originals of which, or their like, can never be acquired; this, with the primary intention of rendering the museum collections more complete and instructive, but also in order further to multiply these same types for the use of other public institutions or for individuals.

The principal original specimens in its own possession have also been reproduced with the like intentions, and, lastly, well considered arrangements have been made, by which, without in any way trenching on the legitimate province of outside trade, the public are enabled to purchase these reproductions of every description at fixed reasonable tariff rates. It need scarcely be pointed out that the one essential requisite for the success of this system is that guiding knowledge, judgment and taste in selection, by which, as by unerring instinct, that which is bad, merely curious, or trivial, shall be eliminated and left out of count in this work of multiplying, as it were, the world's highest art. The enterprise is no doubt a most arduous and difficult one, but the end is noble and of the highest moment; it is the bringing home to the masses of the land the means and appliances of high art-culture, the promotion of a great social force, by the help of which coming generations of this country will be powerfully assisted in holding their own in the race with the other ancient nations, and to escape being overwhelmed by the surging population and brute wealth of new worlds.

It will be thought perhaps from the foregoing statements and remarks, that the writer is entirely hostile to the system of management of museums by Boards of Trustees—but such is far from the case; and a word or two in conclusion on this may not perhaps be out of place. On the contrary, the writer believes that generally speaking this system is the best possible one for this country, and that in the long run all our national science and art institutions will be so assisted. Certain fundamental alterations in the constitution of these bodies as heretofore organised will, however, be necessary.

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They are briefly: firstly, the abolition of all ex-officio and 'family' trustees; secondly, the appointment of all trustees for definite stated periods, and not for life; thirdly, the association in the trusts, with persons of high social or political position, of eminent professional authorities in their appropriate specialities; and lastly, the augmentation of the relative position and power of the permanent officials on whom the real work of museums is incumbent. Boards of trustees, in short, should have the status of official advising bodies to the directors and custodians of our museums, and not that of their absolute masters.

It would be interesting to trace back and further illustrate the special influences, which pervaded and modified the general culture of this country, at the respective epochs of the foundation of the three great national collections under consideration, and to show how distinctly the characteristics of these initial forces have been impressed on the collections which have gradually been accumulated—it would throw a strong light on their anomalies and shortcomings, and illustrate in an instructive manner the general reasons of existence of these institutions at the present moment; this, however, would furnish matter for a volume.

It is at all events very important, now that we have arrived at a period when the growing population and requirements of this country and of the colonies even, have necessitated the creation of museums and galleries of art in every great provincial centre, that definite and intelligible principles should be laid down for at least any action which the State is to exercise in regard to them. Even the most uncompromising partisan of one or other of the great imperial establishments would surely hesitate to hold his own institution up as a model for any new creation of the like nature.

On the other hand, the provincial movers in such matters certainly require intelligent aid and guidance, if their efforts, which in in any case will continue to be made, are to result in anything better than the gathering together of crude accumulations of incongruous matter, calculated rather to lower and vitiate the public taste than to raise and refine it.

It must be borne in mind also, that the persons for whom they mainly purvey are in great measure exempt from the old associations, predilections and prejudices, which have pervaded and modified for good or evil the great imperial institutions, and also that, from the mere force of things (the impossibility for instance of again forming certain classes of collections, simply because specimens are no longer to be procured), provincial museums must in any case be made to follow different lines of direction from those of the old established institutions. What may be reasonably aimed at by provincial museums, and in what manner the state can practically assist them, however, will furnish matter for another article.

J. C. Robinson.

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FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON MODERN ENGLAND.

II.

'WHAT *are* you doing here?' said a friend, who found me taking notes out of some periodicals in the great hall of the Athenæum Club. 'You are surely not collecting materials for your French History in England?'

'Perhaps I might do worse,' I answered; 'at present, however, I am not busy with the France of Louis-Philippe. I have opened a parenthesis in my work just now, and am studying German history of the sixteenth century.'

'How so?' asked my friend, a half-continentalised Englishman. 'Are there any special documents to be found in England? And, if so, would they be hidden in the monthly or weekly papers?'

'Not precisely, I should think. Besides, you know that I have no great faith in documents, though I respect them and even use them, albeit with great caution. Have I not always maintained against my parchment-worshipping countrymen that the one all-important source of history is life? You must see and hear the people who make history. All the books and despatches are dead for us if we cannot read them by the light of life. Great geniuses alone possess the second sight which discovers life long ago extinct, as they alone have the creative power which makes it revive for others. Even they, however, had better confine themselves to contemporary history or to times near to them, of which the living tradition is not yet vanished, as almost all the great ancients did.'

'What are you aiming at in all this?' my friend replied; 'and what has it to do with your studying Luther's times and country in our England of 1879?'

'The nexus is simple enough, as it seems to me. Is not England the only country in Europe where the passions, interests, and ideas which animated the contemporaries and countrymen of Luther are still living? Is it not the only country where people still read and listen to discussions upon questions of theology and ritual which have long become things of the past on the Continent?'

'Very much as it is the only country,' interrupted my friend,

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'where people already busy themselves about, and show an interest in, biological matters which have not yet begun to exist for the Continent. I always wonder, when I come back to my country, to see that, after the weather, the two things which are most talked of in English society are the surplice and candle question, or the problem of bracing air or relaxing air, clay soil or gravelly soil—both preoccupations which seem not even to exist for you foreigners.'

'You see then what I mean,' I answered. 'To have a living idea of what his forefathers felt when they fought for *this is* or *this means*, a continental of to-day must come to this island.'

'Pretty much as an Englishman must now-a-days go to the Continent if he wishes to understand how people could cut each other's throats a hundred years ago for the *suspensive veto* or the *absolute veto*. We English are at a loss to comprehend intelligent men on the Continent, who know their history as well as we do, and fight for the *scrutin de liste* or for a hundred-and-twentieth law on the press, as if such forms had not proved entirely irrelevant for the essence of political life. Or had we in this country no true representation of the nation before 1832? Was not our press the freest in the world in spite of law texts more Draconian than those of any state on the Continent, just as your philosophical thought in Germany moves as freely as if consistory and synod never existed?'

'Maybe you are right,' I replied. 'I am sometimes myself afraid, lest, while discussing political forms and letters so eagerly, we should lose the little political sense we have, just as certain English devotees seem to me to have lost a good deal of Christian spirit in disputing about questions of dogma, constitution, and costume.'

'Hush! This really is not the place to talk *à fond* about all that. But come and let us have a good chat "with our feet under the table," as the French have it,' and I had almost added, 'our backs to the fire,' so chilly and damp is the season. 'Come and dine with me, *à la fortune du pot*, if you have no engagement.'

'What will your wife say if you bring a guest home without giving her notice, and a guest, too, in morning-dress?'

'Never mind. *I* shall have to fight that out. You had better accept at once. It is perhaps the only chance you will have, before you leave, of enjoying a good old English joint and after-dinner-talk over a glass of claret.'

My friend was so full of the subject I had touched upon, that he did not even wait till 'the cloth was removed,' to bring the conversation again to the point where we had left it at the Club. 'Are you not, as a true German,' he resumed, 'somewhat rash in generalisation? Is not the theological interest you spoke of limited in this country to very small circles, or at any rate to such circles as do not represent the movement of English thought?'

'I have believed so more than once,' I answered; 'but when I see

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an author like George Eliot devote whole volumes to such questions, or when I read in books of to-day written by men of to-morrow that people "are still discussing Bishop Butler's *Analogy*," and that the questions at issue in that famous book "are still unsettled," I begin to doubt. With us such questions were settled long ago, I am tempted to tell Mr. John Morley when he thus compares Burke's thesis to that of Bishop Butler. Besides, is there not in the very animosity with which English freethinkers of the late Professor Clifford's type, for instance, speak of Christianity, something which proves that the enemy is not yet dead? Our materialists are much coarser, but also much less bitter, than your stern English philosophers, who have something of the acrimony of the French "philosophes" of the past century, which proves that the struggle is not yet over; and they bring into the very defence of free-thought something of the Puritan spirit of their forefathers. Have not some of them even made a new dogmatic creed out of their anti-christian convictions? Have they not still the old spirit of proselytism which characterises the English religion, always bent upon action, when the religion of other nations is content with contemplation? You are evidently not yet arrived at the stage of indifference towards Christianity which we have reached on the Continent, and in Germany particularly, although the progress towards it since the *Essays and Reviews* seems to me prodigious. Who would find anything dangerous in them to-day, I wonder? Yet it is scarcely fifteen years since they were written and set the whole of England in commotion. Nevertheless I do not think that the Church interest will die out in England so soon as on the Continent, where it has only retained a political importance, where even that is vanishing in the purely Protestant countries: our children in the schools scarcely know whether their playfellows are of another denomination than themselves. It is otherwise in England. You were once already far advanced on the road to indifference, when the Evangelical movement gave new life to religious passion and drove you almost further from tolerance than you had been in the time of the saints. I mean inner tolerance of course, not outward toleration, which is nowhere more firmly established than in England.'

'If I understand rightly what you mean by that inner tolerance in which we are deficient here, I would rather call it religious indifferentism,' my friend objected.

'I am not so sure that you would be right in doing so,' I replied 'I have known really pious people, both Catholic and Protestant, French and German, who lived not only peacefully with heterodox friends, but even without thinking them blind and deaf to the light and voice of evidence, still less mad or wicked, because they did not hold the same religious views they themselves held. And the same inner tolerance of religious belief I have seen in absolute freethinkers. Of course, such mild and innerly tolerant people are also to be found

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in England; but I have had the bad luck to meet many who were not of this class, who simply considered those who did not share their convictions as lost souls. And I must say, I found the dissenters in that respect almost worse than the members of the Church of England—nay, Unitarians themselves, whose whole faith seems based on rationalism, spoke in my presence of freethinkers and Trinitarians as of equally dangerous enemies of Christianity.'

'Don't you indulge an illusion if you think that similar intolerance does not exist on the Continent? Look at the French episcopate, the German *Oberkirchenrath*. Is there not even more than inner intolerance in them?'

'Surely enough. But this spirit is entirely limited to the clergy in Germany; it is wholly political in France. If nothing is rarer among the German laity than religion, nothing is more general among them than religiosity or pious reverence. For as our enlightenment in the past century was not a struggle of rationalism against religion, but a peaceful development of the latter, a continuous purifying and simplification of it under the influence of speculative philosophy—as pietism took away from religion what was too rigid in the orthodox belief—as the moral philosophy of the following period despoiled pietism of what was too ecstatic in it—as the Herderian influence widened Christianity more and more into a sort of humanism—as finally Kant gave it its lasting foundation, not in reason, not in tradition, but in conscience—so our creed, even with free-thinkers, has nothing hostile to religion, nay, deems itself rather a continuation, a last expression of religion, than a negation thereof. As for our clergy, there is—shall I say still or again?—a great deal of zealotism; but you must not compare our clergy and its influence with yours, which holds such a high social position, which is such a vast element of English society, and which we may well envy you in many respects. Wherever you go in England, in town or country, to dinner or shooting parties, you everywhere meet the clergyman and his family. Now I ask you, who know the Continent so well, how often have you met a German *Pfarrer* or a French priest in society, let alone sports or entertainments? They form a caste apart. Their small means and conventional usage forbid them to take part in any elegant amusement, and the low culture, still more the low extraction, of most of the French and Italian priests in our days maintains an invisible barrier, even when they are admitted into society. They, after all, keep to their business and their guild. You see them in church, at school, by the bed of the sick, and in the garret of the poor, with wonderful devotion and self-abnegation. The only worldly interest they share with us is the political one; but they work for it among the peasants, the labourers, the women. What properly constitutes the nation, *i.e.* the cultivated middle class, comes into no contact whatever with them, whilst they recruit themselves

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out of that class in England, and remain by marriage and social intercourse constantly in relation with it.'

'I have indeed observed that difference,' my friend rejoined. 'But I explained it rather by external than internal reasons. With us the Church has retained, with the army and law, the privilege of remaining a genteel career, because she has kept her wealth, whilst the Reformation in Germany, the Revolution in France, has despoiled the clergy and left them as poor as the mice in their churches. It is this wealth and the facilities offered them of receiving their education at the two aristocratic universities of the country in the company of gentlemen, that have preserved for them a social position which they have not in France and Germany, and which they could not maintain if it were granted them.'

'Whatever may be the reasons of the social superiority of your clergy to ours, it exists, and the consequences are most important. Your clergy being far more refined and much more *au courant* of the most modern and most secular trains of thought, they become naturally more latitudinarian than ours, which accounts for the great number of Broad Churchmen who have happily survived in England; but it is natural also that sooner or later their opinions should come into conflict with their calling. To silence the doubts which may arise, I see them either looking to the refined enjoyments of literary epicurism, or devoting themselves with great zeal to the practical duties of their office. Now this ours certainly do with the same zeal both in France and Germany; but they cannot have the refining influence your clergymen exercise. It is not, therefore, any theological sympathy that makes me feel how much we on the Continent are in want of a body of men like your clergy. Our own parish priests and parsons are excellent men, but they neither possess the means, nor are they in a position to undertake the work, that yours do. The residence in almost every English village of a gentleman whose duty it is to mix with the poor, and who is yet entirely independent of them, is an incalculable advantage. During an occasional residence in several English villages I have been surprised to find how well the clergyman fills this position, what assistance he is able to give to the struggling, and I am convinced that it is chiefly owing to his ministration that, in spite of their somewhat abnormal position and the noisy declamation of agitators, there is so little real discontent among your agricultural labourers.'

'This is only one side of the question, and, after all, not the one by which our clergy differ most from yours; what seems to me much more important is that, with the social position and the national education, our clergy retain naturally enough that all-important coherence with national life which yours on the Continent seem to have lost so utterly. With you, indeed, they form everywhere a nation in the nation; with us they are one with the nation.'

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'Precisely so; but don't you see that this tends to maintain in English society an interest in Church questions which we no longer have on the Continent? There must be, besides, another deeper reason for that interest. For I see that poor dissenting ministers have, if not the same social position as clergymen of the Church of England, at least the same influence, the same incessant intercourse with the higher middle classes of this country; and, above all, I see the laymen here take up religious questions with a zeal and fervour unknown to us. Look at the lukewarm and awkward attitude of the laymen in our last synod in Berlin. You at once saw that they were strangers in heart to the whole matter at issue; and you see that already there is a question of turning them out again. Our young, zealous, and orthodox clergy prefer to be alone.'

'But surely there has been a great show of piety among your government officials in these last forty years; and would you have had the new sects of the *Deutschkatholiken*, the Free Communities, the Old Catholics, if there were so much indifference as you say?'

'Now, in my turn, to remind you of the superficiality of those movements. We may still live to see how that artificial vegetation of pietism, half hypocrisy, half self-deception, which sprang up at the accession of Frederick William the Fourth in 1840, and which lives only with difficulty since that sovereign's death, will die completely out with a new reign, as the Saints died out after the restoration of the Stuarts. And as for the new sects, well, what is characteristic of them is that, three or four years after their birth, they are virtually no longer sects; German Catholics, Free Communities, Old Catholics have simply become latitudinarians, if not Christians *à la* Schleiermacher, who did not even think God and the immortality of the soul necessary elements of religion—which did not prevent him from remaining for long years the highest ecclesiastical authority of Germany. No, believe me, the religious question on the Continent has reference only to the position of the Church towards the State, not to its dogmas nor even religious feeling; nay, outward forms and ceremonies are little observed, provided people admit the hierarchical authority. The restoration of authority is the only aim and only interest both in the Catholic Church and in the Protestant. It is the only surviving principle of positive religion; and if the Pope to-morrow, the *Oberkirchenrath* the day after to-morrow, were to declare that the sun turns round the earth, the whole clergy and all the laymen, who use the clergy as an instrument for social and political conservatism, would accept the decision, as the dogma of 1870 was accepted. For no atheist can be more indifferent to dogmatical questions than the average of the continental clergy and clerical laity. Obedience is the only religious idea which is still living on the Continent, and can it be called a religious idea? Now, this was not the case in Luther's and Calvin's times, this is not

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yet the case in England. The battle against sin, the revelation, both the historical and the inner daily renewed one, damnation and salvation, the real presence of our Lord in the Holy Supper, all these are questions which are still living here, which are still sources of excitement for people; and even the adversaries of the Church still think themselves obliged to combat such theories.'

'I am afraid,' my English friend resumed after some reflection, 'that you will be greatly undeceived when once you have seen a little further into our religious life. Of course it is more intense here than anywhere else in Europe, but it is very different from what it was in Germany. Nay, I think it never was quite of the same nature as the continental movement in Luther's times. Not only had the English Reformation a more political and national character from the beginning than yours, but the religious spirit embodied in our Protestant sects was different. The element of speculation and imagination, so prominent in Luther himself, the high intellectual culture and the tolerant spirit of a Melanchthon, left their stamp on the whole of German Protestantism; Calvin's logical dogmatism on the French. In England the episcopal constitution surviving the Reformation, the rich endowments which numerous sees and livings retained, the class to which many clergymen belonged by birth, and finally the important part played by the episcopate in the Upper House, left the Church of England something of the aristocratical character Catholicism had in the middle ages, and which has steadily given way to papal absolutism ever since the Council of Trent; whilst the German Protestant clergy, principally recruited from the lower middle classes, directly subordinate to, and mostly paid by, the State—a bureaucratical, not a parliamentary State—became soon a body, or rather an army, of ecclesiastical officials, exceedingly independent in the sphere of thought, but humble servants of the greater or smaller potentates of Germany.'

'Besides, there was no such thing as a Germany,' I added, 'and consequently no national Church would grow there like that which for a time almost alone represented Protestantism in this island. Our Protestantism was not even Prussian or Saxon, while yours was above all things English. As for the other sects, which then and afterwards were formed in England, they moved, it is true, in a lower social sphere, but they were either democratic in their tendencies like the Puritans and Presbyterians, or outside the classic culture like the Baptists and Quakers, or they were pure rationalists like the Unitarians. They all laid a great stress on the constitutional question, they all had a practical or philanthropic bent. In all these respects they form a strong contrast to Lutheranism, which was an anti-democratic religion, having for its basis and nucleus a highly cultivated middle class, a contemplative, nay speculative faith, as far from idolatry as it was from iconoclastic passion, from rationalism as from mysticism.'

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'But was not Luther himself inclined to imperious fanaticism and subject to ecstatic raptures? Did not the Münster Anabaptists bear a close resemblance to our Independents? Are not your pietists and Moravian Brethren a German version of our Methodists?'

'Undoubtedly much of Luther's haughty intolerance may have been left in Lutheranism; it was, however, powerfully counterbalanced by the Melanchthonian spirit of conciliation; and the necessity it was under of living, as it were, in a mixed marriage with Catholicism after the Thirty Years' War, as well as the horror of religious strife this war left behind it, acted as strong restraints on pious zeal. As for the mystic raptures of Luther, do not forget how they were counterbalanced by his healthy, sensuous, and veracious nature. The Anabaptists, on the other hand, were conquered forthwith, and never succeeded in governing the German nation for a single day, as your Puritans did England. And as for the Methodists, I might reverse your words; they are rather an English translation from the German than the contrary. Wesley came fifty years after Spener and Francke; he learned the chief article of his creed from their followers, and the first Methodist society was established fifty years after the first Moravian brotherhood. Now this chronology is not indifferent. If you have a political advance on us of half a century, we have a religious start before you of the same length of time at least. And there is a circumstance which doubles that start of half a century. Our pietistic movement came *before* our philosophical emancipation and our literary renovation. Your evangelical movement came *after* the golden age of your philosophy. It was a reaction of the poor in spirit against the intellectual aristocrats of Locke's and Hume's type. It was also a reaction against the latitudinarianism reigning in England in the first half of the past century. It took place, finally, whilst a literary revolution was going on. That great intellectual change, indeed, which so broadly distinguishes the latter years of the last century and the commencement of the present from the period that immediately preceded them, was nowhere felt more strongly than in England. It revolutionised all your thoughts and feelings; it created a new literature amongst you; but unfortunately it embodied itself in no new philosophy. You had attained a new point of view which suggested new speculative questions. Our transcendentalism was an attempt to grapple with these, and, whatever its absolute value may have been, there can be no question of the important and beneficial influence which it exercised over our German culture. "The narrowness and comparative fruitlessness of the English movement," says one of the most trustworthy of your historians, Mr. Leslie Stephen, "when set beside contemporary German thought, is generally, and perhaps rightly, thought to show that an unsatisfactory philosophy may be better than no philosophy at all." Kant's constructive philosophy was indeed the ark which safely bore the progenitors of a new age across

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the stormy and turbid flood by which the past was for a time overwhelmed. Some of our literary heroes, such as Herder and Goethe, sought and found refuge in Spinoza; but of those young men whose minds were strong and daring enough to wrestle with the vital interests of their period, there was scarcely one, unsheltered by the new philosophy, who did not suffer either an intellectual or a moral shipwreck.'

'I am well aware,' my friend rejoined, 'that, in an age of religious scepticism, philosophy gains an intense practical interest. So it was in Seneca's and Epictetus' times; so in Kant's. It furnishes many, who have no intention of devoting their lives to speculative inquiry, with a point of view from which they can contemplate the world, with a firm spiritual basis on which to build up their lives, with a moral standard and ethical motives. But to do this it must satisfy both the heart and the understanding of its adherents. It must fire their enthusiasm and at the same time so convince their intellects that they have as little doubt of its authority as the believer feels with respect to the articles of his creed. This, you say, transcendentalism was to Germany in a period which in some respects closely resembles that through which we are passing. I understand that Hume's scepticism and the Deism of a Chubb could not be as much to Byron and Shelley. The first pioneers of German enlightenment already appealed to the heart as much as to the understanding. No wonder that their ideal was embodied in the mild and wise type of Lessing's *Nathan*; ours spoke to the understanding alone, and Pope's *Essay on Man* was not precisely fit to take the place of a religious ideal. However, instead of such a quieting and elevating philosophy, we had in England a great religious movement——'

'Which seems to me to have increased a thousandfold,' I interrupted, 'the dangers of the period on which you are entering. We had already left behind us for a long time the mystical period of pietism when we formed our new lay creed or *Weltanschauung*. In England the doubt which is only now beginning to spread, and of which I hear that it has already passed beyond the great centres of thought and is making itself felt even in secluded country places and among the lower middle class, which has so long remained thought-proof—awakening doubt, I say, comes to you without transition and preparation, thanks to the Evangelical movement, which has broken the historic thread between Hume's thought and that of your thinkers of to-day. The change itself, of course, I do not regret; that has long appeared inevitable to all who have an eye to read the signs of the times. In fact, if you had not abandoned your strict and somewhat prosaic orthodoxy, you must have descended from the high place you have so long occupied in the intellectual republic of Europe. But I had hoped the revolution of feeling would be very gradual, and that you would have been safely provided with a new spiritual dwelling-place before the old one crumbled to pieces.'

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'This, unfortunately,' said my friend, 'has not been the case. Thence a great discrepancy in our religious views, which you have not in yours. Your development, as you just remarked, has been a quite regular one from rigid orthodoxy to religious enthusiasm, from religious enthusiasm to a religious sympathy, and from that to absolute indifference as to positive religion. With us, on the contrary, the admirable pacific development of old England in the last century has been violently interrupted; we have been thrown back by a hundred years, and the defenders of secular science, who might have taken off their hats reverently to Christ and Christianity, as Locke and even Hume did, as yours generally do, are obliged to attack them, if they do not want to be oppressed themselves, not by laws and policemen, but by social convention. Hence it comes that there are two camps in England, when there is only one faith in all the cultured classes of Germany.'

'This, of course,' replied I, 'accounts for much in what puzzles me most about England, viz., the way in which the country seems to be split up into classes. I do not mean socially—that is a matter of course—but intellectually as well. When I read any of your modern books or dip into any of your leading reviews, I find the same tone of thought there that characterises the best modern culture of the Continent, although it is sometimes shriller than with us. Nay, in some branches of intellectual activity England seems to me greatly in advance. When I meet my English friends, I find them animated by a similar spirit, except perhaps that the memory of a late emancipation lends an additional piquancy to some biblical jest. They are enlightened, far-sighted, tolerant, and the pleasantest of companions, because their interests are wider than those of most of our own professors, whose thoughts are a little too apt to run in fixed grooves. Yet I can hardly take up one of your newspapers without finding an account of some revival meeting, or other outburst of religious fanaticism, which recalls the darkest period of the middle ages. Do not armies of salvation still parade your towns with banners of blood and fire? And such extravagancies seem to excite neither surprise nor indignation. If by chance I get into conversation with a travelling Englishwoman who does not belong to the circle of my London friends, I generally find that she knows nothing of the works which are the glory of your literature. Shakespeare, she tells me, is indecent, and Byron immoral, nor does she seem to know much more than myself of those living poets about whom some of you are so enthusiastic. I have learned to consider myself fortunate if she does not add that it will be no comfort to me on my death-bed to remember that I have read the novels of Sir Walter Scott. On the other hand she is probably quite ready to fix the exact date of the day of judgment, or eager to convince me that the Anglo-Saxon race is lineally descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel. In a word, I find myself face to face with an intellectual world

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which seems a perfect chaos, perhaps only because I cannot grasp the secret of its order.'

'Do not forget,' my friend interrupted, 'that, while with you only the cultured classes go abroad for pleasure, the greater wealth of the lower middle class in England enables also the uneducated to indulge in foreign travel.'

'Maybe; but such a woman evidently spends more time in reading than any German professor's wife or daughters, and I know of no class in Germany that could furnish similar characters. Do not mistake me. There is enough ignorance and narrow-mindedness among us, quite as much, perhaps, as in England, though it shows itself rather in political and social than in religious and purely intellectual matters. But that only explains what I am saying. England is still aristocratic. In the State and society your cultured classes continue to lead, and their influence is felt everywhere; but they seem to have no hold on the mental and spiritual life of the nation at large, however absolute may be their sway in the higher circles. Otherwise the vagaries of Moody and Sankey would be impossible in the country of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall.'

'They were American, you forget.'

'Yes, but their audiences were English. Now, with us, the reverse of all this is true. The representatives of our highest culture proved their political incapacity in 1848, and ever since they have behaved so clumsily that the nation no longer trusts them. The result of this want of confidence, together with the absence of the restraining influence of an organised public opinion on matters relating to the government of the country, is that, now we have a man of unquestioned capacity at our head, the great mass of the people will follow him in any course that he may adopt, and, all things considered, they seem to me to be obeying a healthy instinct in doing so. But in religious matters our people allow themselves to be indirectly led by those who possess the highest intellectual culture. Ever since our professional classes have abandoned church-going and prayer-reading, our lower middle classes have followed their example, and, in spite of many exceptions in both classes, indifference to religious forms, if not to religion, is the rule in Germany. Whether this is a good or a bad thing I leave to your judgment. As for our working classes, and particularly the peasantry, things lie quite differently, and I should very much like to know something about that class in England; but all I hear about them is fragmentary and self-contradictory. It seems, in fact, to be gathered from popular novels; and though I know several Englishmen who can furnish me with the fullest information as to the native races of India and various negro tribes, there is not one of my acquaintance who can tell me how a Manchester artisan thinks and feels. The few mechanics whom I have met in German workshops have always

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interested me. They were, of course, brimful of British prejudice, and looked down with the most contemptuous indifference on us and all our ways. But they were manly and independent, and, as I have been told, intelligent and honest workmen. Those with whom I have spoken have always been free-thinkers; but their scepticism seemed to belong to the eighteenth century, with its rationalistic and somewhat iconoclastic tendencies, rather than to the nineteenth, with its respect for all psychical phenomena and its firm belief in historical development.'

'How should it be different?' said my friend. 'Are they not Westerners, *i.e.* heirs to the enlightenment which you have just now characterised? And is not the spirit of the nineteenth century which you describe of German origin? How then should they have anything of that religious awe for the incomprehensible which with you has survived the death of positive religion? Besides, I am not so sure that your half-million of Socialists in Berlin, Chemnitz, &c., have not feelings near akin to those of our emancipated workmen.'

'Naturally enough,' I answered, 'German Socialism being an insipid imitation of French Communism. Its philosopher is La Mettrie, its martyr Marat, its hero Babœuf, their brethren and allies are the French *communards*. There is absolutely nothing original, nothing German in it. They are the pupils of the French revolutionary school, precisely as what you just called the nineteenth century in England, your poets, certain of your historians and art-critics of the day, are indirect, perhaps unconscious, pupils of the German romantic school. Such a foreign influence, which does not entirely coalesce with the national stream of culture, and remains, as it were, a separate current, seems to me always a misfortune, which must in the end be injurious to those who follow the one or the other current. Already your poetry seems to me to have lost at least a part of that strong masculine directness of treatment which used to be its distinguishing excellence, and to possess rather the delicate grace of an exotic than the healthy vigour of a native plant. But in this I know you differ from me.'

'This intellectual isolation of our various classes,' my friend resumed after a short pause, 'is certainly the result of many causes. The centralisation of our social life may have a great deal to do with it; but it is also, partly at least, owing to the character of our Church. Our clergy are—you stated it yourself—far more refined than yours, though I doubt whether they are more learned; but this very refinement, if it brings them into closer contact with the gentry and the higher middle class, separates them to a certain degree from their humbler congregations, and thus, whilst it makes them eminently qualified for the practical duties of their office, unfits them for the more important work of educating mentally those who are so far below them. On the Continent I have seen the village priest or parson live as a peasant among peasants. He shares their interests,

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their cares, their amusements, he has often grown up among them, and, if he is a Protestant, his wife is frequently chosen from their midst.'

'But at the same time,' I interposed; 'he is an educated man, who has passed through a course of mental discipline, and this fact is always recognised and respected by his associates. His influence is a constant check upon intellectual and religious vagaries, and his daily contact with the realities of practical life is generally sufficient to restrain any inclination of his own in a similar direction. He is seldom either a saint or a genius, and his manners might seem strange in a drawing-room; but he is in general a most estimable man, and he occupies an important place in the scale of our national culture. Your clergymen are doubtless more pleasant associates, and no one who has seen an old English church and vicarage would wish to mar their beauty or disturb their quiet. I have no doubt, too, that the great majority of your clergy possess far stronger religious convictions and a deeper earnestness than ours; but the whole condition of England shows that they have failed in doing what ours have done—that is, in preventing the spread of an ignorant and morbid religious fanaticism.'

'And yet the whole fanaticism you regret arose within the borders of the Church, and John Wesley was, as truly as Burke or Wordsworth, an agent in the great change of thought, or rather intellectual position, which marked the close of the last century.'

'I have long considered him as such,' I replied, 'and I think I understand what came to pass in such souls as his and Count Zinzendorf's, but I cannot believe that such intense inner life, that anything approaching their feelings, still exists among their followers. I do not question their sincerity, they doubtless pass through the process they describe, but it is not this they teach, it is not thus they live.'

'However that may be,' said my friend, 'the teachings of our Methodists are certainly the result of those of Wesley, and his work was very similar to that of Rousseau, though done in another field and in a different way. Both reasserted the emotional side of our nature, but in doing so, were apt to overestimate the value of mere feeling; and I think, if you review the history of the Evangelical movement, you will find that its most admirable representatives have always been men whose nature impelled them to action, and who therefore found in their temperament a corrective of their creed.

'To me,' I said, 'it seems that what lent Wesley's teaching its real power was that it revived the Teutonic idea in a time when it seemed almost submerged in England. I mean the earnestness with which he insisted on the conviction that what a man is is more important than what he does or even what he thinks. Is it not, in another form, Kant's and Schopenhauer's teaching of the liberty of the "intelligible character" and the non-liberty of the "empiric character"? Is it

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not what our philosopher meant when he thus analysed that sense of sin which to him too was the commencement of all true moral life? "I see plainly that these actions are the necessary result of my nature; but I see also that they are wrong, and it is therefore clear that my nature is not what it ought to be."'

'I am afraid Wesley's class-leaders would have been astonished to learn that they were so profound metaphysicians,' my friend exclaimed; 'for, at best, Methodism was only the Wertherism of the uncultivated. It did and does satisfy the imagination of a large class of my fellow-countrymen; but it took no hold of that intellectual aristocracy which in Germany became a prey to the Wertherian epidemic, and the artistic side of the German movement was totally wanting in the English one. That it has never convinced the higher understanding of our nation is clear from the fact that it has never embodied itself, as even anabaptism did, in any work that can be numbered among the treasures of our literature. George Eliot's picture of Dinah in *Adam Bede* is drawn from the outside, and resembles in so far Goethe's study of your own pietism in his *Confessions of a Beautiful Soul*. But there is no work like your Jung-Stilling's autobiography or our Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* written from within the belief, if I may say so.'

'There is perhaps another respect,' I observed, 'in which the progress of Methodism may have been even more injurious to your national life. A man who is absorbed by a great passion cares little for anything that cannot be brought into connection with it. It disturbs the even flow of the current of thought which is supremely interesting to him. Thus both the philosopher and the artist frequently withdraw from the hurry and bustle of politics or of society, and they have a perfect right to do so. Nay, we all acknowledge the greatness of a life which is centred in one ideal and devoted to a single end. It has a completeness, an æsthetical unity, which impresses the imagination, and it doubtless affords the man who leads it a satisfaction that he would vainly seek in a multiplicity of interests or amusements. No one can deny this greatness of character to John Wesley, or be surprised that he, for his own part, rejected all the amusements and much of the business of the world. But as soon as any one, not content with practising such renunciation for himself, enforces it as a moral duty upon others, it becomes dangerous, unless he is content to adopt an entirely ascetic creed, to seclude his followers in a monastic solitude, and to prescribe to them the regular duties and exercises of a religious community, such as the mediæval orders or even that of our Moravian brotherhood. Otherwise he deprives them of the simple joys of life without being able to supply them with that all-absorbing interest which, in his own case, more than makes amends for the loss. I, for one, am convinced that it was Luther's worldliness which has left to our Lutheranism the width and the human sympathy which distin-

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guish it from all other Protestant sects. The man who has left the "Table Talk"—who declared that

> Ein Zötchen in Ehren
> Soll Niemand verwehren—

who was of opinion that

> Who loves not woman, wine and song,
> Will be a fool his whole life long—

must leave another stamp upon the creed of his followers than John Wesley, in spite of all his greatness. True, in Wesley's own writings there is but little of that morbid introspection which is so characteristic of his adherents, because his feelings were not left to prey upon themselves, but found an immediate expression in action, in long journeys, in frequent preaching, in the establishment and organisation of his societies. His work left him no time either for worldly amusements or for a sentimental cultivation of his emotions. Still his was an exclusively religious life. Politics, art, sensuous enjoyment, he disdained—nay, considered injurious to the inner life he wanted to awake in his followers. These had not his all-absorbing work to do, and yet the common amusements and interests of their class—everything, in a word, that could withdraw their attention even for a moment from a life of intensely self-conscious feeling—were forbidden them.'

'I think you are right in this,' my friend rejoined. 'Nay, this prohibition is perhaps the only explanation of the extraordinary fact that, while to Wesley, as to all Christians, the highest ethical condition appears to be one of entire self-surrender and self-forgetfulness, nowhere will you find so unblushing a worship of self, so frank an insistence on personal emotions, likings, and opinions, as among his most earnest and sincere followers. Most of them, however, belonged to the class that are obliged to labour for their daily bread. They could not therefore withdraw from the business of life, and their religious teachers were obliged to permit, and even to insist upon, diligence in a worldly calling as a duty. The result is that strange unwritten code which so large a section of our middle class obeys—a code which encourages the utmost self-seeking in business matters, and which is ready to excuse even sharp practice as long as it is successful, which sanctions also high feeding, but which dreads the unhallowed influence of art and condemns the theatre, the ball-room, and the hunting-field, everything, in fact, that has for its aim strength, agility, or grace. All this may have been far enough from Wesley's intention, and yet it has been the most definite result of his teaching. On the other side you must confess that England has been quite changed by the indirect influence of his doctrine, that our whole moral life has become purer and more earnest.'

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'I am not so sure of all that,' said I. 'You know my fundamental conviction, that nations, like individuals, change very little; that great men certainly give sometimes a new direction to the faculties and propensities of a nation, but do not create nor awake those faculties and propensities; that, finally, great men are quite as truly the outcome and, as it were, the fruits of national growth and development, as the average types of a nation. Earnestness has always been an eminently English quality, and you remember Sterne's delightful remarks on the 'land of gravity.' A sort of sound selfishness, together with a clinging to a strong outward rule, seems to me equally English. Besides, if a deep change has been made in the English character, it was more than a century before Wesley. Do you not find almost all the characteristics of the Methodists in the Puritans, the Baptists, the Quakers? The fact is that there are two sides to the English character and mind, and they come out successively in English history, both religious and literary. The Langlands are always followed by the Chaucers, the Shakespeares by the Miltons, the Commonwealth by a Restoration. The great men only bring out one of the two sides, both of which are in the English nature. It certainly was not Wesley who created your Sabbatarianism, although he may have helped to introduce into the Church of England a practice which was chiefly observed by the Dissenters. I hear often that English morals have become better since Wesley's influence has made itself felt; but I have my own doubts of the fact. You are fond of comparing your social life of to-day with that which Fielding has described. You seem to forget the novelist's manner and his cast of mind. You have grown so very nice that you are afraid to look facts in the face which nevertheless exist, which your grandfathers treated as a matter of course, and which their Smolletts and Sternes were free to portray. Even Thackeray thought himself obliged to make his Arthur Pendennis purer than the type even now admits, and was thereby guilty of an act of hypocrisy which Fielding was too much of an artist to commit in drawing the character of Tom Jones, although his doings sometimes overstep the limits of what even Fielding's time permitted. How far this is an advance in the right direction is a question on which there may be very different opinions. I, for one, am not so convinced that *l'hypocrisie est un hommage rendu à la vertu*. Believe me, there is a good deal to be said in this and other respects for the old state of things, the England of Joseph Andrews and Captain Booth.

'But even if I granted that the change is as great as you suppose, and that it has been wholly beneficial, why should you attribute it to the influence of the Methodists? Everywhere the last hundred years have wrought great changes. Everywhere we lay a greater weight on strictness of conduct than our forefathers in the eighteenth century did. I have heard this fact ascribed quite as often to the admirable family

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life of Frederick William the Third and Queen Louise, Louis-Philippe and Queen Marie-Amélie, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. My own conviction is that the reverse is true, and that what we take as causes are much rather effects. But let us compare like with like. Of course, if you take English opinion as a standard, you approach virtue more closely than we do. If dancing is an evil and Sunday amusements are a sin, we Germans are in a bad way, and many of you English people are beginning to tread in our steps; but if we take any simply moral standard, I am not so sure that your pious people excel us indifferentists. I will not speak of your great cities, for such large congregations of men generate evils of their own; and we will put Berlin aside, because the sudden extension that necessarily followed on its becoming the capital of the Empire, has given rise to a state of things which we regret and trust will be transitory. But take one of your small towns that has felt the Evangelical movement most deeply, and ask yourself whether the ethical feeling is really higher and purer there than in one of ours of the same size, which will in all probability be quite indifferent in religious matters.'

'The comparison is very difficult,' my Englishman replied, 'because the circumstances are so different, and it is so impossible to estimate the comparative value of good qualities. It may be national prejudice, but I think you will find in England a stronger sense of the misery of the poor and a greater readiness to help them.'

'No one who knows England,' I said, 'will call in question the sincerity of that feeling and the liberality of your charity. Nay, I have always thought, when I saw your societies for the protection of animals, your subscriptions for public disasters, your generosity in private cases, above all the indignation aroused in England by the sight of cruelty, that your superiority lies not, as Kant had it, in your earnestness, but in that virtue which Schopenhauer represented as the source of all morality—pity. I will not deny that the Evangelical movement may have contributed to quicken your consciences in this very important matter; but you must also remember that the misery of your poor is greater, and that it assumes more startling forms. Indifference to the sufferings of others is caused far more frequently by dulness of the imagination than by hardness of heart. Your middle classes have realised more fully than ours in Germany and Italy the wretchedness of those who stand below them, and this is a great gain. But it is principally physical evil that they understand and pity. They have little sympathy for ideal interests that do not assume a religious form, and so there is too often a touch of sentimentality in their very compassion. They forget that religion is by no means the only object for which each of us ought to be ready not only to bear but also to inflict pain, and that it is important to impress upon the conscience of the masses the fact that there are other things they should hold dearer than their ease, their pleasure, nay, than life itself. The

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English mind has always had a philanthropic bent, as I have said before; but the influence of Bentham's school has given this bent a more and more utilitarian form. We continentals, French as well as German, may sometimes err in underestimating the suffering which we might relieve, though it must always form an integral portion of human life; or at least we are apt not to think of it unless it is brought near to our sight. The poor man whom we do not know is much too often for us an abstract being that does not touch us, and often *nous croquons notre Chinois*, or at least let him perish, much too easily. But do not *you* now and then allow the tears of pity to blind you to the more heroic element which is a necessary part of all healthy morality? You know that if I say you, I mean the English of to-day, not those of former times.'

'We are drifting into a subject I had rather not discuss,' my friend answered. 'Nor, to tell the truth, do I think that we should arrive at any very satisfactory results if we were to follow out your comparison between the middle classes of England and the Continent. You were speaking, when I interrupted you, of the injury the Evangelical movement had inflicted on its adherents by withdrawing them from the pleasures of the world.'

'If the adherents alone had suffered, the matter would not be so serious,' I continued. 'They find in their religious services a congenial recreation; and though I must confess I dislike that mixture of amatory and devotional feeling which is inevitable when church or chapel is the chief place in which both sexes meet, I acknowledge that this is a mere matter of taste. I have always had a strong dislike even to Mme. Guyon's sensual mysticism, in spite of the graceful veil French taste threw over it. Moreover, a popular religious movement always exercises an influence on a large number of persons who cannot, in any strict sense, be considered its adherents. First there are the children and dependents of believers, and then that large class who, without holding any very distinct theological tenets, allow their lives to take the colouring of those of their more earnest neighbours. These begin to consider the things improper which the zealots denounce as wrong, and the word, on their lips, implies the strongest possible condemnation. Then, when such a large body of public opinion has been created as the Evangelical party in England can command, the leaders of other sects and parties are too apt to submit to it. They do not consider amusement a sin; but it is unpleasant to be thought less scrupulous and, by implication, less earnest than their neighbours. As it is not a matter of conscience with them to attend the theatre or to go out hunting, do they not sometimes give up the pleasures they believe to be harmless, and look upon their own want of moral courage as a sacrifice which they make to avoid wounding the feelings of their weaker brethren?

'All this, I know, hardly affects the life of any part of your cul-

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tured classes, except the clergy; but with the poor the matter is very different. Have they any other recreation besides the public-house? This, of course, our working men frequent as well, and still more than yours; but, as it is for them a place of quiet gathering, seldom of riot, as they don't stand round the bar for drinking's sake alone, but sit down to a regular chat, our gentlemen and clergy do not think it advisable to interfere with their enjoyment as yours often do. Besides, remember the other opportunities of friendly intercourse which our peasants enjoy—the singing and gymnastic clubs of the men, the spinning rooms of the women (though they unfortunately are dying out), the frequent festivals and *Kirmessen*, fairs and social gatherings—and then you will realise the dulness of an English farm labourer's life. I speak of the country because the relations of man to man are clearer and more personal there, and the amusements simpler and less costly. But what I have said of the peasantry is true of every class of our society; recreation is universally acknowledged as a necessity, and it is allowed for in every family budget.'

'Does it not sometimes upset the budget?' my friend drily asked. 'When I see your poorest *patresfamilias* of the middle class spend their shilling every night at the *Wirthshaus*, their wives meeting at afternoon coffees with innumerable cakes, their daughters out at *Landpartieen* twice a week, their sons parading at the universities in high boots—when I think of all the *Badekuren*, the Swiss and Italian tours of your professors and judges, who live on three hundred pounds a year, I ask myself whether there will ever be an accumulated wealth in Germany approaching from afar that of your thrifty French neighbours.'

'You are undoubtedly right in what you say, and I by no means intend to hold up our people as a model. I only wanted to remind you of the excess of dreariness in the provincial life of England as soon as you leave the circles of the gentry with their afternoon teas, their lawn-tennis, their archery, boating, shooting, &c. The contrast of this animated life perhaps makes the dreary existence of the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, and, above all, the factory workman, appear still drearier. This question of amusements is besides a secondary question, and I myself believe that the need of them is now generally recognised in England. What I argued was that the Evangelical movement, which some even of your freethinkers praise so warmly, has in fact greatly increased the dangers of an intellectual crisis. For a large section of your middle classes, religion is the one ideal interest, and religious services are their only recreation. This has produced a type of character which I cannot admire in spite of all my partiality for everything English; but that is a mere matter of taste. What is certain is that doubt must come to them at last. It approached them once already in Priestley's and Paine's times; by all I can hear, it is spreading very rapidly now. What will be the

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result when they lose at once all their amusements and all that has lent their lives a higher interest?'

'But don't you think the High Church movement will attract the middle classes more and more, and afford them an infinitely wider range and a more salutary kind of spiritual "amusement," as you irreverently call it, than the more sober service of the Low Church and certain dissenting sects? Does it not speak more to the imagination and to the sense for art which is hidden in each of us?'

'I know very little about it,' I answered. 'Methodism interested me because I also looked upon it as a phase of Wertherism, and so I made it a subject of study which, though anything but exhaustive, seemed to me at last to occupy more time than the intellectual importance of the subject deserved. In as far as your High Church divines have insisted on conduct rather than emotion, I should certainly consider their teaching a step in the right direction; nay, the assertion of an external rule of life and the importance attributed to ceremonies may be a necessary and wholesome corrective of the morbid introspection of the Evangelicals. If it was well that Wesley should teach that what a man is is of more moment than what he does, the time has now come for dwelling on the truth that what he does is, after all, of more consequence than what he feels. In as far, then, as the Tractarian movement has been confined within the limits of your Church, I have no doubt its influence has been salutary. Will you excuse me for adding that it is also profoundly uninteresting to any but an Englishman? Methodism was at least cosmopolitan in principle; but this seems something like a patriotic claim for a private right of way to the kingdom of heaven. In such matters we are all inclined to suppose we have a right to be numbered among the most favoured nations.'

'From another point of view, nevertheless,' my friend argued, 'Tractarianism must be interesting even to a foreigner, as it is the path by which many Englishmen of high culture and intelligence, others of high birth at least, have returned to the Catholic Church. Some such revival of the old belief seems to be a necessary effect of the spread of free thought in Protestant countries, where there is no high philosophy nor religiosity (*i.e.* religious feeling needing no forms) to take the place of positive religion. You yourselves passed through a period when such conversions were common under the influence of the Romantic school, whose members, it is true, had almost all been sceptics before they embraced the Roman faith, more out of a *prédilection d'artiste*—it is A. W. Schlegel's own expression—than out of a deeper conviction. The thing seems to me clear enough. The Reformation was founded on the assertion of the supreme value of the Bible, modified by an occasional appeal to the personal religious experience of the believer; when the belief in both is shaken, it must seem to a certain order of minds that the old question as to the

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existence of a continuous and authoritative revelation in the Church is reopened. You of course believe that that question has been quietly shelved by later developments of thought, and what you see and respect in the various forms of Protestantism is not any dogmatic or ceremonial system, but the process by which the human mind has passed slowly and safely, *i.e.* without hindering philosophical thought and scientific research, and without destroying religious feeling, into complete mental liberty. But this is because you have had a speculative philosophy which has become the property of all the highly cultivated. To our orthodox Protestant modern history appears in a very different light; and when he perceives what a mass of inconsistencies the creeds of all the reformed churches contain, he may well be attracted by that Rome which, whatever her other faults may have been, is always logical and self-consistent, and can only be successfully combated by an attack upon the principles on which all dogmatic theology rests. We rationalists——'

'You call yourself a rationalist then?' I interrupted.

'All Englishmen who no longer fully accept a religious creed are more or less rationalists; and the moderate among us look upon Protestantism as more reasonable than Catholicism only because it deals less in marvels and mysteries. The rationalistic element that it contains is welcome to us, because it is a distinct approach to our own point of view, and we hardly realise how entirely it has destroyed the whole spiritual and intellectual foundation of the more positive part of the creed. This was no difficulty for believers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They did not pique themselves on logic and consistency; they had the pretension, and the well-founded pretension, to have, not loosened, but knit more closely, the ties of religion. They gave themselves out not for innovators, but for restorers of the old true faith; they lent new life to Christianity by deepening its sense, by penetrating the individual more fully with it, and they cared little for an inconsistency more or less. Not so an orthodox Protestant of our days, who has, *malgré lui*, undergone the influence of two centuries of rationalistic science and literature. When he perceives the want of logic, he is driven, if he is a man of honesty and mental power, to an examination of the first principles, and then, we must confess, there is much in the Catholic point of view to attract him. To take only one example. From his earliest childhood he has been accustomed to seek in nature and the life around him the traces of a creating and directing hand; and this habit has become so instinctive that he at first finds it almost as difficult to conceive of the world being purposeless as of its being causeless. So deeply is this mode of thinking ingrained in some minds that many, who have distinctly renounced the idea that being has any aim or meaning which our reason can comprehend, find the old questions returning to them, in hours of weakness, pain, and sorrow, with a force that it is

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difficult to resist. It requires two or three generations of freethinkers, such as you have had in Germany, to make men entirely calm and reasonable, and we must not be surprised if in the meanwhile some of the noblest and most logical, together with some of the weakest-minded Protestants, seek a refuge in the Church of Rome.'

'I perfectly understand those conversions,' I replied, 'and I think you might have entered besides on the fact that the Catholic Church affords the freest scope to religious enthusiasm, without ever allowing herself to be guided by it; on her recognition of the highest culture as long as it does not impugn her teaching; on her æsthetical charm; on her consecration of the simplest acts of life; on the surprise that an ordinary Protestant feels when he first realises the unity and self-consistency of her creed, the mystical meanings of her services, and the strange power they have of supplying all the common wants of our inner nature. Now all these great advantages seem to me to result from the fact that this Church is, as we Germans say, an organism—that it has grown and not been made. It is the outcome and the expression of the highest aspiration and the heart-break of well nigh two thousand years. It is a phase of development which we have to leave behind us, which the strongest races have already left; but for my own part, if the adherents of the Church will permit, I desire to do so only with gratitude and reverence. Still we must remember that all this greatness and splendour depend on the theory of a continuous revelation, on the infallibility of the Church. This is the central dogma that lends stability to all the rest, because it implies the whole principle of authority, *i.e.* the very *raison d'être* of the Catholic Church. If you can accept it, the whole system follows as a matter of course. You must go in, like Pascal, for the whole wager, yes or no; for if you reject it, you gain nothing by adopting certain parts of her ritual and teaching. These, when separated from the great unity of which they form a part, lose most of their meaning and the whole of their efficacy. They only add a new discordant element to a structure that is already incongruous enough. Thus a belief in the peculiar spiritual gifts and position of the clergy is an essential part of the Roman doctrine and discipline; but there every personal assumption is held in check by other parts of the organisation, the celibate, and the ever present influence of the hierarchy. To insist on the supernatural claims of the priesthood, and at the same time to set the episcopal authority at nought and to allow them to divide their homage between a living wife and the bride of Christ, is not even to advance in the direction of Rome, but to establish a new and monstrous form of Church government. The same is true of confession, which your ritualists seem to have adopted. I understand its great value for the sinner; but nothing seems to me more clear than that, if under modern social conditions it is to be permitted at all, it can only be to a celibate clergy. Your ritualistic priests, you say, are for the most part unmarried, and consider it their duty to remain so.

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But this is at most a private resolution; it is not a law of your Church; still less has it become an instinct of your people. If you talk with Catholics, you will find that they regard any sexual connection with a priest with a horror very similar to that we feel with respect to incest. Nevertheless history has proved that this sentiment is not sufficiently strong to prevent the abuse of the confessional; and even this safeguard is entirely wanting in Protestant England. Do not imagine that I wish to suggest that there is any danger your High Church clergy should favour such abuses. They are honourable and high-minded men, with, I doubt not, the purest intentions. But they are men, and, if married, they must have superhuman strength to keep the confessional secret from their wives; and even unmarried, they are always innovators, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that if they succeed in establishing their position in your Church, their successors may have less of that earnest and ardent faith which keeps men pure in the midst of temptations. I see besides, by what you said a moment ago in explanation and excuse of the conversions to Catholicism in England, that you are not such an inveterate rationalist and utilitarian as you profess to be. I almost thought you looked upon religion as a perhaps necessary evil, and respected the Churches chiefly as institutions for checking and deadening the devotional sentiment.'

'For keeping it in its proper channels, you might have said,' replied my friend, 'and preventing it overflowing and laying waste all the rest of life. Nor do I look upon religion as an evil. It was our natural nourishment in an earlier stage of our development. But I confess I think the child is now old enough to be weaned, and am glad to see it taking to spoon-meat, though content that the change should be gradual. If I have any preference for the Catholic Church, it is because she reminds me more of a natural mother and less of a hired nurse than any of her rivals. Besides, I am not so alarmed for the fate of our culture as you Germans seem to be, because of some loud conversions to, or the still louder boasts of, that faith. The general movement of modern thought is too distinctly in a secular direction for us to fear any lasting danger from such conversions and such boasts.'

'I quite share your confidence,' I replied, 'but is there not another danger? Do not forget that your whole culture is a Western culture, *i.e.* a rationalistic one at the bottom, not a speculative one like ours. Is it not probable that, if what the representatives of secular science cannot but consider as systematised nonsense is preached with the intention of stifling all free research, if Roman Catholicism becomes more and more powerful in England, they will turn against the religious spirit itself with the animosity and intolerance which characterise the continental freethinkers in wholly Catholic States such as Italy and Spain? Catholicism there has become a thing very different from what it is now in England, where it has still all the freshness of a new creed. The religion of the continental Roman Catholic has

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indeed degenerated into a thing quite external. There is nothing fervent about it; all the idealism which you Northerners lend to the Italian poor in their churches is mere fiction. Religion is a habit which accompanies life, but does not penetrate it, does not even influence it. The brigand who is on the point of committing murder invokes the Virgin, and the girl or the unfaithful wife who has just been to the confessional gives a *rendezvous* to her lover in the church. The service itself is not a serious, grave thing, an opportunity for collectedness, but a gay *fête*, the occasion of merriment, the ceremonies are mechanical customs which never awaken thought in any of those who conform to them. Things are somewhat better—or worse—in Belgium and France, Austria and Bavaria; still it is only a difference of degree. Even those who hate religion hate it for extra-religious reasons; and this is the point I wanted to come to. These reasons are intellectual or political. The leaders of the scientific movement, in spite of their implicit belief in the survival of the fittest, think that the fittest ought not to fold his arms because he is confident he will have the best of it in the long run; that he ought to struggle, not only by the invincible weapon of scientific evidence, but also by attacking the enemy of light directly, to leave him no unnecessary advantage in the struggle, to take away from him the schools in which he drills the minds of the young and makes them unfit for original thought and personal observation. On the other side the political liberals declare war on the Church as an extra-national and almost always conservative power, and their followers, as well as those of the thinkers, naturally exaggerate their principles, often without measure and taste, always without reverence. A coarse irreligious tone is introduced into this warfare, and the spirit of tolerance quite vanishes. This does not prevent their calling the priest *in articulo mortis* and asking his absolution, for at the bottom of their hearts they have never been entirely free. Now, I am afraid of something similar for England if ever Roman Catholicism should again get hold of her. But even without that highly improbable eventuality: given the rationalistic turn of your secular culture both in the eighteenth and the nineteenth century, the more your Protestantism externalises itself, the more you will be exposed to that contrast between the two extremes which we witness in the Catholic nations of the Continent.'

'That is precisely why I myself,' said my friend, 'look upon the spread of religious scepticism amongst us beyond those classes whose lives are devoted to philosophical and scientific inquiry as an unmixed evil. To demand that the peasant and the artisan shall form his own opinion in such matters is to ask him to pronounce judgment in a case on which he neither knows the law nor can understand the evidence. After a period of doubt, perplexity, and mental pain is passed, he will receive the new teaching as he did the old, simply on authority, and his science will then be as confused as his theology now is; but the one

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little window by which he has hitherto looked out upon the infinite will be closed to him. Yet it is in its presence alone that our highest nature lives and moves and has its being. Every true workman in any intellectual field is brought constantly into contact with it. He lives perpetually in the presence of eternal law, and is thus made conscious at once of his personal littleness, and of the power to grasp and follow out its manifold manifestations. He may not recognise that there is anything devotional in his awe; he may not call

L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle

by the name of God; but he feels that he is subject and yet akin to it. Now this is the element in science that can never be popularised, and so our intellectual conceptions lose their highest virtue in the process by which they are adapted to an undisciplined understanding, and what is a great truth to the teacher is to the hearer a mere fact.'

'This is undoubtedly the case,' replied I, 'in a Catholic country, and it would be so in any country where Protestantism became a quite mechanical worship and found itself face to face with pure rationalism. Not so in nations like the Greek, who never lost the faith because they never had it, and who lived entirely and contentedly in the present without thinking of the future life. Nor is it so in nations like the German, who have outgrown their faith instead of turning round against it, and whose secular culture has never been a purely rational one. With us that part of the middle and lower classes who have not been exposed to the rationalistic and democratic influence which has spread all over the world since the great French Revolution, simply follow the lead of the intellectual classes. They have become entirely indifferent to religious forms, and they give not even a name to their deity. They neither accept nor reject any theological creed; they simply pay no attention to such things. And I, for one, belong to a class and a generation of Germans in which the theological sense is entirely atrophied; just as I have no ear for music, I have no organ for religious forms, and so I keep away from church for the same reason that I avoid concerts. And that is precisely why I am so curious to know something about the faculty which was so developed in our forefathers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.'

'But if you are really so devoid of that organ yourself, had not you better give up writing history altogether, or at any rate confine yourself, as you have done in the past, to the history of countries and times where theology is dead?'

'Perhaps you are right, and I will think it over; but it is midnight, and for a man who confesses himself a rationalist, and another who has no sense for theology, it seems to me we have talked enough about religion.'

KARL HILLEBRAND.

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A PROGRAMME OF REFORMS FOR TURKEY.

THE central principle of the policy of the late English Ministry in regard to the Eastern Question was to preserve the existence of the Turkish Government. Lord Beaconsfield aimed at maintaining the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire. As a fact, Turkey was consolidated by depriving it of its most useful port and basis of operations in war in Asia Minor, and of its wealthiest provinces in Europe.

The fatal error which underlay this policy was that it implied the support of the Turkish race against the Christian races of the empire. It would not be fair to say that this result was definitely contemplated. The intention was simply to support Turkey against Russia, but in supporting the Turkish Government it became necessary, as the price of such support, to disregard the misgovernment of the Christian races. As has often been shown, every element that is progressive in Turkey is Christian. The Turks took possession, in the fifteenth century, of the country in Europe most advanced in civilisation, destroyed almost every trace of this civilisation, and when they quit it will leave the country the least advanced in civilisation in Europe. History will record of them, that while they have held absolute sway they have not contributed either to the country or the world a single acquisition of value. Nothing in art, or science, or literature, or industry, or commerce, has been taught by them to the world. Not a road, or great public building, or any material work of importance, will be left to show that they were in Europe for four centuries and a half. The Turkish population has given no sign whatever that it possesses the capability of advancement in civilisation, while the Christian populations have given many such signs. A hundred tests might be applied to show that that is the case. Take, however, two.

Throughout Bulgaria and the provinces inhabited by the Greeks there have existed for many years schools, maintained by the voluntary contributions of the resident inhabitants and gifts from patriotic fellow-countrymen resident outside Turkey. These schools have so far succeeded that it is an exception to find a young male Greek or Bulgarian who is unable to read and write. The school-houses are

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throughout the country the most prominent buildings, and the desire for education has kept them well filled. These schools have not only received no aid from the Turkish Government, but have been established and maintained in many cases in spite of the Government. In Constantinople, the Greeks have done much also for the higher education of girls and boys. Two noble institutions, the Pallas and Zappeon, give the best education that can be obtained by girls in Turkey, with the exception perhaps of one or two American schools. The excellent example set by a wealthy American citizen, Mr. Robert, the founder of 'Robert's College,' one of the conspicuous objects for the traveller on the Bosphorus, has had the effect of stimulating the Greeks and Bulgarians to exertion in favour of a higher education for boys. The Greek Syllogos in Constantinople, and its branches in various parts of the empire, are working systematically at the archæology of the empire. Everywhere Greeks and Bulgarians are actuated by great zeal for education. The same remark applies also to the Armenians of the empire. Now what are the Turks doing in this direction? The answer is, simply nothing at all. Their fathers have done without education, why should they trouble themselves about it?

Perhaps the Turk is not altogether without excuse in this matter. The method of teaching and the inherent difficulties of Turkish written characters are so great that it takes a boy eight or ten years to learn to read as well as a Greek or Bulgarian would do in his own language in two or three. This difficulty in learning his language has to be taken into account in estimating what chances a Turk has in making progress compared with those of the Greek population. Midhat Pasha wished to prohibit the learning of Bulgarian on the express ground of this difficulty in learning to read and write Turkish. A Turkish child had no chance, in Midhat's view, of competing with a Bulgarian child, in consequence of the facility with which the latter could learn to read and write. His remedy, however, was to level down instead of to level up. Ali Suavi, and some of the men who formed what was called the Young Turkey Party, felt the difficulty, and proposed to write the language in Roman characters. The movement, however, never had a chance of success, though the fact that there are at this moment, and have been for years, newspapers published in Constantinople written in Turkish with Greek characters, and others with Armenian characters, shows that a change of the kind presents no inherent difficulties.

This, however, is only one of the reasons why the Turkish population is not so far advanced in the way of education as the Christian. The real reason is to be found elsewhere: in difference of race, and especially in what makes the fundamental difference between the two sets of people, the home training of children under Christian fathers and mothers, and the home training of children under fathers and mothers kept apart by Moslemism. The practical result is that

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the Moslem has no desire for education, and has not the means of obtaining it if he had. When he has acquired a knowledge of his written language, he finds little worth reading. His language opens to him no original sources of literature, and what there is he deciphers rather than reads. Hence foreign literature is a sealed book to him. The notion, for example, of having a novel of Thackeray or Macaulay's History translated into Turkish, and read for pleasure, is ludicrous to any one who has seen the amount of care and labour involved in reading. There are probably very few Turkish scholars who can glance through a newspaper with the same facility with which an average school-boy of twelve can glance through an English newspaper. The important fact, however, is that, from whatever cause, the Turk has never shown that he feels any need for European culture.

A second and perhaps better test of the respective capabilities for civilisation of the governing and governed races may be found by looking at the condition of those countries which have freed themselves from the Turkish yoke. Roumania at the extreme north, and Greece at the extreme south, of the Balkan peninsula, are in this condition. The original condition of Wallachia and Moldavia was until well on into this century a byword among travellers. Roumania is now rapidly becoming a huge garden. The fleet of English steamers which pass through the Bosphorus is largely occupied in taking to Europe the Indian corn and other grain of Roumania, while a considerable portion finds its way up the Danube to Austria. Bucharest, the capital, aspires to be a little Paris, and a stranger put down there at night might well make the mistake of supposing that he was in Paris. Everywhere there are signs of rapid progress and improvement. The houses are well-built, the streets wide, well-paved, and clean. Judged even by Western standards, the city is a fine one. Compared with Constantinople, it represents a high state of civilisation. At the other end of the Balkan peninsula is Greece. The comparison between Athens and Constantinople is altogether in favour of the former. Its streets are well-paved and kept clean. Its houses have an appearance of tidiness, and, unlike those in Constantinople, do not suggest that everything is falling into decay. The general impression left by Athens is that of a town which is growing quickly and is under a good municipal government. Other towns in Greece show similar progress. Patras is fast rising into importance, and a glance on successive visits to Syra has shown on every occasion that the city has grown larger.

I entirely agree with the remark of Mr. Grant Duff that the Greeks still have much to do. But they are making even rapid progress. Every year increases the extent of land brought under cultivation, the quantity of goods manufactured in Greece, the amount of shipping under the Greek flag. Such is the love of their country

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shown by the Greeks, that I believe there is considerable danger lest the gifts of the wealthy merchants towards charity schools, hospitals, the university, and similar public institutions, should do more harm than good. That which is important to remember about Athens is, however, not what it ought to be, but rather what it is, and what it was half a century ago. While I write I have before me *Sketches of the War in Greece*, published in 1827 and written by Mr. Green, at that time our Consul for the Morea. Like Mr. Blunt and Mr. Michel now, this Consul was utterly out of harmony with the people amongst whom he resided, and acted as if he believed it his duty to do all he could for the Turkish oppressor and against the oppressed struggling to be free. The British Consul in Turkey, as a rule, has felt it his duty to recognise the Turk as the incarnation of everything that is right and the Greek Rayah of everything that is wrong. Those who have read such books as these *Sketches* find Greece described as the most wretched part of Turkey. Its inhabitants are incapable of civilisation. Athens is a collection of huts. The Greeks, who had proved their descent by deeds as heroic as those of Greece in her best days, are described as cowards, as certain to be defeated, and as guilty of the worst of crimes in daring to revolt. Yet these people, incapable of civilisation, occupying the most backward portion of the peninsula, have produced the Greece of to-day, have reformed their language, and will soon contribute to Europe a valuable element in literature. Greece in 1880 is as far advanced beyond Turkey in 1880 as she was behind Turkey in 1830. The truth is that the Turkish government acts like a dead weight upon a spring. Take away the weight, and the spring begins at once to exert its force. Take away Turkish rule, and all experience shows that the races which have been kept under begin immediately to rise.

The mistake, therefore, of the late Government consisted in allying itself with the non-progressive rather than with the progressive elements of the empire. Of course the idea was that, as the Turkish Government was the only one which existed, it was the only one with which an alliance could be made, and that, as the Turkish Government was wanted in order to constitute a barrier against Russia, it must be accepted with all its faults. The mistake consisted in overlooking the fact that side by side with the Turkish Government was rapidly growing another power inevitably destined to take its place. To support the non-progressive against the progressive element was surely bad statesmanship. It led, fortunately, to the establishment of an independent Bulgaria, to which before long must be added the Southern Bulgaria which it pleased Lord Beaconsfield to call Eastern Roumelia, and it will lead to an increase in the territory belonging to Greece. With the exception, however, of these results, which were certainly not aimed at by the late Government, it has made the condition of the rest of the population, Christians and Turks alike,

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worse rather than better. The question now of first importance is how that condition may be improved.

Before considering what are the measures which it is desirable that a Liberal Government should strive to carry out, it is worth while to ask what is the source of the evils from which Turkey is suffering. One of the most obvious of these evils is the isolation which belongs to each of the different races of the empire. The Turk has shown no power whatever of assimilation. Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Gecks, exist side by side with each other, mechanically mixed, but never combined into one people. They unite only in common hatred of the Turkish Government, which is at once powerful to do them harm and powerless to do them good. It is this powerlessness or weakness of the Turkish Government which constitutes the greatest difficulty in the way of reform. At a distance the refusal of the Turk to accept all or any of the reforms urged by Sir Henry Layard looks simply like persistent obstinacy. In truth it is quite as much weakness as unwillingness. Turkish administration is so bad that hardly anything can be accomplished by it. The Government is a weak despotism, the weakness of which is shown in every department of the State. The Sultan cannot trust any of his ministers, and has lately taken to examining the detail of every measure proposed, down to the regulations of the *cafés chantants*. No minister dares take the responsibility of any act. If a person were to undertake to carry out a work of public utility at his own expense, the ministers would spend months before they would venture to take the responsibility of giving the necessary permission. I know of such a work which a wealthy philo-Turk made a present of to the Government, and about which his agent lost months in getting it accepted.

So, too, in the courts of law, the weakness is worse than the corruption. The Turks possess some judges who are quite sufficiently well educated for their position, Greeks and Armenians who have received their education in France or elsewhere, and with whom no fault is to be found for want of honesty; but their dread of responsibility, arising from the fact that they are always liable to be dismissed if they give a decision against the *protégé* of a minister in power, or a palace favourite, makes them despicably weak. The one thing which is easy to obtain in a Turkish court, as in every other department of the Turkish Government, is delay. It has no doubt been difficult for the Turkish ministers to resist the pressure brought to bear by Sir Henry Layard for reforms in Asia Minor, but it has been still more difficult to yield to it when yielding meant opposition and intrigue on the part of others belonging to the governing class. Turkish ministers have assured me that more than half their time was occupied in intriguing to keep themselves in office, and that if they carried out this or that reform the penalty would inevitably be loss of office. Khaïr-e-din

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and Caratheodory Pashas drew up a programme of reforms, and would only consent to hold office on condition that they were allowed to carry this programme into execution. They were supported by England, and in a sort of fashion by the Sultan too. But the whole ring of pashas was against them, and the palace was too weak to act against the ring. Weakness characterises everything with which the Government has to do, and is on the whole even more mischievous than the universal corruption. Sentences are delayed for years. Judgments are not executed. Laws are constantly set at defiance. During the last half-dozen years, certainly not less than six Imperial decrees have prohibited the wearing of arms in the streets of Constantinople. One or two foreigners have been arrested for carrying them, but hundreds of Croats, Circassians, Kurds, and other barbarians belonging to the most dangerous class, walk about the streets of Stamboul and Galata, many of them with their belts like small armouries, well filled with knives, cartridges, or other deadly weapons.

Weakness, then, is the principal charge to be brought against the Turkish Government. Assuming that the wish to reform existed, all the energy of the Government, if unaided by Europe, is powerless to carry such reform into effect. And here it is well to note that, had the Turks been able to carry out reforms, abundance of careful measures already exist in the Turkish Statute-book. Enough labour has been expended by the representatives of the Powers, and by the Turkish governing class, on the formation of Constitutions, Hatti Houmayouns, Imperial Firmans, and laws generally, to fit out half-a-dozen States. Had the wish and the power to govern well existed, it would be unnecessary to ask now for any reform worth speaking of. The need is for better administration rather than for better laws. Nowhere are Pope's lines more applicable than in Turkey:

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

The Turkish machine of government is in want of steam, and cannot be made to go unless steam can be supplied. To drop metaphor, what is wanted is to substitute strength for weakness and a government which can govern for one which cannot; and the chief problem in regard to Turkey is how best this can be done. Readers of English newspapers and periodicals have been deluged with proofs of the maladministration of Turkey and the corruption of its government. The corruption comes in great part from its weakness. There is no central authority strong enough to punish bribery, or to reward those who govern well. The man who has a post under Government has come, in public opinion, to be regarded as a fool if he does not add to his income by taking bribes. If he holds an important post, and leaves it without having added considerably to his fortune, he is regarded as having had his chance and missed it. The corruption is

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so general that it might be laid down as a rule, to which, of course, there are a few exceptions, that from the Grand Vezir down to the door-keeper of the smallest Medjlis every man has to pay to obtain office, and takes payment when he is in office. When this is done in the higher offices, of course the example is imitated in the lower ones. But the point is that there is no power which steps in to prevent or to punish such corruption. Take the case of the so-called courts of justice. The judges, in spite of half-a-dozen decrees to the contrary, are removed whenever they do that which is against the wish of the so-called minister of justice. Their position is of the most precarious kind. If they lose their posts as judges, they lose their means of livelihood. If the Minister of Justice therefore wants —as it is notorious that recent Ministers of Justice have wanted— to protect some person against whom an action has been brought, a hint given to the judges before whom the case is tried is usually sufficient to at least cause delay; and as delay of justice means denial of justice, the result arrived at, even in the case of judges who wish to be honest, is very often denial of justice. In other words, the system of corruption in courts of law springs from the weakness of the Government in not being able to prevent the corrupt conduct of the Minister of Justice, while, on the other hand, this corruption reacts on the judges, and makes them weak even where they would like to be honest. It would be easy to give many instances of this weakness on the part of the Turkish courts, even of the best of them— the tribunals of commerce in Constantinople. In a case within my knowledge a number of Manchester creditors have been for nearly twelve years endeavouring to obtain judgment in a matter which an English court would have settled in a single day. It is notorious that the defendants, who are Ottoman subjects, have been able to buy the protection of powerful ministers; and notwithstanding the utmost pressure of both the English ministries that have been in power since 1870, the judges have been afraid to give the order for the payment of the amount due. Weakness is, in fact, here as everywhere throughout Turkey, the chief source of the evils from which the empire is suffering.

In seeking the remedy for this evil the late Government made the mistake of supposing that its influence would be sufficiently strong with the Turkish pashas to induce them to carry out reforms. No greater mistake could have been made. It is due to Sir Henry Layard to say that if any one could have persuaded the Turks to carry out reforms, he could have done so. He went to Constantinople with the firmest belief in the capacity of the Turk. He had a higher admiration for the Moslem and a greater dislike for the Christian races than even the Turk himself. Above all he believed that the Turk had a genius for government. He represented a Power which he sincerely believed to be the only one determined upon preserving

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the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. When the Treaty of Berlin was signed, no man could have worked harder than he did to persuade the Turks to carry out the scheme of reforms which probably he had had a certain share in suggesting. The English Gendarmerie officers were to divide the country among them, and to provide security for life and property. Foreign judges were to be stationed in certain places to show how law ought to be administered. Inspectors of finance were to reduce to order the chaos of Turkish financial administration. Reforms of every kind were to be immediately put in hand. Sir Henry Layard's reputation was pledged to the carrying of them into effect. Not one single reform, however small, has he succeeded in inducing the Turks to execute. By the exercise of pertinacity in season and out of season he succeeded in removing one or two officials from their position, but such officials received immediately after some especial mark of their sovereign's favour. That a reform should be proposed by the representative of England has been sufficient during the last two years to excite the determination that it should not be carried out.

The reason of such a state of mind in the Turk is not far to seek. The Turk knows that his day draws to a close in Europe, but Asia Minor he regards as peculiarly his own. Though in a moment of weakness he consented to allow England to accept the protectorate of Asia Minor, he now attaches a very different meaning to the word than he did when he so consented to it. At first he understood simply that by the cession of Cyprus he had obtained the consent of England to fight in Asia Minor against Russia if need be. He has now fully persuaded himself that England has obtained the protectorate of Asia Minor in order to come to the ownership. The result is that in every proposition submitted by England for reform in Turkey he suspects a move to make the obtaining of the ownership the easier. When it is remembered that the Turk is an Asiatic, and utterly uneducated, it will be seen how naturally such a suspicion takes a firm root in his mind. The mistake was double. It consisted in supposing that the Turks had strength enough to carry out the reforms suggested, and in thinking that England alone was powerful enough to lead the Turks into the required path. One Power alone cannot do so, and the Turkish Government as it exists is not strong enough, even if it were willing, to carry out reforms of itself.

In seeking, therefore, for the remedy, English statesmen may take warning from the action of the late Government, and should seek to substitute the united action of Europe for the isolated action of England. If England intends to act alone, she will make as disastrous a failure in Turkey as she has done during the last two years. The central point of Turkish statesmanship is to play off one Power against another. It is notorious that Turkish statesmen have played this game lately with the most perfect success. Owing

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to a variety of circumstances, the Russian Embassy in Constantinople has scarcely attempted to exert any influence on Turkish policy during this period. But one might fairly anticipate that all the influence which Russia could use would be employed to oppose English influence, when it was ostentatiously declared that British interests were to be the principal object kept in view, and British influence the sole influence brought to bear in obtaining changes in Asia Minor. Such a policy of isolation is, however, not only likely to be opposed by our enemies (if Russia is to be counted as one), but has, to a considerable extent, alienated our friends. We have no interest in Turkey which is incompatible with the interests of France, but our policy of the last two years has caused France gradually to draw away from joint action with England in the East. It is not too much to say that if the late policy had been continued with the same results a year or two longer, it would have launched us in a sea of open hostility with France. The commencement of the alienation was the secret and discreditable negotiations for the Cyprus Treaty, which treaty the French Ambassador asserts was obtained after he had received a formal denial that any cession of territory was in contemplation. It is no secret in Constantinople that the French ambassador holds the belief that no concession whatever will be granted to England in Asia Minor; and he is, rightly or wrongly, credited with the wish to oppose any such concession. So long as the Turkish pashas know that they have the sympathy, if not the open support, of every European minister, and especially of the representative of France, in opposing English demands, so long they are certain to oppose them.

The first point, therefore, in the Liberal programme will be to bring the united action of Europe to bear upon the pashas. The history of the Berlin Memorandum, and still more of the Constantinople Conference, shows that it is possible to obtain such joint action. Every country has an interest in obtaining good government in Turkey. The scheme of reforms agreed to by the Powers at the Constantinople Conference—that is, as it was accepted by their representatives, and before it was cut down with the object of inducing the Turk to accept it—would not only have averted the war, but would have done very much to improve the position of all the inhabitants in the empire. The important point now is to recover the union among the Powers which had then been obtained. Nor does it seem to me that this ought to be a difficult task.

Probably the greatest obstacle to united action will come from Austria, especially if, as is generally believed, she was to have pushed on to Salonica this year, with a view sooner or later, and with the consent of Lord Beaconsfield, of going to Constantinople itself. It is worth while to note, in passing, that the settled conviction, at the various embassies and legations in Constantinople, is that this was Lord Beaconsfield's solution of the Eastern question.

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One of the ablest of the Turkish ministers has persistently assured me that he never believed Lord Beaconsfield was desirous of reforms in Turkey, and this because he had some other idea in view. The fact that the only ambassador who has been on entirely good terms with Sir Henry Layard has been the Austrian, points also to the same conclusion, and perhaps it was from the same point of view that Lord Salisbury found in the rumoured Austro-Germanic alliance 'glad tidings of great joy.'

To return to the question of united action among the Powers, there could be little doubt that if it could be once again obtained, Turkey can be guided or forced into the way of reform. Of course it is possible that she will refuse any programme, as she did in 1877. But it must be remembered that she then refused because she had the assurance of Lord Beaconsfield that in no case would England use coercion. In other words, she refused because she believed that England wished her to refuse, and would support her in case Russia wished to enforce the demands of Europe.

No such mistake would be likely to occur again. The complete panic into which the Sultan and the pashas have been thrown by the triumph of Mr. Gladstone shows how completely they have realised that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield has been abandoned. The Turks may be obstinate, but they are not mad, and would not therefore refuse to accept the demands of united Europe. Of course, if they became mad, coercion would have to be used; that is to say, a detachment from the fleets would have to be sent into the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to threaten the palace, to prevent a soldier passing from Asia into Europe, and the question would be settled probably without firing a shot.

Granted, however, that the Powers are united, what changes for the benefit of the people of Turkey ought they to insist upon? They have, as we have seen, to substitute a government which shall be fairly strong for one which is hopelessly weak. They have to contend with two despotisms: one, the weak despotism of the palace and the pashas, which misgoverns the country; and the other, the more powerful despotism exercised by the Moslem population, wherever it exists, against the Christian population. They have to provide security for life and property; to provide a police which shall not be in league with the thieves, and law courts which shall administer justice. They will have to do something to set in order the finances of the country, and to prevent a huge portion of the revenues being swallowed up in the bottomless pit of palace extravagance. They have to do these things, too, in such a way that they may not unnecessarily prolong Moslem rule, but render in the future the transition as easy as possible from the present rule to one which will compare favourably with that which exists in other European States.

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For the solution of these problems the Treaty of Berlin will form a sufficiently good basis of action. Article 23 will be particularly valuable, and, if the Powers insist upon its being loyally carried into execution, will almost of itself provide all that is wanted. In this article the Sublime Porte binds itself to introduce throughout the whole of European Turkey, with the exception of Eastern Roumelia, where a separate constitution was provided, constitutions (*règlements organiques*) analogous to those established in the Island of Crete in 1868, but which have been there systematically violated. These constitutions are to be adapted to local wants. Special commissions are to be appointed, in which the native element is to be largely represented, to work out the details of the new constitutions for each province. The constitutions so drawn up are to be submitted to the examination of the Sublime Porte, which is bound before promulgating them to take the advice of the European commission appointed for Eastern Roumelia.

Something has been done towards the carrying out of this article, but not much. The Council of State has drawn up certain projects, but the native element has not been consulted, and what the Council of State, which is at once the most corrupt and the most obstructive body in Turkey, has done will require most probably to be done over again. Moved, however, by the result of the elections in England, the Porte in the last week of April invited the Powers to name their representatives to examine the projects so drawn up. Very much indeed will depend upon the action of the Commissioner, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, named by England to take part in this work. On the one side the Porte will do its utmost to bring the whole of the revenues to Constantinople, and to leave everything in the provinces as little changed as possible.

No one who knows anything of the Turkish Government can suppose that it really wishes to give anything like autonomous government to Macedonia and Thrace. The separate government of Mount Lebanon was obtained in consequence of the massacres at Damascus and the mountains, that of Crete after the rebellion, that of Eastern Roumelia after Batak. The Cretan constitution has remained almost a dead letter. We may feel sure that Turkey, as far as possible, will cause the constitutions of Macedonia and Thrace also to remain dead letters. The pashas have great and well-deserved confidence in their power of making promises and breaking them. When the Constantinople Conference proposed to grant self-government to Bulgaria, the representatives of the Porte objected on the ground that the Sultan was unwilling to grant certain reforms to one part of his empire, and not to the others, and wished to extend the same great benefits and privileges to the whole of his subjects alike. No one ought to need assurance that, when this statement was made, all that was intended was to issue a few more paper constitutions, in the sure hope that

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they might soon be disregarded like the Hatti Houmayouns and the other Imperial Hatts. If, however, local self-government can be granted to Macedonia and Thrace in such a manner that the Porte cannot bring it to nought, many of the evils there existing may be got rid of. The constitution of Crete, chosen as a model, is a very fair one. Its weakness consists in the fact that there is nothing which makes it self-working. In other words, it would be good if the Porte wished it to work, but it has broken down because the Porte has not so wished, and because too much power was left by it to the central and too little to the provincial government.

The 61st Article of the Treaty of Berlin binds the Porte to realise without further delay the reforms and ameliorations needed in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee the security of the people against the Circassians and Kurds, and allows the Powers to watch over the measures taken for this purpose. The Turks have scandalously neglected to adopt a single measure to ameliorate the condition of the Armenians. The Kurds and Circassians have increased rather than diminished their ravages. It has been the duty of correspondents to send home from Constantinople sickening and weary stories of the robberies of cattle and of everything else belonging to the Armenians. The terrorism has been so great that the agriculturists have been afraid to visit their fields, and large areas of land formerly cultivated by Armenians no longer produce anything whatever. The very seed-corn of the cultivators has in many cases been stolen by their savage enemies, the result being a famine of a terrible character, for which the Turkish Government is quite as much responsible as the dryness of last season. The poor Armenians have been steadily emigrating to Russia, sometimes to save what little property they had acquired, and sometimes because they were literally driven from their homes by the Kurds whom the Government has made no attempt to keep down. Accounts of robberies, murders, violations of women, and the taking away into slavery of girls, have been contained in almost every letter that has come from Armenia during the last two years. Independent European observers in Armenia believe that the Turks are desirous of driving the Armenians out of their country, and that the Kurds and the Circassians are encouraged to dispossess the Christian population. There are many thousands of Circassians and Kurds who live by preying upon the Armenians. Not one single step has been taken to lessen the miseries of these hardworking people. They are allowed to be robbed, violated, and dispossessed simply because they are Christians. The question of what ought to be done to meet their condition is not one of very difficult solution. All that they want is to be let alone, and to have security for their lives and property. The best way to obtain such security would be to establish a gendarmerie officered by Europeans. The only police force which at present exists

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consists of zaptiehs, who are Mussulmans to a man. Their traditions are bad. They are weak, corrupt, and fanatically opposed to the Christian part of the population.

What is required is the formation of a new force, chosen indiscriminately from Christians and Mussulmans, and under European officers. The Irish Constabulary force, or the Indian police, would furnish a good model. I have very little doubt that many of my readers will be under the impression that such a force already exists under the command of Baker Pasha. This is unfortunately a mistake. Correspondents have been misled from time to time into sending statements to England which may have induced people to believe that either Baker Pasha himself or a large portion of his officers had been employed in the formation of a gendarmerie. Whatever the Turks have done in this direction has been with the intention of blinding Europe. Not a single body of gendarmes has been formed, and the police of the country is distinctly worse than what it was three years ago. When an outcry was made after the massacres of Bulgaria about the necessity for a police force, consisting of Christians and Mussulmans alike, the Government appointed Baker Pasha, making at the time a flourish about the determination they had taken to establish the necessary force. When the outcry in England still increased, the Turks suddenly authorised Baker Pasha to appoint gendarmerie officers, and eighteen were immediately sent for. This is now nearly three years ago. These officers, we were told, were to have provinces allotted to them, and were at once to be set to work to arrange a gendarmerie in each. Not one of these gendarmerie officers has ever been set to work about the business which he went out to do. It is not the fault of the officers themselves that they have not been employed. They are drawing their salaries for doing nothing, but have long since come to the conclusion that the Turkish Government has not the slightest intention of making use of their services. Several of them are, I have no doubt, exceedingly well fitted by their Indian or other especial experience for the task they went out to Constantinople to accomplish; but they have been kept in enforced idleness. Baker Pasha, after elaborating a careful scheme of gendarmerie, was left unemployed until, on account of his own persistency and the full pressure of the English Government and the English Ambassador, he was sent up into Asia Minor to report upon the reforms necessary. In other words, he was sent out of the way, so that he might no longer bother the Government with his requests to be allowed to organise the gendarmerie.

The gendarmerie force, however, is not needed for Armenia only, but for the whole of Asia Minor and for European Turkey. The condition of even the district of Adrianople, where the Turks after the Treaty of Berlin made a spasmodic attempt to organise a local government which should compare favourably with that of Eastern

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Roumelia, is one of complete anarchy. Seventeen murders in fourteen days for a district of the size of Yorkshire, with crimes of violence of every other kind, is the return just to hand while I am writing. The central government orders the taxes to be sent to Constantinople which should go to the local servants. Soldiers and zaptiehs left unpaid are making common cause with highway robbers. Crowds of refugees are left by this government, which cannot govern, to settle the question of the survival of the fittest with as little interference as would take place in an African tribe of savages. The wrongdoer, whether Moslem or Christian, is protected by his own people openly. Foreign officers, who would almost necessarily be Christians, would, unless they were distinctly bad men, very soon effect a change. Having chosen their police indifferently from the Moslem and Christian populations, they would probably be able in twelve months to make life and property more secure than it has been in Turkey for a generation, and an *esprit de corps* would soon be developed among the new body which would enable it, under the guidance of European officers, to get rid of the traditions of corruption and injustice connected with the present zaptieh force. The despotism of the Moslem part of the population towards the Christian would find its most effective remedy in the presence of a gendarmerie which would repress crime committed by a Mohammedan rapidly as as that committed by a Christian. Into the details of the organisation of such a force this is not the place to enter, but one point should be carefully kept in view, namely, that the new police force should have nothing whatever to do with the collection of taxes. Of course, if public order were disturbed by the refusal to pay taxes, it would have to interfere, but its essential business should be the preservation of order.

Side by side with the establishment of the gendarmerie under foreign officers there will need a reform of the tribunals. It will be useless to run a thief or a murderer down if he is to be tried before a court which shall acquit him because the person injured has only been a Christian. Here, again, we come upon one of the many reforms which have been often formally decreed, and as often altogether disregarded and the promise allowed to remain a dead letter. It would be curious to know how many times the announcement has been made in the English newspapers that a Firman has been issued by which Christian evidence is to be received in the law courts, or by which Christians were to be on an equality with Mohammedans. Notwithstanding official despatches announcing such reforms, no progress whatever has been made in carrying them into effect; and during the present year Said Pasha, the Grand Vezir, has taken a step in defiance of the promises solemnly given to Europe, which can only be regarded, like the retention of the notorious Hafuz in office as the minister of police, as being intended to show his contempt for the wishes of Europe. He has ordered that the president in each civil

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and criminal tribunal shall be a Hakim, that is, a student whose only training has been in the teaching of the Khoran. His judgment is final. In other words, in spite of every promise, the great mass of the legal business of the country is to be entrusted to men who have no knowledge of what Europeans understand by law, and whose conception of justice, even when they are perfectly honest, is what we should regard as the most pronounced partiality.

While the establishment of the Gendarmerie should be directed as a whole from Constantinople, I would suggest that the officers in command of districts should be instructed as far as possible to act in concert with the provincial authorities. Quite sufficiently good men might, I believe, be found to act as magistrates and judges. All that would be required would be to abolish about two-thirds of the posts at present occupied by men acting in such capacity, and to give an increased salary to the best men remaining. The judicial staff, like the staff of every other department of the Ottoman Empire, is largely overcrowded. The Turks, very rarely engaging in commerce, are nearly all either agriculturists or servants of the State. Offices have been created for them without there being the least need for their services. An English local post-office or magistrate's court doing the same amount of work as the Turkish post-office or law court would certainly not have more than one-third of the number of men. The result is not merely that the work is ill done, and the responsibility divided, but that the officials themselves receive such a pittance as places them under a strong temptation to receive bribes. Where there are so many useless men about a court or public office, there is little likelihood that care will be taken about the character or conduct of the officials. It happens, therefore, that if a Pasha wants to do a favour to one of his dependents, or the relations of a member of his harem, the person to be favoured is made a judge or an usher, or given some other public employment. At the present moment, there are Pashas and Beys in Constantinople who have quite a number of servants to whom they give no pay, but who serve them on the understanding that when their masters are in power they will receive public appointments. Probably, no department in Turkey has suffered more from this species of abuse than the law courts. There are numbers of men who are publicly pointed at as owing their promotion to the fact that they were this man's servant or a connection of one of the wives of that Pasha, or, what is perhaps a commoner case still, have been employed in disgraceful work for the Pasha. Lord Salisbury hit on the right remedy for this state of things, when he recommended that inspectors of tribunals should be appointed for the whole of Asia Minor. His mistake was, to suppose that the Turkish Government was likely to carry out the proposal unless forced to do so. A dozen European inspectors of tribunals ought to be able to select the best judges, and by reporting all cases of flagrant miscarriage of justice to Constantinople to get rid of the most iniqui-

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tous judges, and the most crying evils of the present system. It is quite useless, however, to think that other than European inspectors would be sufficient. What is wanted, is to give the people confidence in the administration of justice. Bentham's remark, that it is of more consequence that justice should seem to be purely administered, even than that it should be so administered, is especially applicable to Turkey. Neither Turks nor Christians have any confidence whatever in the purity of the judge. There are judges in Constantinople who are at once able and honest, but the presumption in Turkey is distinctly, that if a man be a judge he is a receiver of bribes. No such belief exists in regard to the leading Consular Courts in Constantinople. The result is that, in Turkey itself, the people see one set of courts belonging to the Government under which they live, which they believe to be impure, and another set belonging to the foreigners living in their midst, which they believe to be pure. Give these people native inspectors of law courts, and they would not believe in any beneficial change; give them foreign inspectors, and they would anticipate a change for the better.

So far every proposition which I have suggested has the express support of the Treaty of Berlin. The eighteenth protocol supplies another weapon, which may be found more important than that furnished in any article of the treaty itself. The representatives of England, France, and Italy presented a joint declaration, which was accepted by Russia, Austria, and Germany, and which recommended to the Porte the appointment in Constantinople of a financial commission composed of experts named by their respective Governments. The special object of this commission is to examine the claims of Turkish bondholders, and to propose the best means for satisfying their just claims conformably with the financial interests of the country. The interests of the speculators in Turkish stock are not entitled to an overwhelming amount of consideration. But the financial commission called to examine and, as far as possible, satisfy their claims may be made use of by the Powers to an almost unlimited extent.

Without looking to ultimate causes it may be said that the financial condition of the country is the cause of its greatest immediate evils. Taxes are extorted from the people in a cruel fashion, and in such an unproductive way that it would certainly be a liberal estimate to say that two-thirds of the taxes levied find their way into the national exchequer. Industries have been altogether wiped out by the taxes placed upon them. Carpet manufacture is decreasing. The production of tiftik, the wool of the Angora goat, which constitutes perhaps the speciality of the country, has been lessened by the foolish method of taxation during the last two years. The lighter kinds of tobacco are much worse than formerly, and better tobacco can be had in Syra or Athens than in Constantinople. The arrangements of the Turkish Custom Houses and those for the collection of taxes generally are so bad that robbery takes place everywhere. There

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are numbers of brokers in Constantinople who will undertake to land goods on receiving five per cent. of their value, paying themselves incidental expenses, and the eight per cent. duty due to the Government, out of the five. The story told by Sir Drummond Wolff of his wishing to pay the fair duty on goods sent to him in Constantinople, but of his being unable to find any one to do the operation fairly, is one which can be matched by every one who has had experience with the Turkish Custom House. Of course a man who is desirous of paying the fair amount to the Government, and who has been put to all sorts of inconvenience in so doing, naturally finds it easier to pay a quarter of the amount of the duty to the officer and get his goods passed through, and so be at rest. While the Turkish Government is robbed by its own servants and does not receive the amount of taxes which is collected, the robbery is perhaps still greater on the amount of money paid out. As a rule no contract is made with the Government in which the contractor is not forced to share his profits with one or more officers of the Government. Naturally this means that the Government has to pay the value of the goods supplied *plus* the amount which has to be paid to its own officials. The system infects every one who has anything to do with the contract, from the Pasha who signs it on behalf of the Government, down to the weigher who keeps tally of the amount supplied. Everywhere there is thus an extravagance of expenditure which in any other country would be serious, but which in Turkey has proved ruinous. The greatest circle of extravagance is of course the Palace, upon whose expenditure there was until lately no control whatever, so long as money was to be found in any department.

Probably the easiest way to strike at this extravagance, and to set the finances of the country in order, would be to appoint the financial commission contemplated in the eighteenth protocol. If this commission can be endowed with the power of the purse—that is, if, in addition to recommending what ought to be done, the Powers were to insist upon its recommendations being carried into effect—much might be effected. The first result would be to strike at the extravagance of the Palace. Until this is done all financial arrangements for Turkey are useless. No Budget can be formed, because no Grand Vezir can measure or control the requirements of the Palace. It must be noted also that under the present system the only object of Turkish ministers is to provide for themselves and for the needs of the present moment. Their great financial aim is to stave off present payment and provide for actual needs, without the slightest regard to the future. No nation could long survive the contracting of debts at such ruinous rates and on such ruinous terms as those on which Turkey has contracted during the last two or three years. But the essential point to observe is that the Turkish Ministers do not appear to feel any interest in bringing about a better financial condition. Their one idea of finance is to bring up every piastre

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which can be exacted from the provinces to the capital, and to stave off all present payments. A financial Commission which should take charge of the revenues of the country, and composed of men not liable to be dismissed because they would refuse the demand of the Palace for money whenever money existed in the national chest, would effect wonderful changes in Turkey, and would perhaps be the most effectual weapon for breaking down the despotism of the Palace.

Outside the measures suggested by the Treaty of Berlin there remains another which seems to me well worthy of the consideration of English statesmen. So far the proposals I have mentioned consist of the establishment of local self-government in those parts of Turkey for which such local government is not already provided by the Treaty of Berlin, of a gendarmerie under European officers for the security of life and property, of inspectors of the law courts, and of a financial commission. It may be objected that the three latter measures amount practically to putting the government of the Sultan into commission. But as these proposals have already been recommended by Europe, it may be taken for granted that there exists no valid reason against so putting the government into commission.

Still it is not desirable that any State should remain with such a composite government. The government of Turkey is already, from the point of view of jurisprudence, a legal curiosity. There are sixteen or seventeen *Imperia* within the great *Imperium* called the Turkish Empire. In other words, the traveller in Constantinople may find himself, by a fiction of law, in English, French, German, or any other European territory in the course of a single day. Such a system would be intolerable in any civilised State. When General Grant was in Constantinople some two years ago, I heard him explain how unjust he had felt it to be that there should exist American courts in Turkey for American citizens. He had asked himself how Americans would like to have Turkish courts in New York or Washington; but the General was careful to explain that, after having travelled through the Turkish Empire from Alexandria to Constantinople, he had seen that existence would be impossible for foreigners if such privileges were not claimed for them.

To appoint a financial commission and to adopt the other measures suggested would be no doubt still further to reduce the power of the Sultan. Those who believe that his power should at the earliest opportunity be put an end to, have a good deal to say in favour of their scheme. But they are usually met with the retort, Who is to supply the place of the Turk? The answer is, not a foreign State, and certainly not Russia; not a series of European commissions, but the people of the country, Greeks, Bulgarians, Turks, Armenians, and Albanians. Mr. Grant Duff would accept this answer, and would suggest the appointment of a European prince. Other statesmen will probably be unwilling, unless forced to do so, to bring about the violent change which such a proposal contemplates.

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Whether, however, such a change will come without much delay into the region of practical politics, all will agree that it is desirable that the government of the country should at the earliest day be placed in the hands of the people of the country. For this purpose I would suggest that as soon as possible an imperial chamber should be formed, containing representatives from Macedonia, Thrace, and the districts of Asia Minor to the west of Armenia. It should be the object of the Powers to make this chamber the real sovereign authority of the country. They would find in it the best security for the carrying out of reforms. Neither the English embassy nor all the embassies combined can superintend the execution of reforms in detail.

The great danger in the future, as in the past, will be that reforms will be promised and forgotten, and that the Turkish Government will not have sufficient force to carry them into effect. A chamber would supply the necessary force. The one called together by Midhat, though intended probably to be merely a blind to Europe, gave some remarkable signs. There was nothing like freedom of election in the choice of members. Many of them were Government servants, and it is difficult to imagine a chamber called together under circumstances less likely to clothe the members with real power. The president of the chamber was Ahmed Veffik Pasha, who endeavoured to treat the independent members like so many school-boys. But popular government even under such unfavourable circumstances soon began to exert its power. Those who from day to day watched its progress, believed at first that the chamber would be quite powerless. The members, however, soon began to feel that they had a public opinion behind them, and spoke out manfully, and some weeks before it was dismissed it had become a common remark in Constantinople that the chamber would end by getting rid of the pashas, or the pashas by getting rid of it. As might perhaps have been expected, the latter result was the one arrived at. The experiment, nevertheless, showed that the representatives of the peoples of Turkey have considerable aptitude for parliamentary government. They were dismissed because they began to inquire into maladministration and corruption, and because the pashas saw that their iniquities would be exposed, unless they got rid of the chamber.

If the European Powers mean to combine to obtain reforms in Turkey, they would find their most natural support in a chamber representing the wishes of the people. The whole population is disgusted with the incapacity of its rulers, and the principal danger to be apprehended from the calling together of a chamber representing the people is, that it might be disposed to march too fast in getting rid of the men who have for so many years ill-governed the country, if the chamber felt that it had the support of Europe behind it, and could not be dismissed at the whim of the Sultan. While, on the other hand, it was on its good behaviour in order to receive the support of the Powers, it might, I think, be trusted at once to do its work efficiently, and not to change more than what needs changing.

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If Europe is to coerce Turkey at all, a chamber seems to me the institution best worthy of attention.[1]

If a workable chamber can be formed, there will grow up in that part of the Balkan peninsula still acknowledging the rule of the Sultan, and in Western Asia Minor, a State which is bound in time to become Christian, but of which for the present the Sultan might continue to be the head. There are, it seems to me, distinct advantages to be claimed for the maintenance of these countries under a rule which is neither Greek, Bulgarian, nor Turkish. The Bulgarian race occupies both Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and no useful purpose has been served by dividing their territory into two parts. In the same way Greece and the southern portion of Macedonia, as well as Thessaly and Epirus, are alike inhabited by one race. But in Macedonia and Thrace, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Turks are so intermingled, and the Porte has played its game of setting Greeks against Bulgarians and Bulgarians against Greeks so well, that perhaps the wisest course is to place neither of these three races under the dominion of the other. So, too, in Asia Minor and a few of the islands of the Archipelago. The majority of the islands are purely Greek, and must sooner or later belong to Greece. But in some few of the islands, and in Asia Minor west of Angora, the Greeks, Armenians, and Turks are so mixed together that here again it would be unfair to put Greek under the government of Turk or Turk under the government of Greek. From Trebizond right round the western and southern shores of Asia Minor the Greeks exist, as they have always done, in great numbers. Smyrna, with the exception of Constantinople, is the city which contains the largest Greek population. In the interior the Turks are more numerous. But the whole district might well be under the rule of a chamber at Constantinople.

The choice, it seems to me, lies between putting the government of the Sultan's territory into commission and the enforcing of such a scheme as I have suggested. The latter has the advantage of being easier to carry into execution, of avoiding a violent revolution, and of providing a fit successor for the existing Ottoman rule. If Turkey can be thus transformed, it may remain for future statesmen to bring about a confederation of the Balkan States and of Asia Minor which will constitute, if such should ever be needed, the natural and the strongest barrier against the progress of Russia southwards.

Constantinople: May 1880. EDWIN PEARS.

[1] I have omitted Armenia, Syria, and Arabia from the list of districts which should send representatives to the chamber. These countries are so remote that probably it would be found better to apply to them the other reforms already enumerated, and to give them a government rather after the model which at present ought to exist if Turkish laws were carried out—a model not much unlike that upon which we work in India. It is unnecessary to say that the constitution of a chamber would require great care. I am myself inclined to think that the representation should be confined, for some time at least, to the towns only.

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LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE appreciation of the beauty of inanimate Nature has its origin in an advanced period of civilisation. The sense of human beauty, connected as it is with the most universal of passions, probably developed itself long before the historical period; it is certain that in the earliest times of which we have any information this sense manifested itself in painting and sculpture. But the sense of natural beauty, independent as it is of human passion, was of far later birth and slower growth. It probably originated in the association of certain natural scenes with man's comfort and enjoyment. The landscapes of the *Odyssey*—as has been pointed out by Mr. Ruskin—consist chiefly of fountains, meadows, gardens, shady groves. The garden of Alcinous is very much of a kitchen garden, containing rows of pear-trees, apple-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vines laden with grapes, together with beds of vegetables, chiefly leeks, planted between them. I speak of the description of the garden by Homer, not by Pope. There is indeed in the *Iliad* a fine picture of a starlit night by way of background to an encamping host, in which the sharp effect is given of the ship's prows, and the rocky peaks cut out against the sky; and Homer applied to mountains the epithet 'shadowy,' indicating that he saw them not as they are found to be when approached, but as they appear at a distance, their favourite aspect with the painter. But there seems no ground for believing that Homer, or indeed any of the ancient Greeks, rose to an adequate appreciation of Nature's own proper beauty, independently of association with man's comfort and convenience.

Nor did the Romans advance in this respect much, if at all, beyond the Greeks.

Lucretius could enjoy the green turf, the spring flowers, and the frolicking lambs, in spite of the difficulty of determining the precise form of atoms of which these objects were composed. Horace especially enjoyed his Falernian under the shade of an arbutus, on the bank of a rivulet, and looked with some satisfaction on the view from Tibur and Baiæ. Virgil was more appreciative of landscape. His *Georgics* and his *Eclogues* abound with pretty rural scenes, some of

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them doubtless borrowed from Theocritus. He had an eye for the cloud-shadows sweeping across the mountains, for the lengthening evening shades, for the smoke curling from the distant farms; and in the *Æneid*, describing the wooded bay in which the Trojan fleet was concealed, has certainly suggested a beautiful landscape. Still his rural scenes are but accessory to his shepherds and shepherdesses; and his bay in the African coast is but a background to the fleet. The love of landscape by the most poetical and artistic of the Romans appears but faint compared with our own.

I cannot find that mountain scenery, which has most attractions of all for many people, ever found any favour with the ancients. As gardens and groves were associated with enjoyment, so rocks and mountains were associated with hardship, discomfort, toil, cold, and hunger; and are accordingly abused in good set terms. They are rugged, steep, barren, inhospitable, toilsome, stormy, in short, everything that is inconvenient and disagreeable, the epithet quoted from Homer being, I believe, quite exceptional. Dido in her fury can think of nothing worse to which to compare Æneas than Caucasian rocks; the world had to grow much older before the Caucasus could be explored and painted for its beauty. A painter of mountain scenery among the ancients, if he had been possible, would probably have been considered mad. But neither mountain scenery nor any other was painted. In Pliny's gossiping account of all the painters and pictures he had ever seen or heard of—the pictures being for the most part battle-pieces and mythological subjects—I do not think that a description of one landscape, properly so called, is to be found. The only painter he mentions who can be called in any sense a landscape painter is one Ludius, who in the time of Augustus painted on walls 'villas, porticos, groves, hills, fish-ponds, boats, and donkey-chaises, in short, anything you pleased to order.' But Pliny evidently regards Ludius with a good deal of contempt. The few attempts at landscape among the paintings of Pompeii indicate ignorance of the first principles of the art.

I think we shall not be wrong in concluding that the art of landscape painting as now practised was an art unknown to the ancients.

Nor did it appear early in the renaissance of art. Figure painting culminated in Michael Angelo and Raphael nearly a century before the birth of Claude, who may perhaps be regarded as the earliest of landscape painters proper. It is true that Titian and other great Venetians had painted before him fine landscapes as backgrounds to figures, but few, if any, landscapes complete in themselves, having for their sole or main object the representation of inanimate nature. Ghirlandajo had painted some formal trees and buildings. Domenichino and Annibale Caracci had painted better landscape backgrounds. Rubens had also painted some good landscapes, to which, however, he

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did not give the best of his mind, a little before Claude's time. Rembrandt had likewise painted some, powerful in light and shade. But the art had never been systematically taught or studied; and Claude, of whom Mr. Ruskin has finely said that he first put the sun in the heavens, had in a great measure to invent it. Salvator Rosa, the Poussins, and other Italian painters were his younger contemporaries. (I am aware that Claude and the Poussins are usually assigned to the French school; but I cannot help thinking that, having regard to their subjects, they more properly belong to the Italian.) Cuyp, Both, Hobbema, Ruysdaël, Vandervelde, and other Dutch painters, soon followed; but they painted independently, and must also be taken to have in a great measure invented their art for themselves.

Landscape painting is, then, a new art, and I venture to think that it is not even yet sufficiently appreciated or completely mastered.

The extent to which it was esteemed in England towards the close of the last century may be gathered from the following extract from the Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After speaking of the grand historical style, he proceeds:—

> As for the various departments of painting which do not presume to make such high pretensions, there are many. None of them are without their merit, though none of them enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art. The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise; but as their genius has been employed in low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object. The merry-making and the quarrelling of the boors of Teniers, the same sort of productions of Brouwer or Ostade, are excellent in their kind. . . . This principle may be applied to the battle-pieces of Borgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau, *and even beyond the exhibition of animal life to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the sea-views of Vandervelde.*

Truly sublime is the condescension with which landscape painting is patronised, as ranking not much below that vulgar art which depicts the merry-making and the quarrelling of boors!

I had the curiosity to look out 'Landscape Painting' in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published in 1860, and on finding it was referred to the article 'Painting.' (The edition now being published has not yet reached the letter P.) Throughout the whole article, consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are devoted to landscape. Some casual mention occurs of Claude, and I think of Salvator and the Poussins. No reference is made to the landscape painters of the Dutch school; not a word is said about Turner. Turner had lived and died without producing the slightest impression on the writer, who evidently considered landscape art beneath his notice.

Before Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* there was not, as far as I am aware, any work of the slightest consequence on landscape paint-

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ing in this or any other language. In short, landscape was regarded as an inferior branch of art, and is to some extent so regarded still. The Royal Academicians would seem so to regard it, if we may judge by the extent to which it is represented among them. I speak of Academicians, not of Associates.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to inquire whether the opinion that the painting of landscape is an inferior branch of art is or is not well founded.

I will put aside some of the greatest of all paintings, the figures in the Sistine Chapel, the Madonna di San Sisto, the Transfiguration, and a few others, such as we are not likely to see again, for some time at least, and will address myself to landscape painting as compared with what Sir Joshua calls 'history painting,' and portraiture, for both of which he claims a far higher place.

The aim of the historical painter is to impress the imagination by representing human action and passion as expressed by the human face and figure. It would be doing historical painting no injustice to describe its ultimate object as the expression of the sublime and beautiful. The object of portrait painting is not merely to make a likeness, though to make a good likeness is by no means a common or an easy achievement, but to depict as much intelligence, grandeur, or beauty as is to be found in the best expression of the sitter. What is the object of the landscape painter? It is also to express the sublime and beautiful, as seen in the face of Nature—in her features of plain, mountain, forest, river, sea, and sky, ever varying in expression, as they are lit by sunshine, or dimmed by mist, or darkened by storm. Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history or portraits? Why? In what respect? Why is the mental state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the sunshine, the storm, and by well-painted representations of them, a lower state than that which is impressed by a picture of Alfred burning the cakes, or the murder of Rizzio, or the battle of Trafalgar, or a portrait of George the Third, or, if it is preferred, of Charles the First? What is the test by which the relative altitudes of these states of mind is to be measured? Is it that which necessarily implies the higher intelligence and culture? Assuming this test, there can be no question that less intelligence and culture are required for some appreciation at least of historical and portrait painting than are required for the appreciation of landscape. Men are affected by historical and portrait painting in comparatively barbarous times, before the feeling for landscape could possibly have arisen. Virgil is guilty of no anachronism in representing Æneas as deeply moved by the historical paintings in the Carthaginian temple of the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Priam in the tent of Achilles; but Virgil would have been guilty of a gross anachronism

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if he had represented Æneas as capable of appreciating a landscape painting, supposing such a painting to have been then possible, of seeing grandeur or beauty or anything but discomfort in mountains or clouds, or anything more than convenience in the most beautiful scenes. Virgil himself did not attain to the poetry of landscape; this was reserved for the higher culture, the deeper thought, and more original observation of Wordsworth.

Even in this our day the appreciation of historical and portrait painting is a more common, not to use Sir Joshua's expression, a more 'vulgar,' faculty than that of landscape. Many a worthy Englishman will gaze with intense interest on a picture of the battle of Waterloo, and will admire a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has no eye for a landscape, real or painted; and is capable of regarding the grandest aspects of sky from no other point of view than their probable effect on the crops. Nay, I have heard educated men, even men pretending to knowledge of art, gravely maintain that there is nothing picturesque in the Alps!

If invidious comparisons are insisted on, the landscape painter may fairly maintain that he appeals to the higher sentiment, born later in the world's life, the offspring of a more advanced civilisation. He may further maintain that the kind of landscape art which deals least with what is termed 'human interest,' which seeks to impress the imagination by the majesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of Nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate invidious comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in Nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublimer? It may be said, 'The human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter?' Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this: but if there be a Creator of man and Nature, and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in Nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art. In truth, the artist, who by words, or by forms, or by colours, or by sounds, conveys to us grand or beautiful ideas, is a public instructor and benefactor. Among such instructors and benefactors I will not attempt to draw up a table of precedence. I desire no more than to enter my protest against the depreciation of a branch of painting which I hold to be the true strength of the English school, and to record my obligation to the eloquent writer who first claimed its place for landscape art, who first explained its principles, and told its history.

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But it must be admitted that landscape painting has not so far advanced as has painting of the figure, and that, *pace* Turner and Ruskin, it has not yet produced its Raphael or its Michael Angelo. Nor is this surprising when we consider that the one art is scarcely three hundred years old, whereas the other is more than three thousand! Moreover, the latter art has many advantages in practice over the former. The figure can be painted indoors, the model can be posed, the drapery can be hung on the lay-figure, the light can be adjusted, the effect can be chosen and reproduced. The landscape painter is dependent on the weather. He is perpetually on the defensive against his enemies—the sun, the wind, the rain, and the gnats. He is scorched and blown about, and wetted and bitten. The aspect of Nature is ever changing. In the most settled weather, what was in light in the morning is in shade in the afternoon; but the weather is seldom settled, seldomest where the scenery is most picturesque. Clouds and mist sweep across the scene; the sun plays at hide-and-seek; effects the most various, each more beautiful and fleeting than the last, dazzle and confound the artist. The best point of view is often difficult to attain. When he has attained it, he is often unable to sit or stand with comfort. Indeed, some robustness and physical endurance are required, which are apt to fail after middle life, whereupon the artist, having to fall back upon his old stock of ideas without acquiring new, commonly reproduces them with less and less freshness and truth, falls into mannerism, and deteriorates. There is, however, apparently a law of compensation which sustains him in his decadence—the worse he paints, the further he recedes from Nature, the more his mannerisms become developed, the more fervid usually is the worship of his admirers. There has been comparatively little school or academy teaching of landscape, which must be in a great measure learnt out of doors; and yet it is not an art which can be brought to perfection in one lifetime, or in many. A long series of Umbrian painters, ending with Perugino; another series of Florentine painters, from the earliest Renaissance, Pisano, Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and others, led up to Raphael, who would not have been possible without them. Claude had, as we have seen, in the Darwinian sense, no ancestors, but created himself. It would have been no less than a miracle if he had become the Raphael of landscape.

To attempt a history even in outline of landscape art, or a review of its different schools, would obviously exceed the limits of this article. With respect to the French-Italian school, headed by Claude, the Poussins, and Salvator, I content myself with saying that I subscribe to most of what has been written of them by Mr. Ruskin. Claude painted very well only sunlight. He had little feeling for the grand, as distinguished from the beautiful; his foregrounds were bad; his trees often conventional; his cows abominable. Salvator's rocks were

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ill-drawn; in short, he drew nothing very well. The Poussins unduly darkened their foregrounds and middle distance in order to bring them out into stronger relief against the sky (it should, however, be borne in mind that the blackness of the foregrounds of old pictures is in some measure attributable to repeated varnishing). They thought that the effect of sunlight was to be rendered by dark, undefined shadows, instead of by grey shadows, sharp-edged, and were guilty of numerous other blunders and delinquencies. I have only to say on behalf of the artists that, considering they had to invent a new art, I am more inclined to be grateful to them for what they have done than to blame them for their shortcomings, though I freely acknowledge the good service Mr. Ruskin has rendered in dissipating many venerable delusions. As for those ignorant connoisseurs who have been in the habit of praising the old masters of landscape at the expense of far better modern painters, I have no desire to shelter them from his just indignation.

He appears, however, somewhat less than just to the Dutch landscape school, which arose about the same time, and forms a series of true and original painters of landscape, though not of the highest order, on the whole more faithful to Nature than the French and Italian schools. It may well be conjectured that their pictures were brighter, and in every respect better, before dirt and many layers of varnish had given them that 'tone' which so delights the eye of the connoisseur. Landscape art appears to have a good deal degenerated all over Europe towards the end of the seventeenth and far into the eighteenth century, and to have been in some danger of dying out; but in the latter part of that century, and during the present, it has more than regained its own, and England may take the principal credit for its revival. Wilson, who may be called the earliest of our landscape painters, imported from Italy the manner of Claude, and produced many pretty landscapes, agreeably coloured, though for the most part somewhat feeble and conventional, indicating insufficient study of Nature. Gainsborough, more vigorous, but not more accurate, painted in a broad dashing manner what I should venture to call rather sketches than pictures. Both these painters deserve honour as the chief founders of the English school, though I cannot help thinking that most of their works would now be deservedly rejected at the Academy.

Crome, Cotman, and others of what is termed the Norwich school were better painters, though too much affected by the traditions of umber, which, under the auspices of Sir George Beaumont, for a long time embrowned English landscape. Constable was a powerful and original painter, excellent in his careful work, though often coarse and careless, and so mannered as to be easily imitable. Unless I am much mistaken, a very few years ago a spurious Constable was conspicuously hung in an exhibition of pictures by old masters at Bur-

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lington House; so was a spurious Turner, which had been painted by a young artist a few months before. On Constable's style is supposed to be in a great measure founded a new French school of landscape, about which something will be said hereafter. Space permits only mention of the names of Stanfield, perhaps the greatest of marine painters, though his genius was not confined to that class of subject; of Calcott, of Creswick, of Roberts, of Bonnington, of Müller (little recognised in his short lifetime), of Linnell (still happily among us), of Collins, of Morland, each of whom has done much to advance landscape art and the reputation of the English school.

Turner is by general consent the greatest of landscape painters. Whatever may be the future of the art, to whatever perfection it may be carried, his advent must always be an important epoch in its history. Availing himself of all that was known before he vastly extended the field of knowledge, he ranged over all Nature, none of whose aspects was alien to him, and conquered new worlds for art. Yet I by no means subscribe to the blind adoration of his worshippers. In his early days he studied from Nature elaborately and minutely, and this study always stood him in good stead. I venture, however, to think he would have done well to renew that study from time to time in later life, and that he suffered from not renewing it. In his later pictures, when he gave freest range to his imagination, his drawing somewhat failed, his colouring still more, and he became untrue to Nature.

But it may be asked, 'What is truth to Nature?' A difficult question, some attempt to answer which must be made.

It is a trite observation, that imitation is not the object of art, and, in a sense, a true one, though sometimes obscured by hazy writing. To select for imitation a piece of Nature, which admits of being imitated, without reference to composition or effect, is to make a study, not a picture. Nor is deception the object of art. The old story of the birds pecking at the painted grapes certainly illustrates somewhat crude ideas on the subject. Mr. Ruskin declares that the grapes must have been very ill-painted, and denounces all exact representation of Nature as low art. It is but just to him, however, to say that many passages may be found in his writings maintaining precisely the reverse. Whether a picture be or be not deceptive depends less on itself than on its surroundings. A portrait hung on a wall cannot be deceptive—it is plainly impossible for a man to be where the figure is, and further the realism of the portrait, however great, is subdued by the greater realism and force of the surrounding objects—greater in proportion as Nature's light is stronger than the artist's white paint. But remove the picture from its frame, pose the figure where a man might naturally stand, by a disposition of curtains or otherwise dim everything around it, concentrating a strong light upon it, and most good

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portraits will become in a great degree deceptive, none more so than those of Velasquez or Rembrandt. By such means panoramas and dioramas are made deceptive; indeed the simple process of looking through a tube excluding the frame and all other objects, gives a picture some appearance of reality—a good painting of a bas-relief in a proper light must be deceptive. The modern painter of fruit and flowers desires not to deceive birds or men, but to convey the beauty of his subject by the best disposition of forms and colours. Assuming his conception and general treatment of his subject to be good, will it be gravely contended that he can paint his grapes too like real grapes, and must make them look a little unnatural lest the birds should peck at them? The power of imitation, which may under certain circumstances amount to deception, and is in truth neither more nor less than quite accurate drawing and colouring, is the foundation of all artistic excellence, without which no poetical or imaginative superstructure can stand. It is a power possessed by but few, and sneered at by many who are unable to appreciate or attain it.

There are people who talk and write as if every aspect of Nature could be perfectly imitated, provided the artist would but condescend to do so; they insist, however, that he ought not so to demean himself, because all imitation is beneath the dignity of high art, which is concerned with expressing the ideas of the artist, infinitely finer, as they are, than anything in Nature. Indeed there are some art critics who run down every picture which does not contain some element of *unlikeness* to Nature. The truth is, that while many natural forms and surfaces admit of almost exact imitation, there are certain aspects of Nature, and these the finest, altogether above and beyond imitation. Has not every one of us been struck from time to time by effects of Nature, most commonly seen about the hours of sunrise or sunset, which have impressed us with a sense of overpowering and transcendent beauty altogether beyond the reach of art—which, if they could be literally imitated and transferred to canvas, would put to shame every picture and extinguish whole galleries? To speak with contempt of the imitation of such scenes is sheer ignorance and presumption—the imitation of them is above, not below, the highest art. They are for the most part transient, and will not wait to be painted; nor could they be if they would: they have a brilliancy and force, combined with a subtlety and delicacy, not to be attained by the rude and imperfect materials with which the painter works. It should be remembered that Nature has colours compounded of sunlight not to be found on his palette. But these effects, stored in his memory, become food for his imagination, which is worth little unless fed by such food drawn plentifully and freshly from Nature. He may compose and combine recollected effects with advantage, but the more realistic his painting—in other words, the more nearly it approaches the forms and colours of Nature—the greater will be the

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effect; for it should be always borne in mind that in the power of impressing the imagination—his highest aim—Nature is greater than he, and that only by obeying her can he command. I have used the word 'realistic,' which I am aware is an abomination to many persons who regard 'the real' as something antagonistic to the 'ideal.' There is no such antagonism; they work together in perfect harmony, and their harmony is the triumph of art. Dante and Shakespeare were at once the most imaginative and realistic of poets. How terribly real is most of the *Inferno*! How terribly real is the ghost scene in *Hamlet*! The Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael would impress us less were not the ideal beauty of the Virgin combined with the form of a real and breathing woman, well modelled, perfectly symmetrical, natural in its attitude, with drapery disposed in natural folds, standing out from the background rounded and solid; not a mere flat piece of colour, such as now seems to be regarded by a certain school as the highest art.

The term 'realism' must not of course be understood as excluding composition in a picture, or requiring the artist to paint precisely what he sees before him in a given space at a given time. Nature is seldom so accommodating as to present to us a complete picture which can be enclosed in a rectangle, separated from its surroundings, transferred to canvas, and put into a frame. To remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may often be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to Nature. Greater liberties may at times be taken with advantage, though much caution should be observed in dealing with mountain forms which are usually far finer than anything the artist can invent. The effects of sky, however, perpetually changing as they are, and thereby influencing the landscape by gleaming lights and passing shadows, always afford a wide field for imagination based on knowledge, and a prosaic scene may be poeticised by recollected or possible effects. Still it must always be remembered, that whatever is worth painting is worth painting truly, and that at the least all objects meant to be clearly seen—that is, not obscured by mist, or darkness, or distance—should be painted with fidelity; the trunk and branches of the tree should be properly articulated, the rock should be properly stratified, and look hard and solid; if the foreground be of grass, it should look like grass, if of heather it should look like heather—it should never be a mere tricky combination of colours, still less should it be a smudge. The same observations apply in a great degree to landscapes which may be called wholly imaginary, such as Turner's 'Building of Carthage,' and his 'Garden of the Hesperides,' two of the best of his imaginative works. In the latter the dragon is finely conceived and painted. He derives much of his terror from the

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realistic manner in which he is vertebrated, and scaled, and legged, and winged, so as to resemble a possible megalosaurus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that realism consists in the rendering, not merely of the obvious truths of nature which, as it were, stare us in the face, but of those more recondite and subtle, but not less important truths of form, colour, and tone which only reveal themselves slowly to patient study. At the same time over-subtlety and over-refinement, a fastidious preference for what is recondite over what is patent to the profane vulgar, may be a fault in art, as it is in literature, leading to affectation and coxcombry of style.

To apply these observations. Many of Turner's pictures fail in truth both of drawing and of colouring. Some of his most famous Italian pictures are marred by an ill-drawn fir, conspicuously placed, showing how far he had deteriorated in tree drawing since he painted 'Crossing the Brook.' His rocks are often poorly drawn, far inferior to Stanfield's, as appears in some faithful engravings published by Mr. Ruskin (altogether *alio intuitu*), in which the rocks have somewhat the appearance of feather-beds. His figures, which were presentable in his early days, when he painted 'A Frosty Morning,' became latterly quite intolerable. Mr. Ruskin of course defends them, and denounces the ignorance of those who would desire them to be made out and emphasised. Figures are often the better for not being made out or emphasised, but as far as they are shown they should at least resemble possible human beings, and not fantastic monsters. The falsity of the colour of some of Turner's later pictures, which cannot be adequately pointed out without the pictures being before one, may be described in general terms as consisting mainly in a preponderance of red and yellow together with some too positive blue. Great as Turner undoubtedly was, he has not so completely succeeded in combining the real with the ideal as to make it impossible to conceive that a greater than Turner may arise.

It is, by the way, worthy of note, that Turner, as far as I am aware, very rarely, if ever, painted a bit of positive green, such as the green of grass and meadow and some kinds of foliage, at no great distance from the eye—a beautiful colour in nature, beautiful in a picture if used with discretion, and at the present time effectively employed by the best landscape painters. Turner, with all his originality, seems never to have succeeded in completely emancipating himself from the traditions of the brown school. Nothing indicates more the indiscriminating character of Mr. Ruskin's admiration than his failing to notice this.

Turner's aberrations were after all those of genius, and he is fine even in his falseness; but it is difficult to speak with equal indulgence of other kinds of offences against truth to Nature.

There is a description of falseness which may not inaptly be called

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the tricky style of drawing and painting, ever the delight of the drawing-master as distinguished from the artist. The late Mr. J. D. Harding was the king of drawing-masters, and in his works the most conspicuous examples of this style are to be found. Artificial rules of form and colour are laid down, to which Nature must be made to conform whether she will or not. A certain class of lines require lines of a certain other class to counteract them; there must be antagonism of colour, a cold blue cloud must be opposed by a brown châlet, or something warm; the light must be taken into the picture in a certain way, and taken out of it in a certain other way, &c. The use of some of these rules is not denied, provided they are our slaves, and not our masters; but the Hardings would bind us with them hand and foot. An excellent specimen of a painting altogether according to rule, is or was lately to be seen in Messrs. Agnew's collection in Old Bond Street, entitled 'The Well-hörn and Wetterhörn,' by J. D. Harding. The forms of these mountains, among the finest in the world, are not good enough for Mr. Harding. They are accordingly produced, elongated, elevated, depressed, and improved out of all likeness to themselves; fantastic, non-existent waterfalls, preternaturally green, leap about the picture; a brown stump is invented for the express purpose of contrasting with a blue mist; cold green brambles relieve themselves against yellow grass; rocks, brown, red, blue, and grey, are scattered about in what is supposed to be picturesque confusion; with the effect of vulgarising one of the finest scenes in the Alps. Elijah Walton is an offender of the same class. Seeking to improve the Swiss mountains by exaggeration of form and forced unnatural colouring, he succeeds in making them look small and poor. A well-known school of landscape, commonly called the Düsseldorf school, though it has produced good painters, is somewhat open to the charge of aiming at tricky and theatrical effect.

The modern French school of landscape, headed by Corôt, Daubigny, Duprés, Dyas, and others, has the merit of some originality and some truth. Speaking of the school generally, its main object seems to have been to evade the difficulties of landscape painting, by confining itself in a great measure to some few aspects of Nature which are most easily rendered on canvas. It ignored difficult and complicated forms, such as test the artist's powers of hard drawing and knowledge of perspective, in rocky and mountainous scenes—indeed it ignored all careful drawing whatever—it ignored in a great measure space and distance; it ignored in a great measure sunlight; it ignored altogether the brilliancy and the variety of Nature's colouring, being content for the most part to represent a small portion of her in a grey and sombre garb. Great indeed is the change from Turner's boundless range over all earth, and sea, and sky, to a school whose centre was Paris, and whose radius seldom extended beyond Fontainebleau. I do not say that

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Nature is not beautiful in a grey and sombre garb, or that she should never be so painted; nor do I deny the merit of a school which has found and shown the picturesque in common scenes, and what would have doubtless appeared to most of the old masters dull, unpaintable effects; but I protest against such painting being considered the be-all and the end-all of landscape art.

Corôt, who may be taken as the representative artist of the school, painted poetically and with sentiment a phase of Nature little painted before him, which may be termed the phase of haze, and greyness, and mystery; his colouring, though pitched at a key somewhat lower than Nature's, is, as far as it goes, true, harmonious, and expressive of a certain kind of atmospheric effect. Whether his pictures are improved by the introduction of poorly-drawn fauns, dryads, and other classical persons, ill adapted to northern fogs, may perhaps be questioned. Mystery is certainly a powerful factor in landscape, used by Nature with great effect; but Nature is seldom or never all mystery. In a hazy wooded landscape—Corôt's favourite scene—you see in the natural foreground delicately articulated branches, weeds, and ferns, beautiful in form, and, though subdued in colour, perfectly made out, giving value to the mystery beyond. You see at some distance trunks of trees still more subdued in colour, but firm and solid, without a particle of indecision. Corôt makes out no form; all his lines are undecided, wavy, blurred. 'He represents foliage shaken by the wind,' say his admirers. Aspens might be appropriately so represented; but Corôt's oaks are as wavy and undecided as his aspens, and his rocks are as soft as sand-heaps. In short, Nature draws as well as colours. Corôt chooses to ignore that she draws, and is content to paint one phase of her colouring. There is some difficulty in placing an artist so *borné* among the masters of landscape.

Some of Corôt's later pictures, in which he almost lost sight of Nature, seem quite valueless, indeed worse; for they have bred a swarm of imitators who simply reproduce and exaggerate his defects. Daubigny had a far wider scope, and at one time towered above the school. Some of his early landscapes, painted from the fresh study of Nature, seem to me almost perfect; but some years before his death, when he probably painted only in his studio, he became careless, coarse, and blotty. I believe that, according to a law before indicated, his later pictures are those most admired by his disciples. It seems strange, that whereas the French painter expends the utmost care and elaboration in the rendering of every object indoors, no sooner does he go out than he seems to think the most random touch, the most careless smear, good enough for Nature.

But perhaps I am speaking of a school in some measure passed. The French *salon* certainly now gives some evidence of a new departure, promising better results.

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Mention must not be omitted of our own water-colour school, unique as it is, and without a rival. The familiar names occur of Copley Fielding, De Wint, Cox, Prout, and above all Turner, supreme in water as in oil, not unworthily succeeded by the present generation—Frith, Davison, Topham, Dodson, Naftel, Jackson, Syer, Collingwood Smith, and a host of others. Water-colour has in some respects a charm beyond that of oil; it has its own peculiar lightness, airiness, and freshness. Delicate effects are suggested by a wash, when the same colour similarly laid on in oils would look opaque and heavy. For expressing some of Nature's truths, water-colour has the advantage; yet for expressing the whole truth, and for large pictures, it is not comparable to oil. We are satisfied with less finish on the part of the water-colour painter than we expect from the oil painter—much on the principle that to whom more is given from him will more be required. Cox appears to stand at the head of the water-colour school, Turner excepted. He certainly had the merit of painting certain aspects of nature, somewhat limited in number, with great truth of colour, and possessed that gift of genius which consists in revealing the beauty of common things, such as a breeze sweeping over grass. But I must enter my protest against the adoration of Cox, as I have against the adoration of Turner. Some of Cox's later works are mere careless blotches to which he did not give his mind—without drawing (in drawing he was never strong), without atmospheric effect (in this he *was* strong)—in truth nothing more than a jumble of mountain and cloud, the latter as solid as the former, having no appearance of vapour, or indeed of anything but dirty paint. And yet these worthless smears fetch fabulous sums, the price of many excellent pictures.

The truth must be told. Many large buyers of pictures are wholly ignorant of art, and in the hands of dealers, who have their reasons for running up or down this or that artist. Nor are many of the art-critics in the newspapers and periodicals more trustworthy guides than the picture dealers. Indeed I have more confidence in the judgment of the educated public, as far as landscape art is concerned, than in that of the professed art-critics.

The education of the public in landscape has advanced with extraordinary rapidity in the present century. Its teachers have been poets as well as painters, and increased facilities of locomotion have aided the instruction. People now travel not only to see men and cities, but landscapes. The most picturesque parts of the United Kingdom, as well as of the Continent, are inconveniently crowded. The love of mountain scenery sends hundreds to the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas, tens of thousands to Switzerland, and has founded half-a-dozen Alpine Clubs. You see the best scenery dotted with white umbrellas, and the efforts of the amateur are at the least attended with the result, if with no other, of his acquiring some

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acquaintance with the difficulties of art, and some appreciation of its successes. Surely intelligent persons observing and loving Nature must be capable of judging to some extent whether she is well or ill painted.

Undoubtedly there are art-critics, of wide knowledge and sympathies, more capable than the public of judging pictures. But there are art-critics who have much to unlearn before they are capable of judging as well. There are those who, possessing some acquaintance with galleries and treatises on art, have never read the 'books in the running brooks,' and try pictures not by Nature's standard, but by arbitrary rules which they have crammed and are unable to apply. There are those who belong to cliques, and see each through the spectacles of his clique. There are those who pique themselves on relishing only what is 'caviare to the general,' and rejoice in that superiority which rises to the admiration of what, to minds on a lower level, seems ugliness and affectation. In short, the present state of art-criticism is not satisfactory, and I regard it as an advantage to art that an appeal lies from the critics to the public, which has often justly reversed their verdict. Of course the public taste is not infallible, or beyond the influence of fashion; yet in the long run it has a strong tendency to discriminate between the genuine and the spurious. Educated persons are beginning more and more to ask themselves, not whether a picture is after the manner of Turner or of Cox, nor what art-critics or professors say about it, but whether it conveys to their minds the sublimity or the beauty of Nature.[1]

[1] Since writing the above, I have read Mr. Poynter's Lectures, lately published, in which occur the following passages:—

'The broad external facts of Nature are patent to everybody. An ignorant person discovers in a landscape picture that moonlight is represented, for he sees the moon in the sky, the reflection in the water, the light catching the roofs of the houses and the tops of the trees, and the candle-light shining through the windows. The picture may be the veriest daub, without a single point given correctly; but the fact of the moonshine is made clear, and the unpractised observer gazes with fond admiration on what he considers a miracle of faithful painting. . . . And so a mass of work, better no doubt than the very bad I have just quoted as an example, is accepted by the public as being admirably true, which, though rendering cleverly unimportant things, is thoroughly false in all points where a real artistic insight is necessary.' Elsewhere Mr. Poynter says: 'It is almost impossible for the best artist of these days to free himself from the feeling that his best work is in some way put forward for criticism, and until he can do this there is not much chance of his attainment of a better style.'

I think that Mr. Poynter overdoes his contempt for the public, at least for the more educated part of it, in supposing them to delight only in false and coarse daubs, and to be wholly insensible to the refinements of painting. Those refinements may be, and I believe are, appreciated in their effect, and missed if absent, by numbers who have not technical knowledge enough to be aware how the effect is produced. As a matter of fact the public have and do for the most part appreciate the best pictures of the best artists of the day, and have sufficient discernment to detect occasional bad work even on the walls of the Royal Academy. Mr. Poynter will himself admit that with respect to Turner's later pictures the public were right and Mr. Ruskin was wrong. Though the opinions on art of men so eminent as Mr. Poynter

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To return from this digression. The more careful study of Nature, the increasing habit of painting out of doors, and perhaps may be added photography, a valuable auxiliary to art if used with discretion, have greatly advanced the painting of landscape. More accuracy of form has been attained, more truth of colour, and many time-honoured conventionalities have disappeared. More attention has been drawn to the beauty of what used to be grandly ignored as the mere detail of Nature, beneath the notice of the artist, and interfering with the breadth of his effect, a beauty which did not escape Wordsworth when he painted in his way the mountain daisy—

> The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
> On the smooth surface of the naked stone.

Artists now condescend to paint, and to paint carefully, weeds, grass, brambles, and ferns, which were 'generalised,' as it is called, that is to say, not painted at all, by most of the old masters. Not indeed by all; for Titian sometimes painted weeds finely. The historical painter never supposed himself exempt from the necessity of from time to time studying from his models; the landscape painter is beginning to discover that study from *his* models—the rocks, the rivers, the trees—is no less necessary to him, and that by neglect of it he deteriorates. The effect of this more conscientious study is apparent in our exhibitions, and in some measure in those of the Continent. Millais's foreground in 'Over the Hills and Far Away' is, I believe, better of its kind than anything painted by Turner; so are Brett's shingle, wet sand, and breaking waves; so are Vicat Cole's cornfields; so are Davis's cattle pieces; so are Leader's grass, gorse, and brambles; so are Loppé's glaciers; though none of these artists possess Turner's extent of knowledge, his imagination, and mastery of effect. To these names may be added those of Graham, of Hunter, of M'Whirter, of Smart, of M'Callum, of Hunt, of Henry Moore, of Oakes, of Parton, of C. E. Johnson, and many more, some of whom, perhaps scarcely enough appreciated in their day, may possibly, when they become old masters, be over-estimated at the expense of their successors by connoisseurs of the future.

Nor in this country alone has landscape art experienced a revival. Good landscape painters have appeared in Norway, in Sweden, in Russia, and indeed throughout the greater part of the Continent. America, too, can boast of her Church and her Bierstad, undaunted by the Rocky Mountains and Niagara.

I must, however, be allowed to express some regret that many of our landscape painters confine themselves so much to special departments of landscape. Having achieved success in some one field, the

will always command respect, the claim apparently set up on behalf of a few artists to the exclusive right of judging pictures, together with entire immunity from criticism for themselves, is as inadmissible as would be a similar pretension with respect to literature by a small coterie of authors.

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artist is too much disposed to linger there, instead of ranging to pastures new. There is a tendency to too much subdivision in art. It is difficult to give a good reason for a hard line of demarcation between the figure painter and the landscape painter; but the further subdivision of landscape painters into marine painters, mountain painters, architectural painters, &c., seems positively injurious, limiting the artist's vision and narrowing his mind. Every truth of form and colour is related immediately or remotely to every other, and the most comprehensive survey is necessary for a thorough acquaintance with myriad-minded Nature. When an artist shall be found to combine the technical skill and power of truly rendering particular scenes, possessed by the best painters of our day, with an imagination ranging over Nature, and stored with what is grand and beautiful in all her aspects, then, and not till then, will arise the Michael Angelo of landscape.

R. P. Collier.

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THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND THE LATE ELECTION.

A Sequel.

In a former article on this subject it was asserted that the result of the late general election was a surprise to both Liberals and Conservatives, and still more so to that great body of the public which cannot properly be classed with either. It was further suggested that the gulf which in our crowded cities separates the rich from the poor, keeping the former in as complete ignorance of the latter as if they were on another continent, might to some extent explain the fact. And I pointed out what I conceive to be the danger to be apprehended from the political action of a class which is so completely hidden from our view, and liable to such sudden impulses.[1] It was not intended to place this view before the public as a party view, or to leave it to be supposed that this was all which the Conservative party had to say about its own defeat. And I have therefore asked permission to supplement my article of last month by some remarks of a more practical character, explaining what seem to Conservatives to have been the actual efficient causes of the Liberal victory.

Conservatives believe that the institutions of this country represent a political theory more conducive to the welfare of society than any which has as yet been submitted to the test of experience; that while individual freedom is secured by them, those moral qualities are developed in the people at the same time, which are not less essential to national happiness than either mental culture or material prosperity. They see in this country at the present day, we will not say a party, but a body of opinion hostile to these institutions, and in favour of reforming them in such a manner as to provide rather for their ultimate extinction than for their more effectual invigoration.

[1] Since writing the above I have read a speech by Mr. Leonard Courtney in the House of Commons which gives utterance to the same apprehension. 'Very few of them had seen the *three last elections* without feelings of anxiety and concern. He did not like to see these big turn-over majorities: they were unpleasant: they showed great instability in the public mind.'

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They consider it their duty to resist the progress of these opinions by every means at their command, and to use for that purpose all the advantages which the accidents of birth, wealth, or rank may confer upon them. When, therefore, they find themselves suddenly deprived of a position which enabled them to give effect to these convictions, without being forewarned of the event by any such signs and tokens as usually proclaim to governments the unpopularity of their public policy, they are naturally led to inquire whether anything else can be in fault. They fail to discover any 'strong wave of popular passion,' any deeply marked resentment at what the Government either did or left undone, any craving for organic change, any soreness at neglected grievances, adequate to explain this abrupt withdrawal of confidence from the Conservative Administration. Some there was of each, no doubt. But we cannot allow that any change has taken place in the feeling of the country towards the Government at all corresponding to the present disparity of parties in the House of Commons. In support of this assertion I may quote a leading article in the *Times* of the 4th of May last, long after that journal had given in its adhesion to the new order of things, wherein the writer says:—

> In the House of Commons the minority will insist upon its privilege of mature deliberation all the more resolutely, because the result of the recent elections was not determined in any appreciable degree by a popular cry for any particular reforms. After the general election of 1868 the disestablishment of the Irish Church was seen to have been decreed beyond challenge by the vast majority of the electoral body. But no project of reform at present occupies such a position, or can be said to have been predetermined by a powerful movement of national opinion. No question is to the electors of our day what Parliamentary reform or free trade was to a former generation. Parliament has, therefore, a much wider scope for the discussion not only of details, but of principles; and ministers, however great and well-disciplined their majority may be, are bound to remember this. They must be prepared to expound and enforce the reforms on which they are bent, with much more elaboration and patience than if the country had pronounced with eager enthusiasm in favour of their plans. It is remarkable that the adverse verdict of the country, so far as its meaning can be interpreted, was not provoked by the inertness in legislation evinced by Lord Beaconsfield's government. The electors were not angry with the late ministers because they failed to extend the franchise, or to reorganise county government, or to pass a criminal code. What alarmed them was the supposed purposes of the Prime Minister; what they demanded was a change of men rather than measures.

If this is the state of the case, some parentage must be found for the loss of a hundred and nine seats other than 'the supposed purposes of the Prime Minister.' What the writer means by this expression is not quite clear; but if he means Imperialism and 'jingoism,' and so forth, these ideas are thought to find a congenial soil in the imagination of the working classes, as we have been told over and over again by the Liberals themselves.[2] The working men were badly off, and they

[2] See especially a remarkable article in the *Spectator*, May 8.

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thought they might be better off. This, with some exceptions hereafter to be specified, is the extent of the positive hostility which the late Government encountered at the polling-booths. No doubt in the north of England the feeling was extremely strong; and no doubt in the agricultural districts a prejudice was abroad nearly akin to the Tory foxhunter's in the reign of George the First, who, complaining to Addison of the drought, reminded him of 'the fine weather they used to have in Charles the Second's reign.' The commercial and agricultural depression explains a great deal, but it still leaves something unexplained; and it is to this portion of the problem that the few remaining pages which have been kindly placed at my disposal are now to be devoted.

In the first place it is almost unnecessary to remark that the long possession of power generates a good deal of false security as well as of apathy in the ranks of the dominant party. More especially will this be the case where the people conceal their dissatisfaction, and continue to give to the Government whose destruction they are meditating 'an effective, if lukewarm, support.'[3] It is so difficult to distinguish between an effective support which is lukewarm, and an effective support which is not, that Conservatives may be forgiven for confusing them. The fact is, be the cause what it may, that this feeling of security did prevail in a great number of constituencies in which the event proved it to have been false. The Conservatives were so confident of their own strength that they did not think it necessary to bring together all their men; and it is calculated that at least a dozen seats were lost by this mistake alone.

In the second place it is no secret that, for some reason or other, the Conservative party was much less liberally supplied with funds for the campaign than their opponents. Nor is it a small matter that, for want of the necessary sums to assist men of limited means, the Conservative party lost the services of some excellent candidates, gentlemen of great ability, popular manners, and ready eloquence, and were obliged to content themselves with substitutes who had little but their purses to commend them.

Thirdly, no doubt, we have to reckon with the activity of Nonconformity. Why it was that the Dissenters, as a rule, did not exert themselves so vigorously in 1874 as they have done in 1880, is a question which may be variously answered; but no one doubts the fact. Perhaps the former government of Mr. Gladstone had disappointed their expectations. Perhaps they felt that the 'pear was not ripe,' and that it was no use at that particular moment to put forth their full strength. They may have felt, perhaps, at the recent elections, that now was the time to strike; and that, if they let slip the present opportunity, so favourable a one for the attainment of

[3] *Spectator*, May 8.

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their darling objects might not recur for a generation. Be this as it may, that they threw themselves into the struggle with a heartiness and vehemence in strange contrast with their former denunciations of the political activity of the clergy, is one of the most notable features of the last election, and exercised, no doubt, considerable influence on the result. Not, perhaps, all that has been supposed—for it is doubtful how far the great mass of the ratepayers are interested in religious questions—but still an appreciable, and in certain instances probably a determining influence. Here, of course, is a hostile agency, with which the Conservatives will always have to reckon as long as the Church of England survives to claim their protection and support; and on this head there is nothing further to be said. I will merely add that the effective action of the Nonconformist contingent in the late electoral battle should be an additional reason with every Conservative for strengthening his party at all those points at which any weakness is discernible, for repairing the consequences of past neglect, and for recovering lost ground by not disdaining the means which originally won it. If the whole strength of the forces now united against Conservatism is ever again to be successfully combatted, the party must give no odds by failing to make the most of its resources.

I am assured in the fourth place that the weekly newspapers which circulate among the lowest class of voters are, almost without exception, representatives of extreme Radicalism, and that Conservative working-men ask in vain for a weekly Conservative journal to enforce their principles; while, fifthly, it is said that in the counties the existing Conservative associations have been found unequal to the work imposed on them since 1867. I mention these statements for the consideration of others. I do not know that they are true of my own personal knowledge.

Finally, we come to a cause which, whatever the extent of its operation in the recent contest, and this doubtless was considerable, seems to me more pregnant with future consequences than all the others put together. I mean the failure on the part of borough members to cultivate the goodwill of their constituents, and the assumption that they had only to show themselves to be welcome after six years passed in neglect of the most ordinary courtesies. I could mention more than a dozen seats the loss of which, it seems all but certain, was due to the feeling so engendered. If a man has an attractive wife whom he systematically neglects, while somebody else in his absence continues to pay her marked attention, we know what is likely to be the result. And this is just what has happened in the case of many English boroughs. Two months ago member after member went back to the constituency which had returned him with enthusiasm six years before, but which he had hardly ever visited in the interval, to find out that in his absence

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a stranger had supplanted him in its affections, though the relative strength of political parties had been hardly, if at all, disturbed. This is only another species of that false security which has been already described; but it is a more dangerous species, because it does not spring merely from the over-confidence engendered by success, but betokens a radically erroneous estimate of the state of public feeling which prevails in our existing boroughs. The old constituencies were formed of much more steady partisans than the new ones. They had definite objects to gain or definite positions to defend, and were therefore less sensitive on the score of personal attention if their representative was a man who satisfied them in public affairs. But questions of this nature sit very lightly on the shoulders of the ratepayer, if he does not swing entirely free of them. If we except foreign politics, it would be difficult to say what convictions he has on any great public question sufficiently decided, under ordinary circumstances, to counteract a strong personal preference. We do not say this of the whole body of ratepayers; there are no doubt both Liberal working men and Conservative working men who hold by the creed of their party in all good faith. But I should fancy it is true of the majority. And in that case, for any member to rely simply on his being a Conservative or a Liberal to carry him triumphantly over any unpopularity which his personal demeanour may have occasioned, is simple infatuation. Numbers, however, did so, and some startling disappointments were the consequence.

It is all the more important to bear this in mind, because we must remember that, in many English country towns, what was formerly done for a Conservative member by the surrounding families he has now in great measure to do for himself. Many of my readers no doubt remember well the gay and bustling appearance presented by the old market-town in the days, say, forty years ago, when it was habitually frequented by the neighbouring gentry for objects of both business and pleasure. The streets and inn-yards were thronged with their carriages and servants. The shops were filled with ladies who bought their dresses, their furniture, and their household supplies almost exclusively from the local tradesmen. The owner of the business, whatever it might be, the draper, the hosier, the ironmonger, was there to receive them in full suit of black, with spotless shirt-frill and cravat. The gentlemen met in the reading-room, or lunched together at the 'George' or the 'Crown.' After meetings on public business they occasionally dined at their hotel. They and their families, in short, were a part of the life of the place, eagerly looked for and welcomed, and mainly conducive to its prosperity. What a contrast it presents now! The carriages and horses are no longer to be seen in the High Street, for the ladies do their shopping elsewhere, and the squire or Sir John comes in and goes out again by

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train. The character of the shops themselves has entirely changed. Their principal customers are farmers, for the 'Hall' or the 'House' is supplied from a London store. And the same may be said of the inns, very few of which still retain any of their old importance, or rely on any other guests than farmers and commercial travellers. The aristocratic element, in fact, is withdrawn from the place, and the Conservative borough member who represents that element is left to fight his own battle against antagonistic local influences which, as we have seen, are often too strong for him. I am far from saying that this is universally the case; but it is frequent enough to make a very important difference in the conditions of party warfare. It may seem a small thing; but by any observer of English country life the change in question will be recognised as one which has already affected, and is likely to affect still more, the course of provincial politics. And on this point perhaps I may be allowed to make a few general observations in reference rather to the future than the past.

The power of the English aristocracy was formerly direct, and maintained by the exercise of authority; it is now indirect, and must be sustained by the exercise of influence. The influence which they can wield if they choose is one of those advantages which it is their duty to turn to account in support of the principles which they believe to be for the public good. They must fight, as their opponents do, with the weapons which they find in their hands; and if these are allowed to grow rusty, irreparable disasters may be in store for them. It is time they began to understand that they can no longer eat their cake and have it: abandon, that is, the system which gave their neighbours an interest in supporting them, and expect nevertheless to meet with exactly the same deference and respect whenever they may happen to require it. So many changes over which they had no control have already taken place in their position that it behoves them to husband with the greatest possible care the resources which remain. Railways alone have done much to lower their importance, not so much, as is sometimes said, through increased facilities for the diffusion of hostile ideas as by the diminution of the actual visible figure which they made in the country, and the extinction of a numerous and thriving class dependent on them for a livelihood. Many other causes might be mentioned, were this the place to introduce them, which have all contributed in a greater or less degree to the result in question; and if each one taken by itself may seem a contemptible circumstance to influence the destinies of an empire, all put together constitute a source of weakness in the class best qualified to control them, which it would be extremely foolish to deride.

They must therefore set their house in order if they mean to retain their power. If this is too much trouble—if they cannot make

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some small sacrifices of time and money and convenience for the sake of conciliating opinion and redintegrating old ties, 'made weak by time and fate,' but still capable of revival; if they fail to comprehend that both the sentimental and the commercial relations between themselves and their neighbours must be sedulously fostered and developed, if the latter are to be proof against temptations of a very palpable and solid kind; if they will not rouse themselves in earnest, and gird on their armour for the battle, the character of which was so vividly described by the present Prime Minister last April; let us hear no more about Conservatism, let us disband our associations and discharge our agents, and let the ship drift whither it will. Or if any there are, as I believe there are, who say to themselves that an aristocracy takes a good deal of killing, that they have broad lands and vast power, and that these will bear some buffeting before any real harm can come of it, I would merely recall to their memories the story of the country gentleman in Palestine, who said much the same thing to himself, and what was said to him in reply.

Addressing a public meeting in Midlothian on the 3rd of April last, Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said that the Liberal party had great forces arrayed against it; that, with the exception of a small minority, 'they could not reckon on the aristocracy; they could not reckon on what was called the landed interest; they could not reckon on the clergy of the Established Church, either in England or Scotland, subject again in this case to a few honourable exceptions; they could not reckon on the wealth of the country, nor on the rank of the country, nor on the influence which rank and wealth usually brought.' Allowing, for the sake of argument, that this description is correct—though a looker-on might have supposed that it was scarcely true of the Church of England—we have on the one side numbers led by a few men of distinction both for birth and intellect, and allied with the Dissenting interest; on the other, both the rank and property of the country united with the Established Church. It has been my object to point out that the 'influence' here spoken of, which rank and property bring with them, is what the Conservatives have to rely upon in fighting for their political opinions. It is an advantage which they may legitimately employ to its utmost possible extent; and on their using it with judgment depends their future position. The working classes have no dislike to it. We have been told by Mr. Gladstone that they love inequality; and they cannot, therefore, regard with much disfavour that relationship of the higher to the lower which involves the exercise of this influence. Besides, we have no need to beat about the bush for reasons to explain what is a patent fact. Rank and wealth are always popular in this country when accompanied by courtesy and generosity; and they ought

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always to be able to retain upon their own side a sufficient proportion of the people to enable them to stand on the defensive with a certain prospect of success. No reasonable man can suppose that Mr. Gladstone himself is at heart an enemy to either; but circumstances may prove stronger than the strongest of us; and in the course of nature the time cannot be far distant when the leadership of his own party must pass into the hands of other men—men of far different aspirations, and nurtured in far other traditions. When that time arrives, it is sincerely to be hoped that those classes of society which are the natural leaders of nations, let the term be sneered at as it may, the territorial aristocracy, the national clergy, and the chiefs of our great domestic industries, may be found firmly established in the esteem and affection of the people, and able to hold their own against all the revolutionary forces of modern times. But to insure this happy consummation no half measures will suffice. The two aristocracies, the commercial and the territorial, must meet the wishes and wants of the people in a liberal and generous spirit. The workman must have no grudge against his master, or the tenant against his landlord; the peasantry must be satisfied, even if it is at the cost of economic theories; for there can be no surer method of consolidating the influence of the landed proprietary than by multiplying the race of small occupiers and, it may be, of small owners, between whom and their wealthier neighbours no social jealousies can arise. If the aristocracy will do this of their own accord, though it should entail some pecuniary loss, and if the great employers of manufacturing labour will satisfy their own people, even on the same terms, the structure of English society may still remain substantially unchanged; our affections may still be allowed to twine themselves round existing institutions without fear of their being suddenly rooted up; we may still be able to gratify that 'longing for confirmed tranquillity' which is so powerful an instinct in human nature; and under purer and higher conditions the social repose and happiness of the eighteenth century may be reflected in the century to come.

T. E. Kebbel.

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THE CRISIS IN INDIAN FINANCE.

THE question of Indian finance has become one of vital importance for the British taxpayer.

In dealing with it two points may be assumed as axioms:

(1.) That in case of need England would have to assist India.

(2.) That the limit of taxation in India has been reached.

As regards the first, it is enough to say that financial bankruptcy would mean the complete collapse of our Indian Empire. National governments may survive great financial catastrophes, but a Government like ours in India, where a mere handful of foreigners rule two hundred millions of an alien race by the *prestige* of moral superiority, would fall of itself under the confusion and disgrace of having to pass through the Insolvent Debtors' Court. Now it is plain, I take it, that, *coûte que coûte*, England does not mean to lose its Indian Empire. It follows that, if India cannot pay its way, England will have to come to the rescue, and, either by contributing its money or pledging its credit, avert such an enormous misfortune as the bankruptcy of our Indian Empire.

The second point is equally clear. When hard pressed the other day to meet the expenditure caused by famine and the fall of silver, the Government of India, after reviewing all possible modes of increasing revenue, had to fall back on two taxes so obviously objectionable, that nothing but the direst necessity could have led any government to adopt them.

The one was an increase of the salt duty by 40 per cent. in the districts of Madras and Bombay, where, in the previous year, upwards of a million of souls were admitted to have died of famine.

The other, the imposition of a license tax, which virtually amounted to an income tax of 5 per cent., levied on incomes down to 4*s*. a week.

This latter tax was estimated to produce only some 700,000*l*. or 800,000*l*. a year, and it has been found, as every one who knew anything of India predicted, so oppressive and unpopular, that the Government has been already compelled to repeal it as to the smaller class of incomes.

This amounts to a practical demonstration that the limit of

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possible taxation in India has been reached, and that, as regards the revenue side of the Budget, there is nothing to be hoped for but the slow growth in future years of such of the existing sources of revenue as are susceptible of increase. In fact it would be more correct to say that the limit of taxation has been exceeded, for the present amount is only kept up at the expense of a great deal of suffering and unpopularity, and our rule in India would be immensely strengthened if it were possible, by wise economy, to arrive at a surplus of 2,000,000*l.* and employ it in reducing obnoxious taxation, as, for instance, in totally repealing the license tax, and levelling the salt tax down to the old rate in Bombay and Madras.

However, taking the revenue of India as practically a fixed figure, it is evident that the financial problem turns entirely on the question of expenditure.

Was the expenditure of India more or less than its revenue before the Afghan war, and how has it been affected by this war?

The first question is easily answered, for we have to deal with actual results, and not with mystified accounts and conjectural estimates. There is an impression that Indian finance is shrouded in such mystery that no one can hope to understand it. This is partly true, for the accounts are often framed apparently for the express purpose of confusing, and are altered from time to time so as to make comparisons of different periods difficult; but any one who, like myself, has had practical experience in these matters, knows that there is no inherent difficulty in them, and that it would be just as easy to present the accounts of the Indian Empire in a clear and intelligible form as those of the Brighton Railway Company.

Where, however, the actual results of a series of years are summed up in accomplished facts and figures which are beyond dispute, the question of complexity of accounts disappears. If a man, at the end of five years, finds that his debts are larger and his balance at his bankers' less, he may safely conclude that he has been living beyond his means. So with a State; if actual revenue has exceeded actual expenditure, it must show itself in diminished debt or increased assets, or *vice versâ*.

Now the actual position of India up to the close of the year 1877–78, which I take as showing the financial state before the Afghan war, and in the face of which that war was undertaken, was as follows, as shown by the figures of official returns.

The net increase of the debt of India since 1872, after making the requisite corrections for debts paid off and loans to native states and local bodies on the one hand, and diminished cash-balances on the other, was in round figures upwards of 25,000,000*l.* In other words, the actual result of the last five years of peace budgets had been an average deficit of 5,000,000*l.* a year.

But now comes in what is really the cardinal point in forming

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any estimate of the actual state of Indian finance. Of this deficit of 25,000,000*l.*, in round figures 20,000,000*l.* had been spent on what are called 'Productive Public Works,' leaving only about 5,000,000*l.*, or 1,000,000*l.* a year, as the average deficit on ordinary revenue and expenditure. Are these Productive Public Works really a good asset, or are they not? If they are, they are a legitimate set-off against the debt incurred for them; and the position of Indian finance, apart from the Afghan war, though one of great difficulty, as might be expected after two such calamities had befallen it as the recurrence of famines and the fall of silver, would have been by no means desperate. In fact it would have been quite within limits which might have been met by a prudent policy and wise economy, without resorting to new and unpopular taxation.

But if the Productive Public Works are a bad asset, the fact will be indisputable that the settled policy of two generations of great Indian statesmen was reversed, and the policy which led to the Afghan war initiated by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton, at a time when the financial condition of India was one of extreme distress, and when the peace budgets of the previous five years had resulted in an average deficit of 5,000,000*l.* a year.

Now what do the *facts* answer to this all-important question of the real money value of the Productive Public Works? All accounts and estimates published in India studiously endeavour to conceal the truth by mixing up both receipts and expenses of these extraordinary or so-called Productive Public Works with those of guaranteed railways, ordinary public works, local works, and so on, until it becomes difficult even for an *expert* to unravel the true result from such a mass of confusion.

But the Statistical Abstract of British India, published by the India Office in London, gives the results in a clear and intelligible form in a few lines, and here it is.

An expenditure of 9,650,000*l.* on works of irrigation during ten years up to 1878, produced no net return at all, but a loss of 67,000*l.* a year, being the excess of working expenses and repairs over gross receipts; while an outlay of 14,652,000*l.* during the same period, on minor railways constructed by the State, gave a net return of 88,000*l.* a year.

The net revenue, therefore, derived from an expenditure of upwards of 24,000,000*l.* in Productive Public Works, was 21,000*l.* a year, or less than 2*s.* per 100*l.* on the capital, which had been raised at an average rate of 4½ per cent.

In the face of such a result as this, how is it possible to contend that an Indian Budget is really balanced, while an expenditure of millions on works which give no return is treated as if it had never been spent, or had been spent on something which would reproduce the money? These works are no doubt very desirable, and good

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reasons may be given for most of them, but this does not alter the financial fact that the expenditure on them constitutes a real deficit of money spent over money received in the course of the year, which must be met by increased debt or increased taxation, just as much as if the money had been spent on fortifications or barracks. This brings us up to the commencement of the Afghan war. Since then, of course, everything has gone rapidly from bad to worse. The 'net public debt' of India will have been increased during the last two years by upwards of 13,000,000*l.*, and the deficit of actual expenditure over actual receipt will have reached the formidable figure of 7,000,000*l.* a year, on an actual net revenue of not over 40,000,000*l.* a year.

For the present, however, I am dealing with the state of Indian finance as it stood at the time when the Afghan war was undertaken. When that war was begun it is impossible to deny the conclusion that during the five previous years of peace the National Debt of India had been increased by 25,000,000*l.*, being the accumulation for that period of actual expenditure over actual income. How was this situation affected by the Afghan war?

Suppose everything had turned out as the Government hoped and expected, and that the war had terminated with the Treaty of Gundamuck, and we had remained in secure possession of our scientific frontier, with our Resident at Cabul, the financial result would have been as follows.

The first cost of the war would have been covered by about 3,000,000*l.*, and the permanent additional military charge of the scientific frontier would have been, as a *minimum* figure, 1,000,000*l.* a year. This latter figure has been established in full detail by the first authority in the world on such a question, Sir Henry Norman, and no attempt has ever been made to answer his arguments or to impugn his estimates.

This of itself would have been a formidable aggravation of a financial situation, where, apparently, extensive reductions, instead of increased expenditure, were indispensable to save the Empire from drifting into bankruptcy. And be it remembered that in India economy practically means very much reduction of army estimates, for so many of the other heads of expenditure are fixed, that under this head alone is there scope for any reduction large enough to turn deficits of millions into surpluses. In the last two years of Lord Canning's viceroyalty, we turned a deficit of 6,000,000*l.* into a surplus, but how was it done? The army was reduced by 150,000 men, and 5,000,000*l.* out of the 6,000,000*l.* was saved on the military and naval estimates.

It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that statesmen like Lord Lawrence, Lord Northbrook, and others practically acquainted with the condition of our Indian Empire, viewed the new policy and the commencement of the Afghan war with the gravest alarm. Apart

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altogether from the political question, and from the military advantages or disadvantages of the advanced frontier, it seemed a most serious step, to be justified only by absolute necessity, to add thus greatly to the financial burdens of India, and place ourselves in a position where increase of military expenditure was inevitable.

But this alarm was turned into positive dismay when it was found that the complications predicted by all experienced Indian authorities had been realised even more quickly and completely than they expected, and that we were involved in a really great Afghan war, on a scale requiring an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men, and with no prospect of any honourable solution by which we could retreat promptly from a false and untenable position.

It was evident to every one who had any practical experience of Indian military finance, that a war on such a scale, with such difficulties of supplies, transport, and communication, could not be expected to cost less than 8,000,000*l.* or 10,000,000*l.* for each year it lasted. I said so myself over and over again in the House of Commons, and better authorities than I am, such as Sir Henry Norman and Sir George Balfour, confirmed the statement by detailed estimates.

Under these circumstances it seemed certain that England would have to come to the aid of India, and that the Indian deficit would be an important element in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's English Budget. Suddenly, on the 24th of February, intelligence was flashed from Calcutta by telegraph, that the Finance Minister, Sir John Strachey, had made a financial statement so unexpectedly favourable, that it showed that India was able to pay the whole cost of the Afghan war out of current revenue. The detailed statement, when it arrived, more than confirmed this favourable anticipation.

It showed an increase of revenue of 3,021,000*l.* over the budget estimate of the year, against an increased expenditure of only 1,507,000*l.*, including the whole cost of the Afghan war and 1,670,000*l.* for frontier railways. Thus, according to Sir John Strachey, 'instead of a deficit of 1,395,000*l.*, with which, when our budget estimates were framed, we expected that the present year would close, our estimates now show a surplus of 119,000*l.*'

This result was arrived at by assuming the total cost of the Afghan war for the year ending the 31st of March 1880, exclusive of the frontier railways, to be 3,216,000*l.* Startling as this result appeared to be, as the statement was deliberately made within six weeks of the close of the financial year, it seemed difficult to suppose that there could be any material error in the official figures. It was not like an estimate made a year in advance for a war just begun, the duration and contingencies of which no one could foresee accurately. It was an estimate made by the responsible Finance Minister, not of future contingencies, but based on the actual results of a year of which nearly eleven months had expired, and therefore when the margin of uncertainty

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was necessarily reduced within very narrow limits. The Finance Minister must have known, or if worth his salt ought to have known, the rate at which money had actually been going out of the Treasury, and the scale, down almost to the minutest detail, at which expenditure on account of the war was going on. Under no circumstances ought a Finance Minister to accept the estimates of military departments, even when they are prospective, without rigid scrutiny, and satisfying himself, as far as he can, by examining and cross-examining competent authorities, and applying his own common-sense and experience to the matter, that the estimates which he adopts in his budget are fair and reasonable ones and likely to be realised in the result. But to let such estimates run on for more than ten months of the year without any attempt to check them by any reference either to actual results or to the plain conclusions of common-sense is simply inconceivable. It is not surprising, therefore, that the substantial accuracy of Sir John Strachey's statement was taken for granted by all but a very few experts in Indian finance, who felt instinctively that it *could* not be true, and that there must be an enormous error somewhere. In the meantime, however, the Home Government and the general public were jubilant. The awkward question raised by Mr. Fawcett whether England ought not to contribute to the expenses of a war undertaken, in Lord Beaconsfield's own words, for 'Imperial objects,' had disappeared or resolved itself into a mere thesis of abstract justice instead of one of practical politics. Sir Stafford Northcote was free to frame his budget without reference to Indian considerations, and thus enabled to tide over a general election by renewing floating debt without imposing fresh taxes. Those who, like myself, had endeavoured to open the eyes of the British public to the real state of Indian finance, were denounced as prophets of evil, and accused of having made grossly exaggerated statements to serve party purposes.

There can be no doubt that this flourishing statement of Sir John Strachey's came at a time most opportune for the Government. A general election was imminent, and of the test questions of foreign policy upon which the nation would have to pronounce a verdict, that of the Afghan war was the most awkward. Upon other points something might be said on both sides. It might be argued, with more or less plausibility, that by their action throughout the Eastern Question and at Berlin, the Government had, at any rate, asserted the influence of England and prevented a European war. Even as regards the Zulu war it might be said that its result had been to remove what was an impending danger for our South African colonies. But the Afghan war had been an obvious and unmitigated mistake. Wishing to make a 'strong and friendly Afghanistan,' the upshot of the new policy had undeniably been to make a weak and hostile one. Upon all the points upon which Lords Salisbury and Lytton had

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taken upon themselves to overrule the experience of Lords Dalhousie, Canning, Mayo, Lawrence, and Northbrook, the verdict of facts had decided against them. The old statesmen said, 'If you invade Afghanistan, you will easily defeat any armed force in the field, but your difficulties will only begin with your victories; you will find that you only occupy the ground on which you stand, that every man's hand will be against you, and that the tribes whom you have chastised or bought over to-day will harass your communications to-morrow.' Is this true or is it not true? Again, the old statesmen said, 'If you attempt to force an English resident on the Ameer at Cabul, his life will not be safe in the midst of such a turbulent and fanatical population unless you send an army corps to protect him.' Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton derided these as old-womanly notions, and said that if you sent an English resident to Cabul, he would reside there as safely, and bring Afghanistan within the sphere of British influence as securely, as if he had been sent to Hyderabad or Baroda. The massacre of Cavagnari showed who was right and who wrong. I suppose there is no sane man who, if it were possible to efface everything that has been done for the last five years, and go back to the old position, the old policy, and the old frontier, would hesitate to do so.

In the face of this obvious and egregious failure of their Afghan policy, it was therefore an object of the greatest importance for the Government, on the eve of a general election, not to be obliged to make the British tax-payer pay any part of the cost of the follies which had been committed. And Sir John Strachey's statement came, in the very nick of time, to enable them to attain this object. 'India wants no aid from England and would not accept it. Her finances are so flourishing that she is able to defray the whole cost of the war out of current revenue, and at the same time reduce taxation.' Such are the confident assertions of the responsible minister made within six weeks of the close of the financial year. What has become of them now? When the elections are over, the Government changed, and the truth can no longer be concealed, it appears that we have been living in a fool's paradise, and that the flourishing state of Indian finance is neither more nor less real than that of the City of Glasgow Bank was, while its directors were maintaining the price of its shares by paying fictitious dividends and cooking the accounts.

On an estimate of 3,216,000*l.*, as the total cost of the Afghan war for the year ending March 1880, and 2,090,000*l.* for the year 1880–1, made after more than ten months of the year 1879–80 had elapsed, we find it suddenly admitted that the astounding error of at least 4,000,000*l.* has been discovered. It is really enough to take away the breath of any man who, like myself, has had official experiences.

It is simply *impossible* that an error of even one fifth of the

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amount could have occurred in an estimate made under such circumstances by any finance department that I ever had anything to do with, either in England or in India. Surely Sir John Strachey must have watched the state of his cash balances and known from week to week what amounts had been withdrawn, and what bills or drafts on the treasury had been issued which he would have to provide for. It now appears, from Lord Hartington's statement in the House of Commons, that the actual war expenditure of the month of February, in which month Sir John Strachey gave 5,306,000*l.* as his estimate of the expense of the war for two years, was 750,000*l.*, or at the rate of 9,000,000*l.* a year.

The attempt to throw the whole blame on the military authorities is as futile as it is ungenerous. Even in the case of prospective estimates, what is the use of a Finance Minister if he is to accept anything which the heads of the spending departments put before him, without satisfying himself that the estimates are fair and reasonable? And in a case like this it behoved him to be specially careful, for he must have known that the general opinion of experienced authorities both in India and England was, that the war must inevitably be a very expensive one and cost much more than the figure stated in the estimates. He must have known also that all the causes now stated as excuses for the extra cost, such as the necessity of buying transport and the rise in wages and provisions, were necessary incidents of a war upon such a scale in such a country, and that any estimates which left them out of account were, on the face of them, altogether fallacious.

Even these excuses, however, fail in face of the fact that the estimate given in February was one based on past and current, and not on prospective, expenditure. The thing is totally inconceivable, and the only way in which I can even partially attempt to account for it is as follows. Having been a good deal behind the scenes in these matters, I have some idea how they are managed. I do not for a moment suppose that Lord Lytton sent for Sir John Strachey and the heads of the military departments, and said to them in as many words 'You must cook the accounts;' but I have no doubt it was thoroughly understood from top to bottom of all the departments, that the Government was extremely anxious to show low estimates of the cost of the war, and that to furnish disagreeable figures was not precisely the way to stand well with the highest authorities. Add to this, almost inconceivable negligence and looseness on the part of the controlling authority, and an invincible predetermination to accept sanguine views, and we may possibly go a good way towards accounting for the result, without being driven to the disagreeable alternative of imputing deliberate deceit to men of high personal character and honour.

It remains to consider the actual position of the Indian Budget

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after these extraordinary disclosures. The estimated surplus of 119,000*l.* is at once converted into a deficit of nearly 4,000,000*l.* by the admitted excess of 4,000,000*l.* in the army estimate. Is this all? I fear not.

In the first place the ominous words, 'at least,' are inserted before the 4,000,000*l.* in the confession of error. It is quite possible, and I am afraid only too probable, that another 1,000,000*l.* or more may have to be added when the accounts are finally closed, and that the war expenditure actually going on at the present moment will turn out to be at the rate of not less than 9,000,000*l.* or 10,000,000*l.* a year. Again, the surplus of 119,000*l.* was only arrived at after excluding an expenditure of 3,700,000*l.* on Productive Public Works, which, as I have already shown, is, as far as the immediate financial result is concerned, a deduction from the cash balances requiring a corresponding addition to the debt of India, exactly as if it had been spent on barracks and shown as a deficit in the ordinary budget.

And, lastly, Sir John Strachey's surplus assumed an increase of more than 3,000,000*l.* in the revenue of the year accruing between the dates of his original and of his present Budget Estimates. Unfortunately the revenue of India has not been in the habit of advancing by such leaps and bounds, and an examination of the details affords too much ground to fear that the same sanguine spirit which led him to under-estimate so egregiously his expenditure, may have led him to over-estimate his receipts.

By far the largest increase, nearly 2,000,000*l.* out of 3,000,000*l.*, is under the head of opium. Now I had occasion, when I was Finance Minister in India, to study very closely this question of opium, which was one of the main stays of Indian finance, and as to which considerable apprehensions were felt. There are three factors in the question of opium revenue: the quantity produced, which affects the *net* results by increasing or diminishing the amount which the Government has to pay to the cultivator for the current crop—the quantity thrown for sale on the Chinese market—and the selling price.

It is always possible to increase the opium revenue in any given year, by diminishing the production and thus raising the selling price. But this is done at the expense of the future, for there is a large amount of native-grown opium in China of inferior quality to ours, but which competes with it, and, if the price of the superior article were raised too high, would in a short time largely supersede it. Looking at it purely from a financial point of view, the problem for an Indian Finance Minister is to keep the production and price of opium as nearly steady as possible, at the level which will give the largest permanent revenue to the Indian Exchequer, without going so low as to diminish the net revenue, or so high as to limit con-

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sumption in China and bring the native opium into more extensive use.

If we act steadily on those principles, the experience of the past forty years has shown that the opium revenue is a safe and, on the average of years, a steadily progressive one. The increased export duty for the Malwar opium may account for part of the increase, but I entirely fail to see how an excess of such magnitude as 1,900,000*l.* can have been obtained in the short interval of less than a year between the two estimates, without either some fallacy in the accounts, or some serious sacrifice of the future to the present, by departing from the sound principles of opium finance.

It is useless, however, to speculate without data on what a few weeks or months will bring to the test of results. Let us rather take the admitted results and look the question fairly in the face—what is the actual financial position of India?

The admitted deficit is 4,000,000*l.*, to which must be added an expenditure of 3,700,000*l.* on Public Works for 1879–80, which has to be provided for. This deficit of 7,700,000*l.* may be raised to 10,000,000*l.* or upwards, if further errors are discovered either in the present estimate of war expenditure, or in the estimates of increased revenue.

A war is going on which is certainly not costing less than 600,000*l.* a month, the average rate for last year by the admitted estimates. Probably much more, and not under 800,000*l.* a month, for a much larger force is now employed, and the difficulties of transport, supplies, camp-followers, &c., are increasing every day that the war lasts. How long it may last no one can say, but assuming everything to go well, and we are able to withdraw our forces and end the war in the shortest time possible, I fear that six months must elapse before we can close up all the accounts of the war, and return to a peace expenditure.

The new Indian Government has therefore to face an admitted deficit of at least 7,500,000*l.*, and an expenditure going on at a rate which, if it lasts for the current year, must inevitably give a very large additional deficit. It has also to provide for an expenditure beyond ordinary revenue of 3,000,000*l.* at least for Public Works for the current year, most of which are in progress and must be finished.

In other words, 10,000,000*l.* at the very least, and probably much more, has to be found, somehow or other, in the course of the current year, to carry on the government of India. Where is it to come from? Not from the cash balances, which have already been depleted to an unusual and almost dangerous extent. There are only two sources available, loans and aid from England.

Whatever is not given by England as a contribution to the cost of the war, must be borrowed; and if England gives nothing, the whole must be added to the National Debt of India.

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The question of English aid is one not only of financial, but of the gravest political importance. Our empire in India is based not on bayonets only, but in a still higher degree on moral ascendency. The natives of India never can love a ruling race, so alien from themselves in religion and social habits. But they have been accustomed to respect us. Every intelligent Hindoo feels the great material advantages which India has gained from British rule, and recognises that on the whole our government has been just, firm, merciful, truthful, and honestly desiring to act up to the maxim of 'governing India for the good of India.' When Lord Canning left India, this feeling was so strong, that it amounted almost to one of personal loyalty and affection to the Queen and the Viceroy on the part of the native community. But under the inauspicious *régime* of the last five years much has been done to shake it.

The word of a Viceroy has been discredited by the despatch in which Lord Salisbury urged Lord Northbrook to seek a pretext for backing out of the verbal promise given by Lord Mayo to the late Ameer. The obnoxious famine taxes, imposed under the most sacred pledges of reserving them as an insurance fund for that object only, were within a few months employed in paying the expenses of what nine men out of ten considered to be an unnecessary war. The import duties on cotton manufactures were repealed, obviously to conciliate Lancashire before a general election, at a time when other colonies, such as Canada, had been allowed to impose heavy protective duties on British manufactures, and when India was in such financial distress as to have been compelled to raise the salt duty in Madras, where a million of people had died of famine, and to impose a license tax on incomes down to 4*s.* a week.

And finally, rich England proposed to throw upon poor India the whole cost of a war undertaken, in the Prime Minister's own words, for 'Imperial objects,' and in defiance of everything that could be considered as representative of Indian public opinion, whether shown by the wisdom of great Indian statesmen of former days, by the authority of its greatest living statesmen, such as Lord Lawrence, or by such utterances of native opinion as were possible from a muzzled press, and such representative bodies as the British Indian Association, independent members of Council and Chambers of Commerce.

Native public opinion is a rapidly growing force, and for the moment it is mainly directed towards questions of taxation and finance. When Lord Canning said twenty years ago, that 'danger for danger he would rather undertake to govern India with a European army of 40,000 men without the income tax than with 80,000 men with it,' he expressed a great political truth. Oppressive taxation is the one thing to be avoided if we wish to keep the millions of our native subjects contented with our rule. But oppressive taxation for objects in which Indian have been obviously sacrificed to English interests, is the one thing to stir up a storm of active unpopularity.

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A great opportunity presents itself to the new Government of really strengthening and consolidating our Indian Empire, not by costly wars for visionary objects, but by restoring its hold on the respect and esteem of its native subjects, by the simple expedient of doing justice in this matter of the Afghan war. The names of Gladstone, Bright, and Fawcett, are known and revered throughout India, and, if the announcement were made that, from a sense of justice towards India, it is proposed that England shall contribute a substantial share of the cost of a war which was in effect one of the developments of the 'Imperial' policy of an English ministry, I feel certain that from one end of India to the other a thrill of satisfaction would run through the native community. The memory of the Salisbury-Lytton *régime* would pass away like that of a bad dream, and the old feeling of faith in the justice, and confidence in the integrity, of their rulers, would at once revive.

The next thing must be to terminate this wretched Afghan war almost at any cost, and get back to the old position which we never should have left. In the actual financial and political position of India, the best of 'scientific frontiers' is one which, like the old one, can be securely held by 6,000 men—the worst, one like the present, which requires 60,000.

This done, stringent economy should be enforced in every department, and even, if necessary, a certain moderate risk incurred in reducing the army estimates to something like the old figure of 15,000,000*l.* a year. The construction of public works must be rigidly limited until the finances are so far restored as to show a *bonâ fide* surplus of income over expenditure after allotting between 1,000,000*l.* and 2,000,000*l.* to relief of some of the more obnoxious taxes. This may be all done with a prudent and pacific foreign policy, a wise and firm government, and an energetic Finance Minister, in two or three years from the time when the Afghan war terminates and we return to our old frontier. If we retain any part of the advanced frontier, we must reckon on its costing us at least 1,000,000*l.* a year extra, and entailing serious risk of finding ourselves involved, against our will, in a series of petty tribal wars and expensive complications. With this in view I greatly fear that it would be impossible to reduce the army estimates to the figure demanded by the state of Indian finance unless we return to the old frontier.

But I trust to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Lord Ripon to have the strength of mind to look the position of Indian affairs fairly in the face, and not shrink from retracing false steps, paying for past follies, and making a clear start for the future, with an Indian policy based on the principles of 'peace, economy, and justice.'

If so, the rude lessons of the Afghan war and of the falsified estimates will not have been taught in vain, and we may look for a

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renewed era of prosperity in that magnificent Indian Empire, which is the greatest task imposed by Providence on this little island of the West that so wonderfully guides the destinies of two hundred millions of subjects of the British Crown in the far East, and is at the same time the noblest monument of the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race by which such an Empire has been founded and is maintained.

S. LAING.

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THE INDIAN BUDGET ESTIMATES.

It is generally known that an error, believed to be of large amount, has been made in the military estimates for the last Indian Budget. Serious misconceptions have arisen as to the real nature of the error, and even yet the precise causes which have led to it are to a great extent matter of conjecture. In these circumstances, and in the absence of my brother, Sir John Strachey, whose conduct has been sharply called in question in relation to the matter, I have felt myself justified in doing that from which, owing to my official position as a member of the Council of India, I should otherwise have abstained—namely, stating the facts so far as they are known to me, and at the same time offering some explanations as to the manner in which the Indian finance estimates and accounts are prepared, on which subject mistakes are likely to be made, as there is an important difference between the English and Indian systems.

Under the English system, after the estimates have been passed by Parliament, credits are from time to time opened as required, within the sums so voted, in favour of the disbursing departments, and directly on these credits being passed the amounts are treated as expenditure, and so appear in the weekly returns published by the Treasury with which every one is familiar. At the end of every year supplementary estimates are presented to cover any excess or unforeseen expenditure which may have become necessary since the regular estimates were passed. The process of audit, or of comparing the actual expenditure with the sums voted by Parliament, takes place subsequently, and, though controlled by the House of Commons, never comes into prominent notice.

Under the Indian system, what is spoken of as the expenditure is the *audited* expenditure only; so that outlay, though actually incurred, which has not been brought into the audited accounts of the year, is not treated as expenditure of that year, but stands in a suspense account, and only appears as expenditure after it has been audited in the following year. There is no constitutional authority in India outside of the executive government, corresponding to the House of Commons in England, to check the public expenditure, and the Secretary of State in Council in practice exercises only a power of

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control in such matters and not of direct sanction; the system under which, after the Budget estimates are passed, treasury credits are granted in India, is much less strict than in this country, and the Government makes supplementary grants when they are shown to be necessary, without going through any special forms, and there is nothing corresponding to the English supplementary estimates.

There is another very important difference between the two countries. In India the Government is its own banker, so to speak, and the Government of India is moreover the banker of every public body in the empire, excepting only the local municipalities. The Treasury operations of British India, which covers an area almost as large as the whole of Europe, now involve the receipt and expenditure of a revenue between sixty and seventy millions sterling, leading to disbursements of a much larger amount, and spread over the country and the year in an almost infinite number of transactions. The multiplicity of the places where the revenue is received and the expenditure is incurred renders it necessary to maintain a large working balance in the treasuries taken together, and the utmost watchfulness is required to reduce to a minimum the balance thus locked up, while at the same time providing for the demands of the public service, among which the exact payment of the Secretary of State's bills to the extent of fifteen or sixteen millions sterling yearly may be specially noticed. It may confidently be said that the success with which these arduous and responsible duties are performed by the financial officers of the Indian Government reflects the highest credit upon them. There is nothing analogous to this class of duties in the British public service, and without a due appreciation of their precise nature, it would be an act of extreme presumption to judge unfavourably any temporary failure which may occasionally arise in their discharge in exceptional circumstances.

I may now proceed to state that the error which has been spoken of refers to the estimated war expenditure which will appear in the accounts for the year 1880–81, which began on the 1st of April last, and not to the actual expenditure for the year which has just closed. But, as I shall proceed to show, though the error in question, which the Government of India has reckoned at four or five millions sterling, must for the present be treated as incident to the estimates for 1880–81, it appertains, and perhaps to some important extent, to the expenditure in the last two or three months of 1879–80, the accounts for which had not been received when the Budget was published. It is important to notice this, for much misplaced invective has been addressed to the Indian financial authorities for having grossly miscalculated expenditure, of which the actual accounts for nine or ten months were in their hands when the Budget estimate was prepared in February last.

To understand this, it must be borne in mind that under the

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Indian system of account, whatever part of the year's expenditure is not audited on the accounts of the year is excluded from the final accounts of that year, and is thrown forward into the succeeding year. In ordinary times the irregularity thus caused is of small practical moment; the bulk of the public expenditure is strictly regulated by fixed rules, and the charges which would be challenged on audit, or which from various causes would be kept in suspense, are few and usually unimportant; and the charges of this sort brought up from a past year are, on the whole, balanced by those carried forward to the following year. But the position becomes very different when, as in time of war or other emergency, such as famine, the expenditure ceases to be thus regular, and the disbursements are to a great extent carried on under the pressure of sudden local exigencies. In such circumstances, simultaneously with the relaxation of control over the expenditure, the preparation of the accounts becomes difficult, punctuality is often rendered impossible, the audit is delayed, and a prompt statement of the actual expenditure becomes impracticable.

It will be obvious that in such circumstances the accounts of two successive years may be considerably deranged, the expenditure being unduly diminished in the year in which delay in audit occurs, and to the same extent unduly increased in that into which the deferred outlay is at last thrown. Great discrepancies between the estimates and the expenditure recorded in the accounts may thus arise from causes wholly beyond the control of the persons who have prepared the estimates; and where under emergency unexpected charges of considerable amount are incurred locally very late in the year, so that the authority which frames the estimate was not cognisant of them in time to provide for them, those estimates may be disturbed to an extent which is practically beyond any power of anticipation.

There is no reasonable doubt that it was mainly to an unfortunate combination of circumstances such as have been thus indicated that the miscalculations in the Budget of 1880–81 are due. The general Budget estimate being framed in February, it becomes necessary to require the submission of the provincial and departmental estimates by the end of December at the latest. Just at this time, as is well known, events occurred at Cabul which had a very important effect on the military operations in Afghanistan. The measures taken in consequence of these events cannot have failed to produce a very disturbing influence on the estimates prepared before their occurrence. It is most probable that the exact scope of those measures and their ultimate cost, both of which must from the nature of the case have been largely left to the discretion of officers on the frontier, only became defined by degrees, and that the large additional outlay they involved first became apparent in April, towards the end of which month the Government of India reported its conclusion that the war estimate for 1880–81 must be increased by four or five millions.

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How much of this addition to the estimate is due to expenditure actually incurred in the last few months of the year 1879–80, but thrown forward into the present year, as above explained, is still uncertain. There is, however, little doubt that some part of it, and perhaps an important part, has been thus caused. There is no reason to expect any important difference between the final accounts of the war expenditure for 1879–80 and the amount at which it was estimated in February last; and it is believed that the four or five millions which has been named as the excess will cover the whole of the additional charge, in whichever year it was really incurred.

To complete this explanation, it is necessary to refer to the system under which the funds for the military expenditure are supplied. The cash required for the military chests in the field and for the departments in India is obtained from the civil treasuries, on credits granted in accordance with the sanctioned Budget estimates of the year. But to meet the exigencies of war expenditure, advances must be made for the general service of the army when money is needed. So long as no extraordinary pressure arises, and the accounts are rendered regularly, and the expenditure is confined to objects which have been duly sanctioned, these advances are in due course written off and pass into the accounts of expenditure. Any disturbance of this process is followed by corresponding accumulation of advances and unaudited accounts, and the progress of the actual expenditure is rendered uncertain. The pressure which arose from the measures taken at the end of 1879 and beginning of 1880, thus, as it is understood, first became apparent through the demands on the treasuries of the Punjab from which the cash for the army in Afghanistan was mainly supplied.

There has been some discussion as to the nature and extent of the relative responsibility of the military and financial departments in respect to the military estimates. So far as the actual preparation of these estimates goes, no question can arise. There is a special department of military account which is exclusively charged with the whole duty of supervising the army expenditure, of controlling and auditing the accounts, and of preparing the estimates. The operations of this department are carried on altogether outside and independently of the financial department properly so called, and the last-named office merely exercises such a general supervision over the proceedings of the military account department as is necessary to secure regularity and conformity to general financial rules and established forms of account. The entire responsibility for the practical operation of the military account offices rests upon the executive administrative department, known as the Military Department (corresponding to the English War Office), which is placed immediately under the military member of the Governor-General's Council.

In these circumstances the responsibility of the financial de-

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partment and of the financial member of Council would appear to be limited to giving such a consideration to the military estimates as may reasonably be bestowed on results carefully prepared by a fully competent and fully responsible independent authority. Sir John Strachey's own statement on this subject is as follows: 'The estimates of the cost of the war must of course be to a great extent speculative; but they have been prepared with much care; and their accuracy up to the present time is highly creditable to Major Newmarch and the military department. There is no reason to suppose that they err on the side of being too low.'

It is known that the military member of the Council of the Viceroy has fully accepted the responsibility for the estimates framed in his department. Of course such an avowal has no necessary bearing on the responsibility which may nevertheless rest on the financial department for accepting those estimates. But it clearly suggests for consideration what would have been the position of the financial member of Council if he had objected to the estimates either as being too high or too low. It seems obvious that he could not have done anything but accept them, unless he was prepared to show in detail that they were erroneous, which in the very nature of things he could not have done. The modification by the financial department of an estimate prepared by an external departmental authority, in order to bring the public expenditure within any fixed limits required by the Government, is what may properly be, and has constantly been, enforced. But even in such a case any interference with details would be objectionable, and the manner of effecting the reduction would be left to the department concerned. In my own experience I have never known such things done otherwise. The preparation of the estimates for war expenditure stands, however, on a wholly different basis, and it appears to me inconceivable that a responsible financial minister could do otherwise than accept the war estimates of his military colleague without practically challenging his competency. I shall be surprised, indeed, to hear that in such circumstances an English Chancellor of the Exchequer ever desired to interfere with the Army or Navy Estimates because he had some floating idea that they were either too high or too low.

It may be added that though it was resolved in February, in consequence of the anticipated favourable condition of the finances, to use Sir John Strachey's words, 'to endeavour to meet all the expected demands in India, during the coming year, without recourse to the money market for a loan,' yet he went on to say that 'the estimates of the home remittance and loan transactions are habitually presented with expressed reserve; and this reserve must be understood to be this year greater than usual;' and the freest discretion to raise any loan which actual events might render necessary was accordingly explicitly reserved by him.

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Though with much reluctance, I am compelled to refer to the suggestions that have been made, that this under-estimate of the war expenditure was due to intentional misrepresentation, instigated, if not directed, by the Viceroy and Sir John Strachey to influence the elections. So far as the mistake has been the occasion of such accusations, it was no doubt a great practical misfortune that it should have occurred at such a time. But how any one, except in a passing moment of excitement, could have thought fit to cast imputations on honourable men which a very little consideration would have shown to be absurd in their essence, it is not easy to understand, and the repetition of them now is best treated by silence. There are some imputations which no man possessed of self-respect will descend to deny. A conspiracy in India to frame what has been described as a falsified Budget, the exposure of which must have followed in a few weeks, in order to influence elections which no one foresaw, through the co-operation of hundreds of officials scattered over the country in all branches of the service, and wholly removed from all interest in English party politics, is a flight of imagination which would hardly have called for notice if it had not been converted into a serious accusation.

I am far from viewing lightly so considerable a failure as that which has taken place in connection with these military estimates. But being confident that the officers of the military department who prepared them, and those of the financial department who accepted them, are among the ablest and most trustworthy public servants in India, I must seek elsewhere for the causes than in culpable negligence, incapacity, or wilful dishonesty.

Some of these causes, inherent in the mechanism of the system on which they were bound to work, I have explained. But it must also be remembered that this is the first occasion on which war estimates on any important scale have been prepared since a regular system of Budget estimates has been introduced in India, and that the departments concerned have never till now passed through the crucial ordeal of practically dealing with war expenditure of large amount, subject to the strict system now in force; for the strictness of the system is indeed established, paradoxical as it may at first appear, by the very early discovery of the error and its public announcement. The habit of scrupulously examining the estimates with the desire of excluding from sanction all items not of absolute necessity for the efficiency of the service, which is so essential to secure economy in ordinary times, may very readily have led to an error, excusable in the actual circumstances, in the direction of making insufficient provision for the many unforeseen causes of increased charge which the casualties of war occasion.

That, apart from all personal considerations, the Indian system of account, as I have explained it, may increase the liability to such an

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error as has lately occurred, is not to be denied. But it must not thence be too quickly inferred that the English system has on the whole such real or important advantages as would justify its adoption in place of the Indian system. Though the English plan of taking the credits made available for expenditure as the true index of the actual expenditure prevents any serious miscalculation of its amount as it progresses, it does not prevent errors of estimate on which the credits are based, nor the necessity for very large supplementary credits to cover such errors. Indeed it may be doubted whether any system will, in similar circumstances, afford a complete protection against error.

The general question of the relative merits of the two systems is by no means new to persons conversant with practical Indian finance, and it may be one which calls for more full consideration than it has received; but this is not the place to discuss it at any length. All that I need now say on the subject will be contained in a few words. The existing Indian system has been adopted as the natural outcome of the old system of commercial account followed under the Company. The Budget system as applied in India is the work of English financial authorities, Messrs. Wilson and Laing and Sir Charles Trevelyan. It has been very little changed of late years, and the whole of the forms of account lie beyond the power of Indian officials to modify without the authority of the Secretary of State. If it has defects, they must be rather attributed to English than Indian influences. And it will, I believe, be found that, though the English system has certain real advantages in respect to the simple and prompt exhibition of the public expenditure, the Indian system also has its special merits, among which is a tendency to produce closer economy in the actual expenditure, and greater strictness in routine as contrasted with exceptional outlay.

Among its defects it may be reckoned that the accounts aim at too great detail, and become difficult of apprehension in consequence. So far from the Government of India being open to censure for any desire to conceal its shortcomings, it certainly errs rather in excessive openness. This is partly consequent on its being a dependent and not a final financial authority. The Secretary of State in Council being the constitutional head of the government of India, the authorities in India are compelled to render their accounts to him in the greatest detail; and the practice has arisen of publishing them *in extenso*, though they contain matters of detail which in England I believe never go beyond the walls of the Treasury.

From the strong language that has been employed in relation to this error in the war estimates it might have been supposed that some very serious evil had arisen, or was likely to arise, as its consequence. But I can nowhere find any statement of what this evil is, or even is supposed to be. If the corrected amount had been entered on the original estimates, the necessity for borrowing, instead of

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being alluded to only as possible, would have been announced positively in February, and the present discussion would never have arisen, for it would not have occurred to any one to allege that the necessity for a loan to meet a part of the war charges indicated an unsound financial position. And that position is identical with the one in which we now are, with the single exception that the loan was announced in May instead of in February. No practical inconvenience has been caused by the delay. Instead of it being possible to provide without borrowing, as had been anticipated, both for the war and the outlay on Productive Public Works, it will be necessary to borrow for the Public Works in accordance with the usual practice, and further to borrow one or two millions to assist in meeting a war expenditure of about 8¼ millions (of which 2¼ millions are for railways), the residue being met from the income of the year and the treasury balances. Nothing but unusual prosperity could have given rise even temporarily to the idea that it might be possible to pay for a war out of the ordinary surplus revenues. In fact the Indian Government is in the position of a man who, having imagined himself a millionnaire, finds himself to be merely in affluent circumstances. Some disappointment may reasonably be felt, but beyond this the only legitimate feeling will be a desire to inquire into the merits of the system under which such an error in the estimates was possible, and into the competency of those who applied it, and the degree of confidence that may properly be reposed in them in future. It has been my object in this paper to give reasons why neither the system nor the officials are of necessity discredited by the mere fact of the occurrence of such an error, and beyond this fact we at present know nothing.

And here I should have been disposed to leave this matter in the belief that the general position of Indian finance, apart from the war (with the policy leading to which, or its results, the present discussion is in no way concerned), would be accepted as the test of Sir John Strachey's fitness for the office he holds. But, as statements, which to me at least appear wholly opposed to the facts, continue to be made on this subject, I feel constrained to refer to it.

In the first place, however, it is necessary to explain that there is a fundamental difference between the manner in which certain critics persistently describe some parts of the financial transactions of the Government of India, and the manner in which those transactions are treated by the Government with the full authority of the Secretary of State. These critics, among whom are Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Laing, and Sir George Balfour, continue to speak of the sums spent from borrowed funds on Productive Public Works as though they were part of the ordinary expenditure of the year, and to treat them as creating a deficit in the same sense as expenditure on ordinary administrative objects in excess of income would create a deficit.

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The Government has long declared that it avowedly borrows to supply the funds for this outlay, which is excluded from the accounts of the ordinary charges against the revenue of the year, because it is in truth an investment of capital, and not money spent once for all and done with. It is no part of my present object to discuss the merits of this question, but only to point out that the conclusions come to by persons applying the terms they use in such totally different senses, have no intelligible reference to one another, and that what appear to be violently discordant statements may, in truth, represent the same facts. For my own part I adopt the phraseology of the public accounts, which, I may add, seems to me to be the language of common sense also.

A reasonable test of the general financial condition of India during the four years of Lord Lytton's viceroyalty will be obtained from the following figures. Excluding the charges for famine relief, which are so wholly exceptional in their nature that it has been recognised by every one that they should be distributed over a term of years, and the charges for war which it could hardly be expected to meet from the ordinary income, these four years would show surpluses actual and estimated as follows :—

Years	£	
1877–78	1,802,688	Actual accounts.
1878–79	3,034,192	
1879–80	5,104,000	Partly estimated.
1880–81	4,782,000	Estimated.
Total . .	14,722,880	

But to give a correct idea of the actual condition of India in comparison with what it was eight or ten years ago, it is necessary to remember that in these last four years the charge from loss by exchange suddenly increased enormously, and has aggregated very nearly 9,000,000*l.* more than in the four years between 1869 and 1872, before which time it had for a long series of years been insignificant; so that for purposes of comparison the whole surplus might be reckoned at about 23,750,000*l.* in the four years between 1877 and 1880. How far this justifies suggestions of financial mismanagement every one may judge for himself.

The loss by exchange is a charge which clearly must be borne by the ordinary revenues year by year. But the famine and war charges are of a different nature.

In the last four years the famine charges have amounted together to 5,763,195*l.*, and the war charges, adding 4,000,000*l.* to the sum entered in the Budget estimate for 1880–81, amount to 9,982,381*l.* for military expenditure proper, and 3,940,000*l.* for the frontier railways; together 13,922,381*l.* The surplus income of these four years, after meeting the whole of the ordinary current charges, including the

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loss by exchange, would therefore suffice to pay for the whole of these war charges and 800,000*l.* from the famine charges. Regarding the frontier railways as an investment rather than a final disbursement, we should find that the surplus would meet the whole of the famine and regular war charges, with the exception of about 1,000,000*l.*

Next taking the item of interest on debt, it will be found that, notwithstanding the large outlay on productive works, the net charge for interest has only increased between 1868–69 and 1879–80 about 300,000*l.* In the same time the net charge for railways, including the guaranteed interest, has been reduced from 1,998,700*l.* to 286,000*l.*, while the estimate for the present year shows at length a net income of about 1,000,000*l.*, or a virtual improvement of 3,000,000*l.* in the twelve years. On other public works there has also been a sensible reduction of charge; but taking the railways alone the improvement has been such as to reduce the total charge under the heads of Interest and Railways by more than 2,000,000*l.*, and at the same time to have admitted the expenditure of about 26,000,000*l.* of borrowed capital on railways, and 12,000,000*l.* on irrigation works, and to have made provision for fourteen and a half millions spent on famine relief, and about ten millions for the war. Debt is only onerous to the extent to which it is liable to be repaid, or involves a charge for interest; and as the public debt of India is virtually only repayable at the discretion of the Government, the liability for interest is the sole consideration of importance. So far as the Indian debt is invested in remunerative public works, it is no more a true debt than the sums invested as railway capital in this country; and so long as the net charge for interest does not increase, or is met by a corresponding addition to the public income arising from the investment of borrowed money, the financial position remains perfectly sound in respect to these transactions. In the present year, for the first time, the accounts show, what has been long perfectly well known to persons who are acquainted with the facts, that the net income from the productive works of India suffices to defray the whole of the charges connected with them, including interest on all capital, whether at present remunerative or not, and to yield in addition a surplus income.

Further I will only add with reference to the alleged decaying condition of India, and to assertions that the limit of taxation has not only been reached but exceeded, that, so far as I am informed on such subjects, the whole of the available evidence indicates, on the contrary, every sign of increasing wealth and prosperity, and that there is no undue pressure of taxation. There is no country, I believe, the foreign trade of which has been so little affected injuriously as India by the depression which has been universal for some years past, and this notwithstanding the unexampled famine which afflicted great provinces during two of these years. The continued growth of exports and imports testifies to the increasing power both of pro-

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duction and consumption. The rapid increase of railway income gives undeniable proof of the simultaneous development of internal trade. The salt duties, which have been described by some as ruinously heavy, have in fact by their equalisation been reduced to 130 millions of the people and increased only to 47 millions, with the result of a general increase of consumption in the last year of 10 per cent. for the whole country, and with no reduction of consumption in the provinces where the duty was raised. The steady increase of all the other chief elements of the public revenue confirms these conclusions, while the careful administration of this revenue is shown by the extremely small additions to the ordinary public expenditure.

All these results, it is true, are not exclusively due to Sir John Strachey's management of the finances, but they afford proof that at his hands the State has received no injury; and when he leaves his present post he will have no cause to fear comparison with the ablest of his predecessors in respect to the discharge of any part of his duties.

RICHARD STRACHEY.

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DOCTORS AND NURSES.

I.

THE question raised by Miss Lonsdale in her article, 'The Crisis at Guy's Hospital,' may be left to those who are conversant with the circumstances. But when this particular case has been dealt with there still remains the fact that at other hospitals in and out of London similar difficulties are being encountered. Speaking generally, the relation which should exist between the medical and the nursing staff of a hospital is still in controversy, and the benefit to be derived from an improved system of nursing, not only in hospitals but in other kindred institutions and even in private households, is much narrowed and hampered in consequence.

It is to this general question rather than to Miss Lonsdale's complaints that I desire to call attention. Beyond the region of controversy we can well afford to discuss the subject in a judicial spirit. It is but fair, indeed, to remember that the writer's disparaging statements are put forward in the heat and excitement of conflict, and may be partly excused on that account. Miss Lonsdale's article is in fact, although not, I am sure, in intention, an indictment of the medical profession in respect of its attitude towards skilled nursing. Doctors, we are told, are satisfied with the old plans, partly because they are unable to distinguish good nursing from bad, and partly from a natural preference for nurses of the old school who tell no tales outside as to 'practices and experiments indulged in which had better not be mentioned.' The relationship which it is desired to maintain between doctor and nurse, and the attitude of both towards the general public, are illustrated by Miss Lonsdale under the figure of a household where the upper and the under servants have a common interest in blinding the eyes of the mistress. A further objection to the presence of nurses of the better class in hospital wards is alleged to be that refined women exercise a restraint upon the words and ways of doctors, who, in the absence of this influence heretofore, have become accustomed to behave 'exactly as their natural disposition prompted them.' Here indeed, with the omission of some special complaints in regard to Guy's Hospital, and of much, perfectly just, commendation of modern nursing, is the sum and substance of Miss Lonsdale's paper. Its main points, so far as

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my present purpose is concerned, are these: First, that doctors are poor judges of the quality of nursing, and, secondly, that, for reasons which are hardly creditable, they prefer bad nursing to good.

As to the alleged ignorance of medical men on the subject of nursing I will speak in a moment, but it is obviously necessary at the very outset to insist that doctors do in fact, so far as their light goes, approve of good nursing rather than bad, and prefer the new system to the old. This is sufficiently shown by the observation that the improved nursing of the London hospitals has been brought about mainly, in some cases entirely, at the instigation and with the aid of the physicians and surgeons. It is proved further by the fact that doctors give their services freely in lecturing and medical attendance at the nursing institutions attached to their own hospitals. It is true that when difficulties and disagreements have arisen the complaints have come from the medical staff. From whom else should they come? Nevertheless in the history of nursing reform during the last twenty years the hearty co-operation of the medical element in our great metropolitan hospitals has been conspicuous. With whatever feebleness of discrimination, with whatever natural shrinking from near contact with refinement, doctors are really on the side of good nursing.

But, to return to the general question, whence does it arise that with the remarkable improvement in the education and special training of nurses difficulties are continually arising, not in one hospital but in many, in the actual working of the improved system, the first expression of dissatisfaction coming generally from the medical side? One reason for difference is indeed apparent. With the more complicated organisation a finer adjustment is needed, and fine adjustments are those which are the most easily disturbed. Granting that two separate elements are to co-operate in the care of the sick, the nurse and the doctor, it is inevitable that every now and then there should be a conflict. Such conflict will be the more frequent exactly in proportion as the two functions concerned approach equality. In other words, the highly educated and experienced nurse will always have views of her own, which will only by rare accident coincide at all points with those of the doctor. Familiarity with disease will furnish her, after a while, with a set of opinions as to medical treatment and medical capacity which are perfectly legitimate, and which it will be impossible to conceal. She will be quick to detect mistakes and suggest expedients, as well as to form her own estimate of the daily progress and requirements of the patient. It needs a very large belief in the proper subordination of women to suppose that a nurse of the kind I am speaking of will remain in the service of the sick, accumulating experience which is of the very same kind and may even exceed in amount that of the doctor, yet continue blind and deaf, so far as the purely medical aspect of the

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case is concerned, waiting for the word of wisdom and forbidden to give any opinion of her own, or even to name the disease of the patient, except in popular and inexact terms.

It is notorious that disagreement actually arises in this way. The comparative merits of doctors are freely discussed; by word or manner, if not by act, the trained nurse shows disapproval, or she may even openly dispute the doctor's decision. Such conduct is not due, as has been alleged, to anything that is peculiar in the feminine temperament. On the contrary, independence and assertiveness belong to men far more than to women, and, if the sex difference were removed, I believe the co-operation of doctor and nurse, upon the terms we are now considering, would be simply impossible. As it is, the contact of the highly educated and skilled nurse with the young and inexperienced practitioner (and let it be remembered that our house-surgeons and house-physicians must of necessity be young and inexperienced) is difficult and precarious. The share of the two in the common work is no fair representation of their relative capacity. However it may be concealed by good feeling, there is a consciousness of unequal partnership constantly present to the mind and embarrassing to both doctor and nurse.

A further source of trouble arises from the very enthusiasm and ardour which women bring to a service which they intimately connect with the highest religious duty. Miss Lonsdale has spoken of the nobility and self-sacrifice of the medical profession in terms which, taken together with her specific charges of questionable practices and natural coarseness, must be regarded as purely conventional. The dignity of the nurse's calling needs no similar qualification. Hospital doctors can at least judge so far. Think of the daily routine of hospital work with its continued supply of 'bad cases,' who, so soon as they mend a little, pass out of sight to be succeeded by others as bad; of the ingratitude of many patients, the actual violence of some; of the careful tending of those who have reached the very bottom of social degradation, and whose wounds and diseases are the direct result of their depravity. All this the hospital nurse endures week after week, with small money remuneration, limited prospect of promotion, scanty share in any credit which may accrue, and prompted only by a motive which, however it may find expression, is of the highest and noblest kind. The dignity of such service seems to me quite unequalled. I almost fear lest the endeavours which have lately been made to reward hospital nursing with badges and high-sounding names should involve some lowering and cheapening of it.

It happens, however, unfortunately that enthusiasm and self-negation too easily pass into extravagance, while the belief that the business of nursing is nothing less than a form of devotion gives to some women that energy of action which compels them for conscience'

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sake to take their own way in spite of all obstacles. I am not speaking now of the sentimental view of nursing. The romantic notions upon the subject got out of plays and novels are speedily dissipated by actual contact with the real thing. I have known a young lady come to London full of ardour to nurse sick little children, and return to her parents, completely disenchanted, by an early train on the following day. The devotional view of nursing (if I may so call it without being misunderstood) is far more difficult to encounter, inasmuch as it prompts to acts which are unnecessary and inconvenient, and may even be fatal to good discipline. Any one who reads the lately published *Life of Sister Dora* will admit, I think, with whatever admiration he may regard her fearless temper and untiring love of duty, that no well-regulated hospital could have existed under such a rule. No system could be made to work with a matron who would summon the doctor to her own room for a scolding, interpose at an operation by sucking the wound, take the charge of a shattered limb out of the hands of the surgeon, remove the bodies of the dead in her arms, and meet all opposition by repeated threats to resign.

These and a hundred other difficulties arise, as I believe, from the fundamental error which seeks to separate what is not separable by setting up nursing as an independent guild or department of science willing, upon certain terms of its own, to lend its aid to medicine. There is one simple answer to all such pretensions. Nursing *is* doctoring, the nurse *is* the doctor. If it be true, as we are told, that the medical man knows no difference between good nursing and bad, it must be also true that he knows no difference between good and bad doctoring. Any one who will set himself to define the function of the nurse as distinct from that of the doctor will very soon find himself involved in absurdity. The doctor, you say, orders, the nurse executes. But is then the nurse to execute in her own way? Is it actually the fact, for instance, that the doctor's science enables him to say that a certain ointment or fomentation is to be used, while the nurse's science is to determine the precise mode and duration of the application?

It is this very absurdity which is now being promulgated in certain institutions for trained nurses. It is surely remarkable that a claim of this kind on behalf of nursing should be asserted just now, at the very time when, after centuries of delusion and disaster, we have at length reached the conclusion that the treatment of disease is, for the most part, no more than waiting upon it, that drugs are of very limited use, and that the recovery of the sick in nine cases out of ten is dependent on our success in devising some simple plan by means of which the injured limb or organ may best obtain rest. Yet it so happens that while this beneficial discovery was still in progress there has been growing up beside it, in obedience to that spirit of the age which demands the perpetual setting up of new

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schools and new professorships, this modern system for the more complete and efficient supervision of the sick. The doctors having at length confessed that drugs are nought, or almost nought, are distinctly informed that the province of nursing, to which they would betake themselves, is already occupied. They are as good as eliminated. Doctors are no better judges of nursing, says Miss Lonsdale, than nurses are of drugs.

I would maintain, then (in common, as I believe, with the whole medical profession), that there is no rational method of tending the sick which can afford to take cognisance of nursing as in any respect whatever distinct from medical treatment. Nursing, as the executive part of the work, must be in absolute subordination to a director. With every wish to yield precedence, I fail to see how this director can be any other than the doctor. It is as reasonable to say that the captain shall guide the ship and some separate department have charge of the helm, or that the commanding officer shall direct the movements of a battalion while some one else is to determine the best method for their execution, as it is to contend that the authority of the nurse can be in any way separate from that of the doctor. It is easy to see that no such rigid discipline can prevail, whether in the army or the hospital, without anomalies and personal sacrifice. The non-commissioned officer obeys commands of the subaltern which he sees to be not over-wise. The regimental officer, conscious that the whole plan of a campaign is a blunder, is not the less prompt in carrying out its details. Such mode of conduct applies precisely point by point to the care of the sick.

It may be said, indeed (and I think with much justice), that in this system of subordination on the part of the nurse there is no sufficient recognition either of her trained skill and experience or of her just claims both to an intelligent concern in the work from its scientific point of view, and a fair share of praise in the final result. The recovery of a patient, which in many instances is due almost entirely to the sedulous care of the nurse, is ascribed very commonly to the sagacity of the doctor. At the same time any interest which the nurse may exhibit beyond the mere routine of her duty, as to the nature of the disease, its physical signs and morbid appearances, is apt to be resented by professional men as an impertinence.

It is true that in the present day intelligent and educated women have the choice before them whether to be nurses or doctors. Any woman who chooses to embark upon a laborious profession, where there is much more of failure and blank disappointment than in the nurse's calling, is quite free to do so. In the meanwhile, the relative position of nurse to doctor is in great measure justified by the circumstances. Yet I still think that the very strict line of demarcation which is commonly made—the very jealous guarding from all but professional scrutiny of what is regarded, somewhat loosely, as

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the scientific side of medicine—is unfair and unnecessary. Nurses, being now recruited from a superior class, are entitled to take higher rank. For my own part, I can see no reason why an educated nurse should not make use of her special senses in the same manner as we do ourselves in order to obtain the same information. The ability to recognise, for example, the several sounds made by the heart and lungs is mere matter of practice; and it seems to me perfectly legitimate that a nurse should educate her ear as well as her eyes to interpret the condition and progress of the patient. The boundary line which is made to separate 'scientific medicine' from the rest of it, and which nurses are forbidden to transgress, is sometimes quite fanciful. Many accidental circumstances determine it, as the minute size of a thing, and the fact that we need other implements than our naked senses in order to discern it. There is the imposture—to call it by so harsh a name—of concealing what is really simple and easy under hard names and the pretence of mystery, which in its way is quite as bad as the imposture of setting up nursing sisterhoods as centres of a privileged and subtle craft. I know of nurses who, as I strongly suspect, do actually make use of the stethoscope. I am not going to tell of them, but rather hope that what is now a secret indulgence may be one day among the recognised accomplishments of good nurses.

Again, why should a nurse any more than a soldier be forbidden to take an interest in the scientific part of her profession? Why should it be thought unbecoming in her when, having followed the several steps of some obscure illness to the fatal end, she expresses a desire to learn or even to discuss what the pathologist has discovered after death? It is true that some of the best nurses seem indifferent to such details; but it is difficult to say how far these are influenced by the fear of appearing intrusive or unfeminine. It is surely far more fitting that enthusiasm should spend itself in this way than that it should take the highly inconvenient form of sucking poisoned wounds and disputing with surgeons about the treatment of an injured limb. I would even entrust nurses with the direct care of patients suffering from diseases and surgical injuries as to the treatment of which they had had repeated experience, taking especial pains lest the general superintendence which would be needed on the part of physician or surgeon should seem to diminish something from the actual credit of such labour. I know upon the best authority that women make the most tender and dexterous surgical 'dressers,' while in regard to the routine of medical treatment they have that respect for authority and easy acquiescence in the statements of books which some teachers deem so necessary for the formation of sound practitioners. The more experienced and accomplished nurses might well occupy the position once assigned to the apothecary of the last century. It may be said, indeed, that the

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apothecary knew a great deal more of practical medicine; but then all that he knew, or thought he knew, was wrong.

And while it seems but just that the intelligence and experience of nurses, or, if the term be preferred, their scientific knowledge, should be fully recognised and respected, it is right too that, as forming a separate community, they should have their own laws of internal organisation, subject only to the necessities of the work to be done, of which the doctor must be, if not the sole judge, at least the sole disposer. It is as unreasonable for the head nurse of a ward to be habitually absent during the medical visit (as is contended for at Guy's) as for the adjutant of a regiment to be habitually absent from parade. But with what possible reason or motive would medical men interpose between lady-superintendent and nurses out of working hours? It is everywhere felt that the domestic element in the modern system of nursing, binding together its members as one community having common interests and a common object, is one of its best features. In the many defects of the old nursing there was nothing less creditable than the manner in which Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig disposed of their leisure hours.

There remain, it is true, opportunities enough for collision and difference, necessity enough for mutual concession and confidence. In the selection of suitable women and the mode of their distribution to the several wards, in the occasional dismissal of old and trusted nurses for reasons which are withheld or reasons which seem to be frivolous, in the general bearing, as we are now told, of the medical officers towards the nurses, or even, by possibility, of the nurses towards the medical officers, there are so many occasions for dissatisfaction on one side or the other. Such accidents are inevitable in every complicated system. They are to be regarded in some measure as an index of efficiency and progress. We know for certain that these differences are always capable of adjustment, provided only that there be but one centre of authority and of appeal. It is not now that we have to ask, as though it were some new thing, whether the co-operation of trained and intelligent women in the service of the sick is really possible. The system has been in operation for years in many hospitals with the happiest results, and where it has seemed to fail the fault has been neither with the nursing staff nor the medical officers, but because a plan of dual government has been insisted on which makes failure a certainty.

With the matter thus clearly before them it is for the public to judge. With the memory (if it be altogether a memory) of the cruelty of negligent and inefficient nursing—of its extreme cruelty during the long cold watches of the night when temptations to neglect are the strongest—will benevolent people, subscribers to hospitals, which in the absence of good nurses are mere places of torture, decline to take an active share in the settlement of a question which is per-

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fectly free from technicality, and where they are as competent to judge as either doctors or nurses? Nay, they are more competent as being unbiassed.

In conclusion I would entreat all those who are in any way interested in the nursing of the sick to believe that medical men are not really illiberal in this matter or indifferent to the contentment and well-being of those to whom they owe so much. Women may be either doctors or nurses; they cannot alter the only rational connection between the two functions. The School of Medicine for Women lately established in London found no difficulty in securing the help of a sufficient number of teachers from other medical schools. And now, in a province which is peculiarly a woman's, and where women have already achieved so much, will any one believe that medical men, who best know how much of sacrifice the work demands, are really hostile to the best interests of the nursing profession? I am persuaded, on the contrary, that any suggestions which might be made for the improvement of the nursing system, or the fuller recognition of nursing as part and parcel of scientific medicine, would be readily and respectfully considered. And I am equally certain that not only at Guy's Hospital, but everywhere, physicians and surgeons will decline to undertake the care of the sick where there is divided rule and joint responsibility.

OCTAVIUS STURGES.

(*Westminster Hospital.*)

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II.

THE nursing of the present day is very different from what it has been in the past. To an observer familiar with hospitals the most striking change will seem to be the substitution of young and intelligent women of a better class for those who have been caricatured by Dickens and rather spitefully misrepresented by a recent writer in this Review. Instead of occupying positions of comparative isolation and independence in hospitals, the members of a nursing body are now combined in a well-arranged system, where gradations dependent on merit and experience exist, and where sound practical training is more effectually insured. Where stagnation once reigned supreme, all is now life and activity. What has given rise to this change?

If we were to form an opinion from what some ladies have said and written on the subject, we could scarcely escape the conclusion that many enlightened members of their sex have been carrying on a war with the medical profession and endeavouring to force the latter to make innovations to which they show the greatest repugnance. Miss Lonsdale, for instance, writes thus: 'It is not a mere quarrel over the patients in Guy's Hospital; in point of fact it is rather a typical struggle, showing symptoms of a combined and resolute attempt on the part of the medical profession generally to retain the old system of employing untrained women as nurses in our hospitals, instead of making use of the trained labour which is now at their disposal in this special branch of work.' Such a statement hardly requires refutation, and could only be made by a person who declines to use the most ordinary observation. The development, if not the origin, of the art of nursing is mainly a result of the progress of medical knowledge; and so far from trained nurses being repelled by the medical profession, their presence in hospitals and private houses is to a large extent due to the demands for skilled nursing which are made by doctors. Without wishing to do the least injustice to the impulse given to scientific nursing by such women as Miss Nightingale, who showed what results could be obtained by the skilful tending of the sick, and were impossible without it, we do not think that any unbiassed person can deny the readiness with which medical men have acknowledged these benefits. Indeed, the large influx of ladies and others into the new profession of nursing

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is, at the present day at any rate, a result of the appeal which medical men have made for persons who are willing to further their efforts for the cure of the sick, and to carry out their orders with precision and intelligence. Ladies have shown great eagerness in responding to this appeal, and now offer themselves in such overwhelming numbers that the supply is far greater than the demand.

In many quarters, it is true, objections have been raised from time to time against admitting ladies as nurses into hospitals; but it is manifestly unfair to say that this is equivalent to refusing skilled labour. It is perfectly easy to obtain the latter nowadays with the employment of, at most, a small number from the upper classes; and the nursing institutions of large hospitals depend mainly for the material out of which they mould their skilled nurses on a class below that of ladies in the social scale. If the latter feel a little nettled at a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the medical profession for securing their services in hospitals, they must at least remember that it is in no small degree due to experience of their employment in such situations.

Nursing is now practically a part, and a very important part, of medical treatment; and an ordering and arranging of its details is as much the province of the medical man as is the prescription of drugs. Every one, whether in the profession or not, has heard of what is called the 'expectant treatment' of disease. Many of the most severe and fatal maladies, especially the specific fevers, are treated on this principle, which is founded on the fact that these diseases have a natural period of existence, which varies in its length in each type, terminates without the use of drugs, and is but little influenced in its duration or severity by them. The treatment of such cases consists mainly in careful dieting and nursing, and in guarding against a host of possible complications to which the high death-rate of these diseases is largely due. Observation and experience have made medical men familiar with the various incidents in the life-history of such diseases and with the general order of their sequence; and the object of treatment is to put the patients in the best conditions possible for weathering the storm, and to ward off complications, as they threaten, by means of appropriate dieting, nursing, and, to a small extent, by the administration of drugs. In short, the 'expectant treatment' of disease is treatment by nursing —but nursing directed by those who fully understand the history and symptoms of disease. It must therefore be detrimental to patients that control over the nursing department should pass entirely out of the hands of doctors. Yet this is practically what some ladies strive for in deed if not in word, and it is on this point that unpleasantnesses still occasionally arise in those institutions where modern nursing is most successfully performed. The general care of patients should no doubt be left in the hands of the nursing authorities; but the medical man must retain the right of modifying

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its details whenever he thinks fit. He alone is responsible for the treatment, of which nursing is a part, and he has definite ideas of the object he wishes to effect by certain means, which nurses, with their superficial polish of medical knowledge, can never attain to.

Until ladies see and accept this position they must not expect to be received with eagerness in public hospitals. The present difficulty at Guy's is not in any way due to the ignorant conservatism of the medical staff, as some assert; but it is a natural protest against the nursing part of the treatment of the sick being roughly taken out of the hands of those who should direct it.

While it is necessary to make a firm stand against a matter of such vital importance as the encroachment of nursing bodies on what must ever be the business of medical men, it would indeed be a calamity to lose the services of ladies altogether from general hospitals. It is not too much to say that nursing could never have reached its present pitch of excellence and refinement except by the co-operation of women from the higher and more educated classes of society. And if modern nursing is to retain its position as a refined art in the institutions where it has already become firmly planted, and is to gain a footing where it has as yet failed to do so, the presence of ladies in its ranks will be an essential condition of success.

Ladies, however, must not suppose that it is necessary or even desirable that the business of nursing should become obsolete among women in a lower scale of social life. They and the ladies both have their appropriate duties and positions in a hospital. A judicious mixture of the two is what is wanted, and not a one-sided monopoly. In a hospital ward, which is the nursing unit, there are, as a rule, three grades of nurses—the 'sister,' the staff-nurse, and several under-nurses. The 'sister' has the supreme authority there, both over nurses and patients, and is responsible to the hospital authorities for her conduct of the ward. It is evident that such a one requires to be not only a person of ability and tact, but also of education, knowledge of the world, and refinement. Quite apart from the respect which higher culture commands, her education and ability will be tried in the shrewdness with which she takes from the friends the past medical history of cases admitted into her ward; in the degree of care and precision with which she makes and reports to the medical officers her daily observations on the sick; and in the rapidity with which she detects changes in the condition of her patients, which often call for immediate treatment, if they are to be met with success, but which in many cases are only evident at their onset to a skilled observer.

The sister's knowledge of the world, of the manners and customs of people in various stations, of the endless whims and humours of the sick and even of those in health, will be taxed to the utmost in her management of the patients and their friends. Where one

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woman will get her way in a dispute by quietly and kindly reasoning, and cleverly adapting her arguments to the malcontent with whom she has to deal, another, endowed with less tact, will exert her authority in a rough unfriendly manner, giving annoyance to the patient, and provoking opposition and resentment among his friends.

Refinement is likewise an all-important attribute of a sister. It tells consciously or unconsciously on those both above and below her, on medical officers and students no less than on her nurses and patients. Even the lowest rough drawn from the alleys of our great metropolis is generally amenable to the gentle ways of a lady in authority. Language and habits to which he has long been addicted are set aside from a consciousness of their incongruity in such company. Quarrels and disturbances are quelled with an ease and rapidity which could never be attained by a person who had nothing but her deputed authority to depend upon in such emergencies.

The lower nurses in the ward, who may lack natural refinement, necessarily become affected by their intercourse with a lady. And this tells again on their treatment of the patients with whom they have to deal. The very wards themselves and the surroundings of the sick gain much by a lady's presence. Not only are things kept scrupulously neat and clean, as they might be by nurses of a much lower order, but there is a taste displayed even in the most simple arrangements and decorations, which is peculiarly pleasing and attractive to patients and to all who have any connection with them.

Such being some of the qualifications for a person who has charge of a hospital ward, it is evident that we can only expect to find them in the more highly educated classes. This is, *par excellence*, the province of ladies. This is the position which every one who has the development of nursing, nay even of medicine, at heart should try to gain for them. Without their presence not only will hospital nursing be carried on in a manner less attractive to the patients and public, but also in a way less effectual for the welfare of the sick, and less fruitful for the progress of medicine itself.

The duties of the ordinary nurses, the rank and file who work under the command and control of the sisters, are of quite a different nature. They have but few opportunities for independent action, but have to carry out with precision the orders which they receive. They attend to the feeding of patients confined to bed, make their beds tidy and comfortable, keep clean and fit for use such apparatus as each ward contains for the treatment and investigation of disease, and carry out generally the details of nursing and ward management. The staff-nurse is only one of the more experienced and older of the under-nurses, whose duties are much the same as theirs, but whose authority is greater, as it is her business to represent the sister in her absence. There is much physical labour involved in such work, as there is also in that

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of the sister; but the sagacity and education required for its successful accomplishment are far less. We do not for a moment say that the life of an ordinary nurse in a hospital ward gives no scope for the exercise of a refined and educated intelligence, or that the duties attaching to the office would not be more satisfactorily performed by persons who combined mental with physical strength. What we do assert is that the duties of a nurse demand as a *sine quâ non* physical, those of a sister intellectual power. Ladies are more adapted to supply the latter than the former, more fit to be sisters than nurses in a large hospital. Many women of the upper classes undoubtedly possess sufficient bodily strength to cope with the heaviest labour which could fall to their lot as nurses; but many of the details of their work would involve duties which are more distasteful to them than they are to women a little lower in the scale. During their training ladies put up with these as part of an education necessary for the higher positions in their profession; but they would scarcely care to do so if there were no loftier aspirations to be fulfilled through them. Such duties are recognised by ordinary nurses as their appropriate work. For they may become staff or private nurses in receipt of a better income than they previously received; but they are necessarily debarred from the occupations of sister or lady-superintendent, as they lack the qualifications which depend on a liberal education.

If this be the case, and if the stress of nursing in large institutions should fall on women lower than ladies in the social scale, how is it that we find in such hospitals as St. Thomas's so large a contingent of lady nurses? The answer is that this hospital combines the duties of treating the sick with those of training nurses: it is not only a hospital, but also a school for nurses, just as it is for medical men. For the practical part of a doctor's profession it is essential that students should attend a hospital; and similar instruction is a necessary part of a nurse's education. If it were possible, it would still be most undesirable and absurd, to refuse such training institutions admission into our large hospitals. Both the medical profession, who depend so much nowadays on good nursing for the successful treatment of disease, and the public who are their patients, would suffer grievously by such an arrangement. Hospitals are the natural soils for rearing nurses, as they are for rearing medical men. But it must be remembered that the treatment of the sick poor is the primary object for which hospitals are founded, and that anything which interferes seriously with this cannot be permitted to exist. It only requires tact and knowledge of the world to carry on the work of training institutions without producing such commotions as have recently convulsed Guy's. And if women devoid of these qualifications chance to attain to the position of lady-superintendent, their place must be supplied by others if the hospital authorities are to allow a school of nursing to exist within their walls, and are not rather to

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prefer to train only that comparatively small number of nurses which is necessary to carry on the work of their own institution.

When a lady talks of a 'resolute attempt on the part of the medical profession generally to retain the old system of employing untrained women as nurses in our hospitals,' she fails to see the real question at issue. It is not a dispute as regards the procuring of first-rate or of inferior nurses. The question is: Should a hospital train just so many first-rate nurses as it requires for its own purposes, which it can do quite easily and satisfactorily? or should it allow the foundation of a nursing establishment within its walls, which, while it supplies the nurses necessary for the hospital which fosters it, likewise educates numbers of others from whom the hospital receives but little benefit?

It may be asked, if a hospital can dispense perfectly well with a training school for nurses, and yet be in possession of a thoroughly skilled and educated nursing staff, what effect has such an institution upon the hospital which admits it? Apart from the fact that it affords a larger choice of nurses to stock the parent institution with, it probably brings but little advantage. It is an arrangement which is entered into rather for the good of the country generally than for that of any individual hospital. Indeed, such a training school entails certain risks of deteriorating the nursing of a hospital—risks, however, which are slight if the management is in the hands of an able and judicious lady superintendent; for it necessitates setting aside to a greater or less extent what is called the 'ward system,' which is the essential basis of successful nursing.

What, it may be asked, is the 'ward-system'?

The sisters, who are responsible for the conduct of the affairs of the wards, differ in many particulars from each other, as any other collection of individuals must do. Each one has her peculiar ways of managing other people, and of being managed herself. One takes special pride in some subdivision of her work, which is considered of far less importance by another, and is consequently strict in the execution of its details. There are, too, many minor differences in the means by which the same nursing objects are attained by various individuals; and though such differences may appear to be mere trifles to people not practically acquainted with them, they affect greatly the rapidity and accuracy with which work is done in a room containing some thirty sick people. The nurse should be familiar with the ways and peculiarities of the ward in which she works. She should also be familiar with the class of cases received into it. In nearly all hospitals there are recognised departments for various maladies, and it is quite evident that the more experience nurses have had in the management of such, the more comfort and chance of successful treatment are the patients likely to have. And even where no departments exist for different diseases, it will yet be found

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that certain classes of ailments find their way constantly into wards, which are visited by doctors known to take special interest in them.

It is proverbial that doctors differ; and they do so not only in their opinions, but also in their treatment of similar cases. And it is advantageous both to doctors and to patients to have nurses in the wards who are familiar with their peculiar methods.

The requirements of successful nursing, then, demand in each ward a permanent and responsible head or sister and a permanent staff of under-nurses, who are well acquainted with each other and with the peculiarities of the doctors and patients with whom they have to deal, and who are not liable to removal from their ward to nurse in other parts of the hospital. This is the 'ward-system.'

A nurse, however, may be called upon at any time to treat almost any kind of disease or any of its complications, and it is necessary that, before she is placed in a fixed and permanent position, she should have had a general training in her work. To get this she must be sent from ward to ward. In a hospital to which no training school is attached, but which attends only to the education of its own nurses, the number of these peripatetics will be comparatively small. They will abound, on the contrary, where a training establishment exists. As they are persons of but little experience in their profession, and have scarcely any acquaintance with the sisters under whom they have to work in succession, and as they are brought month after month face to face with diseases and patients, who are strangers to them, they must endanger the successful nursing of a hospital. In fact the question is forced upon us: Can hospitals under such circumstances nurse sick people satisfactorily? They can and do. St. Thomas's, for instance, has an admirable training school, called the 'Nightingale Home,' within its walls, which is on the whole exceedingly well managed, and gives satisfaction to the medical staff. Success is here insured by making the basis of the whole organisation the ward-system, with a sister and two staff-nurses, who are fixtures in their own particular ward, and by limiting to a comparatively small number the nurses who circulate through the hospital for training purposes. A nursing school, in short, can only be tolerated in a general hospital if the number of women being trained is comparatively small; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, if only a few of the places which would otherwise be occupied by trained nurses are held by untrained ones. For in substituting the latter for the former a larger number are necessary, as it requires two or three untrained nurses to supply even moderately well the place of a trained one.

Ladies who write and think in the tone which pervades Miss Lonsdale's article are imbued with the most warped and wrong-headed notions, not only about the duties and relations of their highly trained and educated nurses to the medical staff, but also

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about the hypothetical advantages which a training school confers upon a hospital. She sneers at the idea of the nurses 'studying the character and special requirements and fancies of the particular medical man or surgeon under whom they were placed, with a view of gaining his approbation by every means in their power.' But all common-sense people will see that this is a most important part of good nursing, if they allow that its object should be to carry out the orders of the responsible medical officer—orders which are dictated by his view of each case and of the treatment necessary for it. Naturally, the more strictly the nursing staff adhere to the doctor's instructions, the more approbation will they receive, and the more advantage will accrue to the patients; unless indeed, as Miss Lonsdale seems to imagine, nurses are placed in hospitals to correct the errors made by medical men in the treatment of disease.

However bad the old system of nursing may have been in many ways, and however uneducated and untrained its members, they, the doctors, and the patients reaped this benefit, that there was no vaunted antagonism, as there now appears to be, between medical treatment and nursing. They were considered natural allies, the guidance and direction of affairs being placed as a matter of course in the hands of the doctors.

So long as hospital medical staffs see this misapprehension as to the proper duties of nurses, and so long as they have to expect opposition instead of assistance in the execution of the details of treatment, so long will they look with just suspicion and mistrust on those who hold such views, and they will only be doing their duty in preventing them from gaining admittance into hospitals.

Not that we think such a course will really be necessary. For we do not believe that Miss Lonsdale's views are at all representative even of a small section of lady-nurses, but that they are rather the exaggerated notions which seem to be characteristic of her writings, and which we have heard severely criticised by many of her own colleagues. Let ladies who wish to be doctors as well as nurses train themselves in an appropriate medical school, and leave the humbler but no less honourable profession of nursing to those who have the common sense to see that the training of a nursing institution can never make them properly qualified medical practitioners.

SEYMOUR J. SHARKEY.

(*St. Thomas's Hospital*).

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III.

It is difficult for those whose interest has been keen upon a subject for many years, or for those who have taken more or less of an active part in the furtherance of a cause which they have deeply at heart, always to measure their ideas, and the language which clothes those ideas, as dispassionately and as temperately as is usually expected of them by onlookers and outsiders.

I am not a young and untrained learner of the art of nursing; but I am in the position of such people as I have indicated above, and it seems possible that on one point mentioned in my article in the *Nineteenth Century* of April last, I may have given unnecessary and unintentional cause of offence to the doctors. For this I feel bound now to make them honourable amends. I regret that I allowed my strong feeling in the matter upon which I wrote to cause me to use language which imputed unworthy motives to the medical men who support the old system of nursing in opposition to the new.

A word or two of explanation seems desirable on another point. I hoped I had made it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that a doctor is in all ways, and at all times and seasons, the master and controller of both nurse and patient. It seems, however, that I did not explain myself clearly, and that I am universally credited with having made the *monstrous* assertion that in some ways the nurse knows better than the doctor what is good for the patient. Unless the responsibility of life or death be shifted from the doctor's shoulders to those of the nurse, which cannot be for a single moment contemplated, the doctor must remain absolutely supreme. The details of nursing, to which I referred, are really such very small details that, except that nothing is small where the comfort of a patient is concerned, I should forbear to mention them. Suppose a doctor came round and said to a nurse, 'Such a patient is not to be moved,' the nurse would not answer, 'How, then, am I to change his sheets, which constantly require changing?' If she did, the doctor might reasonably reply, 'That is your business; I tell you simply I will not have the man moved.' In this, and in a thousand other little ways, small, no doubt, but of infinite importance to the comfort and well-being of the patient, the nurse's and not the doctor's ingenuity is taxed. Notably this is the case in the prevention of bedsores, a vexed question, into which I will not enter, further than to say

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that doctors have to deal with the cure of such sores, while they leave the prevention of them solely to the nurse.

The question how much of a doctor a nurse may be without destroying her usefulness in her own special capacity is a difficult one, and there are two opinions upon it, as there are upon almost every conceivable subject. In these days, should a woman desire a special medical or surgical education, she can get it, together with a qualification to practise, and we have one, if not more than one, notable instance of a woman who is thus qualified, who is able and willing to combine, under certain circumstances, the duties of a nurse with those of a doctor for the benefit of her patients. But there are many people whose opinion is worthy of consideration, whose practical experience leads them to consider that in proportion as a nurse advances in the scientific knowledge incidental to her calling, she declines in efficiency as to the minor and more drudging details of which, after all, the life of a nurse is greatly made up. Authorities who hold this opinion, and they are not a few, do not allow their staff nurses to study medical or surgical books. They do not forbid, but rather encourage, the use of such books by the more highly educated lady pupil or sister of a ward, on the ground that while to the partially educated women a 'little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' the better taught have their eyes opened by it to realise the existence of the wide field of knowledge which lies, and always must lie, altogether hidden from the nurse. On the other hand, it is held by the opposite party, that the better the sister or nurse understands the reason of the doctor's treatment of her patients, the more intelligently she will obey and follow out his instruction. To this end they encourage their nurses to 'read up' their cases, and provide for them elementary lectures on physiology, anatomy, &c. Nothing is more remarkable than the difference of opinion among medical men in this respect. One doctor will carefully, perhaps pointedly, exclude the nurse from all entrance into the causes of his treatment of the patient, while another will give, unasked, time and patience in explaining details of surgery and medicine to her, thus revealing to her many things which she could never have learned from books, and which only a bedside-lecture could efficiently teach.

Now as to the so-called religious organisation which the modern nurse is supposed to be anxious surreptitiously to introduce into our old-established hospitals.[1] The expression 'sisters in the proper sense of the term,' has been entirely mistaken by more than one of the commentators upon my article. No doubt these commentators, like myself, have heard this word so applied, that they have almost forgotten the simple sense of its natural and beautiful meaning. When I said 'sisters in the proper sense of the word,' I meant, that a nurse should feel and show the same sympathy and kindness to her patients

[1] I may as well say that I have never belonged, nor have I the least desire to belong, to any religious sisterhood.

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that she would feel and show towards her own brothers and sisters, and I deny that the establishment of a more intelligent system of nursing than such as formerly prevailed in our hospitals has any necessary connection with a religious organisation for the nurses. That it is an advantage both for the doctor and the patient when the nurse is a religious woman, from a professional point of view, will surely hardly be contested, when the doctors consider how constantly they are forced to depend upon the word of the nurse in important matters affecting their treatment of their patients. There is absolutely no guarantee for the trustworthiness of the word of a woman who does not tell the truth on principle, or who is liable to be tempted herself to escape blame for forgetfulness or negligence by telling the doctor a lie, which he may be wholly unable to detect.

But it is impossible to deny that some of the best and most successful efforts in the way of hospital reform have been made by nurses belonging to Sisterhoods of all types. King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals have been already instanced, while University College Hospital[2] has been distinguished for the excellence of its nursing for many years past. It is acknowledged by its visiting staff to be thoroughly well and sensibly nursed by the members of the All Saints Sisterhood, who are well known to be connected with an extreme section of the English Church. I believe I am justified in stating that no inconvenience is ever found by the medical staff of University College Hospital to arise from the extreme High Church tendencies of its nurses, who are entirely under the control of the doctors. The Sisters have entered into an agreement with the Committee, which they have faithfully and conscientiously kept, that they will not allow their special form of religious organisation to enter into the working of the hospital.

Enough has been said to show that I hold firmly to the main issue of what I have publicly stated on the subject of the two systems of nursing. No one can wish to prolong a useless and naturally irritating controversy.

But I must remind those of the public who do not read the *Saturday Review*, that no case of disobedience to medical orders at Guy's Hospital has been proved to the Governors, who have patiently heard both sides. Thus, for example, a lady pupil at Guy's is accused, in the *Contemporary Review* of May last, of having, contrary to the doctor's orders, turned over a typhoid-fever patient to wash him. The lady in question, Miss Emily Howard, had never been told not to wash this patient; as soon as she was told, she left him, and she never moved him in the least degree, much less turned him over. No doubt this story is a mistake. The same doctor who relates this has likewise been misinformed with regard to a certain list of dis-

[2] I purposely avoided the mention of this hospital in my former article, as I feared the charge of 'Ritualistic principles' might be brought against me if I did so. The event proved that my fears were well founded.

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missals from Guy's Hospital, and I therefore subjoin the correct account of them.

Mistaken List.	*Corrected List.*
A. Sister of —— ward, displaced under the new system. A lady.	*A.* Dismissed Christmas 1879 for extreme insubordination and impertinence. The late matron had often recommended her for dismissal on these grounds.
B. Sister of —— ward, displaced under the new system. The sister of a physician who graduated with honour at the London University. Herself a lady of liberal education.	*B.* Never was a Sister at Guy's at all, only a lady pupil put into a ward on the distinct understanding that she was merely holding the ward until the new matron came and could put one of her own sisters in charge of it. She was so unsatisfactory in many ways, that the authorities would on no account have allowed her to remain in charge.
C. Sister of —— ward, displaced on account of her religion. Granddaughter of a baronet; daughter of a physician. A lady of large private fortune, who commanded the highest respect, not only in her ward, but throughout the hospital.	*C.* Dismissed because she became a Roman Catholic, and refused to read the Church of England prayers in the ward, or to go to the hospital chapel. She left Guy's some months before Miss Burt ever thought of becoming Matron there.
D. Sister of —— ward, displaced through an attempt to move ladies from ward to ward. A niece of the late Bishop of Winchester. A lady I will not attempt to praise.	*D, E, F.* All removed before the present Treasurer was appointed, and therefore *some years* before Miss Burt came to be Matron of Guy's Hospital.
E. Sister of —— ward. Daughter of a colonel in the army, an excellent Sister. Displaced through the attempt to move Sisters from ward to ward.	
F. Sister of —— ward. The last-mentioned lady's sister. Also very efficient. Displaced through the same cause.	

I must further distinctly state, that as to all the other plain matters of fact contained in my article, I could, were it desirable, prove them on the best authority.

I have purposely avoided taking notice of any personal affronts, unfair representations of my meaning, or unworthy imputations which have been, in the heat of the moment, cast upon me. Neither the religious nor the personal aspect of the matter is the true one, and that the subject is one of public and vital importance will eventually be recognised. After all, nothing is so much to be deprecated as any breach between the doctor and the nurse, whose hearty co-operation is essential to the comfort, nay, it may be to the recovery itself, of the patient. Any concession that will insure this happy result of concord, short of the concession of rightful authority on the part of the doctor over both nurse and patient, should cheerfully be made.

MARGARET LONSDALE.

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